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TODAY

LET THE DEAD BURY ITS DEAD ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 4, 1873.

No. 10.



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?"—P. 158.

"ONE TOO MANY."

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMEY,"
"MORTON HOUSE," "ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MORE than a month after Mr. French's sudden death, two young ladies were together in a pleasant drawing-room, the windows of which overlooked one of the most stately squares in the city. One of them was seated at the piano, and had been softly playing subdued harmonies for some time, while the other lay back in a deep chair, and was almost hidden by the gathering shades of twilight and the further obscurity of her position. Over the musician the

only light of the room—the flickering glow cast from a coal-fire—fell broadly, glancing on the rich material of her dress, and flashing back from the jewels that bound her wrists and glittered on her hands; but if a stray gleam chanced now and then to seek out the other, it only showed a mass of mourning drapery and a pale, thin face, with large dark eyes set in those deep hollows which are wrought only by the union of weary sickness and consuming grief. It was the latter who at last broke a long silence by speaking:

"That was beautiful, that 'Charity;' but if you won't think me ungrateful, dear Miss Ralston, I believe I have had enough music for once. Won't you please come here, now? I have something to say to you."

Hortense Ralston—it was she, of course—rose at once from the piano and crossed the floor without speaking, until she sank into a low seat by the side of her companion. Then she answered in her slightly brusque manner:

"In the first place, Esther, I object decidedly to being called 'Miss Ralston,' and I have told you so until I am tired. In the second place, I was playing only for your entertainment, so of course I wished to stop whenever it ceased to entertain you; and in the third place, I am always at your service to hear or to do anything. You know that."

Esther's hand stole into hers.

"It would be very strange if I did not know it after all that you have done for me," she said.

"Don't talk about what we have done for you. We have not done anything except take a little care of you when you needed care sadly," returned her companion. "We'll drop that subject, if you please. Come, you said you had something to say to me. What is it?"

"It is to tell you, dear Miss Ralston—Hortense, I mean—that I must go away."

"Esther?"

Esther smiled faintly at the grieved reproach in the tone, then stroked softly the hand she still held.

"Dear Hortense, you know I would not do so willingly," she said, in her soft, plaintive voice, with a thrill of music in it like a minor chord. "You are very good to me—you and your mother—but this is not my home. I have no claim on you, and—"

"This is nonsense," interrupted Hortense, abruptly. "You have a claim on us. We owe everything we possess to Mr. Deverell. Mr. Deverell was your father's friend, and is your natural guardian. If you won't believe that you have a right to be here on your own account, why, then believe that you have a right to be here on his."

"Mr. Deverell is very kind," said Esther, with her voice full of tears. "But he has no real obligation to provide for me, and I cannot allow it while I am able to work. I saw Mr. Hensel to-day, and that is why I thought I would speak to you. He has taken some of my paintings before, and he now engages to take others as soon as I can paint them."

"Esther, you surely have not entered into an engagement to work, as weak and frail as you are?"

"It is not work that will hurt me."

"You shall not do it! That is an end of the matter—you shall not do it!"

Miss Ralston spoke impetuously—spoke like one accustomed to command; but it was evident even to herself that she dashed her commands against a rock.

"I must do it," Esther said, in her soft voice; and looking up into the pale, resolute young face, Hortense Ralston saw that she meant what she said.

"Esther, I did not think you were so proud," she cried.

"It is not pride, it is self-respect," Esther answered.

Then there was silence which lasted until Miss Ralston said, abruptly,

"I think that at least you might wait until you hear from Mr. Byrne."

"What has he to do with it?"

"I should imagine that he would have everything to do with it if, as I have supposed, you are engaged to him."

"I am not absolutely engaged to him," said Esther, flushing through her wan paleness. "It has only been always understood between us that we should marry some day. But I wish to leave Eric free, and neither now nor hereafter shall I consent to be a burden on him."

"Pride again, Esther."

"No, self-respect again."

"Not to be willing to accept anything from the man you love?"

"Yes, everything, if he was able to give it. But not to drag him down when without me he could mount upward."

"But suppose he would rather be dragged down with you than to mount upward without you?"

"Eric would not desire that; but if he did, I would stand between him and such folly."

"Then, Esther, you don't love him."

"Don't I?" cried Esther, with her whole heart thrilling in her tone. "Then is selfishness to be the only test of love? I love him so well, that I would cut myself to pieces before I would stand in his path one hour, or hold him back one hair's breadth from the fame he ought to win. I love him so well, that I would sacrifice my heart and my life a hundred times over to spare him one pang. I love him so well, that if this love stood any chance of harming him, I would sweep it out of his path for ever, and take myself far away, where I should never hear the sound of his voice again."

"Oh hush, hush!"

These two words came forth with the rush of a sob, and before Esther had time for a word, a shower of bright tears was raining down on her black dress from Hortense Ralston's haughty eyes.

Esther was quite startled, and did her best to comfort and soothe, though perfectly unconscious what she had said or done to cause such an outbreak of emotion; and at last she was partially successful—at least the young lady raised her face, and said, quickly,

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, Esther, but I could not help it, for I contrasted your feelings with mine, and—I, too, am engaged."

"You?" said Esther, more surprised than such a common announcement seemed to warrant. But to know Hortense Ralston was to know that she was not exactly like other people, other girls, least of all, and she had not at all impressed Esther as an "engaged young lady."

"Have you not guessed it?" she asked, rather sharply. "I am engaged to Mr. Deverell."

"Hortense?"

"Well, why are you so much astonished?"

"You engaged to Mr. Deverell?" Esther was really so much overpowered that she forgot civility for a moment. "Oh, Hortense, how did it happen?"

"It happened because we are poor and he is rich—I have found that out, though he thinks I do not know it; and he wishes to secure his riches to us," answered Hortense, quickly. "He asked me to marry him some time ago in a matter-of-fact manner, and I agreed in an equally matter-of-fact spirit. Yet I have no right to talk in this way. I think he loves me sincerely."

"And you?"

"I will try to make him a good wife."

"Oh, Hortense?"

"Hush!" said Hortense, bitterly. "Do you think that it is once in a thousand times that a woman has the good fortune to marry the man she loves?"

"I think I would never marry at all unless I did."

"Wouldn't you? I think you would if you were in my place."

"I am sure I should not," Esther rashly began.

But just then she stopped, catching her breath and gasping with a sudden quick eagerness toward the door. As

she gazed, steps approached and voices were heard talking outside. One of the voices was Mr. Deverell's; the other she would have known amid the roar of a host, and even before the door opened she startled Hortense by rising to her feet. So she stood, quivering and trembling in every limb, with one hand pressed to her heart, until it unclosed and two gentlemen entered the room. Then she sprang forward with one cry,

"Eric!"

At that sound the youngest of the two gentlemen, a tall, handsome young fellow, uttered an exclamation, and made three or four quick strides across the room toward the shadowy nook from whence had issued the familiar voice. But when he reached there, it was only to receive her supple form, heavy with the weight of partial unconsciousness, into his arms.

All was commotion immediately. Hortense came forward, and the hurried greeting between herself and Eric was hardly more than an inarticulate murmur on either side. Esther was laid down on a sofa, Mr. Deverell rang for water, and ere long, in the midst of the confusion which ensued, the large dark eyes opened and saw bending over them the face that above all others was dearest to her sight.

"Eric, is it really you?" she whispered.

And disregarding the presence of all who were around them, Eric Byrne took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Yes, my poor little sister, my darling, it is I," he said.

She laid her head down on his shoulder to hide the hot tears of mingled joy and grief that rushed into her eyes; and when she raised them again, she found the room was empty. By some magic the lookers-on had all dispersed, and she and Eric were alone.

Of course their first words were of the great sorrow that had brought them together again by making one of them an orphan—of the tender father and generous friend who had been taken away without warning; but they were young, and after a time, as was only natural, they began to speak of themselves.

"You must get ready at once, Esther," Eric said. "I am going to take you back to Germany with me."

"That is impossible, Eric," said Esther, smiling faintly and sadly. "If we were real brother and sister, you might do that. But we are not, you know."

"You did not think I meant that we should go as we are?" Eric said, smiling in his turn. "My darling, of course we must be married first."

He spoke in such a cool, decided manner—a manner that some people have about everything, and which generally ends by carrying everything before them—that Esther felt for a moment as if her breath had been taken away, as if she were a child again, and it was only necessary for Eric to say, "This shall be done," for it to be accomplished. But then she rallied and shook her head—the pretty, classic head, with its wealth of dark hair.

"No, dear," she said, gently; "I cannot consent to that."

"Not consent to marry me, Esther! Are you mad?"

"Not quite, I hope," said Esther, smiling again. "And I did not mean that I would not consent to marry you, either. I only meant that I could not do it now, and in this way."

"Why not?"

Mr. Eric Byrne was evidently both accustomed and determined to have his own way. His bright blue eyes gave a certain gleam that said as much when he set his lips sharply over that "Why not?"

"Dear Eric, I have many reasons, and long ones; let us defer discussing them till another time."

"Defer them for ever, with all my heart; but promise to marry me and go to Germany."

"I will do whatever is right, Eric. I cannot say more than that."

"Yes, you can. You can promise to do whatever I wish."

"Perhaps that might not be right."

"It would be if you loved me."

"If I loved you! Eric, have you learned to doubt that?"

"No, no," cried Eric, quickly. "Forgive me! I am a selfish brute, to torment when I ought to comfort you; but oh, Esther, I want some security that you will be mine—that you are mine now."

"Security against what?"

"Against you, against myself, against others, against Fate—against anything and everything that would keep us apart."

"But suppose there is nothing to do that?"

"How can you tell? Esther, promise me that you will return to Germany with me."

But Esther only shook her head and smiled—too weak, just then, to do more—and it was a good thing, perhaps, that a timely interruption came to her aid. The door opened, and Mrs. Ralston, who had not heard of the new arrival, entered in full dinner dress. She stopped when she saw the scene on the sofa; but Eric had already risen to his feet and was advancing toward her. The next moment, to Esther's great surprise, they were shaking hands like old and intimate friends. "My dear Mrs. Ralston, I am charmed to meet you again!" "My dear Mr. Byrne, this is a most unexpected pleasure!" was what she heard; then more hand-shaking, congratulations and inquiries, which last finally turned to herself.

"My dear Miss French, how pale you look! I am sure you must feel quite exhausted," Mrs. Ralston said, in her effusive way. "Pray go and lie down. I will send up your dinner, and afterward you may be sufficiently recovered to spend the evening with us. I am sure that will be better than wearying yourself just now."

"Yes, I think it will," said Esther, who felt, indeed, strangely weak and faint. So the bell was rung, Miss Ralston's maid was summoned, and Miss French was conveyed up stairs to lie down and keep quiet—which last was a hard task, considering that her pulses were beating tumultuously and that Eric was below.

It ended before long in her rising, smoothing her hair and going down. Everybody was still at dinner, so she found the drawing-room quite deserted, and discovered a shady corner in which she had been niced for some time when sounds were heard that announced the approach of the party. As they came in, she could look up with undazzled eyes and see what she thought of the young artist who had been her brother and now seemed likely to become her husband.

He had gone away a boy—he came back a man. That was, perhaps, her first thought as she contrasted the slender, boyish figure and smooth, boyish face of her remembrance with the stalwart, well-knit proportions and the handsome, open countenance, all bronzed and hirsute, before her. He was so totally changed that she could scarcely realize the past and the present sufficiently to ask herself if he was improved. Finally, however, she decided this question in the affirmative. He was so handsome, so graceful, so refined, so thoroughly at home in all the minute requirements of social life, so brilliant with those rare

attractions of which we often hear, but which we rarely meet, that it would have been very strange if she had not thought so, or had not whispered, when he came and bent over her, "Eric, I am so proud of you!"

He smiled in a bright, sunshiny way which she remembered well of old, and which went far to reconciling her to the great change in him. Then he answered tenderly, and sat talking to her of Germany, and his pictures, and all those details of his life which she longed to hear, until Mrs. Ralston called him away to sing a duet with Hortense. Several evening visitors had come in, and the graceful hostess was determined that this entertainment should be afforded them, although Hortense was plainly averse to singing, and even Eric did not comply with the readiness Esther expected of him. He rose slowly, and went with strangely lagging steps toward the piano. Once there, it was evident that Hortense and himself exchanged scarcely a word before they burst into song. Everybody present, including Esther, was astonished to hear how well they sang, how admirably their voices accorded, and with what exquisite art and tenderness they rendered the spirit of the duet, which was one of Kücken's lovely ballads. When the last notes died away, there was quite a burst of admiring applause; but Hortense rose from the piano with something more than her usual brusquerie, and coming over, took a seat beside Esther.

"Well, what do you think of him?" she asked, without any preface or warning whatever. "Has he changed much?"

"Very much," Esther answered, with a smile. "But he is still my dear boy, especially when he smiles."

"I suppose I shall hear nothing more now of you going away and painting for Mr. Hensel?"

"I don't know—I can't tell. Oh, Hortense, I have so much to ask you. There is no one besides yourself whose advice I can ask, you know."

"I am afraid my advice will not be worth having," said Hortense, a little shortly. "But however that may be, of course you know that you shall have it," she added, with sudden warmth; and before Esther could reply, she had risen and moved away.

The next day, the effect of all this excitement told on Esther. She was too weak to leave her room, and by Mrs. Ralston's urgent advice remained in bed. When Eric called at the hour he had promised, she was obliged to send word that she could not see him. "Don't fret about it," said her kind hostess. "I will go and ask him to dinner, and then you can meet him this evening." She went at once, and waylaid the young artist; but as the day wore on, Esther began to doubt whether she would be able to avail herself of the opportunity thus offered. When evening came, however, excitement and expectation gave her a kind of fictitious strength. While the party below were at dinner, she rose, and, with the assistance of Hortense's maid, succeeded in making a toilette, and went down stairs. As had been the case the evening before, she found the drawing-room all deserted; so after resting for a while, and growing weary of the empty, sumptuous rooms, the glitter of mirrors and the blaze of gas, she rose and slowly moved toward the conservatory, which opened from the reception suite. "I will let Eric look for me," she thought, with something like a child's pleasure in the idea; and she wandered among the fragrant trees and flowering shrubs, until her failing strength warned her to sit down. She sat down, therefore, in the first convenient seat, which chanced to be a flight of steps that led from one shelf of plants to another. A large lemon tree and a magnificent

cactus were just in front of her, and would have concealed from sight a figure three times as large as her own.

Lapped into a pleasant state of serene reverie by the soft light and subtle perfumes all around, Esther had very little idea how long she had remained thus, when she was suddenly startled by well-known voices speaking near her.

"Esther is not here," Hortense was saying, coldly. "It was foolish of mamma to send us to look. We will go back, if you please, Mr. Byrne."

And Esther, who felt languidly drowsy, was just about to say, "Here I am, Hortense," when she heard Eric's voice in reply.

"We need not go back just now," he said, imploringly. "Won't you wait a moment, Miss Ralston? I should like to see something of you, I have seen so little since I came."

"We had better go back," repeated Hortense, still more coldly; and as she spoke, she turned to go.

Now it was that Esther raised herself, and said, "Here I am," but she spoke rather faintly, and the others had already moved away, Eric following Hortense. As Esther raised herself up, and looked through the luxuriant foliage of the lemon, she saw him reach Miss Ralston's side.

"Hortense," he said, quickly, "you cannot treat me like this. Have you forgotten Munich? have you forgotten all I told you there?"

"And have you forgotten that I asked you once before how you dared to speak to me thus?" demanded Hortense, facing round upon him. "You think that, because I was weak and foolish enough to listen to you in Munich, I am dishonorable enough to listen to you now?"

"To listen to me! What have I said that you might not hear?" he asked, somewhat haughtily.

"What were you about to say?" she retorted. "If it was nothing that Esther might not hear, I misjudged you, and I am ready to beg your pardon."

Eric folded his arms, and looked down on her gravely.

"I was only about to say something which was, perhaps, foolish enough," he answered, at length. "I remember my honor, though you seem to think I am ready to forget it, and I had no intention of saying anything which Esther, poor child! might not hear. That allusion to Munich escaped me unawares. It is best, indeed, not to think of that time. I loved you then, and I was mad enough to tell you so. Your answer was, that you were engaged to marry your guardian, and that my suit was hopeless. I don't speak of anything which I might have seen in your eyes and your tones; a man like me has no right to see such things, or to hope such hopes as, despite your refusal, made me happy until lately. Now I see my duty, and you may be sure that I mean to fulfil it. I am sure, too, that you will fulfil yours. Hortense, what I meant to ask you was this: can we not be friends?"

His voice sank over the last words, and he held out his hand with a sudden gesture. For a moment Hortense was silent; she then moved a step nearer, and placed her hand in the one outstretched.

"I have always been your friend," she said, with strange softness in her voice: "I did not think I needed to tell you that. But it is wisest to keep apart. Eric"—with a sudden thrill of passion—"believe me, it is wisest to keep apart."

Just then the scene wavered and grew indistinct before Esther, the tones receded far away, or came as to muffled ears; and if anything was said or done, she was unconscious of it. When the sudden sick faintness produced by bodily weakness and strong mental emotion passed away, the conservatory was empty, and she was alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"WHANG!" AND A CRY OF HORROR RANG OUT ON THE AIR.—P. 172.

SHOT ON THE HOME-STRETCH.

BY ALFRED P. BROTHERHEAD, AUTHOR OF "HIMSELF HIS WORST ENEMY."

FOR miles around, as far as the eye could reach in one direction, lay undulating prairie, green with rank, tall, swaying grasses or gray with the barren, bitter sage, where the coyote yelped and gambolled and the shy prairie-hen crouched and chuckled. Behind loomed up the blue-brown outlines of the rugged Coast Mountains, the danger-fraught barrier to the El Dorado of the gold-seekers, while far off was a pack of scurrying, barking wolves, busily engaged in picking clean the bones of a fallen buffalo.

Seth Walker's rancho stood on the banks of Rattler's Creek, a narrow but rapid stream of limpid, icy water whose origin lay high up among the rocky hills. Its low banks of glittering gravel were densely fringed with underbrush and various sorts of heavy timber—cotton and redwood trees—many species of prickly berry-bushes and tangling, creeping vines. The rancho was roughly built of green, hewn logs, dovetailed together at the corners, the interstices

being filled with the limy, gummy mud scraped from the lips of the mineral springs close at hand. Inside were two compartments, termed respectively "the bunk" and "the bar." Split cedar logs, laid side by side, composed the floor, and light entered through a small, unglazed window; in various parts of the room were seven clumsy stools and two rickety tables covered with packs of cards, empty glasses and dice-boxes. The walls were adorned with sundry rifles, revolvers, gaudy pictures of questionable morality and festoons of Brobdignagian shells bought from the Indians, who had gathered them on the Pacific shores.

The bar proper was a long, circular shelf or desk, behind which stood tall bottles labelled Bourbon, Old Rye, Sherry, Gin and Bitters, ranged in orderly rows; above, on a cedar pedestal, reposed a large wild-cat, killed and stuffed by Seth himself.

Of the dozen or more scouts, gamblers, trappers and sutlers gathered there, we are particularly interested in two only—Colonel Bingeur and Antoine Vezan. The colonel was a horse-dealer and the keeper of a notorious faro-bank; he was over six feet in height, burly and muscular, perfectly and savagely reckless when angered, and a terror to

his enemies. Antoine, also a gambling jockey, was scarcely five feet seven inches in height, round-shouldered and weak in the arms, but, as all admitted, "some with the rifle."

Ringeur was attired in his usual costume—black velvet trousers slit from the knee downward, and, after the Mexican fashion, studded with round silver buttons; stout moccasins and beaded buckskin shirt, that fully exposed a brawny, hairy chest and neck; his long, black hair was covered by a wide-brimmed sombrero, and in his gay belt were a pair of Colt's revolvers and a Bowie.

Vezean's dress was similar, with the exception of the head covering, which consisted of a fox's skin sewn into a skull-cap, the head protruding over Antoine's dull, black eyes.

"What you take, *mon colonel*?" and Vezean slapped Ringeur on the back.

"The usual, thank you, Tony. Bourbon—four fingers—Seth!"

"So, *mon colonel*, it is that you have entered two horses for ze race, eh?"

Antoine referred to the Grand Yearly Valley Race that was to take place in three days, where thousands of dollars annually changed hands and rows innumerable happened.

"Wall, yes, I've two on hand. There's Jack—you know him well enough—by Ripraps out of Siren; then I've a new bit I don't mind laying a few bags on—Bessie, she's called. Her stock is neither prime nor fancy, but I'm laying that she'll give your Etoile two lengths and beat her!"

There was a taunting ring in his voice as he said this, and he winked knowingly to the bystanders, who, as a matter of course, followed the example of the facetious soldier.

"Done, *mon colonel*! You give Etoile two lengths and beat her with Bessie? Done! How much?"

"Wall, Tony, be patient; don't get riled. Now, gentlemen, are there any more of ye that want to take odds on my mare?"

No answer being given to this question, Ringeur resumed:

"Are you afraid of five thousand, Tony?"

"No, no. Five thousand it is, *mon colonel*. You give Etoile two full lengths and beat her? *Tres bien!*" and he entered the wager in his book at once.

"What's the reason you don't back the old favorite, Jack, kernel?" queried one of the trappers, and all drew closer to hear Ringeur's reply, for in all previous races Jack had won every stake, and was thought to be the fastest animal on the Pacific slope.

"Wall, I have my reasons, and mean to keep them; but I give you my word of honor that Jack will, bar accidents, make as good, if not better, time this year than he did last."

"Redlips rides Jack, as usual?" asked Vezean, anxiously.

"She doesn't do anything of the sort, Tony. Redlips is for Bessie this year."

The colonel referred to a Digger-Indian girl whom he had bred up to use as a jockey, and who was considered the best and most expert rider for a hundred miles around.

Vezean bit his lip and frowned, snapped his fingers and muttered a curse.

"But," Antoine began, eagerly, "I thought she was to ride Jack?"

"No; Redlips is going to put the new mare through, sure," and Ringeur smiled complacently and sauntered out of the bar.

No sooner had he disappeared than a handsome but dis-

sipated-looking man entered and saluted the company with a careless "How air ye?" then drank at a single swallow over three-fourths of a tumbler of Bourbon "neat." On the new-comer Antoine looked with a degree of interest that plainly grew stronger every minute, and finally he advanced toward him and requested him to imbibe another glass of whisky, a proposition to which a hasty assent was given.

The new-comer's name was Charlie Tauter. By profession he was a "monte-thrower" and card sharper, and also the lover of Redlips, before mentioned. A half hour or so of general conversation passed, in which all took a share, when Antoine motioned significantly to Tauter and bade the company good-day.

A moment later, Tauter tossed off the remainder of his whisky, and also left the ranche. Awaiting him outside was the Frenchman, who looked about him suspiciously, and asked,

"*Eh, mon ami Charles*, is it that you laid much on the race?"

"Wall, Tony, I don't mind telling you; I've backed Etoile, and hedged some hundreds on Jack. I jedge that's about the thing?"

"You are going to see *la belle Sauvage*, is it not so, Charles?"

"Yes, I reckon so; she'll be down at the stables, I guess."

Antoine was silent for a few minutes, and apparently absorbed in a knotty problem of great importance, judging from the many and varied expressions that came and went on his mobile features.

"You wanted to see me about—"

"Yes, yes! One second, and you shall learn what I want. You have heard of ze colonel's new mare, Bessie?"

"Yes, and she is a puzzler to me, and more besides. The kernel seems to be backing her heavily, and he's not a man to lose money if he can help it. I'm afraid of the critter myself—she's been kept too dark; and Ringeur's moves are rather deceptive sometimes. Do you know anything about her, Tony?"

What the after conversation between the two worthies produced will be learned further on; but as they parted, Antoine shook Charlie heartily by the hand, and whispered, "If *la belle Sauvage* will do this, two thousand shall find its way into your pockets; you understand?" To which he responded,

"All right, Tony; anything for a square pile. Keep still as a Comanche on the trail, and I'll see what can be done. But the gal's a catamount when she gets a notion into her head; and if her mind is set on the mare's success, it will be hard to manage. Why, as much as she loves me, I can't get a word out of her about Bessie, and she'll neither say lay nor don't lay. The job is worth the money."

Hidden from view among the dense brush by the creek-side, about three hours after Tauter and Vezean had parted, stood two persons, conversing in low but rapid tones. One was an Indian girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. She was small in stature, but superbly proportioned, from her well-poised head down to the slender feet encased in the daintiest braided moccasins. Her hair was long, thick and black, her face oval and her features regular and handsome. At the present moment her large dark eyes were aflame with excitement, and the pouting crimson lips downdrawn at the corners, as in pleading, angry sorrow. She was clad in a soft, gay tunic of fawnskin, and short leggings, ornamented with shells, beads and stained horse-hair, and every motion, every gesture, showed how lithe and supple was her girlish form. The other was Charlie

Tauter, who seemed to be angrily expostulating with his companion; his arguments and entreaties, however, were too thickly interspersed with oaths to bear repetition. The following portions of his conversation you may render as spicy as you please:

"But, Redlips, my gal, I'll lose a pile if you refuse."

"Oh, Charlie, Redlips would do anything for you but this. Don't ask her to betray the man who has been her friend ever since she was a motherless papoose."

"Who is your best friend?" he roughly demanded.

Winding her bare bronze arms around his neck, and kissing him passionately, she replied—and a love-smile brightened her saddened face—"You, my brave; Redlips' only love."

"Then why can't you obey your best friend's command, eh?"

She was silent.

Thrusting her from him with a fierce imprecation, Tauter exclaimed, "Redlips, understand this now, if you don't do what I've told you, you need never speak to me again; if you do I'll shoot you."

Fawney staggered against a cotton tree and sobbed convulsively as she murmured, "Oh, Charlie, Redlips would die for you gladly, but she cannot turn traitor to—"

"Redlips, my little gal, forgive me!" cried Charlie, and throwing his arms about her waist, he toyed caressingly with her hair, and kissed her until her head dropped back on his shoulder, and her heavy wet lashes trembled on her cheek.

And then he spoke to her tenderly and lovingly; and ere long she whispered in faint, tremulous tones, "Redlips is a snake—she will obey."

We must now proceed to Col. Ringeur's stables, where at various times have been stabled the fastest pacers, trotters and runners in the Western country. Redlips stood leaning against the hitching post, polishing a pair of large Mexican spurs; Ringeur was sitting astride of the corn-chopper, with his keen eyes fixed searchingly on the face of his girl-jockey.

"Wall, Redlips, to-morrow is the race."

She bent her head and rubbed more energetically on the glittering rowels.

"Now, you know the mare's tricks as well as you know your own; you know what she can do, and what she can't. She can beat any horse or mare in the stable, and she can't stand being fretted on the mouth. Be careful on this point; never mind how she throws her head, don't tauten on the bit. If you do, she'll break her pace and lose the race. You must come in at least two lengths and a half ahead, and I'll give you one fourth of my winnings."

Redlips bent low her face, as though to breathe on a grease stain, but at the same time her lips quivered piteously, and the dusky pink on her full cheeks gave place to a sickly paleness.

Biting off a fresh quid, and plastering the old one on a rafter overhead, Ringeur resumed in an abrupt, peremptory manner,

"Gal, look me in the eyes; no flinching."

Redlips slowly lifted her face and obeyed.

"What pile has your boss, Charlie Tauter, laid altogether?"

"Redlips does not know."

"You lie. Has he laid on Bessie? Have you been blabbing of what she can do?" and his voice grew hard and stern.

"He has not laid a picayune on Bessie. Redlips' tongue has been silent. He has laid on Jack and Etoile."

"Oh, ah! good!" Rising, he was about to leave, when, turning quickly, he said, in suspicious tones, "Gal, I've heard that the Frencher and Charlie had a long confab together the other day. Do you know what they were talking about?"

"No."

"Humph! You're such a liar when that boy is concerned, that I never know what to believe or disbelieve. Fore I go, I'll run over the orders again, so that you won't forget. First and foremost, Bessie must come in by at least two lengths and a half. Don't let that leave your head for an instant. Now, as to the ways and means. Of course, you know it's a three-mile heat: hold in on the first mile and half of the second; give her half her head on the last of the second; then, in spurs and whip, give her her own way, and, if you have to kill her, land her home number one. Now, mind you, gal, she can do it if you help her. If you lose this hyar, I'll shoot you on the stand!"

Redlips shook in every limb, and grasped the post to steady herself. Noticing her agitation, the colonel added, in a kindlier manner:

"Don't be scared, gal! Bessie will do the thing if you obey orders."

"Manitou, help your slave!" moaned the distracted girl, as her master strode down the yard, and throwing her arms around Bessie's arching neck, she sobbed hysterically.

The racing ground was a scene of indescribable confusion and uproarious excitement; thousands of interested spectators crowded and surged together on every side, for to the Grand Valley race came always all those in any way interested in betting, jockeyship, or "free fights;" and the race never failed to give ample satisfaction to those desiring to indulge in any, or all, of the three. White men, Chinamen, Indians, half-breeds, trappers, scouts, brokers, gamblers—every one was on hand for either one purpose or another. The judges' stand was occupied by three bronzed and bearded trappers, whose reputations for jockeyship, bravery and fairness were proverbial. Gathered in groups near the stand were the several owners of the horses and the more favored of their friends. Of course, the colonel was there, encompassed by his friends, some of whom were vainly seeking to penetrate his reasons for preferring the strange mare to the old and tried favorite, Jack. Antoine Vezan was standing a few yards away, earnestly advising his jockey to guard against "*le colonel's Bessie*," and every few minutes consulting his betting-book.

The track was oval in shape, and every foot around its circling length of three miles was crowded with anxious spectators, impatiently awaiting the opening of the race. Suddenly a terrific and far-reaching roar heralded the advent of the horses, and the noise became deafening as Etoile appeared in sight—a dun mare, bestrode by a diminutive jockey dressed in buff and black. Following Etoile came six other racers, prancing, capricious, and champing playfully at their bits; last of all appeared Bessie, with Redlips in the tiny saddle. Her dress consisted of tight but flexible leggings, and a short jacket of blue silk, slashed with crimson; her braided hair lay gathered in a lustrous knot behind her ears, and was securely fastened by narrow crimson ribbons.

"Tiger for Redlips!" was yelled up and down the long lines of admiring lookers-on, and the girl rose in her stirrups and kissed her hand, which trembled like a leaf, while her sparkling eyes were filled with a strange, fiery light.

Stepping to Bessie's side, Ringeur handed Redlips a flask of brandy, which she eagerly drank from, and then returned with a short "Thanks."

"Lean over, my beauty," and she bent her head on Bessie's neck.

"Be careful, Redlips! Ride to orders—to orders! First mile, hold in; let slip some on the last half of the second, then pile home like a shot! That's all." And Ringeur patted the mare's neck and flanks, who whinnied, pawed the ground and playfully kicked in recognition of the caresses.

For the next hour nothing was accomplished but the laying of wagers, great or small. Ringeur and Vezan mutually agreed to increase the previous bet of five thousand dollars to eight thousand, and the colonel "accepted" various other challengers desirous of betting against Bessie. The crowd generally, however, seemed to be afraid of the strange mare, though Bessie was heavily backed by several veteran jockeys on account of her rider, "the Digger gal who had never lost one race out of fifty!"

"Whang!" and those obstructing the course crept hurriedly under the barriers, while the wires under which the racers were to pass were drawn from the judges' stand to a post opposite.

"Whang!" and the eight horses were wheeled about, and trotted fifty yards farther down beyond the stand.

"Whang!" and the eager racers sped toward the wire, and two—Etoile and Jack—were even past its boundary, when a fresh signal sent all back to their places for a fresh start. These preliminaries were repeated several times, and fully an hour was consumed before they all started fairly together. It was a thrilling sight to see them fly along, neck and neck, for a few moments, then begin to scatter. The greatest interest was centred in Jack, Etoile and Bessie, and to these we shall pay undivided attention, premising that, at the outset, Colonel Ringeur had clambered up on the stand beside the judges, whence he could take in the whole course at a glance.

Jack led the van from the start, Etoile was a nose's length behind him, and Bessie a full length behind Etoile. For the first mile these relative positions remained unchanged; at the first half of the second, Etoile was neck and neck with Jack, while Bessie had fallen behind nearly another length; the last half of the second mile saw Etoile a half length in advance of Jack, and Bessie's nose almost touching Etoile's hind quarters. At this momentous instant Ringeur sprang from the stand into the course, and rested his right hand on the butt of his long navy revolver. All eyes, however, were riveted on the racers, and his action excited no comment, except, indeed, that Charlie Tauter, who stood close by, turned rather pale and edged nearer to the watchful colonel.

In the first half of the third mile, Etoile still led, with Bessie's nose at her saddle-girth, and Jack a full length behind. Suddenly, Bessie shook her head viciously, sprang sideways, and nearly stumbled. A frightful imprecation burst from Ringeur's pale lips, and he exclaimed, in husky, grating tones:

"Jedges, look there! That gal has balked my mare! Don't ye see her sawing on the off rein? Curse her! Curse her!"

Drawing his revolver, Ringeur crooked his left arm as a rest, and levelled it at Redlips' heart. By this time the horses were on the home-stretch—Etoile and Jack neck and neck, Bessie a length and a half in the rear.

"Whang!" and a cry of horror rang out on the air as Redlips threw up her arms, screamed faintly, and tumbled out of the saddle to the ground. All this took place in far less time than I can recount it.

Freed from her rider, Bessie sprang forward like light-

ning, passed Jack and Etoile, ran under the wires three lengths in advance of them all, and whinnied as she rubbed her pink nose on the colonel's shirt.

The scene of confusion that immediately ensued was appalling. Hurling aside a Chinaman standing in front of him, Tauter, blind with rage, fired twice at Ringeur, and missed both times, whereupon the colonel cried, "Now, Tauter, you've had your shots; hold on a while, and I'll give you a square fight to-morrow. I want this other affair settled first." No sooner had Ringeur fired than he was surrounded by his friends, who, in accordance with Western custom, were bound to prevent him being arrested or lynched. Turning to the judges, who had remained calmly stoical and apparently heedless of all that passed, the colonel exclaimed,

"Now, jedges, hand over the stakes. Ye saw the gal trying to break my mare's pace, and ye heard me tell her 'fore she started to ride to orders and pile in on the home-stretch. She's been bribed, and I can prove it. But I want the stakes, then I'll back Bessie with my whole pile—eighty thousand Mexican dollars—against any horse in the country, and give any horse or mare full three lengths."

Comparative silence reigned for a few minutes after this speech, and the judges held a hurried and whispered consultation, after which the spokesman rose and said:

"Wall, kernel, after some scrimmagin we're decided this hyar race to be a draw. We intend to consider the point as to whether the race shall go on again to-morrow. There's no doubt the Injun played a foul hand, and deserved what she got, and we kinder think your mare would have easily won, but until we've had time to talk over all the points, we'll retain the stakes. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, yes," cried some. "No, no," others protested; and innumerable click-clickings sounded ominously threatening. Pushing aside his friends, Ringeur drew and cocked both of his revolvers and said, coolly,

"Now, look here, gentlemen, there's been shooting enough done for one day. The next who cocks a shooter near me is a dead man, unless he's quicker on the pull than Colonel Ringeur. And if there's any one here disputes my words and considers himself a good shot, let him step out, and I'll shoot with him right here on the course at one pace or a hundred. I can't do any more."

Here Ringeur was tapped on the shoulder by the county sheriff, who said in persuasive tones, "Kernel, I'm sorry, but you air my prisoner."

"I am, am I?"

"Wall, kernel, you know I can't force you to come along, but if you'll step down to the court-house, we can have this thing squared up in no time, and to-morrow you'll be all right."

"Good enough, Sam; I'll come down in an hour or so." And motioning to his friends, Ringeur proceeded toward Seth's ranche to end the day in drunken debauchery.

After firing at Ringeur, Tauter had leaped over the railings and run toward Redlips, whose pale lips parted in a sad smile. Pressing one hand on her side where the hot scarlet blood leaped forth at every breath, she had thrown the other around her lover's neck and murmured,

"Charlie, Redlips has loved too well. She goes to Manitou. Kiss her, Charlie; kiss her until she dies."

Little more is necessary to complete our tale. Colonel Ringeur was "honorably discharged" by a jury composed of his friends, and afterward received the stakes of the Grand Yearly Valley race. Antoine Vezan and Charlie Tauter decamped in company the day after the race—the

one to avoid paying his "debts of honor," the other to escape being shot at by an unerring marksman. Poor Redlips was buried out in the woods, and a rude cross was erected at the head of her grave, on which were the words, "Redlips—shot on the home-stretch." Peace be with her soul, poor girl! She loved not wisely, but too well.

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 1.

MILL GLEN.

MY DEAR BOB: May the blessing of Heaven rest on you for that new pair of spectacles you sent me a few days ago, and for the very kind letter which accompanied them! Sympathy is a great deal like money, my dear boy: people are always delighted to get it, even when they are not in any need of it. And sweet as was your sympathy, I didn't need it all dear Bob, for—don't stare—my eyesight is far better than ever. When I was of your age, I used a mirror a great deal, and distinctly remember that I had clear, bright brown eyes, and the same mirror shows me now that those same eyes are of very uncertain color, and are dim and watery. But still I insist upon it that my sight is better than ever. Our village cobbler used to gauge people by estimating how far they could "see into a millstone," and we young people voted the expression decidedly vulgar. But since I have become a miller myself, I have seen that the cobbler's favorite saw embodied a vast amount of philosophy and poetry. For this world is a mill, my dear boy; and as we all admit that the great miller will have his own way, it behooves us to look as far as possible into the stones, that we receive no more crushing than is absolutely necessary. Did you ever hear your mother talk of "dead" flour, dear Bob? It is flour that is ground so very fine that the grinding seems to have destroyed its life, and it is either feeble or lifeless, no matter how excellent the leaven. We both know people, my dear boy, that seem equally dead while bearing the semblance of life, and they became so because they fought the millstone instead of looking into it.

For instance, there are the Idols. You remember the Strappers' party, where Mrs. Idol was the delight of all eyes. We both admired her fine Roman profile, her handsome dark eyes, her rich, proud red lips and her wonderfully stylish and expensive dress. I saw you, dear Bob, look from her to that charming young lady who expects soon to number me among her grandpas, and your eyes told me that you sighed at your inability to adorn her like unto Mrs. Idol. But I doubt whether any of the young people's eyes saw what all the old people noticed—saw poor Tom Idol wrinkle his brow betimes, and bite his lips, and gaze at the carpet with a fixedness far greater than the beautiful pattern demanded. And perhaps they did not notice that while he listened with graceful and studious politeness to all conversation addressed to him, his thoughts seemed somewhere else, and his eyes wandered vacantly into space where there was nothing to see. Even if the young people had seen it, they would have thought it incomprehensible, for they all know that he and his wife fondly adore each other, and that they have a handsome house, a grand piano, beautiful dresses and all that heart can wish. But we old people saw that Tom was living beyond his income, and that he could not do it much longer without doing it with other people's money, and that Tom himself saw all this. He is an extremely fine fellow, and the managers of the Pocket-book National Bank, in which Tom is paying-teller, would not know

what to do without him. But the bank managers are human and have bills of their own to meet, and know very well how far Tom's salary will go, so they quietly but carefully watch him, and Tom knows it, or thinks he does. No wonder he smiles so grimly and defiantly on the Sabbath, as if he thought it might be a relief to go to that horrible place whose horrors the Reverend Lugu-brious Choker depicts so eloquently. Is it not a terrible pity, my dear boy, that neither Tom nor his beautiful wife can take one deep look into the great millstone and avoid the terrible crushing that awaits them?

Young Woodbine is in the same bank with Tom Idol, but his salary is much smaller. He lives in a tiny cottage, scarcely large enough to hold a piano if he owned one; and if you believe me, dear Bob there is not a yard of Brussels carpet or a single lace curtain in that whole house. Yet I never heard one of his acquaintance mention this fact or complain of the smallness of the house, for Woodbine and his wife are so cheery, and chat so pleasantly, and sing such merry songs, and tell you such funny and touching stories about their baby—of course there never was such another baby—and read you such pleasant bits of prose and poetry that they have picked up somewhere, and bring in such a wonderful hyacinth for you to see and smell, that you find them an excellent antidote for blues, dyspepsia or bad temper. They've looked into the millstone, my dear boy; and though they have to bear their share of the crushing, they always come out the better for it.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

THE SWEETEST SOUND.

JUST now a little quivering trill of sound,
A tiny, wandering sprite of melody,
By some musician's charmed touch set free
From the golden chords wherewith it erst was bound,
Stole through my chamber; just a pulse of song,
A bird-like breath, no more, yet luring me
Through all the silvery hosts of Harmony
In quest of what was sweetest. Whether strong
Sonorous battle music, or the trill
Of fine, faint preludes, rippling from white keys,
Or the clear tenor of a voice when blent
With the full tones of some rich instrument,
Or those winged darlings of the forest trees
Whose mellow warblings all the woodlands fill;
Whether the winds, that sweep the field of bloom,
Swaying its irised billows like a sea
Beneath th' o'er-leaning casement of my room,
Or river waters flowing peacefully
Between their fair—

Just then, dear love, you came,
And bending, whispered that which like a flame
Sent the glad blood aleap from heart to cheek!
And in the blessed words I hear you speak—
I find mine answer, dearest. Music wove
Not ever in her raptest mood, than this
A sweeter melody! Sweet though, I wis,
Bird voice and breeze—each tuneful sound that is—
Sweetest of all, praise from the lips we love!

If the man who has got to the top of the hill by honesty is ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road he has travelled, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled to the bottom again.

TO - DAY.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1873.

CHATS WITH GRUMBLERS.

No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

MANY years ago, in company with our wife, we made a summer drive through the Canadas. In giving that attention to our horses which is the habit of prudent travellers, we visited the stable morning and evening. We think it was the first night after we crossed over at Niagara that we said to the hostler,

"Suppose some one were to leave you a hundred thousand dollars, what would you do?"

"Well, boss, there is one thing I can tell you: you would never ketch me workin' any more."

Holding, as we always had, that work is the warp and woof of human life and happiness, the hostler's remark struck us as curious; and recalling it on the following evening, we asked the next hostler what he would do if he had a hundred thousand.

"I'd travel all over creation, but as for work, I'd never do another chore as long as I lived."

We talked it over while riding the next day, and concluded we should ask every hostler during the trip and make a record of the answers.

The same question was put to thirty-four hostlers, and all gave essentially the same answer, though a few said,

"Of course I should want something to do when I felt like it, but then I wouldn't work regular."

We were a member of a school-board some years afterward, and asked one of the lady teachers what she would do if she had a hundred thousand dollars, and her reply was,

"I would go to Europe and live in Paris."

"What would you do that for?" we asked.

"Why, I should go for the same reason that other folks go—to see the sights."

We asked the same question of fourteen female teachers

and six male teachers, and they all gave about the same answer, though a few of them suggested a division with the poor. One young lady said she would give thirty thousand apiece to her three brothers, and then go abroad with the remaining ten thousand.

Without exception, they spoke of travel, and most of them of life in Europe. Not one of them spoke in favor of work, but most of them spoke of escape from work.

As regular work is the great staple of happiness, as work is the regular bread and meat of body and mind, while recreation is but the sweetmeats, all this condemnation seems a strange hallucination. And as work is absolutely necessary, it is the greatest misfortune that there should exist a prejudice against it. A little philosophy, a broader intelligence, is sure to cure it. A little experience at *nothing to do* has generally cured even ignorant people of such folly. Let a man "loaf" for a month, and if he is well, he is glad enough to go back to his work. And there are a good many of us who can look deep enough to see that work is the best of good things, and to love it for its own sake and for the good it does us.

Work, like food, is a necessity of our life. A disgust for either indicates disease, or some unnatural condition. When we find disgust of food, we learn generally that it comes of excess. In the case of disgust for work, we think it generally comes from the same source.

It is often said that man is naturally lazy. Let every one speak for himself. We know the statement is not true of ourself. We love work. We like a day's recreation occasionally, but the hours begin to hang heavy in the latter part of the day.

Once upon a time our mother was detained in a neighboring town by a deep snow. We boys were familiar with the function of eating, but we knew little or nothing of cooking. When the dark, wild night closed in, we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and, first of all, proceeded to take an account of stock. The bread and meat stock was exhausted; we found three pints of milk, which we proceeded at once to drink. A farther search developed the fact that there was nothing eatable in the house except three pies, one stone jar of cookies and two pots of preserves. We knew how much our mother loved us, and how very sorry she would be to have us get hungry, so like good boys we proceeded at once to fill our little stomachs with these articles of nourishment. We then crept into our little beds, dreamed of our grandmothers, we presume—though we have no distinct recollections of the character of our dreams—and when we awoke in the morning, there came upon us again a deep sense of our mother's love and anxiety, and we hastened to fill ourselves even full with cookies and preserves. About ten o'clock in the forenoon we got to thinking about our mother again, and how she must feel when she thought of her darling boys all deprived of adequate nourishment, and we tackled the preserves, which at that time was all there was left. In the afternoon we called a council, and determined upon some griddle-cakes. We knew that griddle-cakes were made of flour, milk and saleratus. We had

no milk, but there was a little flour and plenty of saleratus. It was uncertain how long the isolation might continue, and we thought it prudent to be saving of the flour, but as to saleratus, we felt at liberty to use it freely. Being the oldest of the company, we rather took upon ourself the function of compounding the griddle-cakes, and with a view to economy in flour, we put in three cups of flour and two of saleratus. You ought to have seen those two brothers spit griddle-cake. Their comments wounded us. And even our mother, who knew all about griddle-cakes, tried some of the mixture the next day, and thought them a failure.

Upon first trying the griddle-cakes, we voted to return to the preserves, and accordingly we then and there finished them. Then there was nothing in the house for supper but griddle-cakes, and none of us seemed fond of griddle-cakes. We went to bed without supper, and were very sad with the thought that our mother would weep if she knew that her darlings had gone to bed with empty stomachs. Before noon next day she returned, found her three boys and her three jars empty, tried our griddle-cakes, expressed an unfavorable opinion, and at once prepared some food which stayed the process of starvation.

Now, we fed our stomachs just as most people think they would like to feed their minds. They would like to feed their minds on sweetmeats; they think they would like to be amused and amused and amused—that they would like to travel and travel, and see the sights and see the sights. For a week we boys were sick with deranged stomachs. Feed the mind on cookies and preserves even for a short time, weariness and nausea are sure to come on. What we must have is the regular, solid bread and meat of work. To be left to inclination, to work "when we feel like it," is demoralizing. We must have the balance-wheel of stated duty; then, although we occasionally chafe at the recurring necessity, we maintain that steady, regular flow of the currents of life which of themselves constitute a normal, true and happy existence.

THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

It is the common opinion that the Yankee cares for nothing but dollars; that he is a worshipper of mammon; that deprived of this god he is broken-hearted.

The next day after the great Boston fire one saw in the crowd of ruined merchants slowly wandering about the smouldering ruins a spirit which was infinitely removed from the money-grabber. It was a calm, cheerful, brave facing of the disaster. Not a word of discouragement, nothing approaching a whine. Hundreds of them standing naked, stripped of the earnings of a lifetime, quietly, unflinchingly, cast about to see how to make a new beginning. It was one of the grandest examples of a high moral heroism ever witnessed.

It is the etiquette in the Chinese court for the emperor's physician to apply the same title to his disease as to himself. So they talk of "his high and mighty diarrhoea."

COLDS—HOW TO CURE THEM.

MEDICINES will not cure colds. Opening the skin is important, but the principal means is a reduction of food. You have eaten meat twice a day. Eat none for two or three days, if the cold lasts so long. Use only plain, unstimulating, vegetable food, drink plenty of cold water on rising and on lying down, and keep your legs and feet warm by friction and a frequent change in your woollen stockings, say twice a day. This last is important.

SKATING is a delightful amusement and a good exercise, but it leads to many serious accidents and to a great number of colds. On the whole, we shall be glad when it goes out of fashion. Many other exercises not obnoxious to the same criticisms are more profitable and quite as social. One attraction of skating is that which makes dancing so popular—viz., it gives the two sexes an opportunity to be very near each other.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

A. T., NEWARK.—Whether you should go to Florida we cannot say. We have no doubt that many persons are relieved of chest troubles by living in the open air for a winter in Florida, but we are sure they would be much more relieved by living in the open air in Canada, or anywhere in the Northern States. And nothing is easier than to go out in all sorts of weather, provided the person is properly clothed; especially should the legs and feet be abundantly clothed. So far as the lungs themselves are concerned, they are greatly benefited by the coldest air, if only the skin over the whole body, but especially about the feet and legs, be properly protected.

CATO, NEW YORK.—We don't pretend to give instruction about moral questions, for the simple reason that we believe in *specialisms*, and think the public are best helped by its servants and guides confining themselves to a single task or class of duties. So while we are interested in many other questions, we generally confine ourselves to the subject of physical health. But we don't mind saying that it seems to us that no duty is more sacred than to break off your engagement at once if you are satisfied that your ceasing to love the girl is the result of a more intimate acquaintance, and not a mere whim, and you need not fear a suit if you tell her frankly and fully the change in your feelings. Though you may have sworn eternal fidelity, and written a thousand letters full of devotion and vows, you must break the engagement if you are perfectly satisfied that a fuller acquaintance proves that you could not love her as your wife. There are enough of these domestic hells on earth; don't add one to the number. Perhaps you deserve prosecution for being so fast. But in any case, you should break off the match.

A. R., ALBANY.—1. Read novels? Why, how long have you been asleep? Every good thing is taught in this way nowadays. Not only is *love*, but all sorts of social, moral and religious principles and duties, are taught by this method. All the great religious teachers, Jesus included, have taken advantage of this passion for stories among men. We will not say that the story is the most acceptable form of instruction for the most advanced minds, but for the great mass of minds it is altogether the most agreeable and successful. 2. Your second question we can't answer, for much as we esteem novels, we have not been a general reader of this class of literature. We have thought that Mrs. Stowe's novels were the best which have been produced in America. The literary artists will not say so, perhaps, but this is our opinion.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I'LL think of thee when the morning shineth
Over the earth with its dew-bathed flowers;
I'll think of thee when the eve declineth,
And twilight wanes to the midnight hours.

I'll think of thee in my hours of gladness,
When all the world seems a golden dream;
I'll think of thee when the waves of sadness
Ripple the surface of life's clear stream.

I'll think of thee when the spring discloses
The lily's cup and the violet's bloom,
And when summer glows with fragrant roses
Till they fade away in winter's gloom.

I'll think of thee in the deep recesses
Of forest groves with their cool green shade,
And not a thought but my glad heart blesses,
For I know how noble thy life is made.

Oh be thy heart as the dimpling ocean
When stirred alone by the wind's soft play,
With its ceaseless fountains of deep emotion,
Where the pearls of thought and of love all lay.

"NEVER AGAIN."

BY GARRICK WHYTE.

Two tearful eyes, two tear-stained hands
Clasped in excess of pain;
Two lips that murmur, as they close,
"Never again."

A lighted window, and without
A watcher 'mid the rain,
Whose anxious, pallid brow forebodes
Never again.

A band of gold, a riven love,
A past, ah, God! 'twere vain
To hope 'gainst *death* that it might be
Ever again.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
That bloom their hour, and fade.

CHORDS that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

AMBER.

THE late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a statesman whose mind was stored with a singular medley of erudite notions, ransacked ancient writers with a view of ascertaining how far amber was known in remote days. We cannot follow him in his search, but must be content with stating that this substance was used long before its origin was known. The jewellers and trinket-makers of the East tempted their customers with elegant ornaments—for the person, the dress and the table—made of a substance unlike any other in use; presenting all shades of yellow, from nearly white to almost brown, for the most part transparent when polished, though occasionally opaque or clouded; inflammable, and exhaling a white pungent aromatic smoke when burning; slightly resinous in taste and smell when cold; found in nodules or lumps, from the size of a pea to that of a child's head. The well-to-do Orientals purchased their necklaces, bracelets, amulets, pipe-stems, etc., without inquiring very minutely from what source the material had been derived. Those who took interest in the matter were divided in opinion. Some supposed amber to be an animal substance resembling bees-wax, secreted by a peculiar kind of ant inhabiting pine forests. Some, thinking the vegetable kingdom to be a more probable source than the animal, regarded it as a gum which oozed out of pine-trees and gradually solidified. A third party, looking to the mineral rather than to either of the other kingdoms of nature, pronounced amber to be a fossil mineral of antediluvian origin. All, however, admitted that the theory, whichever was adopted, must be such as would explain the presence of insects, flies, bits of leaves, etc., in many of the specimens; such extraneous matters must have entered when the amber was in a viscid, if not fluid, state, for the insects are, in numerous instances, preserved with all their delicate details uninjured.

Inquiry gradually led to a knowledge of the fact, that amber is found in the sand and clay near seashores, as also exposed on the shore and near the mouths of a few large rivers. It has been found in Sicily, Poland, Saxony, Siberia, Greenland, on the coast of Yorkshire, and once in a gravel pit near Hyde Park Corner. But the great storehouse is the Baltic shore of East Prussia, in the neighborhood of Memel, Pillau, Königsberg and Dantzic. The usual mode of searching for it is to explore the sea-coasts after storms, when the amber is found in rounded nodules near the shore. Another mode is to wade into the sea and scrape the sea-bed with a ring-mouthed net attached to a pole. A more hazardous method is to go out in a boat, scrape the precipitous cliffs of the coast with hooked scrapers, and examine the fragments thus brought down; pieces of amber often reward the search. There are occasions, after a storm, when much lignite is found floating on the sea containing amber entangled among it.

Amber has quite a fancy value. Large pieces will fetch a price bearing no sort of regulated relation to that obtained for smaller specimens. A piece one pound in weight is sought after by dealers as a treasure; and when it comes to ten pounds' weight (which is in rare instances the case) its price rises to thousands of pounds sterling. The largest mass at present known weighs eighteen pounds; it was found in Lithuania, and is preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Some connoisseurs prefer the specimens which present a beautiful transparency of colors; others look out for those in which insects are most perfectly preserved. It is all a matter of taste.

THOSE who show most pity give usually the least help.



"SO, ROBERT MORELAND, WE MEET AT LAST!"—P. 179.

THE DIAMOND SLEEVE-BUTTON.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RENCONTRE.

WALLACE started and glanced hastily around at the announcement. It was no false alarm. Mrs. Moreland was, indeed, approaching, visible through the clustering trunks of trees that formed the border of the grove. Evidently she had not observed them, and was walking rapidly, as if with a set purpose.

"I will promise you, Marie, not to question you further, if you will keep my secret as well, and not reveal my presence here," said Wallace.

"I will not, indeed!" replied Marie. "I hope and pray that you may recover the lost money, but you cannot ask me to do aught dishonorable."

"I would not, for the world, have you do aught contrary to your sense of honor. I must go. I will meet you again, soon."

He slipped round the clump of bushes, and was lost to sight, at the same instant that Mrs. Moreland entered the grove. He heard her speak sharply to Marie, who had resumed her former listless position:

"So, girl, you are moping, as usual—brooding over this ditch—instead of obeying your father's directions. I wish

he was here now to take you in charge. You had better get home and try to find more profitable employment."

Her voice had none of the gay, rich ring of its company tone. It was harsher and colder than the listener would have deemed possible.

Without a word in reply, Marie rose and slowly left the grove—an acquiescence quite unexpected by the speaker. For a moment she stood as if undecided how to act, and then resumed her progress on the path leading toward the station. It was evident from her words that Moreland was not at Ramapo. Where, then, was he, and how should he be found? This thought at once resolved itself into action in Wallace's mind. He would follow her. He might thus possibly gain some clue to the hiding-place of her husband. This pursuit was necessarily conducted with the utmost caution. He was too well aware of the lady's acuteness to follow her closely or directly. On nearing the station, he saw that she held something white in her hand, which it needed no second glance to convince him was a letter. The natural conclusion was that this was addressed, or in some way related, to her husband. After a few moments' delay she left the building which served as post-office, and started to return on the same route by which she had come. The letter now, not the lady's movements, was the interesting feature in the case. Wallace had suddenly grown utterly heedless of where she might go. His whole thoughts and hopes were centred upon that letter.

The post-office of a rural district like this is a very different affair from the mail department of a city. Here it occupied the corner of a country store, which was that nameless mixture of groceries, dry goods, hardware, drugs and confectionery which forms the general utility centre of a wide farming district.

Anxious as Wallace was to obtain a sight of this letter, he hardly knew how to approach the subject. To state his case plainly to the postal agent, and ask for the address of the letter, might prove successful, and again it might excite the distrust of this person. To attempt bribery was equally doubtful. So much depended on the character of the postmaster that he finally concluded to make advances to this official, and be afterward guided by circumstances. It was too early for loungers when he entered the store, and he found it empty, with the exception of the storekeeper, who was busily at work arranging his multitudinous wares. This individual stopped from his labors and looked inquiringly round as Wallace, with a cheery "Good-morning," stepped into his citadel.

"Good-morning, sir, good-morning," he briskly replied. "From the city, I reckon, aren't you?"

"Yes, I came up on the morning train."

"Saw you get off. That's how I come to ask. Take a seat, sir. What can I do for you this morning?"

Wallace looked round the crowded shelves, quite unable to choose, on the instant, from their wealth of wares.

"You seem to have everything here, from a needle to an anchor," said the visitor, to hide his indecision.

"Yes, or from a dose of ipecac to a Dolly Varden," said the storekeeper, cheerily. "From a nutmeg to a love-letter."

"I believe you are postmaster as well as storekeeper," said Wallace, a mode of action occurring to him; "though I presume your postal duties are not heavy."

"Not quite so heavy as my hardware line," said the other. "Our people are slow at writing and slower at receiving letters."

"I directed my letters to be forwarded here, as I expect to stay a week or two. Perhaps you may have some already."

"What name, sir?" asked the other, as he briskly slid round to the few shelves that served for his mail department.

"Moreton. See if you have anything for Edward Moreton," said Wallace, curiously approaching the edge of the counter and looking over the other's shoulder at the thinly laden shelves.

"I know, without looking, that I have nothing for that name," he replied, running a packet of letters through his hand from sheer force of habit.

"Is not that the name?" asked Wallace, pointing to a letter lying alone on a shelf.

"No, that's a letter just come in, to go out in the next mail. The name's pretty close, though, that's a fact," he replied, with a laugh, holding the important document before the eager eyes of his questioner. The address was written in a large, plain hand:

"MR. ROBERT MORELAND,
Care of Mrs. E. S. Davis,
692 E. Forty-Third Street,
"N. Y."

"It is not for me, that is certain," said Wallace, turning away with much disappointment at the very indefinite information he had gained by his scheme. Moreland was in New York, and in communication with Mrs. Davis. That

was important, even if he had failed in learning the exact address.

Obtaining writing materials from the storekeeper, he at once penned a letter to the New York detective, informing him of this circumstance, and adding as minute a description as he could give of Moreland's personal appearance. He advised him to re-establish a strict watch on the house, and especially to note Mrs. Davis' every movement, as she was doubtless in the habit of visiting or receiving visits from Moreland.

He wrote also to Mr. Bullion, and desired him to send Mr. Sharp on to Ramapo as early as that officer's engagements would permit. The letter sent to Moreland would probably bring him to Ramapo, as soon as Mrs. Davis could convey it to him, in case he escaped the vigilance of Wilmot, the New York officer. It was highly important, then, to have a person of Mr. Sharp's professional acuteness and official authority on the ground, to aid in an arrest, in case of any difficulty.

Posting these letters, Wallace saw and had a conversation with the railroad agent, who had been already placed on the lookout by Mr. Wilmot. He had seen no person answering the description of Moreland as yet, but promised to keep a sharp eye open for him, and to let Wallace know immediately in case of any discovery.

Satisfied that he could do nothing more at present, and in very good humor with himself for his morning's work, he again sought the house of Mr. Miller, his former friend of Ramapo Valley.

A week passed without further developments of importance. Wallace carefully avoided the house in which Mrs. Moreland was located, knowing well that if she once saw him she would warn her husband, and effectually save the latter from falling into the snare set for him. It was thus necessary to be very cautious in his efforts to see Marie. Mrs. Moreland kept so close a guard on her that she only succeeded in meeting her lover once during this long week. This single interview was little more than a meeting, a kiss and a parting, Marie's vigilant guardian appearing in the distance ere a dozen words were spoken.

Near the end of this period Wallace received two letters, through the medium of his friend Miller, as he could not venture to apply to the postmaster under his own name after giving a false one. One of the letters was from Mr. Bullion, saying that Mr. Sharp might be looked for by the morning train that day from Philadelphia. The other was from the New York officer. The latter had not yet discovered Moreland's hiding-place, but from certain suspicious movements of Mrs. Davis, and other indications, was of opinion that the fugitive would seek to escape from the city. He advised that a very close watch be kept on Ramapo station.

It was already near noon, and the train connecting with the morning line from Philadelphia was about due. Wallace started at once for the station, hoping to meet Mr. Sharp. His object was hindered by a most unlooked-for occurrence. Passing through a dense growth of underwood that occupied the central portion of the grove before mentioned, he found himself suddenly face to face with a person advancing from the opposite direction. Had each beheld a spectre risen from some aboriginal grave in their path, they could not have started back with more haste and wonder. Their astonishment was natural, for, in the man before him, Wallace saw the stout form, bluff face and oblique glance of the man he had so earnestly sought, Robert Moreland.

The momentary quiver of his nerves was succeeded by a

fiery impulse of anger, as he recognized in this pallid face, and eyes that glanced furtively round as if for an avenue of escape, the features of the man who, under the sacred guise of friendship, had so deeply wronged him.

"So, Robert Moreland, we meet at last!" he cried, in a loud, excited voice.

The other answered not a word, but stood with the same varying, uncertain glance, his eyes roving from point to point, his face still paler.

"Well, sir, what have you to say?" cried Wallace, advancing a step nearer. "What excuse for your perfidy?"

"This!" roared the cornered villain, carrying his hand with a rapid motion toward his breast.

Before he could fulfil his apparent intention of drawing a weapon, Wallace, with a quick spring, had closed with him, and in an instant the two men were grappled in fierce conflict, each seeking, with all his strength, to hurl the other to the ground.

The struggle was violent but unequal. Wallace had all the vigor of youth and indignation, but he lacked the strength of his antagonist. For a minute it seemed as if the former, vigorous with excitement, would prevail. Then the strong muscles of the other asserted their supremacy, and it needed all the efforts of Wallace to avoid being hurled to the ground.

But Moreland, who grew cooler with the struggle, heard a sound that escaped the senses of his excited antagonist. Footsteps were rapidly approaching. He knew that if help were obtained by Wallace, he was a prisoner. With a violent wrench he tore himself loose from the grasp of his foe, and in the same moment struck him a blow in the temple, dealt with the vigor of an athlete. Wallace fell prostrate before this terrible blow, while his antagonist leaped over his body and ran swiftly forward.

The next instant the detective, Mr. Sharp, entered the thicket, and gazed on the prostrate body of his friend.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM sat, deeply reflecting, in the well-furnished parlor of her town mansion. Life on the plantation was hardly to her taste, and her husband had gratified her by purchasing a residence in Charleston, in which she spent much of her time. She had gone thither immediately after his departure north. There she had received a telegram acquainting her with his injury; there, a later despatch announcing his death.

Yet it was not in the attitude of a mourning wife she now sat. The light that kindled her eyes, the smile that curled her lip, were significant rather of triumph than of grief. We will take the liberty to transcribe a portion of her reverie.

"It is nearly a week now," she mentally said, "since I wrote that letter. Had he intended to answer, I would have heard from him two days ago. But I expected an answer. He will be here in person, and I must be prepared for him. I know Wilson—or Moreland, as he now chooses to call himself—too well to expect to be done with him so easily.

"But what need I fear? Allen is out of the way—dead, so the despatch said. (It is strange, though, that I have no answer to my orders that they should send on the body.) Her father thus removed, what proof is there that this girl is the daughter of Allen Cunningham? Moreland can produce nothing, not a scrap of my handwriting, not a relic, to show that the girl is other than she appears. His unsupported word, and maybe a trifling likeness, will not go

far as legal evidence to give the Cunningham estates to an adventuress, as I shall declare her.

"At last my long-laid scheme has culminated; my own children shall inherit these broad acres, and the brat of that proud upstart, Alice Cunningham, will have to work or beg for a living."

Ere she could proceed further in this inner revelation of a life of hidden crime, buried for years under a mask of falsehood and hypocrisy, the door of the apartment opened and a servant announced the name of Robert Moreland.

With a start of fear and surprise, and a wildly throbbing heart, she heard this name uttered, and it was only by a desperate effort at self-control that she succeeded in meeting with a calm expression her accomplice in crime.

"You see, my dear Mrs. Cunningham," he said, as he helped himself to a chair without waiting for an invitation, and carelessly threw his hat upon the centre-table, "I thought our little matter of business could be better arranged in person than by letter, so I have been at some pains to make you this friendly call."

"You might have saved your journey of seven hundred miles to make a morning call. You received my decision by letter. You knew me well enough to consider it final, without forcing me to repeat it verbally."

"Yes, but consider what a satisfaction it is to hear these decisions verbally! And then, suppose a person should be able to throw new light on a dark subject? It is wonderful how a few fresh reasons will sometimes affect a final decision."

"That is to say, you imagine it a case of weak woman and strong man, and that the weak woman can only yield to the strong man."

"Oh, if you prefer to put it in that shape, I sha'n't object."

"Well, sir, if you don't object, suppose we cease talking like fools and come to business."

"Precisely my sentiment, my dear Mrs. Cunningham," tilting his chair back, and inserting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, as a preparation for business; "though I must say you have used rather more pointed words than I would have ventured to employ."

"In short, then, you know already that I decline paying any further subsidies for the support of the girl. She is quite old enough now to make her own way. You have given her an education; let her start out as a teacher, or, if she prefers, get married. At any rate, I decline to be bled further."

"Ah! you really mean this?"

She looked rather vexed at his mocking tone, but made no answer.

"Suppose, then, we put it differently," he continued, after a pause. "As you decline to pay for the girl's keep, you will be kind enough to remunerate your humble servant for his diligence and faithfulness."

"You will find that I am in earnest, sir."

"And, madam, perhaps you may find that I am in earnest. When and how did Allen Cunningham die?"

"Who told you he was dead?"

"If he were living, you would not dare defy me."

"He is dead, then, and I dare defy you."

"So it appears. But I would really like to know what you expect to gain by it. You surely do not imagine that I would hesitate a moment in bringing Marie forward, announcing who she really is, and proving her claim as the eldest daughter of Allen Cunningham?"

"You are perfectly at liberty to do so—to bring her forward, and attempt to prove what you please."

"Attempt to prove?"

"Precisely. You will find it no more than an attempt."

"Aha! That is your little game, then. Let us see. I and my dear wife (who, by the way, will be happy to call on you, some time to-day, with the young lady in question) are prepared to swear that, shortly after the marriage of Allen Cunningham to his second wife, we were engaged by said wife to carry off his young daughter and bring her up as our own; that pecuniary embarrassments forced us, for the intervening years, to leave our honesty in a dormant condition, but that, our sleeping honesty being lately aroused, we desire to make retribution. How will that answer?"

"Very well—as the effort of an adventurer to palm off his daughter as the heiress of another man."

"Next, the striking likeness between the girl and her mother?"

"No evidence at all. We have men of sense on our Charleston juries, who demand proof, not assertion and co-incidence."

"Your letters?"

"My letters?" she replied, with a sarcastic laugh. "You have not a line in my handwriting, or with my name attached—not a line that would criminate me, even with my name."

"Perhaps you have forgotten another point, on which your husband based great hopes—a certain diamond sleeve-button?"

"Which I have your word was turned into money, years ago."

"My word! You are ready to take it now. Did you suppose I was really such a fool?"

"If you have it, it is with you. Produce it. If you cannot, I shall certainly not accept your assertion."

"It is not with me, but I can produce it, and produce good evidence that Marie has often worn it. Let me see! Suppose I name John Wallace as one witness?"

"John Wallace? Well, where is this witness? I want more than words."

"He is here, ready to witness to this, and to much more than this!" and like a spectre to the astonished eyes of Moreland, Wallace stepped into the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANCIENT RUFF.

OF all curiosities in costume ruffs were, perhaps, the most eccentric. These monstrosities were frequently made a quarter of a yard deep, so that the wearer was obliged to eat with a spoon a couple of feet long, and were of different colors, yellow being for a long time the fashionable tint. Philip Stubbes, a Puritan, and the satirist of his time, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," in vain endeavors to write down these fashionable collars. This is what he says:

"The women there use great ruffles and neckerchiefs of holland lawn, cambric and such cloth, as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is; and lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the devil's liquor—I mean starch; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withal, underpropped with supportasses, the stately arches of pride; beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest, as, namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffles, placed *gradatim* one beneath the other, and all under the master devil-ruff; the skirts, then, of these great ruffles are long and side every way pleated, and

crested full curiously, God wot. Then, last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques strange to behold. Some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further, some with close work, some with purled lace so cloied, and other gewgaws so pestered, as the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, sometimes they are suffered to hang over their shoulders like windmill sails fluttering in the wind; and thus every one pleaseth herself in her fooliah devices."

Although yellow was the fashionable color for the ruff, other tints were also used, and ladies constantly appeared with ruffs tinged with blue or red or purple starch. The introducer of the popular color into England was a Mistress Anne Turner, who achieved some degree of notoriety as having been the accomplice of the Countess of Somerset in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. When the fashionable starcher was brought to trial and condemned to death, Sir Edward Coke, who tried the case, sentenced her to be hanged at Tyburn in a ruff stiffened with her own yellow starch. A contemporary writer (Howell) states that the sentence was carried out to the letter, and that Mistress Turner was hanged wearing a ruff stiffened with the compound she had invented. One Michael Sparke, who wrote in 1651, referring to this, expresses a wish that the judges of his day would sentence female offenders to be hanged with naked bosoms and backs, as it might discourage the general practice of ladies going about only half clad. After Anne Turner's execution yellow-starched ruffs ceased to be worn.

It is an excellent thing to have a good memory as a rule, but it is quite as good to have a poor one sometimes. There are some things it would be such a blessing to forget. Angry remarks and bitter retorts are amongst them; but, alas! a thousand good words are forgotten, while the bad one is remembered for ever. It is far easier to learn an idle, senseless jingle of rhymes than a beautiful hymn or poem. Do not waste your time and attention over what you would some day give much to forget. Slandorous words are far better forgotten than remembered. One of the best helps to forgetting is never to speak of them, not even in a whisper. If you hear a playmate say something unkind of another, keep it to yourself; she will forget it pretty soon, and feel as kindly as ever toward the person. But if you tell it, then what a storm you will raise! How the girls will take sides! and two parties will be formed, and very likely the girls' parents will join the quarrel, and the whole neighborhood will be in a great uproar just because of that cross word you had so much better let die. What would you think of a person who went along picking up all the old burrs and thistles he could find, and then fastening them on to people? Just such nuisances are those malicious, thoughtless words. Don't pick them up, and they will do but little hurt.

SYMPATHY.—To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear—one that hath no memory of the past and no thought of the future—one that hath no sympathy with humanity and no feeling in common with the rest of the species.

TRUE liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others.

CORAL GROWTH.

WE know that among the sea-anemones and coral-forming animals each polype has a mouth leading to a stomach which is open at its inner end, and thus communicates freely with the general cavity of the body; that the tentacles placed round the mouth are hollow, and that they perform the part of arms in seizing and capturing prey. It is known that many of these creatures are capable of being multiplied by artificial division, the divided halves growing after a time into complete and separate animals, and that many are able to perform a very similar process naturally, in such a manner that one polype may, by repeated incomplete divisions, give rise to a sort of sheet, or turf, formed by innumerable connected and yet independent descendants. Or what is still more common, a polype may throw out buds, which are converted into polypes, or branches bearing polypes, until a tree-like mass, sometimes of very considerable size, is formed.

This is what happens in the case of the red coral of commerce. A minute polype, fixed to the rocky bottom of the deep sea, grows up into a branched trunk. The end of every branch and twig is terminated by a polype, and all the polypes are connected together by a fleshy substance, traversed by innumerable canals which place each polype in communication with every other, and carry nourishment to the substance of the supporting stem. It is a sort of natural co-operative store, every polype helping the whole at the same time as it helps itself. The interior of the stem, like that of the branches, is solidified by the deposition of carbonate of lime in its tissue, somewhat in the same fashion as our own bones are formed of animal matter impregnated with lime salts; and it is this dense skeleton (usually turned deep red by a peculiar coloring matter) cleared of the soft animal investment, as the heart-wood of a tree might be stripped of its bark, which is the red coral.

In the case of the red coral the hard skeleton belongs to the interior of the stem and branches only, but in the commoner white corals each polype has a complete skeleton of its own. These polypes are sometimes solitary, in which case the whole skeleton is represented by a single cup, with partitions radiating from its centre to its circumference. When the polypes formed by budding or division remain associated, the polypidom is sometimes made up of nothing but an aggregation of these cups, while at other times the cups are at once separated and held together by an intermediate substance, which represents the branches of the red coral. The red coral polype, again, is a comparatively rare animal, inhabiting a limited area, the skeleton of which has but a very insignificant mass; while the white corals are very common, occur in almost all seas, and form skeletons which are sometimes extremely massive.

With a very few exceptions, both the red and the white coral polypes are, in their adult state, firmly adherent to the sea bottom, nor do their buds naturally become detached and locomotive. But in addition to budding and division, these creatures possess the more ordinary methods of multiplication, and at particular seasons they give rise to numerous eggs of minute size. Within these eggs the young are formed, and they leave the egg in a condition which has no sort of resemblance to the perfect animal. It is, in fact, a minute oval body, many hundred times smaller than the full-grown creature, and it swims about with great activity by the help of multitudes of little hair-like filaments, called cilia, with which its body is

covered. These cilia all lash the water in one direction and so drive the little body along as if it were propelled by thousands of extremely minute paddles. After enjoying its freedom for a longer or shorter time, and being carried either by the force of its own cilia or by currents which bear it along, the embryo coral settles down to the bottom, loses its cilia and becomes fixed to the rock, gradually assuming the polype form and growing up to the size of its parent. As the infant polypes of the coral may retain this free and active condition for many hours, or even days, and as a tidal or other current in the sea may easily flow at the speed of two or even more miles in an hour, it is clear that the embryo must often be transported to very considerable distances from the parent. And it is easily understood how a single polype, which may give rise to hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of embryos, may, by this process of partly active and partly passive migration, cover an immense surface with its offspring. The masses of coral which may be formed by the assemblages of polypes which spring by budding or by dividing from a single polype occasionally attain very considerable dimensions. Such skeletons are sometimes great plates, many feet long and several feet in thickness, or they may form huge half globes, like the brainstone corals, or may reach the magnitude of stout shrubs, or even small trees. There is reason to believe that such masses as these take a long time to form, and hence that the age a polype tree, or polype turf, may attain may be considerable. But, sooner or late, the coral polypes, like all other things, die; the soft flesh decays, while the skeleton is left as a stony mass at the bottom of the sea, where it retains its integrity for a longer or a shorter time, according as its position affords it more or less protection from the wear and tear of the waves.

CATS IN ANTIQUITY.—There is no mention of the cat as a domestic animal in the Bible. According to our author, the word *tsayim*, met with in the prophets, rather means "jackass." Nor does the *ailouros* of the Greeks seem to have been domesticated until a comparatively recent period. Pliny speaks a good deal of the *felis*, and Palladius, a later writer on agriculture, mentions the *catus* as an animal of some use in catching mice in garrets. Hence, M. de Blanville concludes that the cat was only domesticated among the Romans about that period. With the Egyptians it was otherwise; they even seem to have had various species of this animal, three of which still exist in Africa. Nevertheless, it is never found depicted on such monuments as are contemporary with the pyramids; so that we may conclude that it was not domesticated in Egypt until the year 1688 B. C., or thereabouts, that being the oldest date deducible from the "Funeral Ritual," where the cat is sometimes seen represented under the arm-chair of the mistress of the house—an honor it shares with dogs and monkeys. Its rarity and usefulness probably soon caused it to be admitted among the number of sacred animals, in order to favor the preservation of the breed. It seems to have been used in the chase, there being pictures extant in which cats are seen to spring from boats into the marshes of the Nile to fetch the wild ducks killed by their masters. In a painting found in a Theban tomb puss is represented standing on her hind legs like a little dog, and resting her fore paws on the knees of a man who is about to throw the crooked stick, called *shbot*, resembling the Australian boomerang, for the purpose of killing some game.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

MORALS OF SCIENCE.—The discoveries of modern science by their comprehensiveness afford a key to enable us better to conceive the mighty scheme of Providence; the coherence of the different parts, the harmony of the whole, the adaptation of means to an end, afford additional proofs of the unity of the design, and of the wisdom, power and goodness of its great Author. Let us suppose one of the sages of antiquity, or one of the early fathers—Socrates or St. Chrysostom—tracing out or trying to draw the plans of Omnipotence. How scanty and imperfect would have been their materials! how unconscious they would have been of all the manifestations of the Deity displayed in the solar system! how ignorant of the wonders of chemical and mechanical science and of their applicability to the wants of man! how ignorant of the geography and of the various conditions of this globe itself! how totally unacquainted with all the secrets of antecedent states of the earth which geology dimly and imperfectly reveals to us! How difficult for them to have proved the vast capabilities of man, or his steady progress to a higher grade in the scale of the creation which his acquirements during between two and three thousand years have proved! Even Paley, writing so near our own times that he is almost a contemporary, wanted the proofs in favor of his principles of natural theology which these later times would have afforded. It is as if some great and glorious landscape (we will say the first view of Switzerland and the Alps from the descent of the Jura above Gex) was gradually revealed to the traveller by the dispersion of the morning mists. First he would catch the rich and varied landscape at his feet; then gradually the bright, crystal reflection of the Lake of Geneva; slowly and imperceptibly would he discern the grand and picturesque forms of the lower ranges of the mountains of Savoy; and lastly, scarce believing his eyes, scarce crediting that the giant, glittering masses piercing the skies belonged really to this earth, he would gaze upon the sublime spectacle of Mont Blanc and the highest range of the Alps. Thus we of the nineteenth century have unveiled before us much of that mighty scheme which earlier generations could never have suspected. We are enabled, in some degree, to measure its grandeur, its immensity and, above all, its unity. We must feel convinced that to astronomy, geology and the whole circle of the sciences—from those which can by microscopic power scrutinize the minutest object in terrestrial economy to those laws which embrace the universe—the same stamp of Omnipotence is affixed. We may gain additional ground for the belief that the human mind, which has been so cherished and favored by its divine Creator, may find additional confirmation of those hopes which he has given us that our living participation in this great scheme does not end here, but that we shall be sharers in the destinies of that immortal creation of which it is given to us at this advanced stage of our progress to know so large a portion.—*Lord Ormathwaite.*

EARTH POULTICES.—The value of earth as a disinfectant and deodorizer is well known, and the treatment of ulcerated sores and gangrenous wounds with it is becoming very general. A new application of this system has lately been described—namely, the use of clay as a dressing for the face in two cases of confluent smallpox, dusting it in fine powder over the faces of the patients as soon as the pustules become fairly developed. This, it is stated, formed a clean, dry, wholesome scab, absorbing the infectious material, scaling off during convalescence, and leaving the underlying skin in its natural and normal state. The painful and persistent itching which is well known as one of the worst characteristics of the disease was by this simple means entirely abated. The earth used was fine pipe clay.

PLASTER AS A PROTECTION FROM FIRE.—After the conflagration in Paris it was generally found that, with good plaster-work over them, beams and columns of wood were entirely protected from the fire. In cases where limestone walls had been utterly ruined on the outside by the flames passing through the window-openings, the same walls, internally, escaped almost unscathed, owing to their being coated with plaster. On many such plastered walls the distemper decorations were still to be made out.

THOUGHTS.

IN studying the sayings or the writings of remarkable men, one of the principal things to observe is their repetition of the same idea. There is often an impatience of this repetition. "How often he says the same thing!" is the exclamation of unthoughtful people, whereas what he repeats is what is best worth noting. It is not a notion taken up at first from fancifulness or the love of novelty, but it is what experience, as interpreted by his nature, has engrained upon him. If he is worth studying at all, he is chiefly worth studying in order to ascertain what he continues to think. How valuable are the repetitions of the same idea which are found in such a writer as Goethe! There is so vast an effluence of thought and observation in Shakespeare's works that it is difficult to infer with any certainty from his repetitions what were his continuous ideas and impressions. If we may venture to have an opinion in this matter, we would say that tolerance is one of the principal ideas expressed by Shakespeare in a thousand forms. We cannot imagine a man remaining intolerant, or even censorious, who had thoroughly studied, and so become imbued with the spirit of, his Shakespeare.

THEY talk about happiness being meted out to men in equal portions! But think of the difference between the man who has the gift of always hearing pleasant things said about himself behind his back, and the man who has the disease of always listening to ill-natured things said about himself in his absence. In neither case do we mean that these are real utterances, but by the aid of fancy we hear a great deal about ourselves that has never been spoken by mortal tongue.

FAVORITISM is often nothing more than an exercise of faith. The favorite does not exhibit the qualities of character which we especially approve of, but somehow or other he calls out our faith, and makes us believe that there is latent in him the nature which we should most admire. And we are rather proud of our supposed discovery and of the vigor of our faith.

BE LENIENT TO FAILINGS.—Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity toward failings than by attachment to excellences. One is valued as a kindness that cannot be explained, the other exacted as payment of a debt to merit.

CHOOSE GOOD FRIENDS.—There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends if we have not the discernment to choose them well.

COURAGE, when genuine, is never cruel. It is not fierce. It foresees evil. Its trepidations come either before or after danger. In the midst of peril it is calm and cool. It is generous, especially to the fallen. It is seldom attained.

MEN of high or mean birth may be possessed of good qualities, but falling into bad company, they become vicious. Rivers flow with sweet waters, but having joined the ocean, they become undrinkable.

SILENCE.—Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women and some children much more by listening than by talking.

SELF-LOVE is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS.—Nothing is more common than to try to reconcile our conscience to our evil thoughts by our good actions.

GOVERN GENTLY.—Govern the child by gentleness; even the camel moves not swifter before the whip than behind the flute.

STRONG minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter, when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1873.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

AGENTS WANTED.

THERE are thousands of well-educated, respectable men and women in the land who, from a variety of causes, are entirely dependent upon their own resources, but who do not know what to get at for a living. They cannot do hard manual labor, and they find, apparently, all the avenues of employment filled already. It is impossible to estimate the distress that exists among the class of persons to whom we are alluding, for they really wish to do something for themselves, and no greater boon can be conferred by any one than to provide them with the means of earning a livelihood in an honorable manner. We are in want of agents in every city and town in the United States and Canada, and we can give competent persons steady and profitable employment. Clergymen who find it difficult to make ends meet with their small salaries; school-teachers who have their vacations and their leisure time in the evening and after school-hours; farmers and mechanics who have spare time when their regular work is done; ladies who are either dependent entirely upon themselves or who wish to add something to their pin money; enterprising boys and girls who would like to make a little cash,—will all find canvassing for TO-DAY easy, pleasant and profitable. It will take them into the open air and give them good, healthy exercise; and if conducted with any tact and energy, it cannot but be remunerative. Our chromo, "JUST SO HIGH," is acknowledged by all to be a charming picture, and all of our agents speak in the most glowing terms of its reception and that of our paper by the people. Our terms to agents are exceedingly liberal, and there is no reason why hundreds of men and women should not benefit themselves and us by aiding to increase our already large circulation.

WE will very shortly commence the publication of a series of papers under the title of "HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE," which will give a number of valuable hints and plain practical directions about home decoration, with a view of demonstrating that our homes may be made attractive at small cost. These papers will be written with great care, by a gentleman who has given much attention to the subject, and we expect them to be a valuable and highly appreciated feature of our paper.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following are a few of the warmly commendatory letters which we have received from all sections of the country:

[From an old Agent.]

"PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"The chromos were received, and look well. With your picture and paper we shall clear the field. . . . Fully expect to send you one thousand names before New Year. W."

"PITTSBURG.

"I am a constant reader of our country's best literature. I purchased your paper and perused it carefully, and I will express my humble opinion of it, briefly and sincerely, as follows: It is an interesting and instructive journal, and I deem it well worthy to rank with the best literary journals of the day. I hope you will meet with the success your valuable paper deserves.

C. F. J."

"NEWBERN, N. C.

"The chromo is a gem, and exceeds in beauty and finish my highest anticipations. It far surpasses the (so-called) chromos presented the past two years to subscribers to the boasted art-journal of America—*The Aldine*. It takes the eye of every one, and I hope to send you a good list of names.

C. A. N."

"CINCINNATI, O.

"You have hit the nail on the head with your paper and chromo. They are both giving tip-top satisfaction.

"J. H. & M. V. W."

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

MESSRS. Lee & Shepard have a well-deserved reputation for the high character of their juvenile publications, and those who wish to supply their young folks with entertaining and instructive reading matter cannot do better than to refer to the list of this firm. Among their recent books are a number of superior merit, which we are confident will meet with favor in the sight of young readers of both sexes, and which will form most attractive additions to their libraries. Of these we note the following:

Under the Cedars; or, What the Years Brought, by Alice J. Hatch, is a very pleasantly written story which describes, in an entertaining manner, some familiar phases of every-day life. The plot is well worked out, and some of the characters are admirably drawn, and will attract attention on account of their truth to human nature. From the dedication page we learn that this is a first effort, and we are confident that it will find sufficient favor to induce the writer to try again.

Stories and Poems, by Mother and Daughter (Caroline Gilman and Caroline Howard Jervey), is a collection of pieces and verses especially adapted to the tastes of young readers. Many of them are really very pretty, and all are written in animated and entertaining style. The book is nicely illustrated, and will make an attractive gift to an intelligent youngster.

An American Girl Abroad, by Adelaide Trafton, is a more than usually lively and readable book of travels. The sights and sounds of Europe have been described time and again, but this account of how they impressed a bright and wide-awake American girl, while it goes over the same ground, is much superior in interesting qualities to many of the books of European travel that have preceded it. It is really a capital description of the wonders of London, Paris, Switzerland, and other cities and countries of Europe, and young people especially who have not read works of a similar kind *ad nauseam* will find much pleasure in its perusal.

The Child of the Island Glen, by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, is the fourth volume of *The Pleasant Cove* series. The story is amusing, and is worked out in such a fashion as to engage the attention of the reader from first to last, and it moreover incidentally points some important religious and moral truths.



A Cure for Rheumatism.
PATIENT: "John, this water's too awful hot!"

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

NEVER laugh at a man with a pug nose: you don't know what may turn up.

WHAT do you expect to see reflected in your innamorata's eyes? Yourself, if she is a good looking-lass.

SHAKESPEARE understood mothers-in-law: he makes all of Othello's troubles come from his wife's mother.

"DO YOU believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, madam: I have heard the Dead March."

"HUSBAND, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper. I am sure, not from me." "No, my dear, for I don't find that you have lost any."

A PAPER recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scarred" veteran, instead of "battle-scarred." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it that he changed it to "bottle-scarred" veteran. And still the veteran was not happy.

ONE of Charles Lamb's friends, visiting him with his wife and children, happened, in the course of conversation, to repeat the old saying, "One fool makes many." "Ay, indeed," said Lamb, merrily, pointing to the children; "you have a fine family."

THE grossest instance of humbug we have met with for a long time is that of an individual who advertises for sale a Siberian bloodhound, which he calls "A 1," when every one possessing the ordinary rudiments of an English education ought to know that the beast is K 9.

THERE is a man in one of the suburbs who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an able-bodied cat by the tail to a clothes-line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving-cups, brushes, etc., thrown into the yard by angry dwellers in adjoining houses.

A GENTLEMAN was surprised, during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it." "I know it, papa: I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

A MAN who snores was described by his friend the other day as follows: "Snorea? Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning, and find that the house you lodge in has been moved half a mile during the night by the respiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performance. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his bed around."

THE HOUSEWIFE.

THE FLAVOR OF BUTTER.—A German journal says that a great portion of the fine flavor of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and recommends a thorough kneading for the removal of the buttermilk, and a subsequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared is pre-eminent for its sweetness of taste and flavor, qualities which are retained for a long time. To improve manufactured butter, we are advised by the same authority to work it thoroughly with fresh cold milk, and then to wash it in clear water; and it is said that even old and rancid butter may be rendered palatable by washing it in water to which a few drops of a solution of chloride of lime have been added.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON POULTRY.—The influence of the food of poultry upon the quality and flavor of their flesh and eggs has not generally been taken into consideration, but it is now well ascertained that great care should be exercised in regard to this matter. In some instances it has been attempted to feed poultry on a large scale in France on horseflesh; and although they devour this substance very greedily, it has been found to give them a very unpleasant flavor. The best fattening material for chickens is said to be Indian corn-meal and milk; and certain large poultry establishments in France use this entirely, to the advantage both of the flesh and of the eggs.

THE inconvenience of frozen cisterns and gas meters may be obviated by putting a lump of salt into the water once a week, and into the closet trap the last thing at night. The explanation is, that water holding salt in solution requires 25° degrees of cold more than pure water to freeze it.

TO CURE a smoky chimney, inflate a large ox bladder with air, and tie it by the neck to a stick, and place it across the inside about two feet from the top. The buoyancy of the air keeps the bladder in a circular motion, and thus prevents the down rush of air.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

TO MAKE PRESERVED GINGER OF LETTUCE STALKS.—Put the quantity of lettuce stalk that you wish to preserve in salt and water for four or five days, changing it every day; make a syrup of one pound of sugar, one pint of water, quarter of a pound of ginger, with the peel of one lemon, the white of an egg; boil till clear, which must be done three times a week for three weeks; wipe the stalks quite dry, and pour the syrup over, boiling. This preserve, if well tied down in jars and kept in a dry place, will keep four or five years.

COLD SLAW.—Mince very finely a small cabbage; put it into a china bowl, and prepare for it a nice dressing. Take half a pint of the best white vinegar, mix with a quarter of pound of butter cut in bits and rubbed in flour, a little salt and cayenne. Stir all this together, and boil it in a small sauce-pan. As soon as it boils, stir in the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, and take it immediately off the fire. Pour it boiling hot over the cabbage, and mix it with a spoon. Let it become cold before sending to table.

POTATO SNOW requires very white, smooth and mealy potatoes. Boil them very carefully, peel them, and set them on a plate in the oven till they become very dry and mealy; then rub them through a coarse wire sieve into the dish in which they are to be served. Do not disturb the heap of potatoes before it is served up, or the flakes will fall and it will flatten. It is very pretty in its appearance.

WATER CAKES.—Dry three pounds of fine flour, and rub it into a pound of sifted sugar, one pound of butter, and one ounce of caraway seed. Make it into a paste with three-quarters of a pint of boiling new milk, roll very thin, and cut into the size you choose; punch full of holes, and bake on tin plates in a cool oven.

TO PREPARE vegetable oyster, parboil it, scrape off the outside, and cut it in slices. Make a batter with powdered cracker, beaten eggs and salt; dip each slice in, and fry both sides brown.

FASHIONS FOR WINTER.



1170.—GODIVA.—This polonaise is one of our latest Paris novelties. It contains many new and very valuable features. Without looping it can be worn as a long tight-fitting basquine. The ornamental back piece passes over the shoulders, and forms a neat bust-piece in front, and is adjustable, may be worn or not, as fancy dictates, thus constituting two entirely different polonaises in appearance. The back piece is sometimes made in velvet or satin, and richly trimmed, and completes a brilliant toilet when worn with a house-dress. Besides its beautiful variations it is well adapted to any material. Takes six yards of twenty-four-inch goods. Price of pattern, with cloth models, one dollar. See below.

1133.—DOLLMAN.—For comfort, neatness, and elegance combined, its equal is not to be found among the novelties of this winter's productions. Takes two and a half yards double-fold ladies' cloth. Patterns, with cloth model, fifty cents. See grand offer below.



861.—LA PIERRE OVERSKIRT, the most attractive and elegant style for making, in all kinds of material. Takes three yards thirty-inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, fifty cents. See grand offer below.

We give a **cloth model** with each pattern, which shows every seam, pleat, gather, loop, etc., how to put the garment together by the pattern, and how it will look when completed. By the use of our cloth models any person who can sew can **finish** the most difficult garment as easily as the plainest. They are **perfect guides** to work by.

GRAND OFFER, PREMIUM. All of the patterns, with their cloth models, complete, represented by the three above engravings, will be mailed **FREE** as premium to those who send us, before the first of February, one dollar for one year's subscription to **Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar**, which is the **best and cheapest** fashion publication in the world, and the only one that imports styles and sells paper patterns of them. It is thought the **best authority** by the highest fashionable society of this city, being months in advance of the best costume importers. Contains choices stories, hints, criticisms, and minute instructions upon every point in dress-making. **Be in time. Subscribe for it now.**

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 11, 1873.

No. 11.



"HERE THE SCENE WAVERED AND GREW DIM."—P. 191.

"ONE TOO MANY."

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"MORTON HOUSE," "ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first tangible thought that came to Esther was the recollection of her own words to Hortense the night before: "Besides yourself, there is no one whose advice I can ask." She had spoken almost unconsciously, but it was the sim-

ple, the now almost appalling, truth. She stood quite alone, and at this crisis of her life there was no one to whom she could appeal for assistance or counsel. After her father's death, Eric had been all that remained to her. Eric was now the last person in the world to whom she could go. Failing him, she had of late learned to lean upon Hortense; now this prop was also struck away. The poor child felt bewildered. Mrs. Ralston she knew from close observation to be little more than a pleasant, well-bred nonentity in her own household; to her, therefore, it

would be worse than useless to apply for any practical advice or active interference. "She would only refer everything to Mr. Deverell," thought Esther, and then suddenly her heart leaped up in her throat. Mr. Deverell! The name came to her almost like an inspiration. Why not go to Mr. Deverell himself? He had been her father's friend; he had been generously kind to herself; she felt sure that he would not misunderstand her. Why not, then, go to him and ask the help which she could not ask from any one else, and which, indeed, no one besides himself was able to render? "I will go," she thought; and yet, even as she thought it, she shrank back. The remembrance of his engagement to Hortense suddenly came to her with the force of a shock. It was not only a guardian, but a lover—nay, even a betrothed husband—to whom she would speak. She could not do it, she thought—it was impossible. Yet that thrill of passion in Hortense's voice—that thrill which told so much—came again to her ears, and again she saw Eric's frank, handsome face, the face she loved so well, as it had looked when he said, "Such hopes as, despite your refusal, made me happy until lately."

"What can I do? oh, what can I do?" thought the poor child, smiting her frail, burning hands together. "Even if I tell Eric that his 'duty' does not bind him to me, will not Hortense still be bound to Mr. Deverell? Ah, if he would only be generous enough to release her! She does not love him—he must know that; and even if he loves her, what does *one* heart matter?" thought the unconscious philosopher, ignoring, with pathetic fatalism, the heart so sadly burning and throbbing in her own breast. But still she could not resolve to face Mr. Deverell and ask this sacrifice of him. Nature had made her timid, and sickness more timid still; besides which, she stood in great awe of the quiet, reserved lawyer. "Ah! why am I such a coward?" she thought, mournfully. But courage did not come at her bidding. On the contrary, it seemed to sink to a lower and lower ebb. "It is because I am thinking of myself!" she cried out suddenly to the silent flowers wrapt in their own sweetness. "Ah, did not papa use to say, 'Who forgets himself, forgets fear'? Why do I think of myself? Why do I not think only of those who are so dear to me?"

But such questions are more easily asked than answered, and still the terrible other question remained, What would Mr. Deverell think of her? and, more important still, what would he think of Hortense? Would he be harsh and stern, as his face sometimes looked? Poor Esther was almost ready to rush to her own room and take refuge in tears and inaction, when who should appear walking slowly down the conservatory, with his eyes absently bent on the floor and the fragrant shrubs brushing him unheeded, but the object of her thoughts, Mr. Deverell?

He had escaped from the lights and the throng of Mrs. Ralston's drawing-rooms to enjoy one quiet moment to himself, and his thoughts were deep on some intricate point of law, when a small figure, that looked almost eerie in the dim light, came gliding forward, and a soft, trembling voice said,

"Mr. Deverell, if you please, I should like to speak to you."

Mr. Deverell gave a start, and waked in a moment from abstraction to reality.

"Miss French!" he said, in surprise. Then, with a smile, "So you are down, after all? I hope you are better?"

"Yes, much better," Esther answered, without thinking

in the least what she was saying. "But it was nothing about myself. At least, if you please, I should like to speak to you."

"I shall be very glad to listen," said Mr. Deverell, still smiling. "Will you speak here, or shall we go up stairs to the library?" he added, after a moment, seeing that she hesitated and was silent.

"Can we go up stairs without passing through there?" she asked, pointing to the drawing-rooms. "I had rather nobody saw me."

"Nobody shall see you," he answered, though he looked a little surprised. "Come this way."

He led the way through a glass door into the open air. She found herself on a small plat of green sward, crossing which they turned into another door, passed through the dining-room, along the well-known hall, up a private staircase, and were safely within the library. This room, with its shaded light, its low, carved book-cases and deep chairs, was a familiar and favorite resort of Esther's. She gave a sigh of relief as she entered it now, knowing that here at least she was secure from the presence of those whom she most dreaded to meet.

"Sit down," said Mr. Deverell, drawing a chair for her near the glowing grate. "You look very pale. Are you sure it is prudent for you to be out of bed?"

"Oh, perfectly prudent," said Esther, feeling the while as if she were on the very verge of unconsciousness, yet pushing the gathering darkness from her by a strong effort of will. "Give me five minutes," she added, looking up at him. "Then I—I shall be more like myself."

"As many minutes as you please," he answered, kindly. "Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

She shook her head, and after that he said nothing more, but only sat down quietly and waited until she was ready to speak. Twice the length of time which she had asked elapsed before she found strength or courage for the venture before her. It was only when Mr. Deverell, surprised at her long silence, at last turned his gaze from the glowing coals to her face, that he found the dark eyes fastened on him with an intenseness which absolutely startled him.

"Pardon me," she said, quickly, as she caught his glance. "I did not mean to be rude. I was staring at you, was I not?"

"You were looking at me as if you were studying me," said he, smiling slightly. "And since my face cannot possibly make a very interesting study for a young lady, I was a little surprised."

"But your face is a very interesting study to me," she said, quickly. "Looking at it, I have tried to judge whether or not I shall speak to you as I came here resolved to do; and"—a slight pause—"and I have read a great deal which has made my resolution tremble in the balance."

"What have you read?" said he, looking a little amused, and also a little curious.

"Shall I tell you?" she asked, quickly. "May I tell you?"

"Tell me? Certainly," he answered. "I shall be interested to hear how near you have come to a true estimate of my character."

"Papa used to say that I read character very well," she said. "Most artists do, I think; and I," drawing herself up with very pretty pride, "am an artist. If I am not mistaken, you will forgive me, will you not?"

"Forgive you? Can you doubt it?"

"I should be ungrateful if I doubted your kindness in anything," she said, with a quiver of feeling in her voice.

"It is because you have been such a true and generous friend to me in my first great trouble that I have thought of turning to you in the second which has come to me."

"Has a second come to you?" asked he, quickly, interest flashing into his face and into his eyes. "You were right to come to me if so—more than right, indeed. I am your father's representative. You cannot doubt that if he had been able to do so he would have left you to my care, and therefore you should come to me as you would have gone to him."

"Ah! but I knew him," said she, in a tone of unconscious pathos.

"And you do not know me?"

She shook her head, smiling faintly.

"What! not even after you have studied my face?" said he, smiling in turn. "Surely you don't mean to reflect so much discredit on your powers of observation and judgment?"

"It is your face that has made me hesitate," she said. "Now you look kind, but a little while ago, when you were not thinking of me, you looked as if you might be very stern."

"Was anybody ever stern to you?" he asked, a gleam of tenderness in his eyes, a tone of tenderness in his voice, such as she had never imagined could possibly dwell in either. "Do you know that in looking at you I often think of your royal namesake, the Jewish queen of Persia? Why do you start? Has anybody ever told you so before? Well, it only proves how right I am. If she had your eyes—and I fancy she had—it was no wonder the king said to her, 'What wilt thou, Queen Esther? what is thy request? If thou wilt even ask one half of the kingdom, it shall be given to thee.' Now," smiling a little, "I have not a kingdom to divide with you, but, believe me, there is nothing I do possess that I would not freely give. Therefore, O Queen Esther, speak without fear."

Queen Esther drew in her breath a little, her dark eyes expanding larger and brighter, half from resolution, half from sheer amazement. She had never heard Mr. Deverell speak like this before, for his very kindness had worn a cloak of extreme reserve, but the emergency lent her courage. It seemed as if suddenly

"Strength came to her that equalled her desire," and being bidden to speak without fear, she cast fear aside and spoke:

"Mr. Deverell, will you forgive me if I speak of something which concerns you very nearly? Will you forgive me," as he glanced at her with quick interrogation, "if I speak of your engagement to Hortense?"

"My engagement to Miss Ralston is not a mystery," said Mr. Deverell, with very stately quietude, looking the while, however, as much astonished as a well-bred man ever permits himself to appear. "If you have a fancy to discuss it, therefore, I shall not be offended; though," smiling slightly, "I may be surprised."

"You may be offended at what I wish to say," answered Esther, feeling her throat grow hot and parched. "If I had any one else to whom to go, I should not come to you; at least, not in this way," she went on, desperately. "But I have no one else; and—and if I thought you would not be hard on Hortense, I should not care what you thought of me."

"Hard on Hortense!" repeated Mr. Deverell, opening his keen gray eyes in additional astonishment. Then he looked closely at her, and began to fear that her head was not quite right. "My dear young lady," he said, "you

are speaking very strangely. Will you be kind enough to explain yourself?"

"I will in a moment," said Esther, with the calmness of desperation, seeing that she had gone too far to turn back. "But if you will allow me, I should like to speak first of myself. You have heard, have you not, that I—I have been engaged, after a manner, to Eric Byrne?"

"I have heard it, certainly," said Mr. Deverell, who, having reached the acme of astonishment, seemed resigned to anything he might hear.

"Then if you have heard that," said Esther, "you are in a position to advise me what I should do when I learn, as I have learned, that Eric does not love me, but some one else."

"Has he dared to tell you so?" asked Mr. Deverell, a sudden flush mounting to his brow, a sudden gleam of indignation coming into his eyes.

"No," answered she, with pathetic quietness. "I think that it would have been kinder if he had done so. But he thought differently. He thought of my loneliness, and he meant, he still means, to do his duty as he conceives it to be. He has no idea how mistaken such kindness would prove—how any pain," with a sudden ring of passion in her voice, "would be better than the pain of learning too late that he had married me from pity, not for love."

"And what do you mean to do?" asked Mr. Deverell, trying to keep out of his voice the sympathy which he felt as if it would be almost an insult to betray.

"Is there more than one thing for me to do?" she asked, looking at him with a very brave and sturdy resolution in her eyes. "I leave it to you, Mr. Deverell: is there more than one thing for me to do?"

"No," he said, quickly. "I speak to you as I might to my own sister when I say that there is but one thing for you to do. Regard for your own dignity makes it incumbent on you to release at once the man whose heart has wandered from you."

"Would you say that under any circumstances?"

"I should certainly say that under any circumstances."

"Then," said she, leaning forward, with something shining on her face and in her eyes which he did not understand, "I call upon you to fulfil your own counsel. If this course is incumbent on a woman, is it not doubly incumbent on a man? It is by your own words, Mr. Deverell, that I venture to ask you to release Hortense from an engagement which can only fetter her, since she loves not you, but another man."

Mr. Deverell certainly had not expected this culmination, and still less had he expected his opinion to be turned so completely against himself. For one moment he stared in uncontrollable amazement, the suspicion that Esther was distraught coming again to his mind; then stern anger, for which she had not been entirely unprepared, came into his face and into his voice.

"Excuse me," he said, coldly, "but I scarcely understand the appeal which you are good enough to address to me. One thing is certain, however—that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty with Miss Ralston's name, unless you can at once substantiate your last assertion."

"I can do so at once," Esther answered, gravely. Then she told him, relating it as simply as a tale could be uttered, the scene she had so unwillingly witnessed, the words she had so unwillingly overheard, in the conservatory. That she amazed her listener there was little room to doubt. That she moved him also she could see, though he was a man well trained in habits of self-control. After the first keen glance which he gave when she began to speak, he

did not again turn his face toward her, but sat with his eyes riveted on the fire, making no gesture, uttering no sound, until the last vibration of her voice died away. Then there was a pause—a pause during which Esther felt her heart sinking like lead—before he spoke, still without looking at her.

"This is certainly a singular story," he said, with something—a sort of constrained, metallic ring, it seemed to her—in his voice. "And now may I ask why you have told it to me?"

"To whom else should I have told it?" she asked. "You are Hortense's guardian as well as Hortense's betrothed, and I thought that in either character you would desire above all things to secure her happiness."

"To secure her happiness?" he repeated. "It is of her happiness, then, that you are thinking."

"I am afraid I was thinking still more of Eric's," said Esther, flushing a little.

He turned quickly at that and looked at her—looked with a glance which no one conscious of the least deceit or double-dealing could have supported for a moment. But Esther, unconscious even of the suspicion of these things, met it calmly. The delicate tint on her face did not deepen, the soft dark eyes did not droop.

"Forgive me," she said, gently, "if I have thought too little of you. But I could think of nothing else to do save what I have done."

Then he held out his hand suddenly and warmly.

"You have done right, entirely right," he said, quickly. "In a world where cowardice and deceit go hand in hand, it is something to find one person brave enough to speak the truth as you have spoken it. It is I who should ask you to pardon me that, for a moment, I thought you might be speaking in your own interest."

He uttered this impulsively, but he was sorry that he had done so when he saw the look of pained astonishment which came into her eyes. Yet she did not draw herself up in resentment, as he half expected; she only looked at him with a very quiet sadness in her glance.

"To serve my own interest?" she repeated. "Perhaps I have been doing that more than you think, Mr. Deverell. At least," with a slight ring of pathos in her voice, "if the interests of those whom I love are not mine, I cannot be said to possess any."

"You have come to me, then, to plead for them?"

"No. I came simply to tell you a fact which I thought you ought to know. Your love for Hortense will plead for her better than I can."

"You take too much for granted," said he, dryly. "My regard for Hortense—as her guardian, at least, I am supposed to have such a thing, am I not?—may plead for her real and practical interests as opposed to her visionary and romantic ones. Besides, I am not at all sure that she would not entirely disavow all such desires as those which you impute to her. Miss Ralston is in very great measure a woman of the world, and it is one thing for a woman of the world to flirt with a handsome young artist, but quite another thing to think of marrying him."

He spoke with the keen sarcasm so familiar to the men and women of his own set—men and women accustomed to look at human life and human motives through just such glasses—but he was not prepared for the change which his words brought over Esther's face. It was a change eloquent of surprise, and, in a certain degree, of scorn. Almost unconsciously, as it were, she rose to her feet.

"If this is what you think of the woman whom you are

to marry," she said, "if this is how you feel toward her, I see indeed, Mr. Deverell, that I made a great mistake when I came to you."

There was the dignity of absolute rebuke in her tone and in her manner—a dignity which sat so quaintly yet so gracefully on her childlike face that it charmed instead of angering the man to whom she spoke.

"Stay!" he said, as she was turning to leave the room. "Don't go yet—don't, as I told you a minute or two ago, take too much for granted. It is a very bad habit. Because I do not regard this matter very seriously as regards Hortense, it does not follow that I do not regard it very seriously as regards you. Wait, and let us speak of that."

"There is nothing to be said about me," she answered, quietly, turning round, but declining by a gesture to resume her seat. "Nothing which I have heard to-night has made any change in my life—at least no immediate change. Eventually, perhaps, I—I might have let Eric sacrifice himself to me, but I never meant that he should do it now. Even when I thought he loved me—best of all, I mean—I did not intend to make myself a clog on his life's effort. Even then I would have died first."

"You mean that you did not intend to marry him?" asked Mr. Deverell, looking intently into the resolute young face.

"Yes, I mean that," she answered, firmly. "I told him so when he first came yesterday. I intended to tell him so again to-night. Save that it changes somewhat the color of my future, what I have heard to-night does not affect me at all. It leaves my present altogether untouched."

"Yet he told me that you were engaged to him," said Mr. Deverell, quickly.

"So I was, in a manner," she answered, quietly, clasping her hands together, but otherwise betraying pain in neither tone nor gesture. "It was not enough of an engagement to throw any dishonor on his having spoken to Hortense in Munich," she went on, hastily, eager to defend him even before a charge was made. "He was always more like a brother to me than—than like a lover. But he owed everything to papa, and so he thought it his duty to come and claim me."

"You allowed the claim," said the lawyer, gently.

"Yes," she said, almost in a whisper, while a crimson flush burned suddenly on her cheek. She understood so well what he meant—she understood that his words signified, "But you loved this man who does not love you"—that for a moment she could not speak. Then she lifted her eyes and looked at him with more pride than he had yet seen her display. "I do not deny that this is a great blow to me," she said, quietly. "I do not deny that to one who stands as utterly alone as I do the thought of Eric's love has been very grateful. But you must not think that discovering his love for Hortense has broken or will break my heart. Since it did not break a month ago," she went on, sadly, "it is likely to survive anything else which God may send. Believe me, I should never have troubled you for my own sake."

"You come to me, then, for the sake of this pair of lovers who have wronged both you and me?"

"They have not wronged me," she said, quickly. "I thought I told you that. And oh, Mr. Deverell, how feebly and poorly I must have repeated what I heard if you think they have wronged you! Whether Hortense loves you or not, at least she has been true to you. Don't, oh don't make me feel that I have done her harm instead of good by coming to you! Don't make me regret having trusted you with that which chance trusted to me!"

She came a step nearer, and still clasping her hands like a pictured saint, looked up at him with passionately pleading eyes. "Don't make me feel as if I had injured them," she said. "Don't make me despise myself for having been not only a spy, but a tale-bearer as well."

"How can you wrong yourself by saying such things?" he asked, almost angrily. "And do you think that I am likely to play the part of either the betrayed lover or the outraged guardian of a melodrama that you feel it necessary to plead like this? It is not for me to blame Hortense because she promised to marry a man whom she did not love," he went on, with a short, quick sigh—a sigh that Esther fancied had something of self-contempt in it; "I thought I was doing the best for her, but it seems I came very near doing the worst. Poor child!"

He said the last words in a lower tone—a tone of sudden compassion—and then was silent for a minute. The girl standing in front of him kept her eyes fastened intently on his face during this minute, scanning it so eagerly that she scarcely dared to breathe. An instinct told her that the decision plainly trembling in the balance would prove an important one. Through the sick pain which seemed stationary at her heart, which had not lifted since that first great darkness came over her in the conservatory, a throb of unselfish joy stirred when he raised his eyes at last with something like a smile in them.

"Do you think that I have been tardy in fulfilling my promise?" he said—"that, having bidden you ask, I, on my part, have failed to give? But one needs time to realize a sudden and utterly unexpected revelation; and then I have more to consider than you can possibly know or imagine. Will you grant me a little time for this, and will you trust me to do the best I can for those whose cause you have pleaded?"

"Yes," said Esther, gratefully, almost joyfully; "I trust you perfectly, and I hope you will pardon me that I should have doubted you even for a moment. I know you will be as kind and generous as—as you have the opportunity to be."

"I will do the best I can," he said, with the reserve of a man who saw many obstacles which her eager fancy overlooked or ignored. "I can promise no more than that—indeed, I do not promise that much without conditions," he went on, gravely. "If I lend my aid to rob you of the protector whom Fate has given you, you, on your part, must promise to let me take, not his place indeed—with a slight accent of pathos which she did not understand—"but the place of him who was taken from you last month, who would have certainly commended you to me had he been able to do so. Esther," as she drew back, "my poor child, are you too proud to owe a shelter for your fragile youth to your father's friend?"

"Have I not proved the contrary?" she asked, gently. "Have I not accepted freely what was given freely? But I am not so fragile or so young that I cannot work for myself, or that I need be indebted for shelter even to the generous kindness of my father's friend. We will speak of this hereafter," she went on, looking at him with her sweet dark eyes. "I am sure you will agree with me when I tell you what I wish to do; but I—I cannot talk of it to-night."

"I fear you have talked too much already," he said, looking at the glow of fever and excitement on her face. "I should not have allowed it. I fear you will be ill again. You must go to bed at once, and remember that you have laid your burden on my shoulders. Remember that you trust everything to me, and that you may go to sleep like a child."

"You are very good," she said, smiling. Then she held out her hand with a half-deprecating gesture. "I have seemed to think so little of you," she said; "I have seemed to rate your pain less than that of any one else. Can you forgive me?"

"You have rated it more than it deserves," he answered, flushing. "Perhaps you would think very poorly of me, Esther, if I were to tell you how little I have felt anything save the sting—and a very unpleasant sting it is—of misplaced trust. Nevertheless," clasping eagerly the hot little hand she gave, "try to think as well of me as you can, for God knows your opinion is worth very much to me."

"I have never thought anything but the best of you since I knew you," she answered, softly, "and this would be a strange time to begin to think otherwise. I am very, very glad that I have not pained you, as I feared I should, but you must not talk of misplaced trust in Hortense. She has been true as steel."

"You are true as steel," he said, smiling into the flushed, eager face. "But I must not keep you longer. Good-night."

She echoed the salutation; and when he had accompanied her to the door and watched the slight figure and black dress out of sight as she mounted the staircase, he closed it softly, and returning to the fire, sat down with a tumult of thought to keep him company such as it is not likely he had known before in many a long year.

But for Esther another and even a sharper ordeal was in store. As she traversed the softly-carpeted corridor leading to her chamber, and felt the fictitious strength of excitement dying down, it was a relief to think how near was a haven of refuge and rest; but when she reached the familiar door and opening it entered with the slow step of utter exhaustion, it was to face Hortense Ralston, who sat in a low chair at one side of the fire.

"Hortense!" said Esther, with a start. Then, after a moment, "I did not expect to find you here. I—I thought you were down stairs with your friends."

"Did you?" said Hortense, in a quick, scornful voice, which seemed scarcely to retain a tone of herself in it. "And may I ask where you have been all this time?"

"I have been in the library," answered Esther, coming forward and sinking into a chair. In a moment she saw that something was wrong. The first accent of Miss Ralston's voice, the first glance at her face, told this plainly, but she felt too giddy and faint, too physically unstrung, to grasp at a cause for a visible effect. "I was not well enough to come into the drawing-room," she added, wearily—it sounded almost indifferently—after a minute's pause.

"Not even into the conservatory?" asked Hortense's cold, trenchant voice.

And it was these words, uttered in such a tone, which had the reviving power of a shower-bath to Esther's sinking energies. She started and looked at the cold, haughty face, the scornful, brilliant eyes, opposite her. Then all in a second, as it were, a knowledge of the emergency came to her, and warned her to rouse herself and tighten up the armor which a minute before she had been ready to drop. Poor little tired warrior! Her pale face and weary eyes might have pleaded for her if Miss Ralston had not been far too indignantly angry to heed them.

"I don't understand you," she said, using the words truthfully (for she was indeed sorely puzzled), and not as a mere evasion.

But it was in the latter sense that Hortense construed them.

"Don't trouble yourself to deny the fact," she said, if possible more scornfully than before, "for unluckily you left sufficient evidence of your presence behind you. Mr. Byrne found this just under the lemon tree."

She laid "this" down with a sharp click on a little stand near her hand, and Esther saw that it was one of a pair of jet bands which Mrs. Ralston had pressed upon her only that morning. Like St. Agnes' fetters, they were too large for the delicate wrists which they were meant to encircle, and had slipped readily over the tiny lissome hands. Glancing from the bracelet to the contemptuous face above it, Esther took in the situation at a glance.

"I had no intention of denying that I was in the conservatory," she said, quietly. "Why should I do so? It was a very simple chance which took me there."

"Was it a very simple chance which kept you there—for you must have been there—when Eric Byrne and I went to look for you?" demanded Hortense, impetuously. "You cannot deny it. You know you were there. You know you heard all that we said. Oh, Esther," suddenly changing from bitter accusation to passionate reproach, "how could you, how could you treat me so?"

"How have I treated you?" asked Esther, utterly confounded. "I do not understand what I have done. I do not comprehend how I have injured Eric or yourself."

Hortense looked at her hotly, though already the lightnings of her eyes began to be quenched by rising tears—passionate, scorching tears of disappointment, regret and keen anger.

"Was it no injury to either of us when you listened secretly to some foolish words, foolishly but, God knows, not dishonorably spoken?" she asked. "Was it no injury when you went—you, Esther—and repeated those same words to Mr. Deverell within an hour after they had been uttered?"

Esther started, and it was now her turn to look up with something like a gleam of indignation in her eyes.

"You charge me with listening secretly," she said. "That is easy enough to answer, and I will answer it in a moment; but how is it, if you have not listened secretly, that you can know the subject of my conversation with Mr. Deverell?"

"I will tell you how," Hortense answered, haughtily. "When we entered the drawing-room after dinner, mamma said that you had intended to come down, and suggested that Eric and I had better look for you in the conservatory. I went with him, sorely against my will, and I need not tell you what followed. We looked for you and called you, but you neither appeared nor answered us, and after a few words which it is impossible for any one to regret more deeply than I do, we returned to the drawing-room. It was probably half an hour afterward that he came to me and told me that, having sent a message to you by one of the maids, she had reported your room unoccupied, and had further asserted that you came down stairs while we were at dinner. At this he went again to the conservatory to look for you, fearing that you might have fainted from weakness, and behind the lemon tree he found this band. He at once brought it to me and asked if it was yours. I recognized it, but I laughed to scorn the faintest suggestion that you had overheard our conversation. It was impossible, I said, and oh, Esther, I felt as if it was impossible you could have done such a thing! You had been there, of course, but you had certainly left before we came from dinner, I said; and then I proposed that we should go to

the library, where I thought it probable you had taken refuge to wait for him. We went." She paused a moment, made a motion as if to swallow something in her throat, then went on quickly and apparently with an effort: "When I opened the door, we found Mr. Deverell and yourself alone in the room. Neither of you perceived us. You were speaking, he listening; and as we stood there for one minute, we heard you repeating word for word all that we had said in the conservatory an hour before. But," flashing again a glance of haughty scorn out of her eyes, "do not imagine that we listened, as you had done. As soon as I recovered my senses, I closed the door, and then I came here to wait for you."

"And Eric?" cried Esther, starting forward eagerly. "My poor boy! Did you say nothing to him? Oh, Hortense, had you the heart to leave him then without one word of hope or comfort?"

"Are you mad?" asked Hortense, divided betwixt anger and astonishment. "What is Eric Byrne to me that I should speak words of hope or comfort to him? I said to him, as well as I remember, 'You see what mischief your presumptuous folly has worked,' and then I left him."

"Left him like that?" said Esther. A horrible blank feeling of dismay came over her. If this was indeed the truth—if Eric's love was indeed to Hortense only "presumptuous folly"—what had she done? She grew absolutely dizzy with the thought of what mischief she had worked, if this was the end.

"Hortense," she said, trembling all over, "is this true? Do you indeed care nothing for Eric? I—I was so sure you did, that I fear I have made Mr. Deverell think so too. Hortense! Oh, forgive me if I have worked harm instead of good for you!"

"Harm! You have worked nothing but harm!" cried Hortense, almost suffocated with angry emotion. "How dared you, oh how dared you do it! How dared you go to Mr. Deverell, or take it for granted that I, Hortense Ralston, cared anything for a presumptuous painter like this lover of yours?"

"Hortense!" cried Esther, in a tone of almost startling indignation, but then she stopped and recovered herself. "Unless I am more wrong than I can make myself believe in all that I have seen and known of you, you will regret these words even more bitterly than I feel them now," she went on, with a hot flush on her cheeks. "I acknowledge, however, that I deserve your reproaches with regard to Mr. Deverell. I had no right to interfere, or to take my own rash conclusions for truth. But surely I have not done you irreparable harm. Surely one word from you will set everything right with one so just and generous as he is."

"You are very kind," said Hortense, bitterly, "but I fancy you have done your work so well that you can afford to give me permission to speak not one but many words. Do not think that I am blind," she went on, almost fiercely. "Do not think that I do not understand exactly why you went to him with a story which any other woman would have buried in her own breast."

"I went to him that I might enable him to serve you," said Esther, simply. "What other motive could I have had?"

"You could have had, you did have, the motive of working on his compassion for yourself, while you disinterestedly handed over your penniless, struggling artist to me," said the other, in the same hard, bitter voice with which she had spoken before. "God help me!" she cried out, passionately. "Mamma told me yesterday that she

had feared, suspected, something of this; but my trust in you was perfect, absolutely perfect, Esther. I had grown to love you dearly, oh, so dearly! I could as soon have doubted an angel from heaven as you, until I saw and heard your treachery with my own eyes and with my own ears."

"Hortense," said Esther again, in an almost choking voice; but just here the scene wavered and grew dim, the passionate, scornful face before her seemed to recede to an immense distance. She had a vague remembrance of struggling with her failing powers for a moment, of trying to speak and repel the insulting charge which had been made, but it was all in vain. The unconsciousness against which she had fought so long gathered over her suddenly in one great blackness, that blotted out all sense of life and life's cruel pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TERRIBLE OLD SCRIBBLER.

BY H. C. C.

MR. WILLIAM PRYNNE, an English Puritan who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, was probably the most incorrigible writer of wholly useless books that ever lived. He was a hard student and a man of vast erudition, but his learning seemed to lie in his mind in an undigested mass, and he used it upon all occasions without discretion or taste, and with a total want of perception of the frequent absurdity of its application. He wrote during his long and active public life nearly two hundred works, hardly one of which had any value, or is now of interest, excepting to the curious antiquarian.

It was Prynne's habit in writing to expend a great deal of labor in proving an assertion which could have had no possible interest under any circumstances. He would, in such a case, sustain his argument by a great mass of quotations, which would tire the reader and completely destroy whatever interest he might have taken in the author's own text. Upon one occasion, for instance, Prynne, who hated with genuine Puritan hatred the cavalier fashion of wearing the hair, cited, in the course of his argument, more than one hundred authors who declared with him that love-locks were unlovely. He was a bitter partisan, and his passion for writing, not being guided by judgment, kept him constantly in trouble. He was pilloried several times, and twice his ears were cropped; but as these punishments did not restrain his pen, he was finally locked in the Tower of London, where writing materials were denied him. But his overmastering propensity even then found means of gratification, for he secured a bit of charcoal and actually wrote upon the walls of his cell a treatise, which he called by the title, "Comfortable Cordial against Discomfortable Fears of Imprisonment, containing some Latin verses, sentences and texts of Scripture."

After his release he wrote another book, in which he declared that it was an illegal act of torture to deprive a prisoner of pen, ink and paper, and in proof of his position he quoted scores of historical examples, among others that of St. John, who while imprisoned by a cruel tyrant in the Isle of Patmos, still was permitted to write. Upon a subsequent occasion an order was given by Bishop Laud for Prynne to be branded upon the cheek with the letters S. L., Schismatical Libeller. When the foul deed was done, Prynne, who bore himself like a hero during the ordeal, immediately proceeded calmly to write a Latin anagram on the two letters, in which he held Laud up to

reproach. Prynne was elected to the House of Commons at one time during his life, and he made his Parliamentary career remarkable by delivering a speech which filled one hundred and forty octavo pages, and kept the House in session from Monday morning until Tuesday morning.

His most extensive work was his "Histriomastix." This was written against actors and theatrical exhibitions. It was a volume of eleven hundred pages, and even the most trivial opinions contained in it were supported by references to authors of all nations and ages. He would quote, for example, upon a single wholly unimportant point, Cicero, Petrarch, Minutius, Felix, Isaiah, Ovid and Froissart's Chronicles. More than one thousand authors are thus made to contribute to the volume. The notes are almost greater in bulk than the work itself. He was engaged for seven years in writing the book; and when it was completed, he was indicted for libel. One of his judges declared that Prynne did not write the book alone. He must either have been assisted by the devil or he must have assisted the devil. Prynne was pilloried, fined and imprisoned, and severe punishment was meted out also to his publisher.

But Prynne's passion survived persecution; and when in better times his friends found that his scribbling mania could not be checked, they secured for him an appointment as Keeper of the Records of the Tower, in order to keep his pen from writing political and libellous nonsense. Here his tastes and his learning were for the first time of some value. He fairly rioted in the leafy folios of the old records; and after working away at the national archives for years, he produced three huge volumes which have a considerable amount of value to the historian, but are now so rare as to be almost wholly unavailable.

THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

THE Tiger frigate was homeward bound, after a voyage of many months, during which time matters, with some exceptions, had gone forward quite pleasantly. The credit of this evidently did not belong to the captain, for he was a surly, drunken brute, and had amused himself during much of the voyage by approaching the men unseen, giving them a violent kick, striking them with his rattan, and sometimes with some heavier implement. But the sailors dared not resent even this treatment, and for the sake of the second mate, who was a great and deserved favorite with them, they bore it in silence.

Among the crew there was a young man by the name of Ben Manley. He was a noble fellow, a good sailor and a general favorite with all except the captain, who appeared to feel an especial spite against him simply because he was a true man.

One day Ben was seated below, when one of his favorites, by the name of Joseph Metcalf, approached him, and said, "Well, Ben, the voyage is nearly over. By to-morrow night we may expect to see land."

"Yes; and I thank Heaven for it."

"Why do you speak so earnestly, Ben?"

"I want to leave the ship."

"I didn't think you were in such a hurry."

"But I tell you I am. I have long felt an inclination to throttle that dog; and when I saw him strike you to-day, Joe, I could scarcely restrain myself."

"Oh, I don't mind that. He is a drunken beast and not worth noticing, considering that everything else goes on so pleasantly."

"I can't look upon it in that light. He is our chief

officer and ought to be a gentleman. If he should strike me, I—"

"Oh, it is not very likely he would strike you."

"I think it is very likely."

"Why so?"

"I couldn't help but frown to-day when the wretch struck you. He observed it; and although he didn't say anything at the time, I could read his intention at a glance."

"Suppose he should strike you, Ben?"

"I believe I should hurl him to my feet and place my heel upon his cowardly neck."

"Then you'll swing from the yard-arm."

"I know it."

"It would be hard to die for such as he."

"True. Well, I don't know how I should act in case of a blow. I never yet have received one, and I hope I never will. I could not endure the degradation. Why, Joe, I really believe that if I were to be flogged on ship-board it would render me a raving fiend for the remainder of my life, if it did not kill me on the spot."

At that moment Ben was summoned to the deck. He quickly obeyed, and set about performing the duty devolving upon him with an alacrity and cheerfulness in keeping with his character. He had glanced quickly around, but the captain was not to be seen.

Suddenly Ben felt a violent blow upon the head. He staggered and fell to the deck. But his senses did not forsake him. He was satisfied from whence the blow came; and looking up, he saw the captain standing near him.

For a moment Ben had not the power to move, or he certainly would have leaped upon the captain like a tiger. As it was, he could not but exclaim, "Oh, you accursed brute! But I will be even with you."

This was enough. A guard of marines was instantly called up, and in a few moments Ben found himself in irons and a fast prisoner below. He knew his fate now—flogging. Boy and man, he had been a sailor for twenty years, and had never received a blow. But now his hour had arrived, and he must submit to that which he had always believed would be death to him.

The night passed slowly away. Morning came, and the hours of day rushed on. Toward evening the crew were startled by the dread summons of the boatswain and his mates at the principal hatchway—a summons that always sends a shudder through every manly heart in a frigate: "All hands to witness punishment, ahoy!"

The cry appeared harsh and unrelenting. It pierced every part of the ship, and not a heart but felt its dismal echo was there to be found save he who claimed to be master there.

In a short time the crew had crowded around the mainmast. All must come. All wore sad faces.

Soon the officers were ranged on one side, and the captain, taking his place among them, cried, "Master-at-arms, bring up the prisoner."

All were silent as Ben was brought on deck, guarded by marines, and placed upon the gratings.

The captain began, "You, Benjamin Manley, are about to be punished for using disrespectful language and threats toward your captain. Have you anything to say?"

"I have used no disrespectful language," replied Ben, in a firm voice.

"What?" cried the captain; "did you not call me 'accursed brute'?"

"I did."

"And what language do you call that?"

"Respectful to you!"

"How?"

"It is complimentary, for you are worse than a brute!"

The captain could scarcely suppress his rage, but he did so, for he felt that his revenge was to come. So he asked,

"Did you not threaten me?"

"I do not recollect that I did."

"Did you not say that you would be even with me?"

"So maddened was I with the blow you gave me that I might have said such a thing. If I did, I repeat it now, and I swear before my Maker that I will be avenged for the first blow you gave me, and for every one I receive now."

"Boatswain's mate, do your duty!" yelled the captain.

"Stop an instant," said Ben, calmly. Then he continued,

"Mate, I can't blame you for striking the blows, because you must. Let me say, in advance, that I forgive you for it. But to you, captain, I say once more, stop this work, or you will find it the bitterest of your life!"

"Lay on, mate!" yelled the captain.

"My last warning!"

"Lay on, mate!"

The keen scourge hissed through the air and fell with a cutting, wiry sound upon the mark. Ben trembled visibly, but his teeth were set and no sound escaped him. The first blow barely left a mark; but as the successive ones fell, red ridges began to appear, livid lines of bruised and mangled flesh were drawn, the muscles rose in knotted cords, and the whole of the naked body showed a livid and purple color.

Sixteen—seventeen, and the ridges broke, the blood pouring down upon the deck. Twenty, and a groan—the first—escaped Ben. Then he cried, although the voice sounded faint, "Farewell, messmates, farewell!"

Twenty-two. Ben sank, only sustained by the rope attached to his thumb. Twenty-three and twenty-four—did they not fall upon the back of a corpse?

"Put him down!" growled the captain, as he turned away.

The order was obeyed. Every one expected to see Ben fall upon the deck lifeless. But not so. No sooner were his hands free than he bounded up and leaped toward the captain like a tiger. That officer drew his pistol as he detected the movement, but he was not quick enough. The weapon was dashed aside by the frantic Ben and the wretch clutched by the throat. Then Ben lifted him from the deck as if he had been a mere child.

Nearly every officer rushed to the rescue of the captain, but it was of no avail. Over the bulwarks into the rolling sea went Ben and his persecutor, the wronged sailor still retaining his grip upon the throat of his inhuman foe.

A fearful wail escaped the captain. Efforts were made to save him; but the crimson that now floated on the surface where the two men had disappeared proclaimed all efforts useless.

The brave sailor felt that he could not live after such a humiliation. He resolved that the villain captain should die with him.

They died together.

THE spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it is social, kind and cheerful—far removed from gloomy, illiberal superstition and bigotry, which cloud the brow, sour the temper, deject the spirit and impress moroseness on the manners.



PUFFING THE DANDELION.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

HERE amid nettles, grass and dock
 The dandelion grows;
 Puff, puff, puff! it is three o'clock,
 As everybody knows.
 The solemn bells from the old church tower
 Chimed seven long ago;
 But the dandelion tells the hour,
 If you purse your lips and blow.

Puff, puff, puff! see, the white down flies,
 Like feathers small and fair,
 Away, away through the golden skies,
 To fall we know not where—
 Over the fields where the meadow-sweet
 Scents every roving breeze;
 Over the slopes where the lambkins bleat,
 And the soft wind sways the trees.

Ah, little children, words, like seeds,
 Drift through the silent air,
 And bring forth good or evil deeds,
 We know not when or where.
 Puff, puff, puff! by the lightest breath
 Some mighty thought is stirred,
 And the awful powers of life and death
 May lie in a tiny word.

TO - DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1873.

CHATS WITH GRUMBLERS.

No. 2.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAPPINESS is the great good. Every one of us is seeking it. We begin on waking in the morning, and keep up the chase till we lie down to rest at night. Ah, how few of us find it! That's the sad thing about this life.

Let us go on next Sabbath morning to a neighboring church. It is the most fashionable in town, and is patronized by our rich people. The audience number a thousand. We will stand where we can watch them all as they enter. How many of these faces are happy? The face tells the story. A happy soul always shines out through the face. And now, looking into all these faces, how many do you think are satisfied, contented and happy? A hundred? No. Say ten? No. And yet these are what are called the "favored few." They are rich; they have beautiful homes, social recognition; they are surrounded by works of art; servants attend upon them; they have, in brief, every one of what are called "the good things of this world." Wealth, distinction, art, triumph, all fail, and yet the glorious heavens spread over us and flowers bestrew our path. Has the Creator blundered? Is our life a mistake? If what we have seen in these faces is the best outcome of life, then we are the victims of a cheat, and we play the hypocrite when we kneel in this church and thank God for life and its blessings.

Leaving out of this discussion the hope of a better life, we may say that happiness comes of *health* and *philosophy*. Health stands first. Health is fundamental. Good digestion will do more than all the wealth and honors in the world. By philosophy we mean a consciousness that the secret of a happy life is to be found in the quiet, regular performance of the duties which lie nearest to us. Not in wealth and honors, but in numberless and nameless contributions to the welfare of those about us and who are near-

est to us do we find happiness. God has so constituted us that a personal attention to the wants of our next-door neighbor gives us greater pleasure than sending bags of gold to the distant heathen. The good Father has so contrived us that justice and devotion to one's family and neighbors give more satisfaction and happiness than the most persistent attempt to serve the five hundred millions of the people of Asia. It is an appreciation of this law and a practical recognition of its truth which constitute the philosophy of life.

A good clergyman of our acquaintance says that nothing disgusts him more than to see a hifalutin' philanthropist neglecting everything about him, and standing on Pisgah's heights, load his squirt-gun and proceed to squirt his love over all the rest of creation.

WILL SHE MAKE A GOOD WIFE?

THE woman's-rights women are indignant at this question, as if that were all women were made for. "Will he make a good husband?" That question is comparatively rare. "Will she make a good wife?" is full of man's egotism and selfishness. We don't wonder that the question fills a woman of high spirit with shame and anger. Miss B. declares, "I would never marry a man who could ask such a question. Never!"

But, really, do not most women suggest the inquiry? Their dress, their manners, their conversation, their absence of occupation, their indefinite *waiting, waiting, waiting* for something,—does not all this constantly suggest matrimony? And how can you blame men for interpreting what is so obvious, and asking, not, Will she make a good physician, or teacher, or mechanic, or accountant, or watch-cleaner, or gardener, or merchant, or grocer? but, *Will she make a good wife?* If women were all training for a single trade or profession, it would be natural to question the probability of their success in that trade or profession. Would it not? And as women generally do train for a single occupation—that of matrimony—why should it be thought coarse, selfish and egotistic in a man to think of her probable success in her own chosen occupation?

When women shall break through these chains which bind them, and find a broad liberty in a thousand employments, they will, like men, wait for the promptings of their hearts in choosing a partner for life, and not follow matrimony as a trade.

CELLARS.

Go down into the cellar under your house. Sit down a while. Is that the kind of air you would like to live in? Is that a sweet, a pure air? It is just that sort which finds its way constantly up into your sitting-room and bed-room. If you think the air does not find its way up into the house above, watch when there is a dead rat in the cellar. Any bad smell in the cellar will make its way immediately through the entire house.

The true way to build a house is to cover the ground over which the house is to stand with a foot or two of fine

charcoal and gravel, and then raise the house a foot or two above the ground. All around the house run down the sides to the ground with some ornamental open-work made of wood or iron. Then the air can pass freely under the house. Then, if the bottom floor of the house be made double and a foot thick, with some good non-conductor between the floors, you have the most perfect arrangement possible. If you want some underground space for a furnace or boiler, you had better make it quite small, and in one corner, with a door opening outside. If you want a cellar for vegetables, you had better make it outside. The number of cases of fever, neuralgia, headache and other maladies produced by emanations from vegetables in cellars is immensely great.

WE want to show you two people. One has four legs. They call him a pig. We want you to see him eat. Now, when that fellow gets enough, he'll stop. There! he won't eat another mouthful. You can't coax him to do it.

Let us look at another. They call this one a *man*. Watch him. He is at breakfast. He looks this way and that way. He can't see anything that he wants. Now he tries a mouthful of strong coffee; that won't fetch it. He tries a spoonful of catsup; that's a failure. Now he tries a mixture of mustard and vinegar. At length things begin to work a little, and he is finally able to cram a lot of griddle-cakes and sausage, and sausage and griddle-cakes, and two or three cups of strong coffee, into his stomach. Which do you vote for? We vote for the gentleman with four legs.

WE have met a wonder. It is a dressmaker who won't blab. Dressmakers go into families in such a way that they are sure to hear a great many things which ought not to be repeated, but many of them are most industrious pickers-up of information, which they circulate as extensively as a newspaper. We have met one who won't do it. She either says pleasant things or keeps her lips sealed. What a comfort it would be to all who employ dressmakers in their houses if these very useful people would only give notice, so that we could select judiciously! This plan has occurred to us as simple and convenient: Let the gossipers wear hung about their necks a placard, bearing the words, "I BLAB," and the quiet, honorable soul wear one with the words, "I DON'T BLAB."

THERE is nothing that so expands the mind, gives clearness to the ideas, elasticity to the form and health to the system as early rising and a walk before breakfast. If your sluggard be not a dolt already, he is in a fair way to become one. Ladies owe their rosy cheeks to getting up before or about daybreak, and gentlemen their health of mind. There are many of both sexes, however, who never see the sun rise unless it be when returning from a ball.

WHERE one man spoils his health by drunkenness, ten men spoil their health by gluttony.

MR. A. B. C. came to the city thirty-four years ago, engaged as a clerk in the hardware business, became a hardware merchant, then a banker, and died at sixty years of age worth nearly a million. Few men ever worked so hard, few men were ever so completely worn out at sixty. Dyspeptic, nervous, wretched, he constantly longed for rest, and was not distressed when the doctor told him he must die. He has left two daughters and a son, all of whom were wandering about Europe when the father died. The son has had delirium tremens. The daughters are in a chronic delirium of fashionable dissipation. Folks say Mr. A. B. C. achieved a great success in life. Looking down upon it all from above, we wish he would rap out his present opinion. Nothing is more certain than that he mourns over his earth-life as a miserable and utter failure.

If you have cold feet, immerse them morning and evening in cold water, rub with a rough towel and run about your room till they burn. In one month you will be entirely relieved. All these red pepper and mustard applications are like rum to the stomach—relieve you to-day, but leave you colder to-morrow.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

T. R. S., ALBANY, N. Y.—No, sir! On the contrary, women sleep by far too little. Why, friend, instead of your being right, sleeplessness is one of the most fruitful causes of the paleness and nervousness so characteristic of American mothers. You will excuse us, sir, but permit us to ask whether your wife is not still busy with the care of your family for six hours after your day's work is done? And then, when your children cry at night, don't you turn over your lazy two hundred pounds for another good sleep, and let that little, thin, pale wife get up and worry by the hour with the little ones? And now, forsooth, you wish to know whether it is not bad for her to lie till eight o'clock in the morning!

MR. C. C. C., ROXBURY.—We think two meals a day quite enough for persons seventeen years of age of either sex. Breakfast on bread and milk, with cracked wheat and syrup, and dine at one, two or three o'clock on plain meat and vegetables, eating heartily if your appetite craves it, taking no dessert unless it be simple fruit, and you have food enough to last till breakfast next morning. Omitting supper or tea, you will sleep better after the habit is established, and make better progress in your studies. Persons who have tried the two-meal system testify almost unanimously in its favor.

CHARLES W., SCHENECTADY.—Yes, we think there are persons who eat too little; but where there is one such, there are hundreds who eat too much. And when in this country of plenty a person is found who eats too little, it is, generally speaking, by eating fine flour bread and other nutritious trash. Fine flour bread is but little better than sawdust. If you eat oatmeal, cracked wheat and beef, you will be surprised to find how little food you require to run the machine.

R. N. S., BOSTON.—Yes, we know very well that the doctors prescribe whisky for consumption, but not a quarter as much as they did five years ago; and within five years from this time the same doctors who now prescribe it will be as much ashamed of it as they are now of half a dozen other prescriptions for consumption which have had their run within the last thirty years. In medicine fashions change about as often as they do in dress.

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 2.

MILL GLEN.

MY DEAR BOB: Do you remember attending that splendid wedding at Judge Coke's a year ago, when Eunice Coke became Mrs. Ned Box? You know Ned was always considered the finest fellow in the country, and Eunice was cheerfully acknowledged, even by the young ladies themselves, to be the queen of her set. You remember how, when they stood before the clergyman, Eunice's beauty fairly outshone itself, what an exquisite flush spread itself over her lovely face, and how tenderness and love and purity and joy beamed through those magnificent black eyelashes, although they drooped so low as to keep her eyes from telling tales? And how Ned seemed two inches taller than usual, and a very nobleman in feature and carriage, and saluted his bride with an expression like that the old masters used to put into the faces of the holy mother? Well, my dear boy, that couple are divorced—actually divorced. Eunice has gone back to her father's house. As for Ned, he told an inquiring friend that he was going to the devil; and as we have since learned he went to the Nevada silver-mines, we are sadly compelled to believe that he told the truth.

Your grandma had arranged for a little tea-party on the night on which the news was first made public; but though she purposely made the tea extra strong, the party was a dismal affair. The young people looked suspiciously at each other, wondering who could be trusted when such a couple had fallen out, and the old people, remembering their unripeness in their own early married days, shuddered to think how near they had often been to the same fatal folly. We finally found ourselves all in a group, half of whose members were sure they knew all about it, and the other half declaring there never was such an inexplicable affair, when in a momentary lull our genial pastor, Doctor Russet, remarked, with a sigh,

"Ah! selfishness—"

"My dear sir," interrupted young Baffle, the lawyer, "I beg pardon for my rudeness, but really, now, I must protest against that worthy couple being accused of selfishness. Why, sir, do you know that Ned gave away more than he spent on himself? Do you remember how he put the richer members to shame by his handsome subscription to the memorial fund? And could any one fail to see and admire the manner in which he gave up all the pleasures of his set and devoted himself exclusively to pleasing his wife?"

"And, doctor, dear," said curly-headed Miss Emma, with a warlike toss of her pretty ringlets, "Eunice was simply the dearest, most unselfish old dear that ever breathed the breath of life. I knew her once to stay home from a sociable to make bonnets for a lot of horrid little wretches at the mission-school, and I've often known her at a party to decline a handsome fellow's invitation to dance, and send the gentleman to make himself agreeable to some plain girl. And since she's been married, I've never called on her but she was doing something for her husband, instead of having a good time."

The doctor listened to this miniature storm with the best of temper, only passing his cup for a little more sugar, and continued:

"You are both perfectly right, my dear friends. When our friend Root, the florist, sees us as we pass his greenhouse, and rushes out and insists on our accepting a potted geranium, we rightly give him credit for great kindness;

but we all know that to a man of Root's exquisite floral taste a geranium is a mere nothing when compared with the wonderful treasures of his greenhouse. Under the sunniest sash of that house are some seedlings which he has reared with great care, and Mrs. Root tells how, when the last hail-storm broke the glass, and played sad havoc with the plants generally, Root hastily tore off his coat and held it over his darling seedlings, though the hail and broken glass must have made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Yet Root knows that in the natural order of things not more than one in a hundred of his precious seedlings will ever develop a fine flower."

"And what are the seedlings the Boxes have nourished, doctor?" asked Baffle.

"Opinions," replied the doctor, setting his cup over on the table, and putting on the face he always does in the pulpit when he comes to a thirdly and lastly: "Box probably calls them 'convictions' and his wife 'things.' Intuitions is a better word."

"People must be true to their principles," remonstrated Baffle.

"True," replied the doctor; "but people must not mistake sand for sugar because they look somewhat alike. Those admirable and well-meaning old Fathers, Loyola, Torquemada, Calvin and Knox, mistook one for the other, and made the world a very uncomfortable place for people as pure-minded and earnest as themselves, yet none was more pained at these sad results than the good Fathers themselves."

I do not know, dear Bob, how many of the young people looked into the hole which the good doctor burrowed into the great millstones. But I will tell you in confidence that when I suddenly left the parlor to refill your grandma's cream-pitcher, I stumbled over Harry Stout and Ettie Sparkle, who were once engaged, but who, quarrelling about the comparative merits of Mozart and Mendelssohn, broke the engagement. They were now exchanging kisses in the front hall, while on Ettie's forefinger danced the diamond which has not been seen in public for two or three months.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

It is a curious reflection to make, but probably a just one, that scandal flourishes all the more because scandal-mongers receive no gain from their proceedings. Many other crimes are attended by personal gain, and what is gained often furnishes the means of detection and of punishment. If, by a merciful provision of nature, it was arranged that a portion of the character taken away by scandal should attach itself to those who invent or propagate the scandal, the world, like the birds in the fable, would be very ready to fly upon the scandal-mongers and deprive those daws of the plumes thus gained. But in the present state of affairs these lovers and propagators of scandal do not gain the smallest shred of honor or reputation by their scandal-mongering, and consequently they feel much less shame and meet with much less reproof, as their evil sayings are attended by no personal advantage. It is only very nice and sensitive consciences that enable their owners to suffer remorse when they have heedlessly invented or furthered scandal.

WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice, and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.



"IN A MOMENT THEY WERE LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS."—P. 200.

THE DIAMOND SLEEVE-BUTTON.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XI.

BOUND SOUTH.

WE must retrace the steps resulting in the unexpected meeting recorded in our last.

Mr. Sharp had not seen the struggle between the two combatants, and reached the scene with but a confused idea of what had occurred. Wallace had fallen very heavily, and lay for a few seconds slightly stunned.

The detective, however, with a vigorous grasp lifted him to his feet—a proceeding which fully brought back his scattered senses. With professional instinct, too, the officer picked up a piece of white paper, apparently a letter, that lay on the spot where the struggle had taken place. This he put in his pocket for future examination.

All this had occupied less than a minute, and hardly was Wallace fairly on his feet ere he started off at full speed, calling on the officer to follow.

Reaching the edge of the grove, they discovered the fugitive several hundred yards ahead, and just entering a close thicket that lay in the path.

They were not many minutes in reaching and passing this obstruction. Moreland was no longer in sight, but the banks of the stream were here for a long distance thickly skirted with bushes.

These they followed, confident that he was continuing his flight under cover of this leafy screen, and not dreaming that he had stopped, and now lay concealed in the thicket they had just left behind them.

They had not proceeded far ere he emerged in an opposite direction, and reaching, unseen, a high-banked lane that ran near, hurriedly made his way to the house in which his wife was located.

This, however, he did not enter, but called her to the door, and in a few words explained his position.

"I must make my way on foot across the hills to escape that confounded telegraph," he said. "My objective point is Charleston. Meet me there at the old house as soon as you can. Bring Marie with you. Take care, though, you are not followed."

"Trust me for that, Robert."

"Good-bye, then," he said, kissing her with a warmth that showed he had at least the virtue of loving this woman. "The bloodhounds are on my track. I must away."

"Good-bye. I will be there within a week."

The next minute he was gone, and none too soon; for hardly had he vanished behind a curve in the road ere his two pursuers came in sight of the house, satisfied that he had in some way escaped their vigilance at the thicket.

Instead of approaching it, they concealed themselves behind a high stone wall that bordered the road at this point, the house lying at a short distance on the other side.

"He can't have ventured to the house yet," said the detective, "nor won't till he thinks the coast is clear. There's a neat hole here that'll let me keep an eye on the front door. By the way, have you missed a letter or any paper out of your pockets?"

"No," replied Wallace, after searching.

"Then this must be his. As it is spoils of war, we'll see what it comes to," and he produced the paper which he had picked up in the grove.

It proved to be a letter removed from its envelope and with writing in pencil on its outside fold.

"We'll soon see if it's pure gold or if it's counterfeit," said Mr. Sharp, unfolding it, after glancing at the outside writing. In an instant he mastered its contents. "Pure gold, Mr. Wallace!" he cried, in exultant and rather too loud tones. "Here, read it for yourself."

Wallace took the letter and read as follows:

"RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 25, 18—.

"MR. R. MORELAND.

"SIR: Yours is at hand requesting a remittance. I write to inform you that our connection closes here. Dispose of your stock in hand as best you can; make it profitable if you can. I can make no further advances to help you hold it over. You need not reply. I have fully considered this matter, and this decision is final.

"Yours truly,

"HORATIO JONES."

"But what is there in this?" asked Wallace, in perplexity, examining the bold, masculine hand in which it was written.

"Read the outside portion."

This seemed to be a note in pencil, as if to assist in writing a reply:

"Mem. Sharp in Mrs. Cunningham. The old boy has kicked the bucket. Wants to set me adrift, then, with the girl on my hands. Town-house, 97 Benton st. Think I will step down to Charleston and call on her. Writing won't fetch her."

"This is still a mystery, though with the shadow of an idea in it. How do you understand it?" asked Wallace.

"Have you already forgotten the story you have just been telling me? Miss Moreland is indeed Cunningham's daughter, put in Moreland's hands by this second wife. The injured man died at the hospital. His wife has heard of it, and decided to pay no more money to her accomplice. She is pretty sure, then, that he can't prove the girl's parentage. She writes guardedly, so as to give him no hold. If we fail to nab him here, we must strike straight for Charleston. He's pulled anchor for 97 Benton st. That's our port too."

Wallace looked admiringly at his companion.

"I might have guessed that conundrum in a month," he said.

"It's plain as daylight," said the other. "I wish I could always see my way as clear. Men in our line can't afford to be slow at reading hard ciphers. We've got to see 'through things."

"Hush!" cautioned Wallace.

The back door of the house had just opened. A slight, graceful figure appeared, crossing the garden and the field back of the house. It was plainly the form of his betrothed.

"Keep here," said Wallace, excitedly. "I will slip round and try to get a word with her."

Before the detective could reply, his companion was some distance down the wall.

Rapidly, but with caution, he succeeded in making a considerable circuit out of sight of the house, and came upon Marie in the second field beyond, where a slight hollow screened them from observation.

After their warm greeting, she said,

"I came here in hopes to meet you, as I was sure from what I overheard that you were near by."

"Overheard! What and from whom?"

"From Mr. Moreland, that you were in pursuit of him."

"He has been at the house, then?"

"Yes; and gone ten minutes ago. He stopped just long enough to make new trouble for you and me."

"Ah!" said Wallace, drawing his breath quickly.

"What is that?"

"We are to start for Charleston as soon as we can escape your vigilance. What is to be done? I will not go. That I have fully determined. But how shall I avoid it?"

"Go, by all means."

"Go?"

"Yes. Trust in me. Your fate draws you to Charleston. I will not now tell you what it is, but will be there to aid in the discovery. Ask for me at the Sullivan House if you need to see me. And now good-bye. Should Mr. Moreland see us in consultation, it might destroy my whole plan. Return home instantly, and be silent as the grave."

A warm embrace, a lingering kiss, and the lovers again were parted.

Within a week all the chief personages of our story were assembled in Charleston, Wallace and the detective taking Rahway on their route.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOST CHILD RESTORED.

RIGIDLY, as if frozen by surprise into a lifeless statue, Robert Moreland stood, viewing the utterly unexpected and astounding appearance of the man whom he had so deeply injured. A fixed glare in his eyes and a nervous movement of his fingers were the only evidences of animation in his frame.

The lady looked inquiringly at the two intruders, for close behind Wallace the detective stepped into the apartment and placed himself beside Moreland. Her expression of wonder was not unmixed with dread as she saw the effect of this intrusion on her accomplice.

"You will pardon me, madam," said Wallace. "I have some business with your friend, and took the liberty of calling upon him here, where I understood he was to be found. I know that you will welcome this intrusion when you have heard one portion of my errand."

"What is that, sir?" she asked, partly reassured by his polite tone.

"I had the fortune to meet Mr. Cunningham in his late visit North—indeed, to be present with him in that accident of whose sad result you are, of course, aware. I received from him certain information in regard to his lost child which has happily enabled me to discover her, and I

hasten to bring you the good tidings of my success in this search."

"I do not understand you, sir," she replied, looking as if his good news were anything but palatable. "The child referred to was drowned years ago. What is your object in bringing me this lame statement?"

"Simply to assure you that you are in error in this particular. I was in time to hear Mr. Moreland mention my name as evidence in relation to a certain jewel. I fear that my coming has somewhat surprised him," glancing at the still astounded countenance of his foe, "but I am only too happy to be able to substantiate his statement."

The very mildness and politeness of his tone added to the effect of these words upon his hearer. A feeling akin to terror filled her mind as she saw the impending failure of her long career of deceit and crime. A grim smile for a moment marked the lips of her accomplice, which was instantly succeeded by an impassive expression.

"Will the shrewd Mr. Wallace be kind enough to explain what he is talking about?" asked Moreland, with a sarcastic intonation.

"You will excuse me," replied Wallace. "It is myself and Mrs. Cunningham who are chiefly interested in this matter. She is, I have no doubt, overjoyed at the thought of recovering the long-lost child of her husband, and I feel glad that it has been my good fortune to succeed in this quest."

"Do you wish to insult me, sir?" cried the lady, angry at what she supposed the sarcasm of the speaker, for she felt sure that he had heard more of the recent conversation than he confessed. "Do you suppose I am going to accept some protégé of yours on the faith of your bare word? I know that the child is dead, and defy you to bring proof to the contrary."

"Allow me to insist, Mrs. Cunningham, that you are mistaken. I can bring you the most satisfactory proof that she is yet living."

"It is very easy to make statements, sir. It is not always so easy to prove them," said Moreland. "You talk so glibly of proofs, suppose you explain who this child is and what these proofs are."

Wallace made a sign to the detective, who left the room. A slight stir was heard outside the door, as if another person were there. This was unnoticed by the preoccupied confederates.

"It is quite unnecessary to go into any detail," replied Wallace. "As I have already remarked, I happened to overhear enough of your conversation to satisfy me that the burden of proof rested upon a certain jewel in possession of the lost child. I had information to the same effect from Mr. Cunningham, accompanied by the mate of the lost jewel, with which, of course, you are perfectly familiar;" and he presented to their gaze the exact counterpart of the diamond sleeve-button.

"I have seen it before, sir," said the lady. "What does it prove?"

"Simply that the lady who wears the mate of this jewel is the lost daughter of your husband, and that lady is Marie Moreland, the reputed child of this man."

"So your game has come to its culmination, then?" said Moreland, sarcastically. "This is your remarkable discovery. You saw on one occasion my daughter wear a jewel something like this, and on that foundation you have built up all this pretty story. I gave you credit for more common sense."

"You deny, then, that the buttons are mates?"

"I most decidedly do."

"And I, sir, would thank you to leave my house, into which you have unwarrantably intruded," said Mrs. Cunningham, severely. "You think, because my husband is dead, that you have here a defenceless woman, whom you can frighten as you will. You will find yourself seriously mistaken. I deny your assertions, and will contest all such assumed facts."

"Perhaps your friend here will deny also that he is in my debt for the sum of five thousand dollars in gold, that he is a fugitive from justice, and that he is badly wanted in Philadelphia to answer a charge of highway robbery before the criminal courts?"

"I certainly shall deny it," said Moreland, with a hard, unpleasant laugh. "You deal largely in assertions to-day, Mr. John Wallace. What are your proofs of this?"

"One proof will suffice for both," replied Wallace, calmly. "But first I have a friend without to whom our conversation will be interesting. You will permit me to introduce him."

Without waiting for a reply, Wallace threw open the door of the apartment. At sight of the person who stood without, a long, loud scream broke from the lips of the lady, and she fell back in her chair, glancing at the figure as though she had seen a ghost.

A fierce oath was Moreland's greeting to the new comer.

"Allen Cunningham!" he ejaculated, in great excitement.

A strange expression marked Mr. Cunningham's intelligent face as he advanced into the room—an expression mingled of many varying emotions. A sad look came into his eyes as he gazed silently upon his wife, who cowered and hid her face as if still believing him a phantom.

"So this is your dead man?" said Moreland, roughly, breaking the long silence.

"I am happy to present him to your notice, madam."

"Far better had I been indeed dead," replied Mr. Cunningham, gravely, "than to have learned all that has been taught me in the last hour. You should have prepared me for this, Mr. Wallace, instead of leaving me to learn the criminal duplicity of this woman so horribly from her own lips. For the first time in my life I have played eavesdropper, and most sadly have I been punished."

"Oh, Allen!" was the only reply of the frightened woman, her lips deathly white, as she still cowered in her chair.

"The telegram of my death was an error of the operator," he continued, "but I let it remain uncontradicted, as I wished to give you a joyful surprise. The surprise has fallen upon myself, and, alas! most sadly."

"I did not know certainly of this myself," said Wallace. "I only knew the facts about your daughter, and merely suspected the complicity of your wife with this villain. I hoped to give you only a pleasant surprise—hoped that my suspicions might be unfounded."

"Be more choice with your words, Mr. John Wallace, or it will be worse for you," cried Moreland, savagely. "You bluster about your proofs. Where and what are these boasted proofs?"

"Here!" replied Wallace, drawing from his pocket the second sleeve-button and holding up both the flashing jewels to the eyes of his astonished observers.

"It is indeed the lost jewel!" cried Mr. Cunningham, closely examining them. "My daughter, my daughter! She is found at last. Where is she? My heart is sick, my eyes weary, with long-deferred hope."

"This is all a lie," cried Moreland—"some base im-

itation made to cheat your eyes. Shrewd in you, John Wallace, but it won't work."

"I am fully ready to tell how it came into my hands," replied Wallace, quietly.

"I suppose you have a story invented. Let us hear it, then."

"I first saw it as worn by Marie, your reputed daughter. I next saw it—"

"Where?" was the fierce interruption.

"In the bag of lead prepared by you, Robert Moreland, to replace the bag of gold you stole from me."

A fierce oath of surprise and defiance burst from the lips of the detected robber. He looked wildly around the room as if for an avenue of escape, while his hand sought his breast and seemed to clutch the handle of a concealed weapon.

"Not so fast, my friend," came the voice of Mr. Sharp from without the door. He flung it open and advanced to the side of Moreland, on whose shoulder he laid his hand. "You are my prisoner."

"Where is your authority for this arrest?" cried Moreland, looking as if inclined to try conclusions with this slightly-built man.

"Here," replied the other, displaying a warrant before his eyes.

With the distinctive dread of the detected criminal for the law, the whole manner of Moreland changed. His air of bluster and bravado disappeared, and with a look of enforced resignation he silently submitted to the authority of his captor.

As the detective threw open the door, the rustle of a dress was heard in the hall outside. Wallace instantly stepped out, and returned leading by the hand his betrothed, Marie Moreland. Silently he led her in front of Mr. Cunningham, and silently for a moment father and daughter gazed upon each other's face.

The eyes of the father burned with joy as he traced in the fresh young countenance before him the exact lineaments of his lost wife. Marie's face glowed with an instinctive feeling that her true father at last stood before her in this noble and grief-worn man.

In a moment they were locked in each other's arms with an embrace so long and fervent that it seemed to express all the lost endearment of fourteen years of separation.

"I ask no further proof. Her face is Heaven's own evidence in her favor," he fervently said, taking from his pocket the medallion which we have already seen in his possession. Opening it, he compared the two faces.

"In every line and feature her daughter," he said, showing it to Marie.

"That medallion! those faces! I remember them perfectly!" she cried. "They are my earliest recollection. I knew you were my father at a glance from my memory of that noble face. You remember my telling you of it?" she continued, turning to Wallace.

"Perfectly," he replied. "Let me be the first to congratulate you on this happy meeting."

He clasped her hand and met her affectionate glance with a look that revealed to the happy father all that lay between them, for it held the full story of the loves of two young and warm natures.

"There's no use trying to hide our hands any longer," said Moreland, turning to his dismayed and silent accomplice. "See here, Mr. Wallace: I'm ready to meet you halfway. I can lay my hands in a minute on enough greenbacks to cover your gold. I can give legal proof of all you are guessing at here. All I ask in return is that

you let me go about my business. You can be sure I will never disturb you again."

"What shall I do, Mr. Cunningham?" asked Wallace, turning to the father.

"Let him go. I am too happy to-day to wish any one to be punished. Take him away, Mr. Sharp, and see that he gives you the proof promised."

The detective silently retired with his prisoner. Mr. Cunningham bent over his wife, who shrunk back as if terror-stricken at his gaze.

"This is the only bitter drop in my cup of happiness," he said. "How could you act so cruelly?"

"I hated Alice Cunningham. I vowed no child of hers should ever come into your property," she cried, bursting into a hysterical fit of tears.

But we must draw a veil over the further events of this exciting meeting, and bring our story to a close. Moreland and his wife made the necessary declarations before a magistrate as to the true paternity of Marie, gave the detective the proceeds of the robbery, and disappeared with all haste from the town. Mr. Cunningham retired to his estate with his daughter, leaving his wife in possession of the town-house, with a sufficient income to support her, but declining to live with or to otherwise recognize her. Wallace made a long visit to the estate, whose monotony was varied after a few months by a wedding, at which all the neighboring planters assisted in making happy the union of our two lovers. He still lives there as manager of the plantation, happy in the society of his charming wife, happy in the deep joy and restfulness which have fallen upon the declining years of Allen Cunningham.

THE AZORES.

THE Azores, or Açores, more properly so called from being the home of innumerable hawks, are a group of nine islands situated in the Atlantic between 37° and 40° north latitude and 25° and 32° west longitude, about halfway between the Old and New World. St. Michael's and St. Mary's (S. Miguel and Santa Maria) are the two most easterly, the latter being about seventy miles due south, and in sight of the former. Then going westerly, we reach Terceira, so called from being the third island discovered, St. George (S. Jorge) and Graciosa, then Fayal and Pico, and, still farther westward, Corvo and Flores. The islands were first discovered, it is said, in the year 1439, by John Vandenberg, a merchant of Bruges, when driven by stress of weather. On his return to Lisbon he boasted of his discovery to the Portuguese, who thereupon took possession, and have kept them till the present day.

St. Michael's is the largest of the group, being about eighty-two miles in length and averaging eight to ten miles in width; it stretches from east to west. The principal town in the island, Ponta Delgada (narrow point), is situated on the south side of the island, about nineteen miles from the most western point. This town is built in a sheltered position, caused by a chain of sugar-loaf-shaped hills, running through and culminating at the eastern end of the island in a mountain called Pico de Vara. Ponta Delgada is the third largest town in the Portuguese dominions, ranking next to Lisbon and Oporto, and enjoys a first-rate trade with England, Brazil and the States. During the winter months, if winter it can be called there, the roadstead is filled with vessels, both steam and sailing, waiting for their cargoes of oranges, the trade in which fruit forms the staple supply of the island, and

the export duty on which contributes no small revenue to the coffers of the minister of finance. Shops are in abundance, and everything, from a button to a silk dress, may be obtained. French goods are mostly offered for sale, but native cloth, which is very cheap, supplies a fair-wearing material. There is also a well-managed club, from which foreigners are not excluded. The shops of the "boticas" (chemists) are the favorite lounging resorts of the *dolce-far-niente* seekers. It is certainly a cheap plan to gossip at the chemist's, as one can hardly be expected to pay his footing by calling for refreshment there.

To persons also to whom economy is an object the Azores offer special attractions. Fish, consisting of turtle, gray and red mullet, eels, sardines and various other kinds of well-known, delicious, deep-sea qualities, may be bought at a marvellously low figure. A turtle may be purchased for twenty-five cents, and a hundred sardines for six cents. House-rent, too, is not expensive; fuel is almost useless, except for cooking purposes, when brush-wood, which is very cheap, answers every end. Meat is obtainable at ten to twelve cents a pound, and wine at low prices. Fruit and vegetables are almost given away. Servants' wages, too, are about \$1.25 per month. The name of "perquisite" is unknown. A little soup, with a piece of Indian corn bread, a little salt fish and an orange or two, forms a magnificent repast, in the opinion of the Portuguese domestic.

A few words may be said about the fruit for which the Azores are so famous. The orange tree, which is either raised from slips or seed, produces a crop sometimes starting in abundance. The seedling tree, which takes the longest time to arrive at perfection, is, nevertheless, the most prolific bearer, and stands good for fruit for many decades of years. The tree raised from cutting is, on the other hand, much weaker in its growth and more sparing in its produce. The trees are planted in groves, which are surrounded by high stone walls, and further protected from the force of the wind by lines, sometimes double, of "fayah" (beech) trees planted inside the walls. These protection trees grow to a great height, and completely shelter the fruit-bearing trees within. The orange season commences about November, and all its business and work—picking, packing and shipping—till April, when the last cargoes are dispatched, and nothing remains but to loosen the soil round the roots of the trees, manure them, and patiently await a next crop. In summer, however, fruit is to be obtained. Some trees bear what are called the "ridolla" fruit—a species of second crop; and so the inhabitants get oranges all the year round. One of the most pleasing sights is the orange tree, with its dark green leaves, white blossom, ripe and unripe fruit all pendant at the same time. The orange, too, of St. Michael's is especially luscious, and is deservedly well known. In this lovely climate, where the cold of winter is never felt and the heat of summer is constantly tempered by the refreshing sea breezes, everything springs into life. The bearded wheat, barley and Indian corn are cultivated in great abundance, and quantities of the latter grain are exported to the United Kingdom. Apples, pears, plums, nectarines, peaches, etc., may be seen growing side by side with the more tropical productions, such as the guava, custard-apple, Cape gooseberry and loquots (a fine Australian fruit). Vegetables of all kinds and descriptions may be found, together with melons of all names and qualities, from the choice little nutmeg to the ordinary watermelon.

The formation of the Azores (St. Mary's excepted) is strictly volcanic. At St. Mary's there is no sign at all

of any such form, and lime and chalk, which are never found in volcanic strata, are discoverable at, and in fact exported from, St. Mary's in great quantities. A chain of volcanic action traverses the whole of the southern part of the European continent, a distance of about one thousand geographical miles. It commences at the Azores, and extends to the Caspian Sea, having for its northern boundaries the Tyrolean and Swiss Alps, and for its southern bounds the northern kingdoms of Africa. The consequence follows that springs displaying violent ebullitions, sending off vast clouds of steam, and throwing up their scalding water to a considerable height in the form of a jet, are the common phenomena of these volcanic regions. In St. Michael's there is a round, deep and lovely valley, its sides covered with myrtles, laurels and mountain-grapes, with wheat, Indian corn and poplars waving upon its fields, in which many boiling fountains occur. The principal "caldeira" is on a gentle eminence by the side of a small streamlet, and boils with great fury, and the stream itself exhibits ebullition in various places, where the water is too hot to be borne by the hand. Further, to show the volcanic nature of the Azores, some small islands have emerged from the deep, consisting of volcanic products, lava, scorie and pumice, and of strata uplifted by the expansive force which produced the ejection of these materials. The first marine ebullition on record was in 1538; another took place in 1720, and a third in 1787, when an earthquake shook the island St. George, and eighteen small islets rose near its shores. The next took place in 1811, when the temporary island of Sabrina rose from the deep off St. Michael. A dangerous shoal was first thrown up from a depth of 240 feet in the month of February. In June the island showed itself above the surface of the sea, and continued rapidly to increase for several days, till it attained the height of 300 feet and was about a mile in circumference. It had a beautiful crater, with an opening 30 feet wide, from which hot water poured into the sea. In the month of October of the same year the island began gradually to disappear, and by the end of February, 1812, no trace of it was visible above the waves, though vapors occasionally rose from the spot. There is now upwards of 600 feet of water where Sabrina formerly stood. The last ebullition took place off Terceira, between that island and Graciosa, the shock which produced it destroying a church and part of a village in the former island.

DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME PEAR.—A French nobleman, observing his tenant about to destroy a fine, thrifty pear tree, inquired the cause. He was told that it was a chance seedling, and had borne no fruit in twenty years. He had already cut its roots preparatory to the first stroke, but was ordered to let it remain. He did so, and the following year it was loaded with a superb fruit of an entirely unknown variety, which at once became celebrated. The root-pruning the gardener had given it worked like a charm. Not many years afterward, when the Duchesse d'Angoulême was passing through Lyons, its inhabitants extended to her their hospitalities. Nine fair maidens presented the duchesse with golden salvers, on which lay heaped this precious fruit, and begged her to bestow on it her name; and the pear now recognized as the crowning glory of all fruits was thenceforward known as the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

EMULATION looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."

"GOOD-BYE," the driver said,
As the coach went off in a whirl
(And the coachman bowed his handsome head)—
"Be good to yourself, my girl."

Ah! many a fond good-bye I've heard
From many an aching heart,
And many a friendly farewell word
When strangers come to part;

And I've heard a thousand merry quips
And many a senseless joke,
And many a fervent prayer from lips
That all a-trembling spoke;

And many a bit of good advice
In smooth proverbial phrase;
And many a wish—of little price—
For health and happy days;

But musing how the human soul
(Whate'er the Fates may will)
Still measures by its self-control
Its greatest good or ill—

Of benedictions I protest,
'Mid many a shining pearl,
I like the merry coachman's best—
"Be good to yourself, my girl."

SONG OF THE ROSES.

WE come at the birth of joy on earth,
When the summer days are long,
When the morn is ushered in with mirth,
And the eve is closed with song;
When the soft south wind, to kiss inclined,
Comes whispering through the grove,
And the warm rains fall at Nature's call,
Like wine for a pledge to love.

When the sky is blue and clouds are few,
In the noontide heat we bask,
And drink till we nod the crystal dew.
When the stars peep through night's mask;
From many a bower at twilight's hour
We behold fond lovers meet,
And on wedding-day bestrew the way
In our fragrance at their feet.

When the summer goes, our revels close,
For with autumn cometh care,
And the garden path no longer glows
With our colors rich and rare,
O'er the cottage door we climb no more,
With a cheering grace to bloom;
White, pink and red, our petals we shed,
When the shortening days bring gloom.

For the more languages a man can speak
His talent has but sprung a greater leak;
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages
Will pass for learned than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

FIRESIDE GOSSIP.

THE TAILOR-BIRD.—That a bird should turn its beak into a sewing-needle might seem a feat above all other feathered genius, but the tailor-bird of India has actually done so. The following is the mode in which this winged mechanic constructs its nest. The bird, having two leaves of a size suited to its wants, and picked up a bit of cotton thread, drills a hole in the leaves with its beak, and then, with the same tool, passes a bit of thread through; a knot being then formed, so as to prevent the thread from coming out, one pair of holes is thus secured. The same operation is repeated with each set of holes until a sufficient number of leaves are joined to form a nest. This fastening a knot at each pair of holes, instead of uniting all by one thread, as a seamstress would do with her needle, is a tedious task; but the bird has no needle, and therefore has to work with natural tools. Surely this operation is evidence of the existence of some power of reasoning.

INDIAN TASTE.—All over India sweetmeats are consumed as a substantial article of food. A native travelling seldom eats anything else, and between the two great meals, at all times he whiles away the long noon of the Indian summer day by sucking lollipops or sugar-candy between the whiffs of his hookah. Large dishes of sweetmeats are very common presents to make on religious festivals or domestic red-letter days; and when a Hindoo wants to be merry or very dissipated, he never gets tipsy, but goes to a "mitha" shop and makes himself ill with candied sugar.

DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE.—Turning over the pages of our national history, we find no great events which have not worked for the advancement of equality. The Crusades and the wars with England decimated the nobles and divided their estates; the institution of communes introduced the democracy into the bosom of the feudal monarchy. Is it rational to expect that a movement which comes from so far can be suspended by the efforts of one generation? Can one believe that after having vanquished kings and destroyed the feudal system the democracy will recoil before the bourgeois and the rich?—*De Tocqueville.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

AGUE SPORES.—In a communication to the French Academy, M. Bolestra states that in examining marsh water he always finds, in proportion to its degree of putrefaction, a granular microphyte, somewhat resembling in form the Peruvian cactus. It is always accompanied by a considerable quantity of small spores, greenish-yellow and transparent. This plant grows on the surface of the water; when young, it is rainbow-like in tints and looks like spots of oil. At the low temperature of cellars containing no vegetation and in winter it develops slowly, but in contact with air, and exposed to solar rays, it grows fast, disengaging small air-bubbles. M. Bolestra thinks that these spores constitute ague poison, and that they can be found in marsh air. He himself caught ague twice during his researches—once after being exposed to air from water in fermentation covered with fresh algae in full vegetation, mixed with an extraordinary quantity of spores.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Wilkinson, of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, has published a work from the homœopathic standpoint which has attracted considerable attention. The author compares man when sick to two men each struggling with the other; the physician comes to shoot the worse man to death without a grain of the charge touching the better. The homœopathic dose, says Dr. W., will not hit the struggling health, because the shot can wound nothing but the disease. He goes on to show very ingeniously that the homœopathic remedies must not be compared with those of allopathy by a test of quantity or strength. More than this, Dr. W. asserts that the curative properties of medicines may be preserved, and even heightened, when it becomes necessary to desert the hypothesis of their material action, and to treat them as dynamical things.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1873.

Our readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to *To-Day* entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

A NEW STORY.

IN the next number of *To-Day* we shall publish the first chapters of a serial story, by J. S. le Fanu, the well-known and popular author of "Checkmate," "Uncle Silas," "A Lost Name," "The Tenants of Malory," etc., etc. This admirable production of the eminent novelist is a narrative of singular and fascinating interest and of intense dramatic power. The scene is laid in an English village, and the characters are drawn with a master hand. We anticipate a warm reception for this brilliant work.

A FAIR correspondent, writing from a town in the northern part of this State, says: "We have your beautiful chromo, 'JUST SO HIGH,' but we really do not know which we admire most, the exquisite picture or your delightful paper. Even the children of the family look forward to its coming with intense pleasure."

And that is the story that reaches us from all quarters.

TO SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS are generally intelligent men and women, who command the respect and esteem of their neighbors, but who, unhappily, are too frequently underpaid. They have, however, more leisure than most other workers, which they can devote to making extra money, provided they can find employment that will pay. Now, canvassing for *To-Day* is easy, pleasant and profitable, and a school-teacher who wishes to employ his or her leisure moments cannot possibly do better than to send to us for an outfit. Our terms are exceedingly liberal, and with our beautiful chromo, "JUST SO HIGH," to show to possible subscribers, success is certain. It will cost very little to try the experiment at least, and it is worth while for those who wish to make a little money during their leisure hours to see what they can do to earn it in the manner suggested.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following are a few of the warmly commendatory letters which we have received from all sections of the country:

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E. H."

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

THE second volume of Mr. John Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, which has been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., includes the period between 1842 and 1852, when, with the composition of *David Copperfield*, he achieved his greatest work, and reached the turning-point in his literary career, for certainly after that novel there was a decided, although gradual, falling off, until in *Edwin Drood* we find him painfully struggling to write with some of his old fire and energy, and achieving little, if we except certain detached scenes marked by unmistakable power, except an elaborate burlesque of his early style. Mr. Forster writes with great enthusiasm for his subject, and is apparently insensible to the weaknesses which he reveals to the world most unsparingly. The impression left by this volume, even more than by its predecessor, is that Dickens during his whole life played a part not only to his intimate friends, but to himself, and the exhibition of a great writer working up his enthusiasm in the manner Dickens was in the habit of doing is not a pleasing one, to say the least of it. Mr. Forster's account of the composition of *Martin Chuzzlewit* will only serve to increase the feeling in this country that Mr. Dickens was destitute of all the finer sensibilities, and that in returning the courtesies extended to him during his first visit to the United States with coarse abuse, he acted a part which, had he been a true gentleman, would have been impossible to him. A curious and interesting feature of the volume is the account it gives of the novelist's dramatic tastes and talents, and of his public and private performances. A number of amusing incidents are related, and not a few which Mr. Forster evidently imagines to be amusing, but which are not so, and which had much better have been left untold. Taking it all in all, however, this biography is a most interesting one, as it reveals the real character of Dickens as it has never been revealed before; and it is well worthy of being perused by his admirers, even if it does take down the idol from its pedestal and prove what very common clay entered into its composition.

Picked up Adrift, by Professor James de Mille, is the fifth volume of the *B. O. W. C. Series*. To those who are familiar with Professor de Mille's style the title of this book will be an all-sufficient recommendation, as it will indicate that it is full of stirring adventures narrated in an exceedingly graphic manner. It is just the kind of a book that the boys will like, and we are much mistaken if the girls will not be eager to read it also, if they can manage to get it out of the hands of their brothers. Published by Lee & Shepard, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Left on Labrador, as recorded by "Wash," and edited by C. A. Stephens, is the second volume of *Our Young Yachters' Series*. It is a record of the cruise of the same party of boys in the schooner yacht "Curlew," and relates their remarkable adventures in right stirring fashion. There is plenty of good entertainment in this book; and if the balance of the series are as excellent as this and its predecessor, some of our young friends have rare pleasure in store for them. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Minna in Wonderland, by M. C. Pyle, is a fairy story in verse, which is gracefully told, and which lovers of fairy stories—and who does not love them?—will find it pleasant to peruse. Published by Porter & Coates.



Funeral of a Missionary in Fiji.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

SWEET home—a beehive.

GUILT frames—prison windows.

WHY is a lame dog like an inclined plane? Because he's a slo-pup.

It does not follow that a man who bolts his food will have the lockjaw.

It was stated in the obituary of a Western man that he "was forty-three times in love."

MARRY your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it.

A DEACON in Indiana has four boys, the youngest of whom is named Doxology, because he's the last of the hims.

AN Iowa editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was "thieving as usual." He declared he wrote it "thriving."

A POCKET bootjack has been invented. You put your foot into your pocket, give a spring into the air, and off comes your boot.

WHY was Goliath surprised when David struck him in the forehead with a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

AN Arkansas woman lately tarred and feathered her husband, whereupon he declared that if she did it again, he would quit the house for ever.

A LADY, who was not thoroughly posted in natural history, asked a friend who was going to Utah to bring her a couple of Mormons for her aquarium. She thinks they are some kind of an oyster.

THE strangest case of absence of mind that we ever heard of was that of a monkey out in Paducah, which used to sit out on the fence in a reverie, and try to pick its teeth with the end of its tail.

AN Iowa farmer inculcated early rising in a little orphan bound-boy by setting him on a hot stove for getting up late. He commenced to get up early right off, then—to get up off of the stove. Even the farmer said that, for a bound-boy, and an orphan at that, he never saw anybody who seemed so restless and so anxious to get up at once, without even stopping to think, as that boy was. Youth is the proper season to eradicate bad habits.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

THE following is said to be an excellent recipe for removing discolorations, blotches, and even wrinkles, from the complexion. We give it for what it is worth, and do not guarantee that it will operate: Mix two teaspoonfuls of the best tar in six of pure olive or almond oil, by heating the two together in a tin cup set in boiling water. Stir till completely mixed and smooth, putting in more oil if the compound is too thick to run easily. Rub this on the face when going to bed, and lay patches of soft old cloth on the cheeks and forehead to keep the tar from rubbing off. The bed linen must be protected by old sheets thrown over the pillows. The odor, when mixed with oil, is not strong enough to be unpleasant—some people fancy its suggestion of aromatic pine breath—and the black unpleasant mask washes off easily with warm water and soap. But the skin comes out soft, moist and tinted like a baby's.

DIRECTIONS FOR BREAD-MAKING.—At noon Put three quarts of flour in a great big bowl, And right in the middle make a hole. Three teaspoons of sugar and one of salt, One-half cup of strong yeast, free from fault, One pint of water and a little lard. Let stand till tea-time, then roll up hard; Let it rise till bed-time, then knead again; Put in your "best licks" now with might and main, Then early next morning just take it once more, Work it well, cut up—don't put on any flour; Shape it out into rolls and put in your pan; Have it rise once more as quickly as you can, Then put in your oven and thoroughly heat it, And if it's not good, we'll come help you eat it.

NEW SAFETY LAMP.—A new form of safety lamp gives its indication of danger by means of a musical flame. When a mixture of inflammable gas and air passes into the lamp, it is ignited on the surface of a disk of wire gauze, above which is placed a suitable chimney, in which is produced the musical sound, varying in pitch with the size of the flame and the dimensions of the chimney.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

RICH MINCE-MEAT—Boil a large tongue that has lain in salt not more than one or two days. When cold, mince it very fine, after removing the skin and all unnecessary fat which surrounds it. Chop two pounds of suet very finely, also six pounds of the best apples. Prepare four pounds of raisins and the same of currants; mix all these together, and add the juice and rind of four fresh lemons, four grated nutmegs, two teaspoonfuls of clove and a few blades of mace, a pound and a half of white sugar, and a pound of citron cut in slips. A pound of sweet almonds, blanched and pounded in a gill of rosewater, is a fine addition. Mix all these, and moisten with three pints of port wine or brandy. This should be closely packed and tightly covered. It will keep excellently all winter.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Scald the apples till they are quite soft; pulp them through a sieve, and weigh it. Take the same weight of sugar, in large lumps; just dip them in water, and boil till it becomes a thick syrup. Add the apple, and simmer it on a gentle fire till it will harden if cooled. Constant stirring is necessary to prevent scorching. This is excellent eaten with cream. It is improved by flavoring with lemon. Bake shells of pastry, and when taken from the oven fill with marmalade and sift on sugar and nutmeg.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil the rice fifteen minutes in well-salted water; then turn off the water and pour in a little milk; let it simmer gently till the rice is soft. Then let it stand where it will not burn for ten minutes, in order to evaporate the milk, so that the particles of rice may be dry and separate from each other. To be eaten with sauce. If you wish a nicer pudding, add three eggs, a tencup of sugar, a piece of butter, a little more milk, essence of lemon, and bake from thirty to forty minutes.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 18, 1873.

No. 12.



"THERE WAS NO SUNLIGHT IN ST. VICTOR'S."—P. 205.

"ONE TOO MANY."

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"MORTON HOUSE," "ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Esther came to herself out of the black gulf of unconsciousness into which she had unexpectedly fallen, it was with a low, sighing gasp, as if with returning life came the sense of returning pain. Then the dark eyes

opened with a wistful, startled look on a kind face which was bending over her, and she felt that kind hands were chafing her own.

"Hortense," she said; but it was not Hortense, only Hortense's maid. Maids, however, have hearts sometimes as well as their mistresses—indeed, occasionally the heart of the maid is rather an improvement on that of the mistress. So it certainly proved in the present instance. When Miss Ralston found that Esther had leaned back in her chair and quietly fainted, she was at first not a little

startled, and flew eagerly to the bell; but when the maid, who came hastily in reply to the summons, reassured her with regard to the dangerous nature of the attack, the pendulum of feeling vibrated back to indignation point. She stood silent for a moment, then saying, "You can go to Mrs. Harris"—this was the housekeeper—"for any restoratives you want, Marie," she swept from the room with an imposing grandeur of presence, despite a certain tugging sense of shame at her heart which only rendered her more angry with poor unconscious Esther.

Marie, on her part, looked after her, wondering a little and not a little indignant. "No more feeling than—than my shoe," said she to herself, as she fell to work drenching Esther with alternate shower-baths of water, ammonia and cologne. Servant though she was, the pale young sovereign had no more loyal subject than the one who bent over her now. In truth, it might have been said to be the chief charm of Esther's royalty that it was universal as charity itself. No one was too young or too old, too rich or too poor, too lofty or too humble, to acknowledge the sweet spell of her gracious kindness or to pay unconscious homage to her magnetic sway. Queen regnant of hearts she had been born, and he would have been a bold prophet indeed who could have ventured to assert that the sceptre would ever depart from her hand before the light faded for ever out of the tender eyes.

Into those eyes that light came slowly flickering back now, like the flame of a lamp whose fuel has been sorely spent and wasted. Before long, however, she was able to sit up, to smile faintly and to thank her kind attendant in her own gentle way. "I shall do very well now, and Miss Ralston will need you. Don't let me detain you any longer," she said. But Marie was deaf to any such suggestions. Miss Ralston might want her, she thought: that was a matter of very small importance compared with the necessity of putting Esther safely in bed. To this, therefore, she directed her attention, and it was astonishing how deftly and altogether delightfully she did it. "Marie serves you a thousand times better than she serves me," Hortense had once said to Esther, and it was true enough. Love is a wonderful teacher of many things, and love's service has not only the eyes of Argus, but the hands of Briareus, at its command.

Poor Marie, however, would have been horror-stricken if she had been able to look back into the chamber which she at last quitted with the consoling reflection that she had done everything possible to secure for Esther the undisturbed rest she so much needed, and had seen this imprudent young person sitting up among the white draperies of the bed, her eyes shining in her pale face, a shawl thrown over her thinly-clad shoulders, a portfolio open on her knee, an ink-bottle in a tilting position on the counterpane, a pen in her hand and the gas flaring away as if for an illumination.

"I cannot sleep unless I write to Eric to-night," Esther was thinking. "It is useless to try. I must put the truth on paper, even although he cannot read it till to-morrow. My boy, my poor boy! What does he think of me? Surely, though, he trusts me. Surely he who has known me so long cannot think the terrible things which Hortense said. Ah, such things!" she put her hands over her face and shivered. "It makes me sick even to think of them. Ah! what terrible, what cruel stabs words can give! How can I wake to-morrow, and know that I must meet her, and read them in her eyes? How can I face Mr. Deverell after all she said? But I must not think of them. I must think of Eric now. Oh, how my head

wanders, and how strangely it feels! I must tell the whole story to him, for I may be ill to-morrow, and then I cannot see him for ever so long; and he may be thinking hardly of me all that time. Eric, dear Eric"—she stretched out her trembling arms into vacancy as she spoke—"there is nothing in the world I would not do to make you happy, but I am very weak and useless. There is but one thing I can do for you, poor love, and that is to take myself out of your path for ever; and this I shall do at once."

The quivering, sensitive lips could be resolute sometimes, and they looked resolute just then, as she began to write. Heaven only knows at what a rate her pulse was galloping as her hand travelled over page after page almost without cessation; but the color which first came like a faint tinge into her cheeks deepened into vivid carmine before she let the pen drop from her weary fingers. Yet even then she did not pause—even then she was remorseless in her exactions from herself. Instead of simply thrusting away the closely-written sheets, she folded, sealed and addressed them before she laid her head down on the pillows which Marie had so carefully placed in a soft, downy pile. "I will take it out early in the morning and mail it," she thought. "Eric must get it without delay. I cannot let him think badly of me an hour longer than I must."

And so, after a few hours of broken sleep, the gray winter dawn found her up and dressing with trembling, hasty fingers. Her eyes were bright with fever, and it was the restlessness of fever, more than anything else, which was sending her forth. "The air will cool my head, perhaps," she was reflecting. "I can go to church, and mail this letter on my way. I must try to think what I can do, where I can go, for it is impossible to stay here after what Hortense said, and I cannot think in this horrible, close room."

So out of the horrible, close room, which was, in fact, a large and well-ventilated apartment, she took her way, flitting down the broad, easy stairs, past an astonished and sleepy servant who was unbarring the hall door, and out into the chill morning air and quiet morning streets. Having dropped her letter into a box, from which ten minutes later a postman took it and crammed it into his overflowing bag, she turned a corner of the street and walked several squares, feeling with a sense of keen refreshment the breath of the damp air on her burning cheeks and temples, until at last she found herself on the steps of one of those dark Gothic churches which the Germans especially build, and the pointed arches of which seem springing heavenward, like the faith they typify. "I think I love St. Victor's because it seems so foreign," Esther used to say to her father. "It is like a fragment of the Old World transported to the New. Even the people that one meets there look quaint and foreign. One forgets that one is still in this commonplace America. The very sunlight that streams down on the tiled pavement and into the shadowy nave has a peculiar mellow dimness of its own, and I find myself looking for the carved tombs of abbots and knights, and the shrines of saints long dead."

This morning, however, there was no sunlight in St. Victor's; but the fragrant gloom, through which a faint odor of incense seemed ever floating like a half-forgotten prayer, was full of ineffable repose to Esther's fevered body and disquieted mind. She could not command her thoughts sufficiently to pray, as prayer is generally understood—even the familiar beads of the rosary slipped unheeded through her fingers. But sometimes our inarticulate thoughts are better than any spoken words. Sometimes the busy action of the mind is lulled into a great calm, and out of the still-

ness rises a homage more eloquent than uttered praise. It was a sense of strangely perfect repose that came to Esther now—a lapsing away of feverish thought and feverish pain into a languor against which she had no power, nor indeed any desire, to struggle. A mist, not terrible, but very pleasant, seemed rising around her, through which she dimly caught the lustre of the sanctuary lamp, like the love of a faithful heart, before the tabernacle. But after a time things wavered still more. The priest in his golden vestments bowing before the altar of stainless marble, and the childish acolyte with his fair sweet face, like the pictures of St. Aloysius, kneeling on the steps, receded far away.

And it was this sense of gathering darkness that sent a thrill of uneasiness through Esther's trance of perfect calm. "Am I going to faint?" she thought, with a sudden tremor, a sudden realization of her imprudence in venturing so far from home. Home! The word framed itself unconsciously in her thoughts, and even as it did so seemed to stab her with a sense of her utter desolation. "Home! What have I but this?" was her voiceless cry, as she stretched out her hands toward the sanctuary, hedged about with its divine repose. "How can I go back to the house I quitted an hour ago? How can I be the cause of trouble to those who have been so kind to me? When I say that I must leave, will not Mr. Deverell interfere? and who can tell how deeply Hortense may resent his interference?" Then the memory of Eric came to her, and there are no words to tell how she shrank at the thought of him—shrank from the pain of his presence, and from the passionate vehemence with which she knew he would oppose her resolution. She felt how unequal her strength would prove in such a combat, and she recoiled from it with a sense of dread which can but faintly be expressed in words. Timid by nature, she was now rendered doubly timid by physical weakness. "I cannot—I cannot!" she thought, putting her hot, trembling hands before her face. "I cannot meet them. I cannot go through all I must encounter. I cannot resist Eric. He would only end by overpowering me, and we should both be miserable. Oh, why cannot I go out of their lives, completely and altogether? Why can I not depart from them for ever—I, who seem to be so useless, so merely a source of trouble and complication, so entirely one too many in the world? If only I could be spared the pain of going back to them! If only God in his mercy would raise up a refuge for me! Any refuge, O my God, any refuge where I could struggle and live, or, better still, lie down and die!"

It was a cry of exceeding bitter, though uncomplaining, anguish—of desolation without hope, yet without despair—which was wrung in almost articulate murmur from her lips. And God, who hears and perhaps heeds more than we think, heard this pitiful voice of human extremity and heeded it. "Any refuge," she said, with that passionate intensity which the soul only puts into the prayer on which everything is staked, with which it only pleads for some extreme necessity; and He who was listening gave her, in his own time and manner, the refuge which she asked.

It was only when morning had entirely slipped away into noon that Esther's absence began to excite any serious comment in the Ralston household. Then Hortense, who had haughtily silenced Marie when the latter came to her at breakfast, full of disquietude and concern, began to acknowledge to herself that it was very strange, though she spoke with sufficient lightness to others. "Miss French has probably gone out on business, or to see some friends," she said, carelessly, to her mother, whose surprise and in-

terest were slightly awakened. But despite her apparent indifference, she was strangely restless, and started at every peal of the door-bell, thinking it must announce Esther's return.

"I did not know that she had any friends," said Mrs. Ralston, in reply to this explanation; "and as for business, can a child like that attend to business?"

"Esther is not such a child as she looks," said Hortense, impatiently; "she told me a day or two ago that she had seen Mr. Hensel about some pictures. She may have gone to see him again."

"But William says she went out at daybreak, and it is now one o'clock," said the elder lady. "She cannot possibly have been with Mr. Hensel all this time. Then she was so ill and weak all day yesterday. I thought her symptoms very like those of fever. She may have been taken ill somewhere, Hortense."

"Well, mamma, how can I help it?" demanded Hortense, sharply. "Good Heavens! have we not been sufficiently tormented about this protégé of Mr. Deverell's that you should worry yourself because she chooses to go out and remain in this manner?"

"I am sure I had not the least intention of worrying myself," said Mrs. Ralston, with dignity. "I really thought that Miss French was a protégé of yours as well as Mr. Deverell's."

"She is nothing whatever to me," answered Hortense, coldly.

After this nothing more was said for some time. Her mother was the last person in the world whom Hortense thought of taking into her confidence concerning the events of the evening before, and Mrs. Ralston had sufficient dignity to abstain from asking questions, though she was secretly not a little curious concerning this sudden and marked change of sentiment on her daughter's part.

Then came another peal at the door-bell, which again made Hortense start, but it was only some visitors whose cards William brought up. "Mamma, pray be kind enough to excuse me," said Miss Ralston, impatiently; and when the restraint of her mother's presence was removed, she sprang up and paced the floor in uncontrollable agitation.

"What did it mean?" she asked herself again and again, veering from intense anxiety to indignant anger—one while she recalled Esther's pale face and fever-bright eyes, together with the deep swoon in which she had seen her last, and was inclined to think with Mrs. Ralston that some terrible ill must surely have befallen her; the next minute her wrath flamed hotly again, remembering all that had occurred, and she was ready to hope that one so false and treacherous had indeed left without a farewell the friend she had betrayed and the shelter she had abused. "Perhaps she has gone to Mr. Deverell," she thought, bitterly. "It would be like her to appeal to his protection against me. Oh, Esther, Esther," breaking down in a gasping sob, "why don't you come and give me the answer which all my accusations failed to wring from you last night? God knows your unsupported word would be enough for me, so dearly have I learned to love you."

But Esther did not come. Instead, another hour rolled over, giving no sign or token of her return. Mrs. Ralston, in the mean while, had ordered the carriage to pay some visits, and asked Hortense if she should call at Hensel's and inquire concerning the absent girl. "I really cannot help being uneasy about the poor child," she said, for Esther's sweet charm had touched, after a fashion, even this unimpressionable fine-lady heart.

"Just as you please, mamma," said Hortense, indifferently, for she had an instinct approaching to a certainty that Esther would not be heard of at the art-dealer's, and so Mrs. Ralston drove off busy and satisfied.

She was scarcely gone before Hortense went to her own room and put on a hat and jacket. To stay quietly in the house had by this time become impossible to her. She must go somewhere and hear something. If there was nothing else to be done, she would walk down to Mr. Deverell's office, she thought; and as she thought so, William came to her door with the information that Mr. Deverell was in the library and desired to see her. Just as she was—equipped for walking—she went down to him. At another moment she might have hesitated, remembering what he had heard of her, but now her mind was full of Esther and of his having come to speak of her, so that she descended the staircase and entered the library at once. Mr. Deverell was sitting by the fire in the same position and the same seat which he had occupied the night before, and he rose to meet her quietly enough when she entered.

"Are you going out, Hortense?" he asked, with a glance at her costume as they shook hands.

"Not now," said Hortense; "not since you have come." Then she looked at him, and added, abruptly, "Have you seen or heard of Esther? Where is she?"

"Of Esther?" he repeated, in evident surprise. "Why should I see or hear of her? Is she not in the house?"

"No," answered Hortense, almost sharply, conscious a while of a sensation curiously compounded of relief and added anxiety; "I thought perhaps she had gone to you. She left the house early this morning, and has not returned since."

"Left the house?" Even at that moment Miss Ralston had time to observe how pale he grew. "What do you mean? Where has she gone?"

"What I mean I have already said," the girl answered, a little curtly. "Where she has gone I cannot tell you, for she went out before any member of the household was awake, and has not returned since."

"But did she see no one? Did she leave no message?"

"She neither saw any one nor left any message. "I"—a sudden flush came over her face—"I was with her last night, but she did not tell me that she meant to go anywhere. In fact, I should have thought her much too ill to attempt such a thing."

"She was ill," he said, quickly. "Her hand when she bade me good-night was hot with fever. She cannot have been in a fit condition to go anywhere to-day. But," impatiently, "you must know where she would be likely to go. Surely, therefore, you have made some inquiries about her."

"I conceived that she was a free agent," Hortense answered, coldly. "Therefore I should not have been likely to make inquiries about her absence, even if I had known where to make them. I did not know, however, for you cannot have forgotten that Miss French was an entire stranger to me until she was introduced by yourself."

Her change of manner could not have escaped the attention of a much more obtuse man than the one before her. She was almost sorry for having betrayed her present state of feeling so openly, when she felt his keen eyes reading her face as if it had been a printed book.

"No, I have not forgotten it," he said, quietly; "but, unless my memory greatly errs, you thanked me yesterday for having given you such a friend as Esther French; to-day you imply that her absence is a matter of no concern to you. Must I attribute such a sudden change entirely to

the caprice to which the friendships of young ladies are proverbially subject, or will you be kind enough to explain it to me?"

"Do I need to explain it to you?" she asked, facing him steadily with her clear hazel eyes.

"I am certainly unable to comprehend it," he answered, coolly.

"Then comprehend this," she said, quickly and passionately—"that if I thanked you yesterday for having given me a friend, I ought to thank you to-day for having increased my knowledge of human nature by the acquaintance of a spy!"

He started again, and she saw a flash of light come to his eyes, a wave of color to his face. He made a step forward, as if by a sudden impulse, then checked himself and fell back again.

"I comprehend now," he said, coldly—"that is, I comprehend what direction your thoughts have taken. If you betrayed any of this feeling to Miss French, I also understand exactly why she has left the house, and I hope you will be kind enough to state precisely what occurred at the interview which you mentioned having had with her last night."

"I thought you would have heard the whole story from her own lips before this," said Hortense, bitterly. "I wonder she did not go to you again, as she went to you last night."

"Allow me to ask in what manner you learned that she came to me last night?" he demanded. If Esther had seen him at that moment, she would not have doubted the capability of sternness in his face or of fire in his glance. He did not look like a man to trifle with just then, and even Hortense, with all her haughty pride, shrank back a little. There is nothing more true than that women bully men only just as long as men refrain from turning round and bullying them. Then it is the exception, indeed, when the bravest among them does not at once and ignominiously show the white feather.

Hortense did not exactly do this, for she was fearless to a fault, besides which she was so strong in her position as the deeply-injured party that she rebelled keenly against such injustice, but she shrank a little, as we have said, and answered more quietly than might have been expected:

"The manner in which I learned it was very simple, and, I am glad to say, quite honorable. I came to the door here for a moment while Miss French was speaking to you, and afterward she herself admitted the fact of the interview, which in truth was indisputable."

"And when you came to the door, did you hear the subject of what she was saying to me?" he asked, coolly and significantly.

She threw back her head with the air of a princess. Almost any man would have thought how grand she looked, with her brilliant eyes and her glowing color, as she answered, defiantly,

"I did."

"And having heard this, you can still accuse her of treachery or of having been a spy upon you?"

"Accuse her! Yes, I accused her to her face, and she dared not deny it!" cried the girl, stung to the quick by his looks and tones. "And yet it is she who can do so wrong in your eyes. It is she whom you believe unquestioningly, even when she comes to you with I know not what of falsehood on her lips. It is she whom you trust so implicitly that even her treachery to her betrothed husband and to me apparently seems to you noble and generous!"

"Stop!" he said, in a tone which awed even her passionate indignation. "Stop a moment. I did not come here to reproach you with any breach of faith to me. God knows," with the same inflection of self-contempt in his voice which Esther had caught the night before, "I have neither the right nor the disposition to do so. But since you make such charges against Miss French, let me ask if you have no treachery to your betrothed husband of which to accuse yourself?"

"None," she answered, calmly, not the least shadow of shame or fear in her steadfast, stately bearing. "Since I promised to marry you I have absolutely nothing with which to reproach myself. Neither in word nor manner have I ever suffered myself to forget for a moment your claim upon me. I do not speak of my heart," she added, bitterly, "because you have never made any claim upon that."

Something in her words, or the tone in which she uttered them, seemed to touch him suddenly and deeply. "God forgive me!" he said, as it were to himself. Then he crossed quickly to her side and took one of her hands. "Hortense," he said, kindly, "my poor child, will you try to forgive me? I recognize what a great wrong I have done you—what a greater wrong I came near doing you. Is it any excuse that I thought to act for the best? Hortense, is it true that the heart which I failed to touch another man has won?"

"No, it is not true!" cried Hortense, starting angrily from him. "Esther had no right to dare to say such a thing. If it is you who wish to be released from your engagement," she went on, scornfully, "I shall not hesitate a moment to give you back your pledge. But say so frankly. Do not base your own inconstancy on a pretended belief in mine."

"Hortense!"

Absolute amazement—amazement struggling with anger—prevented his uttering more than that one word for a second. Then, as he was about to speak, the door suddenly opened, and Eric Byrne walked unannounced into the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ARAB WEDDING BALL.

A CURTAIN drawn across the door of the tent (writes a traveller in Algeria) concealed the bride, who, closely veiled, sat within, surrounded by women. On the outside between four and five hundred people were collected, and a clear space was kept in the middle for the dancers by two men with drawn swords, who vigorously applied, right and left, the flat of the blade to all who pressed too forward. On one side of the ring squatted the band, consisting of two men with instruments like flageolets, and a drummer who occasionally accompanied the music with his voice.

In the centre was a middle-aged woman, dressed in the usual dark blue cotton garments, but decked with all her ornaments—ear-rings, bracelets and a necklace—to which sundry charms and amulets, teeth of wild beasts, verses of the Koran sewn up in little bags, and various other odds and ends, considered as protections from the evil eye, were suspended; a large circular brooch of silver or white metal (the same in form as those used by the Scotch Highlanders) confined the loose folds across her bosom, and a small looking-glass set in metal dangled conveniently at the end of a string of sufficient length to allow of her admiring her charms in detail. Her face was uncovered, and her features were harsh and disagreeable, except the eyes, which

were large and expressive, with that peculiar lustrous appearance given by the use of a mineral paint. Her feet were hardly visible from the length of her dress, and her finger-nails, together with the palms of her hands, were stained with henna.

As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performance. Inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly.

While the dancing was going on, the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols and blunderbusses with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude; then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the women set up a long-continued shrill cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbors in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six feet wide, brandishing their arms and excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders.

A FRENCH paper relates that at a village near Flotenville (Luxembourg), a gentleman walking along the side of a wood saw some bees swarming on the straggling branch of an oak tree. He went to fetch a hive, and returned with a woodcutter named Guiot, who climbed the tree, and sitting astride of the branch, cut off the extremity of it upon which the swarm hung. An unexpected result followed: instead of falling to the ground the swarm dispersed, and rising like a whirlwind, settled on the head of the unlucky Guiot, who was still sitting on the branch forty-five feet from the ground. The bystanders shuddered. Surely, they thought, he will be seized with giddiness, and tortured by a thousand stings, he must fall to the ground. But Guiot called up all his strength of mind and remained perfectly still till the swarm had formed two long wreaths hanging from his temples and waving as he moved; then, half blinded by the insects, which also covered his face and body, he contrived to descend from his elevated position, taking the greatest care not to irritate this living mantle. When he arrived on terra firma, a hive was placed on his shoulder, but three hours elapsed before the bees would take possession of their new home. When this happy change was effected, the poor woodcutter's wild delight testified to the intensity of the anxiety and discomfort he had endured.

THE surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMAY'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM HILERIA PULLEN.

OUTSIDE, the moon is shining over a grand and solemn winter landscape. Towering mountains, with their bases so near the foreground that you can see the rude fences and solitary trees that mark them rise wilder and bolder into snowy altitudes, above which, in the deep blue of night, the stars are twinkling frostily. Dropped here suddenly, you might think yourself in a Swiss valley. But the character of the little village that stands by the margin of the lake, though in some respects singular and altogether quaint, is decidedly English.

This scene lies in the north of England. The village is called Golden Friars, and the gray stone house, with the piers and the shadow of the sombre elms, that stands within a stone's throw of the village churchyard, is the vicar's ancient dwelling.

In wintry weather—in the long nights—every room looks cheery that glows with a mixture of firelight and candles. The curtains were drawn on the narrow windows, and the flicker of that warm light showed very pleasantly on walls varied with press and cupboard, and with some old-fashioned book-shelves well stored with volumes, and visited the portrait of the vicar's grandfather, who, having been a doctor of laws near a hundred years ago at Oxford, was taken in his red hood, which glowed grandly out from the shadow and helped to light up the homely chamber.

The vicar of Golden Friars was a natty man and the soul of punctuality. His sermons were all written on Thursday afternoon for delivery from the pulpit on the Sunday following. He had just completed one. The last page was open on the table; the light of the candle was glittering from the still wet ink.

The vicar, as he leaned back in his chair with his fingers interlaced and the tips of his thumbs together, looked down sidelong on his performance with an air of complacency—not quite a smile, but very near it. The Reverend Hugh Jenner was, I must confess, conceited of his sermons. As he looked, the horn of the mail-coach, driving through the High street, sounded clear in the frosty air, as it were, a little flourish of trumpets not inappropriate.

His good wife was working at her broderie Anglaise at the other side of the fire. She was apparently absorbed in it, really in a rumination; and as people will under these circumstances, she gazed upon her work with dull and gloating eyes and lips pursed, and forgot last Sunday's sermon, the husband of her bosom and the little dog that slept in a basket on a cushion at her feet.

Once or twice Doctor Jenner stole a glance at his wife, expecting the good woman, after her wont, to inquire how the sermon pleased him, what was the subject and so forth.

I think if she had owned a nursery duly stocked, or had ever had such a pleasant and anxious little colony to look after, she might not have cared quite so much for the sermon, and some one else would have stitched them into their purple paper covers. People are never, of course, quite content with the thing that is. Nature hides away the ugliness of decay, disease and death. There is, if we could fathom it, a profound mystery in the fact that man

anticipates good from every change, and that the pain that belongs to every imaginable situation is hidden from all but those who suffer it.

I think that these two people, living in the quaint gray house, with the tall piers capped with stone balls in front, between which swung the iron gate, flanked without by clumps of lofty elms, were possibly a happier pair than if they had obtained the wish of their hearts, a hope they had long ceased to cherish—a little child to look in their faces, and prattle and play about the trim, quiet rooms.

Well, they had been twenty years married and were childless. And as it turned out by an odd coincidence, for it chimed in with her own thoughts at the moment, the vicar, who had now risen and was standing with his back to the fire, said at last,

"I have finished the sermon, my love, and it treats a good deal of the case of Elkanah and Hannah."

"How very odd!" said Mrs. Jenner; "I can't account for it."

"For what, Dolly?" inquired the vicar.

"I dreamed last night that we had such a darling little child. I thought it lay sleeping, poor little thing! on my knees, and that while I was looking at it, you were reading aloud such a beautiful sermon about Hannah and Elkanah; and here it is—the very subject! And, oddly enough, I was thinking of it at the very moment!"

"Very odd, my dear," said the vicar—"very odd!"

And he stepped over to her side, smiling, and kissed her cheek gently, and patting it, smiled still with great affection upon her, saying,

"Dolly, my darling, we must not fret about the matter. Let us leave all in the hands of God, who has given us one another and this quiet and happy life. Remember the kind reproach of Elkanah to his beloved wife: 'Am not I better to thee than ten sons?' There is some good reason, or the God of all comfort would not deny us this. And is there not compensation? For my part, Dolly, when I look at you, I feel that I already owe more love on earth than I can ever repay."

So they kissed very tenderly, and she said,

"I'm sure it is true. But I don't repine; you must not fancy that. It is only when my darling man is out making his visits that I do sometimes feel lonely and think that if I had a little creature to play with—"

"Little creature to play with, my dear! It might be a young man of twenty by this time," said the vicar.

"I don't see why it should," expostulated his wife. "But I can't help wishing; and I know it would be delightful if a kind fairy would come, as happens in the old fairy tale, and give us our wish and a pretty present for the little creature at its christening."

At this moment the door opened, and the maid entered with a letter.

It had the post-mark. It had just arrived by the coach. It was for the vicar.

"What an odd hand! Who is it?"

The vicar had replaced his spectacles, and was standing with his side to the candle and the letter open in his fingers. He had just begun to read it, but rumbled it round to read the signature for his wife:

"Hileria Pullen."

"What an odd name!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenner.

"Yea," said the vicar. "Hilaria one could have understood, but Hileria! It is odd; it is barbarous. I never heard of the person. I don't think I ever knew any one of that name. Pullen? 'No.'"

"What is the post-mark?" asked his wife, curiously.

"Guildford, Surrey," he answered. "I don't know a soul who lives there."

He drew nearer to the candle, and read for a few seconds undisturbed.

"Aren't there some people related to you called Torquil?" he asked.

"Yes; my second cousin, Janet Ayger, married a Captain Torquil," answered Dolly.

"Well, yes. Listen to this," said the vicar. "Shall I read it aloud for you as well as I can?"

"Do, like a darling," said she, and the vicar began.

"It is rather long, and I have only read a little way."

CHAPTER II.

THE VICAR AND HIS WIFE ARE ADJURED.

The letter began thus:

"REVEREND SIR: Please your divine, I am the woman by name Hileria Pullen, who cares the dearling child resently left an orphan by that angel of goodness, the deceased Mrs. Mildmay, of Queen's Snedley, and which I do suppose was well known to you and your lady, if she be still living, and Mr. Mildmay, whose lamentable departure likewise you saw, from a fall from his gig—being in the papers—and the horse ran away, which caused his lamentable departure a year before my mistress that was, leaving her and her dearling infant, only eight months old, to lament his departure."

"These people are all new to me," said the vicar, shaking his head a little, and lowering the letter to the table as he looked on his wife.

"Yes; that's poor Alice. She married Mr. Mildmay of Queen Snedley. I thought she took airs a little, and we have not written to one another this long time. Perhaps I wronged her; and so she's gone, poor thing."

"And he also died, it seems, a year before; and this is the nurse, I suppose," said the vicar.

"Let us hear the rest, dear," said his wife.

The vicar resumed:

"Two days after my lamentable mistress died, Captain Torquil came to Queen Snedley, having given an order to Floss & Company for the funeral, which was done private. He has took the child and me to Guildford, where it and me at this present time is. We are comfortable in every particular as yet. Mrs. Torquil is here herself, but is not happy, nor I think in ealth, to make it sootable for Miss Mildmay when she comes to grow up a bit to stay here, even if the captain was a saint upon earth, which it is far from so. Because, as I can make plain, I am very unhappy about the dear child. He comes down here from London sometimes every day for a bit, and sometimes he will not come for a week. Mrs. Torquil says she is a relative of your lady, and asked me after her very kindly, if she be still living, which I cannot tell, not having knewed the name."

"That's true, isn't it?" asked the vicar. "They are related?"

"Yes; she is a cousin—not a first cousin—and I never saw very much of her. But go on, dear."

"Well, yes. Where was I? Oh! here."

And the vicar continued, thus:

"But I am very anxious, please your divine, on account of the dearling baby, which you are aware it is only eighteen months old on the seventh of December last, and there is a many things you should know about; there

being no near relative, and me in very great fear for the consequences. The captain is a pillite gentleman, and nice-spoken to me. But I cannot write to your divine the cause of me being so much frightened as I am. For the captain he has been very kind to me, and I have nothing to complain. But has come to the nursery frequently, and looks at the child, and always offers me drink, which it is not the place of a gentleman to such as me; and having charge of the dearling child to offer me drink, and press me to take it as he does."

"Very odd, indeed," said Mrs. Jenner. "I wonder what aged person this is?"

"I haven't a notion, my dear," answered the vicar.

"But what can he mean by it?" repeated his wife, with dignity.

"It is possibly mere good-nature," said her husband.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Jenner. "I don't think it gentleman-like."

"She may be an old woman, you know," said the vicar.

"Extremely unlikely," said the good lady, with an offended air. "You may as well read on, Hugh."

The vicar read on, therefore:

"Being myself a many a year in the world, and having seen a great deal—"

"Oh! then she is a person of a certain age," said the vicar.

"I'm glad she is. She's the fitter person to take charge of children," said his wife. "But I never heard any good of that Captain Torquil, and—Heaven forgive me if I wrong him—I don't believe any; and I don't say so without having heard a great deal about him. But read on, darling."

"Very good," said the vicar. "I wonder what on earth she can want of me? However, we'll see;" and he read on:

"It seems to me the captain wants to take the management of the dearling baby out of my hands hole us bole us."

"She spells very oddly," said the vicar.

"Never mind. What more, darling?" said Mrs. Jenner.

"And the notions of any such a thing puts me to my wits ends, and, indeed, God alone is my chief hope."

"That, under all circumstances, I trust," interpolated the vicar.

"And I would wash my ends of it, and leave the place, was it not for that dearling baby, and the dreadful sin which it would lay on my soul—which the Lord forbid—and what may become of it I know not, if you will not see fit to come here and remove the poor little dearling. It will not do to write to me here, for it will fall, most likely, into the ends of the captan, which it would be a great break up, and the undoing of me; for he is, I hear, a very violent gentleman where he is crossed, and I should be then quite heart-broke about the dearling baby, for it would pass altogether into other ends, and so God only knows the consequence; and you being a parson, and acquainted with all goodness, will know what is right to be done by the poor innocent, and your own kin, and a great sin 'twill be if you let the child come to evil. Great Heaven, if you but knew the hawful state I am in this hour, and the baby, poor innocent dearling, in so great danger, you would not fail to take coach for here—Guildford, Surrey, Old Hall, at the grocer's in High street, Samuel Folder's, they will tell you of me; and as you hope for mercy yourself, come here and take away the child to stay in safety in your care."

That was the end of the letter; and when he had read it, he lowered it again to the table and looked in his wife's face, and she looked in his.

CHAPTER III.
VOICES IN THE HALL.

"I DON'T see, my love, do you," said the vicar, "that I am called upon to take any step on this odd letter from a servant-maid?"

"But, Hugh, dear, suppose she says true? Suppose there is a good reason for her alarm and urgency?"

"People in that rank of life don't understand ours. I don't believe, Dolly, there is any reason such as an educated person would act on."

"And I was just thinking, Hugh: does not this offer, as it were, from Providence of a little child of our kindred, to take in, and protect, and educate, and love, come, I might say, very wonderfully? It might be such a darling—just eighteen months old, and a little orphan, poor little thing! and it must be a darling little creature, or she could not love it so very much."

"But, my dear, the woman may be mad. If I could be certain there was anything in it! But I don't even understand what she means."

"Don't you think she means that the child will be kidnapped, or made away with somehow?"

"Well, suppose she does; is it not more likely that a woman in her rank of life should be either stupid, or tipsy, or even mad, than that Captain—what's his name?—should meditate any such enormity?"

"But you told us, Hugh, last Sunday, in that beautiful sermon on the text, 'Search the Scriptures,' that that was the very argument—wasn't it?—by which that wicked man, Mr. Hume, attacked revealed religion."

"Very well argued, I allow, Dolly," said the vicar, smiling and patting her cheek affectionately.

"I am not sure, but I know it was something like it. And suppose, Hugh, dear, that anything bad did happen the poor little child in consequence of your holding back and leaving it to its fate; would you ever forgive yourself? Think what a treasure it might be! And oh, could you—could you feel quite happy if you resolve on leaving the poor little thing to take its chance after this warning?"

"I see, my good little Dolly, you have set your heart on our burning our fingers with other people's chestnuts," said the vicar, who secretly was more of his wife's way of feeling and thinking in the matter than he cared to avow; and even at the cost of the long journey—a longer one than the rail makes of it—he was very well disposed to be urged into the affair. "I see you have made up your mind, and I suppose, with such a termagant for a wife, I may as well make up mine," he continued merrily. "It would be odd, Dolly, if it turned out as you say, and supplied a little inmate for that one lonely nook in the house, the quiet room up stairs, that may be noisy enough yet. But you must give me time to arrange about my duty, and to speak to Stubbs and Mompesson. And you'll allow me to pack my trunk also? I think you will. And so we'll see what's to be done; and should anything come of it, I may be delayed. I may be absent two Sundays; and—do you observe?—the letter is stamped 'late.' Yes, I see the date corresponds. It has been a day longer making the journey than it ought; but that accounts for it. The last mail. They are so dilatory in that rank of life. Yes, we must reckon two Sundays' absence. If you look at the map"—he pointed to a large map of England

hanging on the screen—"you'll see that it is a long way between this and Guildford."

By this time the vicar was a little fussy, and had begun to feel the distraction of the coming journey.

Dorothy had got Hileria Pullen's letter, and was reading over again.

"Well, darling, may God bless the undertaking," said the vicar, after a silence of some minutes, laying his hand kindly on his wife's shoulder. "But the more I think of it, the more I am satisfied we are right."

She looked up, meeting his fond glance as fondly.

"Yes, Hugh, it will be the longest separation we have had since we were married."

And these good people, who loved very fondly and kissed easily, kissed very tenderly again, and she laid her hand in his as he sat down by her side, and they looked with inexpressible affection and happiness in each other's face. I wonder if it was possible for two human beings to be happier? and yet the wish of these hearts was still to seek. How happened it?

As, hand locked in hand, they fell thus into a reverie, on a sudden the iron gate opened, a tramp of feet and the sound of voices reached the hall door, at which came a loud knock like a woundy pelt, as they say in that country, of a hammer. This was followed by a great peal of the bell, and was so startling that good Mrs. Jenner bounded with an ejaculation, and the vicar, holding his wife's hand tighter than he intended, looked round to the window.

There were several voices talking, and the bell rang again.

"Some one ill, I'm afraid," said the vicar, going to the head of the stairs to hurry the maid.

She was already at the door, and he heard feet entering, and some talk and the deep bass voice of Tom Shackles among the rest.

"By the mass!" cried the lusty voice of the girl. "Here will be news for the master and mistress. In wi' it here. By Jen!"

The other voices meanwhile were talking loud enough in the hall to make it no easy matter for the vicar, calling over the banister at the head of the stairs, to make himself heard:

"Fetch it in!"

Could it be some half-drowned body picked out of the lake and brought in to recover or die, as God might please, in the vicar's house?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE belt of land around the globe, five hundred miles north and five hundred miles south of the Equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of India rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons without injury. The trees stand so close that one man can gather the sap of eight in a day, each tree yielding on an average three tablespoonfuls a day. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country a mile long by eight wide. There are in America and Europe more than one hundred and fifty manufactories of India rubber articles, employing some five hundred operatives each, and consuming more than ten million pounds of gum per year, and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. But to whatever extent it may increase, there will be plenty of rubber to supply the demand.

TRUE friendship, like good steel, grows brighter the more frequently it is used.



CLOVER-CHAINS.

ONLY a clover-chain linking,
 To pleasure the children who stand
 With their bright faces smiling approval
 As it lengthens out under my hand.
 Only a clover-chain linking,
 To add to a summer day's bliss;
 To set little hearts all a-dancing,
 And win for my guerdon a kiss.
 It is done, and away fly my darlings,
 The chain that they prized till complete
 In their frolics already forgotten,
 And crushed by their haste 'neath their feet.
 And I, left alone, idly weaving
 Those thoughts, not all pleasure nor pain,
 Discern why it is the world-weary
 Oft wish themselves children again.

As glad in the joy of the present,
 As careless of what is to be,
 As transiently touched by life's changes,
 From its vices as pleasantly free.
 Heart, dost thou cherish such yearnings?
 Weariest thou in the fight?
 Too early borne back in the battle,
 Too eager to reach to the light?
 Nay, for faith gloweth with chast'ning—
 Nay, for the cross brings the crown;
 The Hand that in tenderness smiteth
 Ne'er crusheth the penitent down.
 But if in our life daily linking
 More patience, more meekness and love,
 Who would not be childlike and truthful
 Till the golden gates open above?—LOUISA CROW.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1873.

IRISH LADIES.

HAPPENING to be in Queenstown, Ireland, one evening in July last, I was invited to attend a grand ball. I had been doing some of the interior districts of Ireland, and was so tired that at first I was rather inclined to excuse myself. But before deciding, I asked a question or two: "Is it a big thing?"

"Never saw anything so grand in town?"

"What class of women?"

"The first class; the very best from Queenstown, Cork—in fact, the most beautiful women in the world."

I knew how the common women of Ireland looked. I had seen hundreds of them about Killarney selling "mountain dew and goat's milk," and in fact for some time had seen almost nothing else. But I had seen the common class only—the servants, peddlers and peasants. I had not seen the aristocracy. I made up my mind to go. I thanked the gentleman, and began at once on my hair and clothes.

The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a trifle more so—sleeves a little shorter, corsage a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self-possessed, quiet and graceful, and I think on the whole averaged prettier than I have ever seen for the number on such an occasion.

Some of our naval officers were present in their stunning uniforms, and were honored with marked attention and the sweetest smiles.

I have written all this rigmarole in order to say something about the physical development of those Irish ladies.

The Irish girls we have seen in America have full chests, large, fine arms, and are altogether plump and vital. When an American lady has shown me her arms—candle-dips, No. 8—and has asked, "How can I get such

arms as Bridget's?" and I have said, "*Work—work as she does, and you will have her arms,*" the lady has generally said, "Oh, that is not work, that comes from climate. I tell you if I had been brought up in Bridget's climate, I should have had her fine bust, but this terrible, dry American air takes all the juices out of us."

My curiosity was on tip-toe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in this moist, even climate, but without work, would look.

I have said there were one hundred and fifty ladies present. They were certainly very pretty and very prettily dressed, but now, taking the witness-stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin.

They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women of the idle class have spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Elegance, education, rank, aspiration, ambition, prayer,—these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. *Exercise, exercise! work, work!* this produces strong muscles, full chests and physical beauty. *Work* is the appointed means.

A CHAT WITH CLERGYMEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. H., a well-known clergyman, came to consult me about his throat, and began by telling this story:

"I worked on a farm till I was twenty-two, when I was converted, and immediately resolved to study for the ministry. Up to that time I had never been sick, and like my father and brother possessed remarkable endurance. We used oxen, and indulged that unearthly habit of yelling at them all day long. The neighbors who lived full two miles away declared that they heard me from morning till night. I remember that one old man in the neighborhood said, when he heard that I was studying for the ministry,

"Well, there is one thing about that chap: he'll make 'em hear anywhere in the country. When he gets into the pulpit, if he yells as loud as he does at them cattle, they'll hear him all over heaven and all through the t'other place too."

"And now," continued Mr. H., "I have been preaching seventeen years; and although I have had no attacks of sickness, I have gradually lost my health and strength, till preaching one sermon a week completely exhausts me. I don't feel like speaking loud before Wednesday; and besides this, I have lost my legs, until I can't walk two miles without complete exhaustion. My church has given me a year's vacation, and now I come to ask what I had better do?"

"First," I said, "I'll tell you what not to do. Don't go to the Holy Land. The dirt and discomfort which you must encounter there won't help you, while the lack of opportunity to use your faculties, physical and mental, is every way unfavorable. This climate is an excellent one—

this society is exceptionally good; so I advise you to remain here, and after visiting a week or two with friends, go back to your work and follow this regimen:

"1st. Go to bed at nine o'clock every night, and sleep half an hour in the middle of the day.

"2d. Eat a good beefsteak or mutton chop, with stale bread and butter *ad libitum*, for breakfast, with a cup of weak coffee. For dinner, at two o'clock, take a large dish of oatmeal or cracked wheat. Eat no supper.

"3d. Bathe your skin in the morning with cold water, and rub it hard with rough towels. On going to bed at night rub yourself all over with hair gloves.

"4th. Work five hours a day out-doors in some regular employment, like that of farming or that of a carpenter. Keep up your habit of morning study.

"5th. Don't be extra good—I mean to say, don't be solemn and reserved. Be jolly. Have a good time. Even if you think this life a weary pilgrimage, act, for the sake of your health, as though the world were a pleasant home and designed for happiness rather than misery."

Mr. H. engaged with one of his parishioners, a carpenter, and bargained to begin at nine o'clock every morning and work till two. He was to have what he could earn, which, at the end of a month, was thought to be a dollar a day. Within three months he could frame timber as well as the best of them.

The only disagreeable result from this prescription is this: Since Mr. H. got well (and he declares that he was never so well in his life) he has taken to preaching this sort of table and out-door work to his people, and thus, you see, deprives me of the opportunity to repeat this prescription to others at five dollars a head. In this way my famishing children are deprived of that bread which, but for this clerical interference, their father would supply to them from the sweat of his brow.

American clergymen should be the healthiest men in the country. Their life healthwise may easily be made the ideal one.

OLD AGE.

AN old person has feeble circulation in the feet and legs. Nothing contributes more to relieve the difficulty in breathing, and the chronic cough and other troubles about the head and chest, so common among all people, than keeping the feet and legs warm.

Mr. S., a bank-officer, had been sitting in a bank nearly fifty years. He came for some advice about short breath, wheezing and cough.

"Your feet and legs are very cold."

"Yes; but how did you know it?"

"By these troubles about your throat and lungs. There is congestion—too much blood there. If the legs and feet were warm, if they had their share of the blood, this congestion about the upper parts would cease, and this short breath, wheezing and cough would be relieved at once."

"How shall I make my legs and feet warm? I wear as much clothing about my lower extremities as I ever did, and yet they are like icicles."

"I will tell you a secret: An old man with low vitality must have two, three or four times as much dress about the legs and feet as a young man with high vitality. Now, you must put on two pair of thick knit woollen drawers, very thick stockings, and broad, strong shoes. Your legs will be warm enough, perhaps. If not, then put on a pair of wash-leather drawers over the knit woollen ones. With thick pants over these you will probably be warm. In some rare cases even this will not keep the limbs warm. But they must be kept warm. So you must add, and keep adding, till they are warm. This is the way you do with your body; why not the same with your legs? You will thereby save your throat, lungs and head from many common troubles."

Is NOT this good, from an old European writer?—

"To study human nature to purpose, a traveller must enlarge his circuit beyond the bounds of Europe. He must go and catch her undressed—nay, quite naked, as in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears cramped, contracted and buttoned up close in the straight tunic of law and custom, as in China and Japan; or spread out and enlarged above her common size in the loose and flowing robe of enthusiasm, as among the Arabs and Saracens; or, lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back naked to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa."

I haven't seen this equalled lately. For fine, free, strong, picturesque composition I doubt if it is often beaten.

A MAN who will disinherit his wife because she marries again bears her the same kind of love that the Turk bears toward the women of his harem, and not the love which a free, true man bears toward a free, true woman. If he finds happiness in a married life, what a cruel brute that he should deliberately provide that when he dies, and his widow, recalling the happy days of her married life, should consent to marry again, she shall be deprived of the fortune which he leaves her! Such men were married in body, but never in soul.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

E. L. E., NEW HAVEN.—To cure "pimples and flesh-worms," you must purify your blood. This is not to be done by "shaking before taking" and swallowing the miserable swills known as patent medicines. It is to be done by living on plain, nutritious food, breathing a pure air day and night, sleeping enough, exercising freely, and keeping your skin thoroughly open by frequent baths in soap and water. There is no other way in the world to purify your system but this. Swallowing poisons won't do it. Gorging yourself with mineral waters will not. God has furnished the true physicians for this and other maladies—Dr. Sunshine, Dr. Cleanliness, Dr. Pure Air, Dr. Temperance, Dr. Exercise. These gentlemen will cure you, and then you will stay cured.



THE ADVENTURES OF BISHOP MACKENZIE.

LIVINGSTONE'S COMPANION.

"It's all very well for you to laugh, sir, but it's no laughing matter, though I suppose the longer we lives the more we sees. I've seen many things in my day, but what I've seen lately beats everything else hollow, for I never did expect to see a bishop a-taking out o' anchors and a-hauling in o' cables, and a ship managed by the likes o' you and me, sir." Thus spoke a gruff old quartermaster to a missionary on board the little steamer *Pioneer*, then drifting almost helplessly between the eastern coast of Africa and the Comoros Islands. The bishop was Mackenzie; Doctor Livingstone was with him, and almost everybody else on board was down with fever. The stoker held out longer than most, but at length he too fell ill, and then, to the unspeakable astonishment of the ancient mariner already quoted, to his other labors the bishop added that of the stoker, and was seen to emerge from the engine-room as black as a sweep. He had been stoking for several hours.

A bishop of this kind was likely to meet with a good many adventures on his way through the world, and to bear himself, whether in good or evil fortune, in a sufficiently resolute and energetic manner. In truth, Mackenzie's life will always be worth the telling, and, thanks to Doctor Livingstone and Dean Godwin, the materials for a sketch of his career are ample.

Mackenzie was born at Portmore, Peeblesshire, on the 10th April, 1825, and was a younger brother of the Forbes Mackenzie whose name is popularly associated with the regulation of the liquor traffic in Scotland. As a boy he was clever at figures, but clever at little else, and he seems to have been almost ludicrously deficient on the side of imagination. It is absolutely on record that after ascending a mountain he forgot to look at the view which he went on purpose to see. As he said himself, with characteristic frankness, "I just sat down a little and ate my cake and came down again." He might be indifferent to such things when a boy in the Scottish Highlands, but they struck home to his heart amid the loneliness of Africa.

nineteen Mackenzie came into residence at Cambridge. His fame as a clever young Scottish mathematician preceded him, and he was looked upon accordingly as one of those terrible Northern invaders who, like F. Niven of Aberdeen in the present year, come, conquer—desperate, dogged, determined men who can be needful upon a crust, and who have gone through a rough course of training in their own land, from which the spirit of an Eton boy would shrink with well-bred contempt. In January, 1848, accordingly, Mackenzie was a wrangler.

Cambridge, both before and after he took holy orders, Mackenzie's was essentially a busy life. He was interested in athletic sports, and was himself a boating man, hence he gradually acquired an influence amongst classes of under-graduates. The most earnest student did not despise a man who had been second wrangler; the most fidgety coxswain on the river had a certain respect for his broad shoulders and strong arms; the most ardent of devotees revered one who labored so zealously in all Christian work. Nearly six feet high, excellently made, with a countenance winning if not handsome, and small but bright, quick, resolute eyes, Mackenzie was a familiar figure for many years at Cambridge, as very welcome to all kinds of people. A calm and serious career seemed before him, but gradually, as he looked into the future, the missionary spirit—that which is the chivalry of religion—arose within him. Mackenzie's mind was soon made up, and in 1855 he went to Natal with the rank of archdeacon. He flung himself into his new work with characteristic ardor, and that kind of genial enthusiasm which was his special gift. Praying in Kaffir kraals, riding through swamps to preach at distant stations, he was incessantly engaged, but it seemed as if no amount of toil could shake his iron constitution or dishearten his zeal. His house was burnt down: he quietly set to work and built another. A man not to be easily beaten was this archdeacon, and one, too, who had a marvellous power of inspiring the love of his neighbors. The soldiers voted him the finest parson ever known; the Kaffirs got to consider themselves as members of his family. Troubles he met about church matters, but in the practical part of his life he laughed at the very idea of difficulty.

Meanwhile, there had been growing up in England a great interest in African Christianity. The return of Dr. Livingstone seemed to stir the heart of the whole nation; when the great explorer, though himself a Presbyterian, appealed to the old universities for help, everything was generous and manly in Oxford and Cambridge rallied to the chord he struck. It was at this juncture that Mackenzie revisited England. He was almost immediately recognized as the proper man to head the expedition that was being organized; and readily accepting that duty, with all its glory and all its danger, he forthwith returned to travel over England, addressing public meetings and collecting funds.

As a forlorn hope that Mackenzie was leading, at the Livingstone, to be sure, had raised an expectation that commerce and Christianity might go hand in hand, the great traveller was himself over-sanguine, and at the disposal of the missionaries pitifully and pathetically insufficient for the work before them. Even Mackenzie, before many months had passed, perceived these truths, but for himself his path was clear; and if it led him to an early death in the wilderness, we must not rashly assume that his efforts were

therefore altogether wasted. After many tedious delays, he set off from Cape Town with his companions for the Zambesi. The first sight of that famous river was to him and all his staff a bitter disappointment. Sad indeed was the change from the bold and glorious coast-line between the cape and Natal to this dull and sandy shore, fringed with mangroves and dwarf palm, and the naval officers who accompanied him—men not inclined to exaggerate difficulties—openly ridiculed the idea that the Zambesi could ever be made suitable for commerce on an extensive scale. However, there might be some comfort to be got from the doctor, whose little steamer, the *Pioneer*, was safely waiting for them, as they thought, inside the bar. There, sure enough, lay the *Pioneer*, and there, sure enough, was Livingstone, but he had not expected them for months to come. In fact, when the bishop shot across the dangerous bar to meet him, he at once declared that he would do his utmost to help them, but that they came at an awkward time. On the whole, had they not better join him in going up the coast to another river, the Rovuma? Their ultimate destination was the highlands of the Shiré, a tributary of the Zambesi, but it was more than likely, the traveller thought, that the Rovuma would lead them directly to that country. Mackenzie gravely disapproved of the plan, but it was not for him to contend against the superior excellence of Livingstone, and he yielded. The controversy need not be revived. The good bishop is dead; there seems but too much reason to believe that Livingstone has also fallen a victim to "the fatal fascination of Africa." Suffice it that the discussion, conducted on both sides with admirable spirit and temper, ended in a determination to try the Rovuma.

They tried the Rovuma, accordingly. An English naval vessel, the *Lyra*, took them to the mouth of it. Says Mackenzie: "I had formed some acquaintance with all on board the *Lyra*. Rowley also knew them all—I mean sailors as well as officers; and the cheer they gave us from the rigging when our boat had pulled off from the ship's side makes my heart leap to my mouth still by the mere remembrance." Shifting into the little *Pioneer*, they went up the river, whose waters at first were broad and deep. Even when difficulties came, the great charm of a strange land was still strong upon Mackenzie and his companion, Rowley. On both banks there were luxuriant woods; in the lustre of a sunshine never seen in Europe flamingo and pelican and ibis flitted by; a thousand new types of life surrounded them on every side; and at evening, when the great sun was setting over the distant hills, and the shadows deepened and the air grew keen and fresh, they sat upon the deck of their little steamer night after night, their hearts full of wonder and love and adoration.

The Rovuma was a failure. The channel proved to be both shallow and uncertain, the *Pioneer* was perpetually getting aground, and the natives whom they saw assured them that, as the rainy season was now nearly over, the river would rapidly get lower. It was possible, of course, for Livingstone to have pushed on by land, but in that case all prospect of a missionary settlement would vanish, and accordingly the doctor was staunch to his resolve of carrying his friends back again and trying what could be done with the Zambesi. It was on the return journey that the fever broke out amongst the party, and that the bishop excited the admiration of the old quartermaster whom we have already quoted. However, the attempt on the Rovuma was a clear blunder, and they had in many ways to pay for it. For instance, touching at the Comoros, they found that there was no vessel to take them

back to the Zambesi, and they had to risk the transit in the little Pioneer, Livingstone himself acting as skipper. Fortunately, the weather was calm, but the poor little craft could only take about a third of their stores, and their future sources of supply were desperately uncertain. Through all troubles and difficulties Mackenzie retained his cheerfulness; and as for the fever, his vigorous constitution so quickly threw it off, that ever afterward he was prone to under-estimate the real danger of the disease. Rolling along with her heavy burden, the Pioneer reached the mouth of the Zambesi, and forthwith Livingstone drove her at the bar. The huge rollers were trampling in from the south with a rush and a roar, and with seething of foam. As for the doctor, his nerves were iron, but presently the leadaman cried, "A quarter two;" immediately afterward, "A quarter less two," and then, "A quarter one." They had missed the channel. What was to be done? There was no help for it. Livingstone put her right about; she answered her helm splendidly, scudded back, and anchored that night five miles from the shore. It was a close shave. But next day, in calmer weather, the attempt was repeated, and an entrance into the river was effected safely.

It was on May Day that they entered the Zambesi; and they steamed on with infinite toil and difficulty, at first past groves of mangrove trees and then between vast plains of gigantic grass from six to eight feet high, with here and there a palm, and here and there a clump of trees around the house of some Portuguese settler; and then, by and by, they caught a distant glimpse of the great mountain Morumbala, golden in the sunset, snowy-white at morning with its clouds of vapor, and so, by degrees, into a pleasanter land, well timbered, and then, by a sudden turn, into the river of their hopes, the Shiré, entering which, their troubles were renewed. They were constantly getting aground on sand-banks and getting off by means of hawsers, at which the bishop was the first and lushest to pull. It took them four-and-twenty days to do twelve miles, but at length they reached the highlands, in which it had been determined to establish the settlement. Landing, they marched toward it in a notable fashion. Mackenzie says of the doctor, "Livingstone was tramping alone with a steady, heavy tread which kept me in mind that he had walked across Africa;" and Rowley says of the bishop, "He went onward with his detachment, pastoral staff in one hand and a gun in the other; and as we turned to have a last look, we saw the bishop marching on with huge strides after the bearers, the gun depressed and the pastoral staff elevated and well in view."

Two braver men never set out upon an enterprise more heartbreaking and forlorn. All over the land two curses had spread—the curse of savagery and the curse of slavery. Mackenzie struggled against them both; but though his noble courage sustained him to the last, his shrewd Scottish sense must soon have perceived what a desperate task lay before him. On this very march they met with Portuguese slavers carrying their captives to market, with the horrible slave-yoke fastened round their necks. Flesh and blood could not stand it; they fell upon the slavers and rescued the unhappy natives, who were positively startled when they found that they had not exchanged one slavery for another, but had been rescued to life and liberty by kindly, unselfish men. And so matters went on, more and more hopelessly. Livingstone had to leave the missionary party, and then Mackenzie, already committed to a warlike policy, had to march out with his clergymen and do battle against the native slavers. There was a

sharp fight; the bishop again delivered the captives, and "for one little thing (a girl named Dauma) we could find no carrier; so after she had trudged along some distance, the bishop shouldered her and carried her into Magomera," the settlement. It was all beautiful, no doubt, but it was hopeless. They did what they could, building a "palace," for instance, at which Mackenzie, as usual, labored hardest of all, so that "day by day you saw him with axe, spade or pickaxe, working as hard as any laboring-man in England." They founded a church; they were good, kindly, generous, self-sacrificing, devoted, if ever men were in this world, but around them still stretched the wide waste desert of barbarism. The summer months went by, the autumn came; no rain as yet had fallen, but already they heard the rolling of thunder incessantly reverberating amongst the hills. At last Mackenzie had to leave Magomera to keep his tryst with Livingstone at Malo, the place where the little river Ruio falls into the Shiré.

Not a year had passed since his consecration at Cape Town; and hoping against hope, he was writing home to England for help—notably to the Oxford and Cambridge University boat-clubs. To the end he was fearful and enthusiastic, and now the end was near. Livingstone, it had been arranged, was to go down in the Pioneer and bring up one of Mackenzie's sisters, his own wife and some other ladies. Two days before Christmas the bishop set out upon his journey, and by this time there were fever and famine in the settlement itself. Accompanied by a gallant clergyman who had come out to join him, Mr. Burrup, and by three natives, Mackenzie found the journey down harder than he had fancied. The mountain streams were now swollen by heavy rain, the clothes of the whole party were wet night and day; and at length, whilst pushing in a canoe through Elephant Marsh, on the Shiré, the frail craft overset. Their medicines were rendered utterly worthless; their ammunition was also destroyed or lost. Still pushing on, they reached the rendezvous, only to find that Livingstone had left it and gone down the river some days before. The precise time of his departure was uncertain, and so they waited, daily and hourly looking out for the returning smoke of the Pioneer. It was the 10th of January, 1862, when they reached Malo; and in a few days the bishop, having no longer the excitement of travel to sustain him, fell seriously ill. Even his bodily energy failed him; day after day he sat listlessly in his tent. Then, longing for his sister, he told Burrup that he thought it would break his heart if she did not come. When such a man talked of his heart breaking, everything else must needs have been broken already. In a day or two more he was down with the fever, and they had not a single dose of medicine left. By the 24th he was incapable of collected conversation; his mind began to wander. On the 31st he died, and over his grave Livingstone, returning, planted a cross.

DURING the cholera epidemic which prevailed in Europe several years ago, it was observed in Paris and elsewhere that workers in copper appeared to enjoy an almost absolute immunity from the disease, and a similar experience has been met with in Bagdad, where the disease was very prevalent the past year—indeed, to such an extent that between the end of April and the end of October about eight thousand persons died in a population of eighty thousand persons. Out of this number about five hundred were engaged in making or selling copper articles, and it is asserted that among them there was not a single victim to the cholera.

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 3.

MILL GLEN.

MY DEAR BOB: The gloom into which the village was thrown by the Box divorce has been almost entirely dispelled by a very pleasant wedding which has taken place. Miss Hardy was married to a young man from Philadelphia; and as the bride was the only child of Captain Tom Hardy, who commanded the Mill Glen company in the charge against that terrible stone wall at Fredericksburg, and who had his canteen passed among the wounded while he died awaiting his own turn, everybody went to the wedding. It took place at the Reverend Lugubrious Choker's church, but as the service was not the occasion of any discourse about Christian love between brethren, I noted an entire absence of that suspicious and intolerant look which Christians of the different denominations cast upon each other on the Sabbath. In fact, the rector of St. Calvin's and the pastor of the chapel of St. John the Immerser actually smiled cordially on each other in the vestibule, while old Deacon Jones and one of Father O'Reilly's vestrymen sturdily blundered out the amens from the same prayer-book. The Reverend Lugubrious performed the ceremony in his own extremely decorous and sepulchral manner, but so great was the happiness of that young couple that they emerged from the ordeal with beaming faces and heartfelt eyes.

But the great event of the day, my dear boy, was the music. The organist was a stranger to us, but a friend of the groom; and when some one asked him where the score of that same music could be had, he said he didn't know. I am therefore unable even to give you the name of its author. Music and milling are so very different, that I am unable even to explain the music better than to say that the moment the Reverend Lugubrious had drawled out his last dismal amen, there burst on the air a joyous sound like the songs of a thousand birds on a June morning. It rose and fell and fluctuated, until suddenly we seemed to hear in its place a wail of bitter anguish, and then the moaning and roaring of a furious storm, and then a long, low, monotonous repetition like unto the falling of weary feet on a hard road. Then we heard blasts that conjured up visions of a battle-field with its alternate advances, repulses, victories and defeats, its cruelty and fearfulness and horror. Then the ocean seemed to roar in our ears, and each great wave seemed to toss up a fragment of a wreck or the remains of a dear one, or to wash the earth from beneath the feet of weary and frightened watchers. It was wonderful, and most admirably executed, my dear boy, but it would have seemed strange and awful, and decidedly out of place, had there not run through it a remarkable accompaniment. It seemed simple and unvarying, was at first so soft and low that we did not notice it particularly; but it made itself heard through the wail, and swelled triumphantly through and above the storm, and relieved with melodious cadences the monotone of the weary footfalls, and softened the agony of the battle, and warbled comfort and sweet promises to the sad watchers by the remorseless, terrible waves. At last it drowned even the tremendous roar of the waves, and was heard in undisturbed possession of the air, until it suddenly lost itself in a glorious suggestion of the heavenly trumpets we all hope some day to hear. The effect was more wonderful than the music, for instead of all hurrying out of our seats to have a pleasant chat, as we usually do the moment the married couple leave the church, we sat still

and listened. As for myself, there seemed a sudden dimness on my new glasses, and as I turned my eyes toward the window to see if it might be that the night was coming down suddenly, I actually saw the bank cashier, whose features remind one of a homely but very effective hatchet,—I saw that solid man weeping tears that did not seem to be sorrowful, and I also saw him squeezing his wife's hand. And stranger still, little curly-headed Miss Emma, who usually begins the discussion on the appearance and cost of the bride's dress, walked quietly out of the church with some exquisite lines about the angles of her little mouth, while her eyes seemed to gaze tenderly and thoughtfully into a futurity beneath the aisle-carpet a few yards in front of her.

Ah, my dear boy, that organist had looked a great way into the great millstone. For how terrible would be the storms, the wearinesses, the sorrows and the losses of our lives, were it not for the modest, soft, sweet, yet steadfast, strong and triumphant influence of love, which is always ours if we appreciate it!

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

REMARKABLE CURES.

By working on the imagination, many cures which have baffled the skill of the most scientific physician have been effected by some ignorant quack, some boasting charlatan. Even under peculiar circumstances the genuine medical man resorts to artifice. He administers some inert article—a bread pill, for instance—and trusts to the workings of the imagination for a cure. Now, we have heard a very singular and amusing circumstance connected with this. A lady had been treated for some time by a doctor for a nervous disorder. She did not, in her own estimation, improve, and she wished the doctor to give her more medicine; but he advised her to the contrary, and would not prescribe for her. Still, she insisted that something more must be done for her, and was about sending off for a quack, when the physician, learning her determination, adopted the following course. He told her that he had just thought of a remedy which had never failed in curing a disease like hers. He gave her an oddly-shaped vial, with directions that she was to smell it at certain hours. To bring her imagination into play, he told her that the first day she would have a headache; the second day, an itching about the breast; and on the third day would be perfectly well. On each day she complained of the effects which he described, said the remedy operated precisely as he had stated, and that she was getting much better. On the third day she declared herself perfectly well. This is certainly a very remarkable circumstance; but it is true, nevertheless.

But there is a more extraordinary one on record of the imagination curing the most fatal disease. During the siege of Breda, in Holland, in 1625, when the garrison was on the point of surrendering to the enemy on account of the ravages of the scurvy, the prince of Orange ordered a few vials of sham medicine to be carried into the fortress and distributed among the scorbutics. It was stated to be an infallible specific, most valuable, and that one or two drops could effect a cure. It was then shared among the soldiers in doses of a few drops. Those who had not moved their limbs for months were seen walking in the streets, sound, straight and whole. Many who declared they had been rendered worse by other remedies recovered in a few days.

MEMORY.

BY MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER.

FORGET? The mountains for ever do stand
By God's fixed laws to one place confined;
For ever the sea rolleth up on the strand,
For ever her weeds round the stones are entwined.

For ever her murmur breaks forth on the night
With a cadence of music or a voice of woe;
And her waves recoil in billows of light
As over their surface our swift wheels go.

For ever the moon from her azure throne
Looks lovingly down upon vale and hill;
If in stormy hours her brightness seems flown,
Behind the clouds she is shining still.

Do the trees from their forest companions e'er part,
Or change when their leaves take a thousand dyes,
When steel or storm rends the faithful heart
And the noble trunk on the cold earth lies?

Nobler than hills, grander than seas,
Brighter in soul than moon or sun,
Must we change, when changeless are all of these,
And sink lower than they, when our race is run?

Night brings to us dreams, and our dreams recall
The looks and words that have haunted the day.
God has planted the seeds of remembrance in all:
Dare we strive to pluck and cast them away?

Life has its follies; we never are wise
Till experience teaches us wisdom, I ween.
Youth prays to forget, but the old man cries,
"Lord, keep my mem'ry perpetually green."

What if our sorrow, what if our pain,
Come a thousand times back with the same sharp sting?
Joys, like our woes, may return again:
If Remembrance brings tears, she smiles too can bring.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

OFT in the pleasant talk of waking dreams
I hold communion with the woods and streams,
Speak to the garrulous trees when winds blow high,
And hear responses 'twixt the earth and sky;
I ask old Ocean, when he chafes and rolls,
Whether he chides, rejoices or condoles,
And hear, with sympathy I deem divine,
His awful voice make answer back to mine.

Beside the boulder on the rocky shore—
Forlorn old relic of the days of yore,
Ere earth was trod by foot of human kind—
I hear the wandering whispers of the wind;
Voices like Memnon's in the olden day,
That breathed soft music to the morning ray,
And spoke of mysteries to wondering men,
Within their hope, but far beyond their ken.

And all the voices, all the sounds and sighs,
The half-formed questions and the mute replies,
Breathe but one mingled hymn and psalm and song,
Which day and night, and morn and eve, prolong,
In waves of music rippling low and clear,
Unheard but of the mind that seeks to hear,
One psalm sublime, around, beneath, above,
Words of a myriad meanings—God is love.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

OZONE was discovered by Schönbein in 1840, when experimenting with the then newly-invented battery of Sir Wm. Grove—an instrument still recognized as yielding a current superior, in respect of joint quantity and intensity, to the current yielded by any other electrometer available for general use. Ozone was recognized by Schönbein successively as a minute constituent of the oxygen gas resulting from the electrolysis of water effected by a current of high tension, as a minute constituent of air or oxygen through which electric discharges have taken place, and as a minute constituent of air in which moist phosphorus has been undergoing slow oxidation. To Schönbein, then, is due the great merit of recognizing ozone as a distinct form of matter, having an identity of its own by whatever means prepared, as also the merit of discovering the most important means for the production of ozone, and of establishing its principal properties and reactions. The general properties of ozone are those of an active oxygenant. Thus, like chlorine and peroxide of nitrogen, it bleaches coloring-matters, corrodes fabrics, tarnishes or otherwise attacks metals, and liberates iodine from iodide of potassium. Its special properties are its characteristic pungent odor, its destructibility by a moderate heat, and its non-manifestation of any acidulous reaction.

PUDROLITHE.—Pudrolithe is the name of the last new "safety blasting-powder." It is said to have been largely used in Belgium for some years. The inventor, Mr. J. P. R. Poch, states that this "safety powder" is free from danger in manufacture, can be stored with the utmost safety, and that when uncompressed it can be set fire to without the chance of explosion. According to the specification of Mr. Poch's Belgian patent, pudrolithe is composed of spent tan and wood sawdust, thoroughly impregnated with the nitrates of soda and baryta, these substances being afterward ground together with charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre.

NOVEL METHOD OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.—M. Marion, of Paris, has devised a method of photographic printing which consists in impregnating paper with ferropotassium, by which it is rendered sensitive to light. The drawing, which is made on tracing paper, is laid upon the sensitive paper as a negative, and exposed to light, after which the sensitive paper is washed in water, when the copy is found produced thereon in white lines on a blue ground. By the use of a tannin solution the ground can be changed from blue to black, the work remaining white.

A LECTURE EXPERIMENT.—When fifteen to twenty grammes of granulated silver are introduced into a perfectly dry tube of hard white glass, with from thirty to forty grammes of bisulphide of carbon, and then hermetically sealed, on warming gently and then shaking in the dark, sparks are observed in the liquid, which by continued shaking may be rendered quite luminous. Pouring water on the tube causes the luminosity to disappear, but on shaking it becomes visible. This is a beautiful experiment. Iron and aluminium produce similar effects, while platinum, copper and zinc do not.

THE COLOR OF FISHES.—M. Georges Pouchet has written a paper on the mechanism of the changes of color in fishes and crustacea. In it the author refers to the fact that fishes often change in color according to the color of the objects by which they are surrounded, but he explains that this does not take place when the fish is deprived of the nerves that preside over the peculiar corpuscles to which the color is due. This change does not take place in blind turbot; and in the seeing turbot, if the nerves are divided which communicate between the eye and the skin, the change does not occur. If the fifth nerve is divided, the change takes place all over the body, except the part to which that nerve is distributed. These experiments, according to M. Pouchet, show that the change of color is dependent upon impressions received by the nervous system through the organs of vision.

A FEW iron nails placed in a vase with flowers will keep the water sweet and the flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated from the plants combining with the iron.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DOGS.

A dog feels *anger* precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to his individual character. He is susceptible of *hatred* of the bitterest kind. He is so excruciatingly *jealous* that his life becomes a burden in the presence of a favored rival. His *envy* continually leads him to eat what he does not want lest another animal should take it, and to illustrate the fable of "The Dog in the Manger." *Gluttony* holds out to him temptations under which even his honesty sometimes succumbs, but, on the other hand, from *drunkenness* he is nobly emancipated. A dog is mentioned who, having been once made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk up stairs, ever after declined to taste the pernicious beverage, and growled and snarled at the sight of a pewter pot. Again, as to *love*, Don Juan was a cold and unenterprising character compared to a dog; and as to *maternal affection*, the mother-dog feels it with heroic passion, starving herself to death rather than forsake her offspring. *Gratitude* may be almost said to be a dog's leading principle, supplying first the spring of allegiance to his master, and ever after reconciling him with true magnanimity to take evil from the hand from which he has accepted good. *Regret* and *grief* he feels so deeply that they often break his heart. *Fear* is a passion which dogs exhibit with singular variation, some breeds and individuals being very timorous, and others perfect models of *courage*, the latter characteristic and *fortitude* seeming to be more characteristically canine. A greyhound has been known, after breaking his thigh, to run on till the course was concluded; and in the excellent volume "On the Dog," by Idstone, is a frightful story of a foxhound whom its ferocious master flogged so savagely for "babbling" as to cut out its eye with his whip. The animal continued to hunt with the pack till the end of the chase, whereupon the human brute, a certain Colonel Thornton, "took out his scissors and severed the skin, by which the dog's eye had hung pendant during the entire run." As to *hope*, no one can observe the dog watching for his master's step, as in Landseer's picture of "Expectation," without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. *Pride* in a successful chase may be witnessed in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a greyhound when caressed and praised. That dogs have personal *vanity* appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately on being washed and combed. *Chivalry* and *magnanimity* may nearly always be calculated upon in dogs, and wife-beating is an offence to which the four-footed beast never descends. The stories are endless of big dogs generously overlooking the insults of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them mercifully back to land. Sense of *property*, bifurcating into both *covetousness* and *avarice*, is common to all dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, water-basin or bone once devoted to his use no dog can see transferred to another without indignation. Frequently he "covets his neighbor's house" and attempts to ensconce himself in it surreptitiously, and almost universally he covets his neighbor's bone and purloins it if he dare. Even from *avarice* he cannot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures. *Shame* after transgressing any of the arbitrary rules imposed on him a dog displays with ludicrous simplicity, but of the deeper sense of violated modesty which in human beings accompanies the commis-

sion of sin, the dog evidently knows nothing whatever. *Humor*, so far as it can proceed without language, the dog catches readily from a humorous master, and also the enjoyment of such games as he can understand. As a baby crows with glee at "bo-peep," so a dog barks with delight at "go fetch." Make-believe runs and false starts, romps and ticklings, rolling him up in a rug and letting him find his way out, throwing a ball for him to catch on the grass, or a stick to fish out of a lake,—all supply him with pleasures perfectly analogous in their nature to that which boys and men find in Blind Man's Buff and Prisoner's Base, lordly cricket and lady-like croquet. Lastly, *faith* in a beloved superior is perhaps the most beautiful and affecting of all the attributes of a dog. Whose heart does not grow sick at the reflection that this sacred trust of the dog in man should be so often betrayed—that dull bores should lure him by mock words of encouragement to the death (to him so slow and agonizing) of the halter; and that far worse wretches, in the guise of cultivated gentlemen, should first fondle and then dissect him alive, while even in death he strives to show his confidence and to lick their hands? Few of us, it is to be hoped, would purchase our own immunity from disease at the cost of scores of such cruel experiments, and the assurance of the vivisectors who perform them that they do so wholly for our sakes, and not from mere scientific curiosity, would be laughable, could we find it in our hearts to laugh at such a matter. It is surely time for the world to recognize that Science may be the Moloch of one age, as Superstition was of another, and that even the noble love of knowledge may prompt offences heinous and hateful as ever sprung from the lust of power or of gold.

RONCESVALLES.

THE stranger who enters Spain from the north is bewildered by the complete change he encounters. La Belle France, ever gay and pretty to the eye, fades out of the canvas, and the wild, broken ranges of the Pyrenees rise up one by one, bleak and frowning, in the background. Picturesque pastures merge in brown, defiant sierras cleft to the corslet by gulches, ravines and rock-bound abysses. Nor is the character of the people unaffected by the nature of their surroundings. It has been well said that Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

The trim, jaunty peasant of the French vineland here becomes the bronzed and hardy mountaineer. In this region the old brigand once throve. Travellers by *diligence* (coach) in times past were wont to tremble and cast furtive glances about them when plunging into the black unroofed caves through which the road wound, and their dismal dread was not materially allayed at seeing here and there, stuck upright in a fissure, a timber cross, to mark the spot on which some luckless wight of a wayfarer had met with pillage and foul play. By moonlight ghostly shadows fell across the solitary path, and made mule, muleteer and traveller start alike whenever a cloud-hand suddenly passed over the face of the pale orb. Even at this day it is far from safe to go on foot by this route with knapsack on shoulder, as summer tourists like to do among the Alps.

One of the most remarkable features of interest for the walking tourists in the Pyrenean region is the famous pass of Roncesvalles. The hamlet itself lies in a lovely meadow carpeted by a velvet lawn and canopied by lofty forest trees—one of the finest pastoral plateaus in the world. As it broke upon us, we involuntarily paused and pondered in delight. The ruined Augustan convent of

our Lady of the Dale still stands as a sentry over the Virgin of Roncesvalles' beautiful valley-house. We were glad to see that the village inn was almost opposite this forest sanctuary, and from the little window of our chamber we commanded a superb view of it, especially after the moon arose and its orange-tinted beams quivered among the broken towers and turrets. Truly it was a magic scene, such as the fancy loves to dwell upon throughout a lifetime.

The ground about Roncesvalles is classic in history. During the eighth century the emperor Charlemagne ruthlessly invaded Navarre at the front of a noble army, bearing the saintly banner of the Cross, in order to drive out the castrif followers of the Crescent from so fair a heritage. But, unfortunately, Moor and Spaniard, Mohammedan and Catholic, turban and plumed helmet, flocked together with one accord under the same battle-flag, raised the stern war-cry of "Arm' against the French!" and chose the brave Bernardo del Carpio for their common chieftain. At Roncesvalles the battle was fought with extraordinary desperation: the great Emperor of the West, after prodigies of personal prowess, was forced to withdraw: the carnage was merciless, and scores of mailed knights and their devoted henchmen were made to bite the dust in death. Both Cross and Crescent claimed the honor of victory, and Christian Charlemagne lost his best chivalry on that disastrous day.

The ballads of Bernardo are still chanted by the rustics of Navarre as they drive their flocks homeward at night; and in them the rout is ascribed wholly to the beneficent interposition of the Blessed Virgin of the Valley—a fact never doubted by any true Spanish believer.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

FROM the year 1820 to 1850 one of the most brilliant and powerful of all the literary men that shone in the meridian of Edinburgh was John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of that famous city, and the renowned "Christopher North," of "Blackwood's Magazine." As a poet, a professor, a critic, a sportsman, a humorist, and glowing descriptive writer, Wilson was a star of the first magnitude in Edinburgh society, and shot his lustre over the whole British world. "Blackwood," long the queen of all magazines, carried his name and fame to the ends of the earth; for if not its editor, strictly so called, he was, during his literary prime, its master spirit or presiding genius. When a new number of "Maga" appeared, everybody flew to the "Nocties" or to some other paper manifestly from Wilson's pen. No series of magazine papers ever gained such popularity as the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." The mingled poetry and criticism, the rollicking humor and fun, the savage sarcasm, the grotesque drollery and tender pathos that abounded in these extraordinary productions, took the public by storm, and excited in many quarters intense admiration. But it must be added that the gross personalities and convivial buffooneries that ran through most of them gave great offence to every rightly-constituted mind, and at this day seriously diminish their literary value. Even the genius of Wilson has failed to give permanent lustre to unwarranted attacks on character, however witty or powerful.

In Blackwood's back shop, where literary men of a certain class did congregate, among the students at the University and in Edinburgh society generally, Wilson was known as "the Professor." Even while Chalmers and

Hamilton illustrated the University with their genius, Wilson, so notable from his splendid physical appearance, and so renowned for his brilliant literary powers, always retained a name which, though sometimes pronounced in a tone of banter or irony, yet generally indicated a peculiar species of personal affection. In the prime of his manhood he was indeed the very picture of strength, agility and beauty. When I first saw him he had passed the period of his full youthful vigor, but was still a man of outward majesty and might. Fully six feet high, of muscular build, of ruddy complexion, and with a profusion of fair hair clustering on his broad shoulders, he bore the very stamp of genius and power; and as he strode across the college court with his professorial gown fluttering in the wind, on his way to his class-room, where at noon each day he gave his prelection, he had all the elasticity of step of a brawny Highlander hieing across his native heather, and the imperial front of a chieftain born to command. A consciousness of physical and intellectual power was remarkably apparent in the step and air of Wilson in his great days; and even to the last he had a lion-like aspect and bearing. Dickens' description of him as he appeared in the Edinburgh Parliament House about ten years after I first saw him, and when he was fully fifty-six years of age, is a specimen of humorous caricature; but by that time the eccentricities of his dress and manner had certainly increased, and his original carelessness as to the adornment of his splendid outer man had become quite incorrigible.

J. D.

A MAN named Taddles, in Virginia, has got his wife in proper subjection, and means to keep her so. "Oh," says he, in telling about it, "there ain't many who know how to rule a wife properly. Now, my old woman is one of the best-natured women in the world, but she's got a deuce of a temper. Whenever I see she's got her madness up, if it's a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothing, but rather humor her, and she comes around all right after a while. Even when she throws things at me or gives a wild dash at me with the broom or rolling-pin, I just dodge a little, and she never hits me a third time before I get my eye on her, and let her know I disapprove of such actions on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she sees the point. Then, by being careful not to irritate her, and letting her have her own way, I manage to make her do as I please. And you bet I make her understand and appreciate my discipline. Oh, I keep her under perfect control! A man has, you know, got to be master in his own house, or your wife will ride you down as if you wasn't nobody. My wife's a perfect angel in her natural disposition, but any other man but me would spoil her."

THE city of Pekin abounds with doves, which are profitable to the owners as food. Formerly they were preyed upon by vultures, which are so exceedingly numerous, also, that it would have been literally impossible to have protected the pigeons against the exterminating warfare of a cruel enemy had not a lucky mechanical contrivance been devised for their security. The Chinese make small whistles that give a shrill sound held against the wind, which are fastened to the tails of the birds just as they are ready to be weaned. Fly which way they may, the little organ pipe screams lustily without impeding the bearers; for go as they choose—the swifter the better for the whistle—they frighten their old vagabond destroyers prodigiously, which flee as fast as their wings will carry them when they hear an approaching whistle. Is this science or art?

Publishers' Department.

ADELPHI, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1873.

Readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid on to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be free to any subscriber who sends us the money will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is that way.

C. HOSMER, Esq., of Avon, New York, whose pen has preserved the legends and traditions of the Six Nations in flowing verse, was presented a chromo, and has sent us the following charm—

"JUST SO HIGH."

"Of what stature is she of?"

Orlando.—Just as high as my heart.

As You Like It.

I.

This chromo that arrests my gaze
A pure delight imparts,
And sends a genial summer warmth
Through cold and worldly hearts.
The witchery of innocence
Beams forth from that young face,
And lo! with upturned eyes and hands,
That posture full of grace.

II.

A gleam of exultation lights
The little damsel's eye,
On tip-toe marking with her rule,
And murmuring, "JUST SO HIGH."
The world-worn and the weary feel,
Such pictures to behold,
That nearer heaven than now they dwell
In childhood's age of gold.

III.

When asked the height of Rosalind,
Orlando made reply,
"Where beats this faithful heart, behold!
My love is just as high."
"What stature is she of?" is asked
Of many a lover fond
Besides Orlando, woke to life
By Shakespeare's magic wand.

IV.

Thanks, artist, for this charming sketch,
This leaf from Nature's book—
The little maid more life-like grows
The longer that I look.
It is enough for me to know
That Nell is half divine,
And reaches up in altitude
To this touched heart of mine.

WM. H. C. HOSMER.

BROOKLYN paper notices TO-DAY, and in conclusion early of the editor's department: "It will contain stories, telling how little boys that eat bran mash and bread grow up to be great men and missionaries; other little boys who cry for gravy, currant and mince pie have bad breaths and go to Congress." Very good indeed, but we have a singular impression the Brooklyn editor will never be a great man, does eat bran mash. That article strengthens this, not the head.

Organization of our working force is excellent, and nearly complete, but our subscription list grows so that it may happen that somebody will fail to receive his paper. We ask subscribers who are unlucky to write to us at once, so that the missing

number may be supplied, and the error corrected in such a way that it cannot occur again. We may say here that we are preparing, and will soon have ready, at a low price, a handsome temporary binder, in which the numbers of TO-DAY can be placed in the form of a volume. Another word: Let everybody understand that we give the chromo and the paper for one year for \$2.50, but when it is desired that the picture shall be mounted on heavy cardboard, ready for framing, the price will be \$2.75.

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work among them, by Charles Loring Brace, is a remarkable exhibit of the "low life" of the great commercial metropolis, and an eloquent plea for the promotion of missionary work in that city. Many of the revelations made by Mr. Brace are sufficiently startling to make the most complacent of optimists pause and reflect whether all can be well with society when there is such corruption eating into its vitals, and to consider whether something practical cannot be done to at least mitigate the evil. An experience of twenty years among the criminal classes of New York has qualified Mr. Brace for the writing of this book, and both his facts and his comments upon them are well worthy of the attention of right-thinking men and women, who can feel that it is necessary something should be done to prevent the criminal classes from attaining a stronger hold than they have at present upon the machinery of government, as well as for the direct mitigation of the suffering that poor untaught wretches endure who fall into crime because they know no better, and because society has taught them to feel that it is their enemy. Before the first step in the work of reform can be taken we must know something about the dangerous classes of our great cities, their ways of living, their habits and their ways of thinking, and this information can only be imparted to the general public by men like Mr. Brace, who have labored for years among them, plucking here and there a brand from the burning. The value of such labors cannot be over-estimated, and Mr. Brace's book ought to do much toward exciting a general interest in the most important missionary work of the age; for it is a solemn fact that while we are spending thousands of dollars yearly to give the gospel to the heathen of Asia and Africa, the heathen at our own doors are perishing daily in body and soul, with few to care for them. Mr. Brace's book is published by Wynkoop & Hallenbach.

At his Gates, by Mrs. Oliphant, is more sensational in its plot than is usual with that very fine writer, and it loses rather than gains by the strong spice of melodrama that is infused into it. Although not the best of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, it is distinguished by some of her best qualities, and some of the characters are drawn as few other writers of the present day could draw them. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Mr. Edward E. Hale enjoys a great popularity as a writer of short stories, notwithstanding the fact that he often pushes the grotesque far beyond the boundaries of the absurd, and in becoming tedious ceases to be amusing. In spite of this defect of his style, however, his public is a large one, and his last volume, which contains "His Level Best," "The Brick Moon," "Water Talk," "Mouse and Lion," "The Modern Sindbad," "A Tale of a Salamander," "The Queen of California," and "Confidence," is certain to receive a cordial welcome. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co.



After church.—Meeting of the curbstone committee.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A CHIN that's never shaved—An urchin.

WHY is a goose like an elephant's trunk? Because it grows down.

BEFORE you commit suicide take a cold bath. What people term despair is very often dirt.

A CINCINNATI editor asks, "Are we fireproof?" Probably he is; but we should greatly dislike to see him put a lighted match to that nose.

CHICAGO has a petrified baby. It was petrified with astonishment at seeing its father and mother pass one day without quarrelling or threatening a divorce.

THE Venetian gondoliers, upon their arrival in this country, take kindly to the wheelbarrow as a vehicular nucleus around which to cluster the romance and dreams of their earlier life.

SOME men never lose their presence of mind. In Chicago, last week, a man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building, and then carried a feather bed down stairs in his arms.

AN Irish gentleman of a mechanical turn took off his gas-meter to repair it himself, and put it on again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with arithmetical correctness that the gas-company owed him eight dollars and fifty-seven cents.

SMITH sued for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to heal his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed—"two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a broken heart, blighted affections and a blasted life! Two hundred dollars for all this! No, never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain."

A HARRISBURG man spent three-quarters of an hour the other evening in trying to pick up a piece of moonshine from his doorstep which he fondly fancied to be a newspaper. His afflicted wife finally came out, brought him to consciousness by the aid of a loose fence-picket, and steadied his tottering steps into the house.

SOME women are so extremely anxious. There was that affectionate little wife of Smith's, for instance, out in Pittsburgh. She saw Smith take down his gun to clean it, and when she observed that he blew in the muzzle while he held back the hammer with his foot, she ran down stairs and bought a widow's cap and thirty-seven yards of black barège, and then took it to a dressmaker to ascertain whether it would be more becoming made with a train, or short, with flounces. Smith still lives.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO REMOVE SPOTS FROM CARPETS.—Mix well half an ox's gall with one quart of water; wet and rub the spot with this. Then with a clean scrubbing-brush, warm water and soap scrub well the spot, and wet and half wring a clean floorcloth in clean cold water and rub well out the soap and gall from the carpet; rub the spot with a dry coarse cloth until it is nearly dry, then pin a piece of thin brown paper over the spot, to prevent dust from settling on it while wet, and leave it to become perfectly dry. If the spot occurs near the side or end of the carpet, make a few tacks and slip under the spot a thickly-folded coarse towel, to absorb the water which runs through and to prevent the wet carpet from lying in the dust; after washing the spot, remove the folded cloth and slip in its place a piece of brown paper, which leave till the carpet is perfectly dry.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—Make a strong suds of white soap, and have the water as hot as you can bear your hands in. Wash your flannel out quickly, rubbing soap on the spots if there are any, and never leave the spots until the stain is removed and all soap washed out. When the flannel is quite clean, dip it up and down in very hot water, and when you are sure that all suds are removed, wring it well; hang it where it will dry quickly, and if possible, in the wind. Iron it while damp between clean ironing-cloths, and hang it to air before putting it away. If it is Welsh flannel, always mix well a little indigo in the rinsing-water.

TO CLEAN BRUSHES.—Half an ounce of ammonia to a quart of warm water. Stand the bristle side of the brush in the water for three minutes; then rub the brush dry with a towel. Be careful that the water does not reach the back of the brush. Stand the brush bristles downward until perfectly dry.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Take as many sweet potatoes of moderate size as will be required for a meal, pare them and cut them lengthwise into say six or eight pieces. Have a pan of boiling lard ready, into which put the sliced potatoes raw. When brown, turn them into a colander, and place in a hot oven to drain. The lard must be kept fully up to the boiling-point in order to have the slices nicely browned. Serve up hot, and eat with butter. They are superlatively good. The same method can be used for Irish potatoes.

TO FRY MUSH.—Have a pan of boiling lard ready, slice your mush half an inch thick, flour it on both sides and put it into the boiling lard. By this means the slices will be browned evenly all over, and besides, if allowed to drain in a colander placed in a warm oven, will come to the table entirely free from the disagreeable fatty taste peculiar to this dish when fried in the usual way. Serve up hot.

GINGER-SNAPS.—One heaped cup of flour, one cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, the same of butter and half as much of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all together, knead it stiff, roll thin and bake moderately.

TO MAKE SHORT-CAKES, rub a quarter of a pound of butter into a half pound of flour; mix with a little water—enough to form a dough. Roll it out into thin round cakes, prick them, lay them in shallow tins, and bake.

TEA BISCUIT are made by working into a piece of light dough or cream tartar biscuit one egg and a piece of butter. Roll it out an inch thick, cut it round with the lid of a dredge-box, and bake.

DYSPEPSIA BREAD is made with three quarts unboltsed wheatmeal, one quart lukewarm water, one gill of fresh yeast, one gill of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

FASHIONS FOR WINTER.



1170.—GODIVA.—This polonaise is one of our latest Paris novelties. It contains many new and very valuable features. Without looping it can be worn as a long tight-fitting basquine. The ornamental back-piece passes over the shoulders, and forms a neat bust-cape in front, and is adjustable, may be worn or not, as fancy dictates, thus constituting two entirely different polonaises in appearance. The back-piece is sometimes made in velvet or satin, and richly trimmed, and completes a brilliant toilet when worn with a house-dress. Besides its beautiful variations it is well adapted to any material. Takes six yards of twenty-four-inch goods. Price of pattern, with cloth models, one dollar. See below.



1133.—DOLLMAN.—For comfort, neatness, and elegance combined, its equal is not to be found among the novelties of this winter's productions. Takes two and a half yards double-fold ladies' cloth. Patterns, with cloth model, fifty cents. See grand offer below.

861.—LA PIERRE OVERSKIRT, the most attractive and elegant style for making, in all kinds of material. Takes three yards thirty-inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, fifty cents. See grand offer below. We give a cloth model with each pattern, which shows every seam, pleat, gather, loop, etc., how to put the garment together by the pattern, and how it will look when completed. By the use of our cloth models any person who can sew can finish the most difficult garment as easily as the plainest. They are perfect guides to work by. **GRAND OFFER, PREMIUM.** All of the patterns, with their cloth models, complete, represented by the three above engravings, will be mailed **FREE** as premium to those who send us, before the first of February, one dollar for one year's subscription to **Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar**, which is the best and cheapest fashion publication in the world, and the only one that imports styles and sells paper patterns of them. It is thought the best authority by the highest fashionable society of this city, being months in advance of the best costume importers. Contains choicest stories, hints, criticisms, and minute instructions upon every point in dress-making. **Be in time. Subscribe for it now.**

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LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD ACT! ACT! IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 25, 1873.

No. 13.



"WHERE IS ESTHER?"

"ONE TOO MANY."

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"MORTON HOUSE," "ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

THE young man did not apologize for his strange and abrupt appearance. He did not even utter any ordinary salutation, but came forward with a paleness on his face and a look in his eyes which made both Hortense and Mr.

Deverell start, each thrilled by the fear that he was the bearer of some terrible tidings.

"Where is Esther?" he asked, with a ring of quick excitement in his voice, addressing Miss Ralston without any preface whatever. "Where has she gone? What does she mean by such folly? Pray excuse me," as he caught the astonishment in her glance; "I should not have so startled you. But I am responsible for Esther, and how shall I ever forgive myself if any harm befalls her?"

"Harm?" repeated Mr. Deverell, before Hortense could

speak. What do you mean? Have you heard anything from Miss French? Do you know anything about her?"

"I have received this letter," the young man answered, taking from his pocket Esther's missive written the night before. "I should have had it some time ago, but I left my hotel very early this morning, and did not return till within the last hour. Then I found this awaiting me; and as soon as I read it, I came off here, eager to tell Esther what absurd folly she has written, but the servant below met me with the information that she went out at daybreak and has not returned since. Is it possible," turning again to Hortense, "that it is true?"

"Yes, it is true," Miss Ralston answered, more gently than she had spoken yet. "It is very strange, Mr. Byrne. I do not understand it at all. Miss French left the house this morning—very early this morning, as William told you; and although it is now three o'clock, she has not returned or sent any message to explain her absence."

"But where has she gone?" demanded the young man, impatiently. "She has not told me, but surely she has told you. My poor little Esther!" he cried, with a sudden thrill of tenderness breaking through the impatience of his voice. "She must be mad to think of going away from me—me, to whom she belongs."

"She had an intention of going away, then?" said Mr. Deverell, a little sharply. "Is that what you mean to imply?"

"I know very little," the other answered; "but I feared something of this kind from her letter, though the actual news came to me with a great shock. But, of course, it is the foolish act of a sick child—of course it is easy to discover where she has gone."

Hortense, at whom he looked appealingly, shook her head. "If she has not told you where she has gone, I fear there is little hope of finding it out immediately," she said, exchanging a glance with Mr. Deverell. "At least, she certainly has not told us."

"Not told you?" repeated Eric, as if he could not credit the evidence of his ears. "She must have told somebody. She could not have gone away like this. Good Heavens, Miss Ralston!" as Hortense made a gesture of dissent; "you cannot mean that Esther has disappeared?"

"As matters stand, she means just that," said Mr. Deverell, shortly and decisively. "We are perfectly in the dark with regard to the matter, Mr. Byrne. You, who have the only light on it"—he pointed to Esther's letter, which Eric still held—"should be able at least to conjecture where Miss French has probably gone."

"But I am utterly unable to conjecture," said the young man. "So far as my knowledge extends, she has not a friend in the city besides those who stand here."

"And is there no clue there?" asked Mr. Deverell, pointing again to the letter.

"Read it," said Eric, extending it. "You will see that it deals almost wholly with a subject of which you are entirely ignorant. I should like," turning once more to Hortense, "for you to read it also. The poor foolish child really thinks that I—I, who have known her from her babyhood—could for one moment harbor an unworthy thought of her. How little she knew me, after all these years!"

"And did you not doubt her, even last night?" asked Hortense, coldly.

"Doubt her—doubt Esther?" he repeated, as if he had scarcely heard aright. Then he laughed. "The stars would fall indeed when Esther was guilty of a meanness, far less of a treachery," he said.

And catching the accent of proud confidence in his voice, Hortense's angry heart leaped hotly up. At that moment she almost hated Esther—Esther, whom both these men seemed bent upon exalting so high.

"But it is because they are men," she thought, in bitter scorn. "A sweet voice, a pretty face, a gentle manner—these things blind them all alike. A woman, now, has clearer sight."

Meanwhile, Mr. Deverell walked to the window, and standing there with his back to the others, read in cold blood and broad daylight the letter which poor Esther had written at midnight with excitement and fever running riot in her veins. It was a very simple composition, yet something in its simplicity touched this man of the world more than any finely-rounded phrases or studied paths could have done. The tender, passionate heart seemed beating in every line. The gentle charm of the writer was breathed over the pages like an aroma. Whether we will or not, all of us put much of ourselves into the letters we write, especially those that are written in times of supreme emergency. When the heart rises up and speaks, it has a power and eloquence of its own deeper and better, more powerful for good or ill, than all the polished efforts of the brain.

Much of Esther's letter—the major part of it, indeed—was taken up with the story which has already been told in full detail, and which was, moreover, familiar to Mr. Deverell. Yet the utter unselfishness, the kindly tenderness, with which she wrote, especially of Hortense, touched him afresh as he read. Only toward the close did she say anything which could be interpreted to indicate an intention of leaving as she had done. This was how the paragraph ran:

"And now, dear Eric, you must not think that it is because I am hurt, or angry, or proud, nor even because I am not willing to take a second place in your heart, that I say earnestly and finally that you must give up all thought of our ever being more to each other than we are now. I know how ready and willing you are to take me and care for me faithfully and tenderly, because you think I am poor and weak, and because you loved my dear father, and also because you love me too (is it not so?). But, my dearest boy, it must not be. I cannot tell you all the reasons why not, for my head is whirling and my eyes are dim. Only you must believe that what I say I mean. And, above all, oh, Eric, never doubt this, you must believe that it is no angry pride which makes me say it, which makes me determined to take myself out of the path of your life. I never loved you better, not even in the old happy time, than I love you now, and it is because I am so sure this love will not change, either with you or with me, that it is not very hard to say good-bye. I am sure you will try to pardon me if I did wrong to-night; and oh, pray forgive me if I have harmed your cause with Hortense! Dear, I would do anything in the world to serve you, and I do all I can when I take my foolish, useless self out of your life. Don't let me feel that I have pained you. Don't think hardly of me. Don't ever forget that no one in the world loves you better than

"ESTHER."

So it ended, the simple, foolish little letter. Most young ladies of fourteen know better how to discard a lover with proper nonchalant coolness in these days of progress, but poor Esther's education had been very defective on this point, and like most first efforts, her rejection of Eric, re-

garded as a work of art, was rather a failure. Such as it was, however, the letter touched Mr. Deverell strangely. He read it over twice, his glance lingering almost wistfully on the last sentence and the faint, trembling signature. Then he turned, and coming back to Eric, spoke gravely:

"It strikes me that the last paragraph in this letter is rather equivocal. I should not absolutely decide from it that Miss French intended to go away. In fact, I think she would have spoken more plainly if she had meant anything of the kind. My impression is that she went out this morning intending to return, and that something has detained her."

"That is my impression also," said Hortense. "There is nothing in Miss French's room to indicate that she meant to remain away. Even her father's likeness—certainly the thing she would least have left—is hanging in its usual place. Nothing is gone but her cloak and hat."

"Then where is she?" demanded Eric, growing, if possible, paler still. "If Esther went out intending to return, why has she not returned?"

"I think it most likely that some sudden illness has detained her," said Mr. Deverell. "At all events, we will make inquiries at once. Hortense, can you suggest any place where she would be likely to go?"

"I can think of no place but Hensel's, and mamma has promised to call there," Hortense answered. "I doubt extremely, however, if she will hear of her."

"There is nothing for it, then, but to enlist the police in the search at once," said Mr. Deverell, looking at Eric. "That is usually a last resort in such cases, but we are so entirely without a clue that we shall have to make it a first resort."

And Hortense, standing by and hearing him speak in such a tone of intense interest and anxiety, hearing him so coolly ignore all her indignant sense of injury, felt her heart leap hotly up once more.

"Miss French would be gratified, I am sure, if she knew what a sensation her absence of a few hours has made," she said, bitterly. "Perhaps your anxiety is, after all, a little misplaced, however. Perhaps she has only remained away to excite this sensation."

"You must know very little of Esther if you can do her so much injustice as to suspect such a thing, Miss Ralston," Eric said, quickly. "Forgive me if I say I did not think you would be so ungenerous."

"You forget yourself," said Hortense, all the more angrily because she felt there was justice in the rebuke.

"Do I?" he said. "Forgive me for that also, then, and let me say here, in the presence of your guardian, that I regret, as much as you can do, 'the presumptuous folly' which has worked all this mischief. I did not need the scorn with which you turned from me at that door last night, Miss Ralston, to tell me that I was nothing to you in Munich but a convenient source of amusement—that I am nothing to you now but Esther French's lover. If I had not been blind, if I had not, like many another man, lightly valued that which I possessed, and fixed my eyes and wishes on something above me, simply because it was above me, I might have seen this before. But you will be glad to hear that I have learned it at last—you will be glad to know that you are safe from any farther importunity, and that my love for you—an exotic, born only of an idle fancy—died utterly when I read this," he laid his hand on the open page of Esther's letter; "when I saw how I had heedlessly wounded one whose lightest pang is

more to me than the united sufferings of every other woman on the earth, and when I felt that I had carelessly prized the most tender and most faithful heart that God ever made."

"Was this explanation necessary, Mr. Byrne?" asked Hortense, haughtily, throwing back her head, though the proud lips quivered and paled despite all her efforts. "Do you think it likely that I have regretted anything which I told you last night, that you should imagine me interested in hearing how Miss French's letter has had the happy effect of recalling your heart to her?"

"You might spare me your sarcasm," he said, quietly, "for you know well that I am not a madman, and consequently that I did not think anything of the kind. But I owed an explanation to Mr. Deverell as well as to yourself, and I have given it in honest sincerity. For the rest, if I might venture to ask a favor of you, it would be that you read this letter of Esther's. I think it might enable you to comprehend her better than you do now."

"Of course Esther is the only person to be comprehended. Of course I can only be in the wrong!" cried Hortense, passionately. Then she suddenly dropped her head on the table before which she sat, and burst into a great tempest of sobs. "Go—go! leave me alone," she said, when Mr. Deverell came toward her. "I want nothing. I want nobody. Leave me alone!"

"If I leave you, Hortense, it will be in the hope that you may be yourself when I see you again," he said, gravely, but not unkindly.

Then he beckoned to Eric, and they went out together, leaving the passionately weeping woman alone with Esther's letter.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN a week had gone by without any farther news of Esther, her disappearance began to seem, even to those most nearly concerned, like something to which they had in a measure grown accustomed. It was not that they reconciled themselves to it, or that they relaxed in any degree the means of search which they had first employed, but it was the simple working of that simple yet awful law of life which makes anything, no matter how terrible, seem a part of the natural order of things when we have once fairly realized it. With a facility which appals us—a facility against which we vainly struggle—we begin to feel the sense of custom dulling even our sharpest and deepest pangs. We cry out that it is horrible, but still time moves on, and we, its helpless toys and victims, grow used to the direst destruction it can work and the saddest change it can make. It was this stern sense of the inevitable which wrung from Wallenstein's princely lips that most sharp and bitter cry which lingers on our hearts as the voice of their own agony:

"This anguish will be weaned down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him."

It was these strong hours which had begun to make poor Esther's absence seem like the dull burden of long-borne pain to those she had left behind—left without a word of definite farewell or explanation. The police had been on the track for days; Mr. Deverell had made every possible inquiry through every possible channel which he conceived at all likely to afford information, and Eric Byrne had haunted every spot which was in any way connected with the past life of the missing girl. All had been

in vain. Though she had gone, as examination proved, without a shilling in her personal possession, and though Eric persisted in declaring that she had not a friend to whom she could apply for shelter or assistance, neither money nor professional skill, nor that better skill yet which is born of passionate affection, had been able to find any trace of her. The earth might have swallowed or the sea taken her into its liquid depths, so completely had she vanished, leaving no clue behind.

Next to the vehement self-upbraiding of Eric, Hortense's anxiety during this time was most eagerly outspoken, most feverishly beyond control. "It is my fault," she said again and again, for the passionate, generous heart had been touched with keen regret and keener self-reproach by Esther's written words of simple justification. Yet to any one who looked beyond the surface, there were lines on Mr. Deverell's face that told of vigils even sadder and more painful than those which had made Eric's handsome face seem strangely haggard, or marked dark circles of watching and grief under Hortense's eyes. Mrs. Ralston complained that her household was entirely unstrung during this period of anxiety. "It is really intolerable," she said, plaintively, more than once. "Mr. Deverell has been the kindest and most generous of friends to me since my husband's death, but really I think it is too much that he should expect to upset one's whole life in this way about the mysterious disappearance of that peculiar protégée of his. Hortense is not like herself at all; and if this injudicious excitement is kept up, I have no doubt but that she will be ill before a week is over."

It is difficult, however, to keep up an excitement without any fuel for its flame, and in this case, as we have already said, there was absolutely none. Each succeeding day that rose and set only left the mystery as complete as it had been found. "Could she have made way with herself in any way?" Eric had once cried out, horror-stricken. But Hortense stopped the words on his lips. "It is you who doubt her now," she said. "Even I know Esther better than that—even I know that she could never be so wicked if she were so foolish." Yet as a matter of course the doubt and dread of many terrible things seemed to come closer and nearer with every hour that threw no light on the mystery. In the present day of horror who can tell how soon the next sensation for the itching ears of the public may find its subject next his own heart or beside his own hearth? "Although I seem to have grown horribly used to it, I seem also to live in constant expectation of hearing something fearful," Eric said to Mr. Deverell; and if he had chosen, the elder man might have confessed that he, too, shared the same feeling and nursed the same terrible, shadowy apprehension.

It was this which was with him, standing like a dark spectre at his side, as he sat in his office on the eighth day after Esther's disappearance. He was closely engaged with an arrear of important business, for men must work, and women too, let their hearts ache as they will; but all the same his thoughts were running on the subject which of late had so exclusively absorbed them. "One week!" he was thinking—"one whole week, and no news of her yet. It is incredible. It seems impossible that a sick child, without money and without friends, could conceal herself so effectually as to baffle every effort made for her discovery. And yet it has been done. Whether she is among the living or the dead, whether she conceals herself or is concealed by others, the fact remains the same—we are exactly where we were this day a week ago."

And yet not exactly where they were, either. He thought

that the moment after. The week which had passed with out giving them any certainty had robbed them of much hope. "I hope I shall find her if she is on the earth!" Eric still vehemently said; but no one knew better than the astute lawyer—the man whose profession had brought him into contact with many mysteries of many kinds—of how little real value such passionate asseverations were. His trust was in different means, and these means so far had failed utterly. On the table before him lay the morning papers containing the advertisements which, as a last resort, had been inserted to meet Esther's eye. Only an hour before, the best detective in the police force had made a discouraging report of complete failure. "God knows I have not an idea of what next to do," he said, half aloud.

And it was as he uttered these words that the door of the inner office where he sat opened, and his clerk entered, bringing a card.

"The gentleman would like to see you at once on very important business, sir," he said. "I told him you were busy, but he insisted on my letting you know."

"Who is he?" asked the lawyer, impatiently. "Dr. Wilmot," glancing carelessly at the card. "I know nothing of Dr. Wilmot. Tell him I am engaged, and can see no one."

The clerk retired with this consoling answer, and there was a pause of several minutes. A voice was heard speaking anxiously in the outer apartment, but it did not disturb Mr. Deverell, who went on quietly with his writing. The quill pen made an audible sound as it travelled across the pages; a fly was buzzing on the window-pane; carriages, carts and drays were rattling noisily over the stony street outside. After a while the clerk came back.

"I am very sorry to disturb you again, sir," he said, as the lawyer looked up with a frown, "but the gentleman insists on seeing you. He has a message from Miss French, he says."

"From whom?" cried Mr. Deverell, starting back in his chair, incredulous for a moment of the evidence of his own ears, fancying for a moment that his thoughts had merely found a spoken echo.

"From Miss French," repeated another voice before the clerk could answer; and from the door, which the latter had left partly open, a slender, middle-aged man, keen of face and quick of movement, advanced into the room. "Excuse my persistence, Mr. Deverell," he said, shortly and a little coldly. "I should not have troubled you on my own account, but I promised my patient to see you and deliver my message in person."

"Your patient!" repeated Mr. Deverell, rising hastily to his feet. He gave one glance which seemed to take in every physical, mental and moral point of the man before him, then extended his hand with a cordial grace peculiarly his own. "Excuse me that you have had so much trouble in gaining admittance," he said. "I had little idea that I was closing my door in the face of the tidings which of all others I most earnestly desired to hear. I hope I do not misunderstand," he went on, a little nervously, "that you bring me news of a young lady for whom her friends have been searching anxiously during the past week?"

"I bring you a message from Miss French," the physician answered. "She has been under my care for a week past, but it did not come to my knowledge that any search was being made for her, or I might have relieved the anxiety which her friends must have felt respecting her; or at least," he added gravely, "have changed it in kind."

"Has she not known herself that she was sought?" demanded Mr. Deverell, quickly.

"She has not been in a condition to know anything until to-day," the other answered. "Then the first request which she made was the one I am here to fulfil."

"She has been ill, then?"

"Very ill indeed."

"And now, to-day? Is she better?"

The doctor hesitated a moment, looking doubtfully into the eager face before him. What he saw there made him evidently uncertain how to answer, if Mr. Deverell had not cut his hesitation short.

"Tell the truth," he said, a little sharply. "I am not a woman, and I am not related to her. There is no need, therefore, to hesitate in uttering the worst to me."

"I regret, nevertheless, that it should be the very worst," the other answered, in a voice which trembled a little, despite his professional phlegm. Then he added, almost solemnly, "It can be very shortly told, too, for she is dying!"

"Dying?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMAY'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH A PERSON COMES TO MAKE A VISIT AT THE VICARAGE.

THE talking in the hall continued, but Catherine Bell, the vicar's servant, ran up stairs; and seeing her master calling unheeded over the banister, she accosted him from the landing below in these words, with a delighted grin on her ruddy face:

"Oh, sir, beggin' yer pardon, please, there be a barn coom."

"A child come! What child? Whose child? What's the meaning of all this? Is that Tom Shackles I hear down stairs? Will you tell him to come up to the lobby? I shall never know what it is otherwise, and come yourself also."

And he put his head into the drawing-room, and said, "Something that will interest you, my love. It never rains but it pours. A baby arrived and coming up."

"Bring the child up with you—that is, if it is fit to come up, of course. How do you do, Shackles? Come up for a moment; we want to hear what it is."

"Here they come, dear," he said, returning to the drawing-room, where his wife was standing near the door in a high state of excitement.

"Is it coming?" she asked.

"I'll carry it. Gie't to me, Tom, will ye?" said Catherine Bell, in a giggle of ecstasy, coming up the stairs with the baby lying across in her arms, looking like a bale of flannels, with a tweed shawl folded round it and some thick veils pinned over its face.

"Bring the darling here, near the candles," said kind Dolly Jenner to her maid. "Lay it on my lap."

"The bonny bab! it's sleepin', ma'am."

"Oh, the darling!" pursued the vicar's wife. "We must take care, Kitty, not to let the light on its eyes, the poor little thing!"

"'Twill be a bonny wee thing, I'll warrant ye, ma'am. Shall I unpin the clout from its face?"

"Do, Kitty, quickly," answered the lady, who was looking down on the lace veil—which indicated the rank of this

little outcast's people—longing, if it were possible, to see through it to the slumbering face that was hidden from her eager eyes.

While they were thus employed the vicar talked with Tom Shackles near the door.

Tom was the parish clerk, and followed other callings too—a tall fellow, of a long and solemn face with a somewhat golden tint, and thick black hair streaked with white, and a very blue chin.

"As 'twas a matter for your reverence, they sent round the corner for me. You'd say the woman was dyin' a'most, and she calls for the sacrament. She's down at the George; they've got her to bed. She says there be them on her tracks that would hurt the child, and that's why she could not hold her peace till the babby was in charge o' your reverence. She asked was your wife living; and when she heard so, she took heart and thanked God, and cried a bit. She did not come by the mail-coach. She got out at Scardon Hall and took a chaise across. She thinks she's followed, and she's took wi' the creepins at every stir in the hall. The doctor's wi' her noo. She was bad settin' out, and she's liggin' in her bed now. I thought she was a bit strackle-brained, I did truly, when I saw her first. I couldn't tell what she was drivin' at, but she knew well enough herself. She was troubled in mind, and fretted terrible about the babby and that bet-wattled I most thought she was daft."

"But she's not mad?" asked the vicar.

"Na, na, not a bit; only put about and scared like."

"Where does she come from?"

"South—Lennon, I take it—a long way. She looks like death 'most."

"Did she mention her name?" asked the vicar.

"Ay, sir, I wrote it down here."

And he plucked a scrap of paper from his waistcoat, and read, "Hileria Pullen."

"Hileria Pullen! Dear me!" said the vicar, with the scrap of paper in his fingers, and turning to his wife, who, with Kitty Bell, was busy over the child; "why, here's that woman, Hileria Pullen, actually arrived at the George, and that's the child, and the woman's very ill. You saw her, didn't you? What kind of person does she seem to you to be—respectable?" asked the vicar.

"That she does, sir; yes, a decent, farrantly woman—none o' your fustocks, you know. A thin atomy of a woman, but well dressed. Not young, nor good-lookin'."

"All the better, perhaps," said the vicar.

"Thin and white-faced; fluke-mouthed, you'd say, sir."

"No, Tom, not that phrase," said the vicar.

"And hollow in the cheeks—dish-faced, you know. But I couldn't see very well, for the candle was little better than a pig-tail, and they's dark enough, except just where a twine of the candle-light fell."

"And she wants to see me?" said the vicar, lighting a bed-room candle.

"Just so, your reverence."

"And the sacrament, you're sure?"

"Certain, sir."

"Come in here, Tom. There is some of the port open from last Sunday. You will carry it down; the rest we shall find there."

And into the vicar's study they stepped.

There, in a corner under the secretary, the bottle stood, also the simple silver cup and the patten. These the clerk put up, while the vicar took his hat and coat and thick woollen gloves and his stick.

"I'm going, my love, to see the poor woman, down to the George—only a step," said Doctor Jenner, with his mufflers on and his hat in his hand, extinguishing the candle he had just set down.

"And what is to be done with this poor little thing, Hugh? I wish so much it might remain."

"Certainly, darling, whatever you like best—exactly what you think best; and I sha'n't be very long away, and you shall hear all when I come back. And hadn't I better send Mrs. Jolliffe up here? She knows everything that ought to be done, and we pass her door on the way to the George."

"Oh, thank you, Hugh, darling—the very thing. It is so thoughtful of you. You do always think of everything."

And running up close to him for her farewell, and kissing him with her arms about him in the lobby, she added in a hurried whisper,

"You darling, I am so delighted!"

Smiling, the vicar ran down; and opening the hall-door, the beautiful moonlight scene was before him—the solitary old trees in the foreground, the lake with its dark blue expanse and glimmering lights, and the mountains rising round like mighty shadows.

"A beautiful night, Tom," said the vicar, as they stood for a moment on the hard, dry ground before his door.

"A black frost belike, sir," answered Tom.

"The countless watch-fires of an unseen host, Tom," said the vicar, looking up at the glorious field of stars above him, and then down again on the beautiful lake and across it to the huge, phantom-like mountains; and then, a little to the left, the antique George Inn close by met his view and recalled him. So with a sigh he said,

"Let us get on, Tom; we have a serious duty before us. Poor woman! I trust we may find her better."

And walking on the short green grass, beneath which the frozen earth echoed to their tread, he approached the one red light that glowed from its porch.

"Just tell Mrs. Jolliffe, too, Tom, as we pass, that the mistress wants her at the house this moment."

"May God send all for the best!" murmured the vicar, as alone he raised his eyes to heaven. "But come whatsoever his wisdom may decree, the poor little thing is welcome to share with us."

Hereupon he entered the door of the George, which was still open. He inquired for the sick woman.

The doctor was still with her, and was giving her hot negus.

"A very good thing, and there can't be any fever, then, I take it," said the vicar, relieved.

"I'll go up stairs, Tom, and see the doctor," he said, addressing Shackles, who had joined him; "and I'll take the bag in my hand," he added, not caring that the silver vessels of the church should run a risk of accidental irreverence, "and I will call for you, Tom, so soon as you are required."

Tom sat down at the bar for a chat with Mrs. Winder, and the vicar mounted the stairs with a gentle and measured step.

CHAPTER V.

THE BABY'S FACE.

WHILE the vicar had been talking to Tom Shackles, his wife and Kitty Bell had been equally busy about the little creature whom the girl called the "barn."

The first thing that struck them was the fineness, and even elegance, of the interior wrappings in which it was enveloped.

"How nicely she keeps it! That must be a really conscientious woman, that Mrs. Pullen," said the good lady. "I hope, poor thing! she may recover."

Perhaps she was thinking of tempting Hilaria Pullen to make Golden Friars her residence and to live at the vicarage.

"How soundly it sleeps, poor little darling! I wonder, Kitty, whether it would matter if we unpinned the covering over its darling face? I do so long to look at it."

"Not it, ma'am. I would. I'd fain gie't a smoncher, the canny darlin'."

"But we mustn't kiss it yet, you know—not till it's awake; and now that I think, we ought not to lose a moment first in getting the nursery to rights. Mary will do that and light a very good fire, and come back when you have told her. Is the little bed in the same place exactly?"

"Ay, ma'am; it stoodens just where it did—in the nook by the fire."

"Yes, that's the best place. Run, Kitty, and see to that, and come back in a moment."

Away ran Kitty, and good Mrs. Jenner, in the delighted importance of her vicarious maternity, carried the little bale of flannels in her arms to the fireplace, where, very cautiously, she sat down, smiling, her head already full of the future and the air glorious with cloudy castles and grand romances, of which the heroine lay so helpless and unconscious in her lap.

From the nursery, which good Mrs. Jenner for years had looked after every now and then, lest, I suppose, a family should come upon them by surprise, Kitty Bell came quickly back again, with the same irrepressible grin upon her hale, honest face.

"Well, Kitty, a good fire in the nursery?"

"Hoot, ma'am, a grand fire, like a Keremas stock a'most; the room's all alight wif. The folk'll see it a gliakin' i' the lake, it gars a'look so gladsome."

"We must not set the house on fire, though," said her mistress, in high glee.

"Na, na, that won't be, ma'am. Dick Carpenter says ye couldna burn the vicarage, 'tis so well biggit—all stone and hard oak; and, dear me! baint it tired, poor, weeny, winsome thing! Winking still it be, God bless it!"

"Yes, fast asleep. But I think we might peep now, Kitty; what do you?"

"Surely, ma'am. Do let us, just a glent; 'twill do us good to see the weeny face o't."

And so, in eager whispers, speaking under their breath, they exchanged suggestions and cautions as they withdrew pin after pin, and at length the slumbering baby's face was disclosed to their longing eyes.

To say they were disappointed would be nothing—they were shocked. It was the ugliest baby they had ever seen, and looked, moreover, as if it were dying.

"Adsooks!" gasped Kitty, after a silence of some seconds.

"Dear me! Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Jenner, in a whisper of amazement. "It certainly is very plain."

"Did I ever see such a windered baby as that?" exclaimed Kitty.

"It certainly is very much emaciated," observed the vicar's wife to herself.

"It looks as if 'twas just un-gone," exclaimed Kitty.

"All but dead indeed, poor little thing!" said the mis-

tress, echoing Kitty's criticism; "and I think that cheek is swollen. Oh dear! it is such a pity!"

"Did ye ever see sic a poor blea' little face?" continued Kitty, employing the epithet which in that country expresses pale and livid. "Happen as ca'ad it be?"

"No, it ain't cold—quite warm," said the crestfallen lady, very gently touching its cheek with her finger-tips.

"I hope it mayn't prove a naflin," added Kitty.

"No, no, no, Kitty; it's a plain child, but I see no sign of its being foolish or weak. Heaven forbid!" said Mrs. Jenner, alarmed.

"Whoever sin sic a barn," repeated Kitty, that Job's comforter, deliberately, "now that the can'le shines right down on't? By t' mess! What'll the maister say when he comes back? 'Twill be a rue bargain wi' him, I'm thinkin'."

"No, he'll not regret it; twasn't for its looks he took it. He just thought it right, and he always does what he thinks right; but he will be disappointed—that can't be helped."

"We may come to like it yet, ma'am," said Kitty, to whose woman's heart something in that helpless, ugly little face appealed.

"I was just thinking so, I was," said the lady. "We may love it even more if it is sickly, poor little thing! and the less beauty it has, and the more suffering, the higher right has God given it to our compassion, help and love."

Her eyes filled up with gentle tears as she spoke, and she stooped down and kissed the little baby, drawing it fondly to her lips, and again and again making amends, as it were, for the cold hospitality of its reception.

"'Twill, 'twill indeed—'twill be welcome," said Kitty, relenting also.

And in the midst of these caresses and welcomings, the child, I suppose under the endearments of good Mrs. Jenner, awoke and began to cry.

Its crying was not of the angry and shrilly sort. It was a low, gentle wail and sobbing, and much more moving than that higher-pitched and more energetic lamentation to which we are accustomed.

"There, there, there!" said the women, and all kinds of hushing and soothing accompanied its sorrowing.

"Has Mrs. Jolliffe come, I wonder?"

Yes, she had arrived, and was in the nursery when Kitty Bell had left it.

"Come up to the nursery, Kitty. Take the candle, and I'll carry the child. I like carrying it, poor little thing! I feel I have been so unkind to it. I wish it could understand me, that I might beg its pardon."

So they trooped up to the nursery, where good Mrs. Jolliffe made her curtsy, and took the baby in her experienced arms; and with those movements and sayings and unintelligible words of power, intoned according to tradition, she tranquilized that troubled spirit in a way that Kitty, who was watching over one shoulder, admired, and Mrs. Jenner, peering over the other, envied.

"How do she and the child so delightfully understand one another?" thought the vicar's wife. "How happy and how conceited Mrs. Jolliffe must be!"

"By Jen!" exclaimed Kitty.

"You must not swear, Kitty," said the vicar's good wife.

"No, ma'am; but, lawk! don't ye see, ma'am? Look at its eyen. Hoot! sic a gloo it has."

"No, no, it does not squint," expostulated Mrs. Jenner, in a new distress. "Sure, it doesn't squint, Mrs. Jolliffe?"

"That little gloo is only the teething, ma'am; it won't signify."

"Thank Heaven!" said poor Mrs. Jenner.

"Amen," responded Kitty. "And oh, ma'am, doant the nursery look gladsome—look around, ma'am, do—wi' the fire and the candle and the poor weeny thing in the flannels and Mrs. Jolliffe a-singin' to it? For a nursery without a baby, it does look dowley, ma'am."

"So it does, indeed," said the vicar's wife, with a kind look at the girl that was almost as good as a kiss.

"And when Mrs. Jolliffe ain't here, I'm to take care o' the child, and I'll talk and sing to it so canty all day, ain't I, ma'am?"

"Very likely, Kitty."

"Ha, ha!" said Kitty, with a broad grin.

CHAPTER VI.

HILERIA PULLEN.

WHILE all this and a great deal more was going on in the nursery, in the George Inn, whose porch and sign you could see from the window in the moonlight, the vicar had walked up stairs and tapped at the door to which the waiter had conducted him. The doctor had told him to come in.

There was now quite a little levee in the stranger's room. Miss Hileria Pullen was in bed. She was, in truth, neither young nor pretty, being somewhat yellow and very sharp of feature. She looked woefully exhausted, and thought that she was dying. She lay making a straight narrow ridge down the centre of a rather large four-poster. At the foot stood Mr. Turnbull of the George, grave, bald and florid, in a vast white waistcoat, a brass-buttoned blue coat and a big bunch of watch-seals dangling on the paunch of his drab trousers. At the end of the bolster stood short, energetic Doctor Crump with his fingers on Hileria's pulse and his watch in the palm of his other hand. The vicar glided silently to the side of the pillow opposite the doctor, who, stuffing his watch into his fob, said with decision,

"Don't mind your sensations, ma'am, you're better. Glad to see you, Mr. Jenner. This is the vicar, ma'am. I hope we'll disappoint him, ma'am. We'll hardly ask for our vaticum yet, Mr. Vicar, ha, hey?"

"Glad to hear you say so, doctor. You're in very safe hands, Mrs. Pullen. How do you feel, pray?"

"Just gone, sir, please," answered the patient, faintly.

The doctor winked across the bed to the vicar to intimate that he was to take that announcement with a grain of allowance.

"And you remember you told Mr. Turnbull to let nobody into his inn; but that couldn't be, you know, so you must be more precise and say who you mean, do you see? And if you want to talk to him, you must take a glass of sherry first, for I need not tell you you are very much exhausted. I see she *does* wish to speak to you, Turnbull. Hand her a glass of sherry; hold it yourself to her lips—you'd better."

And while the host was doing that congenial office the doctor came round the bed and signed to the vicar, who followed him to the corner of the room next the window, and there in a whisper he said,

"A very hysterical subject she is, in a high state of excitement, and utterly over-fatigued and exhausted. You may guess what that is; but there's nothing at present to alarm."

"You have been giving her ether," said the vicar; "I smell it."

"Very sharp, very sharp, Mr. Vicar; you know the leading medicines and the leading cases. You have a very pretty notion of medicine; I often told you. She's half mad with fright about some captain she says is pursuing her. By Jove, he must be a very hot-blooded fellow, eh?"

"I'm only a poor woman," said the female voice, in a quiver from the bed; "but you are gentlemen, and you'll consider me all the same, and Captain Torquil is coming after me on account of that child, and he's a dangerous man." Here the doctor winked at the vicar. "And my life would not be safe if his anger got the better of him, and you must not let him know or guess I'm here. If you do, you'll have all to answer for."

"No, my good woman, you may rely upon it. Of course, Turnbull, she may depend upon you. Make your mind quite easy, upon my honor you may say," said the doctor. And aside to the vicar he whispered,

"Did you ever in all your days see a poor creature in such a terror? I really believe if he got into the room, 'twould either kill her outright or put her out of her reason."

"Poor thing! it is most pitiable," said the vicar.

"And oh, sir, is the child safe?"

"Quite, my good woman," answered the vicar, drawing near.

"And in your house, sir?"

"In my house," answered he.

"And if you give it up, may you be judged?"

"Now, my good woman, you must not be trying to sit up; don't you see you're not equal to it?" said the doctor. "Compose yourself for to-night, and in the morning you may talk as long as you like."

"I sha'n't live to see the morning, sir. May the Lord have mercy and forgive my sins!" she answered, in an agony. "And now, sir, Parson Jenner, give me the holy sacrament to my comfort, and pray for me, as you hope for mercy yourself when you come to this dreadful hour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROCKING STONES.

IN many parts of the world are found huge stones or rocks so poised on a narrow base that they rock to and fro under slight moving force. Sometimes the rocking or "logging" is caused by the wind only, without direct human contact, but generally muscular or mechanical force has to be applied. One of the most familiar examples is the Logan or Logging Rock, in Cornwall, near the promontory of Castle Treryn. This stone, which attracts numerous visitors, is between sixty and seventy tons' weight, and so nicely poised that a person can easily set it in motion. Dr. Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, fully described the rock, adding that it was "morally impossible that any lever, or indeed force, however applied in a mechanical way, could remove it." This statement was put to the test by a young officer of the navy, Lieutenant Goldsmith, said to be a grand-nephew of Oliver Goldsmith. He was in command of a cutter in the neighborhood, and with ten or twelve of his men threw the rock off its balance and sent it rolling toward the sea, where it would have been lost but that a chasm intercepted it. The exploit justly gave great offence to the neighborhood, and the mischievous prank being reported to the Admiralty, the young officer was compelled to replace the rock. This was not done without much labor and exertion, and the aid of machinery from the dockyard at Plymouth. Sir Davis Gilbert and

others subscribed for the fund necessary to restore the rock to its site and the lieutenant to the good books at headquarters. For some time afterward chains and other protections were used, but these have been long since removed. The stone, however, does not "log" so well as it did previous to its overthrow. There are several other rocking stones equally remarkable, though less familiarly known, in Cornwall. In "A Week at the Land's End," by J. T. Blight, there is notice of one on Bosistow Island:

"The rugged rock south of Cairn les Boel is Bosistow Island, on which numerous gulls, cormorants and other sea-birds build. Gaining the summit of the acclivity, we pass along the edge of Bosistow Cliff and enter Pendower ('the head of the water') Cove. The green turf slopes down pleasantly toward the sea, and standing on the highest part is a very excellent logan rock. It was discovered to possess the quality of 'logging' accidentally by a man who was employed in watching the coast for the lord of the manor. A vessel had been wrecked in the cove immediately below, and whilst engaged in his duty he leaned against a mass of rock, which, to his astonishment, he found in motion, the oscillation having been produced by the force of the wind. This stone is in the form of an irregular parallelopiped for somewhat more than half its length, and then it slopes away in a wedge-like shape to its north-east angle. The length of the longest side is about fifteen feet, and its thickest end about twenty feet in circumference. At a rough calculation, allowing for the irregularities of the surface, it may be computed to contain about three hundred cubic feet and to weigh about twenty tons. It is very easily set in motion. I have seen it 'logged' by the wind. Rocking stones frequently occur amongst the tabular and cubiform masses of granite in this district, but they only attract attention when of considerable magnitude."

Among the Lakes of Killarney the tourist will remember a mass of stone called "The Balance Rock." It is about twenty-four feet in circumference. To this rock Moore refers when he likens the rocking stone to the poet's sensitive heart, which the slightest touch alone sets moving, but all earth's power could not shake from its base.

THE CALM.

ALL day, all night, again all day,
Upon the wave our vessel lay;
Becalmed upon the silent deep,
The lazy hull seemed hushed in sleep;
The gray shark bared his slimy side,
We shuddered as we saw him glide
Around our prow and on our lee,
All noiseless in that glassy sea;
And we prayed for the wind, for its wild alarm
Less terrible was than that death-like calm.

Upon the deep no wind, no wave
To lift us from our living grave,
For such our vessel seemed to be
Upon that weary, desert sea;
We marked the helmsman's cheek grow pale—
What sound was that? What stir? A sail!
The breeze, the breeze, we hear them now,
The ripples on our vessel's prow.
Oh, blessed is the wind! for its wild alarm
Less terrible seems than that death-like calm.



WAITING FOR HIM.

BY JEAN INGELow.

LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like frost on the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening? and what dost thou see?
Let the star-cluster glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And come quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle in sleep;
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling: and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover;
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight.
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1873.

CHATS WITH CONSUMPTIVES.

No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN I was practicing my profession in Buffalo, N. Y., where I resided many years, there came one morning a polite note requesting an appointment for a professional interview. His own health was the subject. . . .

Seating himself, he began with, "You see, I presume, that I am an Englishman. I left England two years ago, and came to America to seek my fortune. An old friend in business here induced me to stop, and now I am junior partner in the firm of G. T. & Co., fancy dry-goods. My father, mother and sister all died of consumption. I have been coughing and getting thin for about eight months. Please feel my pulse."

"What, 95?"

"Yes, that's about it, and in the evening I fancy it gets above a hundred."

"How about your breathing?"

"Oh, that's just as you might suppose. Up hill or up stairs, and I gasp as if I were going to suffocate. Oh, doctor, I have all the symptoms. I watched my sister, and know just how this horrible thing works."

"Night-sweats?"

"Well, no, not much, though occasionally my shoulders and neck are wet when I wake up in the morning."

"Pain?"

"Not much, though I have several times had a severe pain under my shoulder-blade, and lately a dull aching just here under this collar-bone."

"Expectoration?"

"Not a great deal, though I now begin to raise pretty freely in the morning."

"Take off your coat and vest, and let me listen. Oh, no, I must get at your skin, so you had better take off the shirts. I will give you a warm dressing-gown to protect

your back and shoulders. This listening through a shirt or through a stethoscope is all nonsense. There is nothing like putting the ear right on the naked chest. There, now! you may breathe in a natural way; if I want you to breathe deeper, I will tell you. . . . Do you want me to tell you the plain truth, or humbug you with a nice story?"

"The truth, doctor—the whole truth?"

"Your lungs are in a bad way. The left lung, through all this upper part under the collar-bone, is a mass of tubercles, and some of them have softened. The upper part of the right lung is tubercular, though to a less extent, and the softening has not yet begun."

"There can be no mistake?"

"Not the least. I can, with a piece of chalk, mark the exact outline of the tubercular deposit as accurately as though I had the lungs themselves in my hands."

"How long do you think I shall live?"

"About six months. I think you will die about November."

Sitting with his face buried in his hands for several minutes, I busied myself with writing a note, when, with reddened eyes and trembling voice, he said, "I wouldn't mind it for myself, sir, but a beautiful girl, whom I love better than my own life, expects me to come for her during the holidays next winter. It will kill her, sir. Of course nothing can be done for me?"

"Let me listen very carefully again, and then you must give me a day to think of it. . . . Well, sir, I have made up my mind upon the course which you should pursue. I have written a letter to your friend in England. There it is. I have left it open, of course. Read it. If you approve of it, send it off by the first mail."

My letter was the following:

"DEAR LADY: Your friend George R. has applied to me with reference to his health. I have carefully examined his lungs, and find that he is in consumption. Both lungs are seriously involved. In the natural or ordinary course of things he will die in about six months. He has told me with streaming eyes of the crushing grief this news will bring to you. My dear lady, if you will come to us at once, you and I will cure him. I am not holding out a false light. If you will come and join your forces to mine, we will save him. I am your friend,

"D. L."

With a heart too full for utterance George withdrew into the window, and when he could command his voice, said,

"What does all this mean? Are you serious? I supposed this horrible disease was as incurable as death." . . .

The letter was sent. The horse and saddle were purchased. He was so deeply impressed with the absolute necessity of doing exactly as I prescribed, that he started on his morning ride at exactly eight o'clock to the minute. He rode, as soon as the first soreness disappeared, exactly three hours and a half every day, and always, as I prescribed, on a walk. In a month it was three hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. In a little more than

two months Mary arrived, and found that George was out for his morning ride of four hours. She came at once to me, and with an eagerness which was painful to witness asked, after speaking her own name,

"How is George? For mercy's sake don't tell me he is worse!" . . .

The wedding occurred on Christmas, and my wife insisted that it should come off at our house. Every one of us cried, and that does seem so absurd at a wedding.

Of course there is a part of his lung which does not breathe, but then he is a healthy man and does a large amount of work. His wife still writes us, and nearly always closes her letter with something like this: "I can't refrain from saying again, *May God bless you for saving the life of my noble husband!*" And he writes me that he still keeps his old motto over his desk, and has it likewise in letters of gold in a beautiful frame over his mantel:

"A good saddle-horse can carry a consumptive from the grave back into the midst of life and health."

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

THE Woman's Club in Boston undertook to count the women in that city who were living or starving by needle-work. We believe they found about eighteen thousand.

In our work, "OUR GIRLS," published some time ago, we brought forward more than a hundred occupations to which women are perfectly adapted, but to which they have not been as yet introduced. We take the liberty to quote a word from that work about watch-cleaning:

"Let us speak first of watch-cleaning. What are the qualifications of a good watch-cleaner? Nimble, sensitive fingers, neatness and carefulness.

"Now, put your finger there, and let me show you a watch-cleaner. He works in a window only two squares from my residence. He weighs about two hundred and twenty pounds, and has a fist big enough to knock down an ox. The whole thing looked so comical to me, I thought one day I would go in and plague him a little. So, after a little chat about watches in general, I said,

"By the way, it has occurred to me that *women* might work at watch-cleaning."

"Women?" said he; "why, they couldn't clean watches. They haven't the skill, they haven't the mechanical genius for it, sir. I don't go in for none of your "woman's rights," sir. I think women should attend to their own business."

"And, pray, what do you regard as their business?"

"Why, staying at home in their own sphere and attending to their domestic concerns—taking care of their children and keeping their husbands' clothes mended."

"I saw at once that the case was altogether too deep for me, and so I simply remarked, 'Yes, to be sure, of course; and is it not strange that they should not be willing to stay at home and rock their babies, especially the seventy thousand in the State of Massachusetts who can never expect to have husbands?'"

"Cleaning watches is a business that should at once pass into the hands of women. The opinion that they

have not the requisite mechanical capacity to take a watch to pieces and put it together again is the opinion of a goose. They can do the work quicker and better than men. It is an employment that naturally belongs to them.

"In the watchmaking establishment at Waltham several hundred bright, intelligent young women find employment and good pay.

"There is a manufactory in England where five hundred women are employed in making the interior chains for chronometers. They are preferred to men on account of their being naturally more dexterous with their fingers, and therefore being found to require less training."

Any young woman who knows how to clean watches can, by applying to the editor of this paper, find employment at twenty dollars a week, and have to work but five hours a day. A thousand such would find ready engagements. How significant and suggestive the fact that when a young woman is said to be engaged, it is always understood to refer to matrimony! It is not expected that she will be engaged in anything else than matrimony.

THE HONORS OF AUTHORSHIP.

WITHIN a century the attitude of an author has greatly changed. The crawling of authors at the feet of wealth and rank was pitiful. TISSOT, in a truly remarkable work, began with a dedication, of which the following are specimen passages:

"To the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, THE MOST NOBLE AND MAGNIFICENT LORDS, THE LORDS, PRESIDENT AND COUNSELLORS," etc. The dedication closed with the following words: "*While you condescend to accept this small oblation as a very unequal expression of that profound respect with which I have the honor to be,* MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, MOST NOBLE AND MAGNIFICENT LORDS, *your most humble and most obedient servant,* TISSOT."

How this contrasts with the answer of Dickens to a command of the queen to read at Windsor Castle: "I am reading at present in a public hall, where I shall be happy to see the queen whenever she may find it convenient to be present."

PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

A FINE old writer says that an "old man who is not a fool is the happiest creature in the world." With adequate means of support, with few and simple wants, he sits in his great chair, reviews a long life well spent, sees his children and grandchildren developing into useful and noble lives about him, watches the progress of society, and reflects that he has sown seed which is now bearing fruit.

"Age's chief arts and aims are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and, known, to exercise;
All just returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
The sweetest cordial age receives at last
Is consciousness of virtuous actions past."

If the past has been reasonable, the last ten years are likely to be the happiest of our life.

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 4.

MILL GLEN.

MY DEAR BOB: Your mother has of late been talking a great deal about you; and as I think a woman never shows to so great advantage as when talking about her children, I have been a respectful and sympathizing listener. She showed me one of your letters, in which you wrote despairingly of life's great struggle—of the selfishness, the cruelty and, above all, the terrible confusion which seemed to prevail wherever there were human beings and human interests.

I sympathized with her, as I do with you, my dear boy, for confusion is my horror. One-armed Tom, who is Judge Brown's lodge-keeper, says that when he was a soldier it was not the fighting that troubled him—it was the smoke and noise and confusion which prevented him knowing where or whom to fight.

It is because I hate confusion so badly that I seldom venture beyond our quiet village. But last week I found that a new set of millstones was necessary, so I went to New York to select them. The young man of whom I finally purchased had the questionable virtue of showing people around, but he was so good a young man, or so good a judge of human nature, that I remember his attentions with gratitude and pleasure. He showed me parks, churches, handsome buildings, wonderful works of art and great libraries, all of which was very delightful to a dusty old miller who has seldom seen the outside of his own village. But just after he had overwhelmed me by showing me the twin Meccas of the New York faithful—I refer to the sub-treasury and the custom-house, my dear boy—he dashed to pieces all the good opinions I had formed of him, for he led me up a narrow street and a dirty flight of stairs saying, "Let's visit the dog-pit."

The idea of a deacon visiting a dog-pit! I dragged my Sunday hat far down over my eyes, for I seemed to see, uplifted in horror, the hands of all of Dr. Genial's congregation, and the I-told-you-so shakes of the heads of all other church-members in Mill Glen. But it was too late to remonstrate, for we had already reached the top step, and my companion was dragging me toward the rail of a gallery in which we found ourselves. The hubbub was worse than that which was heard in Mill Glen when the Widow Molloy's stable was burned; in fact, the noise was so great that I could not hear even the first yelp of the poor animals who I supposed were suffering untold agonies in the brutal ring. As the march of civilization has not yet brought dog-pits to Mill Glen, dear Bob, so it is not strange that I wondered why such a place should contain full files of newspapers, liberal writing arrangements, a smoking-room, a respectable-looking umpire in a handsome walnut enclosure, with a big safe,—all these, and even a telegraph office. I wondered, too, why a crowd of well-dressed men, who had formed a densely-packed ring in the centre of the room, should be so ill-mannered as to hide the sport from every one else. I looked inquiringly at my companion, and he smiled and replied,

"This is the dog-room."

I immediately comprehended all—all but the dreadful noise, dear Bob. It was only with great difficulty that I caught a word here and there, and to make matters worse a fearful pair of lungs at the door was roaring, at fitful intervals, the name of some one who was wanted. After some silent moralizing on the quarrelsome faculty of human nature, I remarked, very confidently,

"It is a great pity that men cannot transact such important business without quarrelling so dreadfully!"

"Quarrelling, my dear sir?" echoed my companion, with a look in which compassion and wonder were beautifully blended; "why, they're not quarrelling—they're buying and selling gold!"

"My young friend," said I, laying my hand solemnly upon his shoulder, as I gazed earnestly into his eye, "do you mean to tell me that this is their usual method of attending to business?"

"Certainly," he replied, "except they've got it very mild to-day. You ought to see them when there's a corner."

"Well," said I, with resignation, "of course they make numberless mistakes?"

"Wrong again, sir," said my companion; "they're the most correct business-men in the world—do business for an eighth of one per cent. and make money, or lose it."

"Just one more question," I pleaded: "how do they manage to do anything in such a bustle and noise?"

"Nothing easier," said the young man, briskly—"each man attends strictly to his own business."

Here our conversation on the subject ended. His reply threw me into a brown study, which he evidently mistook for weariness, for he promptly dragged me off to lunch. But I could not help thinking of what a valuable peep my companion had taken into the great millstone, dear Bob. For be your life's paths what they may, whether you make sermons or sausages, you will never notice confusion if you devote your attention strictly to your own business.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

HAND-SHAKING.

EVERY man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical, enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncrasies of character may not perhaps be discoverable in this fashion, but the more salient points of temperament and individuality may be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what I shall call the physiology or the philosophy of hand-shaking. Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had with malice prepense resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince-meat. And while the tears of agony come into your eyes and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze is the manifestation. Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get far hold of it:

"With finger-tip he condescends
To touch the fingers of his friends,
As if he feared their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on his hand."

To be treated with the cool contempt or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foeman, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he cannot be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a

ior being, and will not admit your social equality but a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shaker rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable her to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of who would be friendly with him. Another hander whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of five, as much as to say either too preoccupied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult. Friendship is wholly out of the question.

To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy which, if unintentional and thoughtless, deserves an apology for the hurry or inadvertence which caused it. This idea would also seem to be an occult reminder of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required the hand should be naked, as a proof of good faith.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

ME A PRESERVER OF WOOD.—Lime is likely to be largely as a preserver of wood. It has lately been proved that vessels which carry lime last much longer than others. For a block pavement it is said an application of lime can be successfully made. In frame houses, space between the lath and siding could be filled compact with lime, and the usual decay prevented, at no large expense. In regard to lime in connection with timber, the experience of an old ship-builder on the coast of Maine, published in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, is of interest.

He had been in the habit of filling up the spaces between the timbers with hard stone lime, and ramming it so that slight leaks would cause the lime to expand and fill the crevices. Long observations had led him to consider lime a good preservative. A coasting schooner, built of Maine timber, unseasoned and loaded with lime, had gone ashore and bilged. Being raised and red, the schooner remained sound for thirty years, with the exception of the wood that had been used in making repairs. It had been noticed also that the vessels carrying cargoes of lime generally lasted longer than others. The most striking case was that of a platform of pine, used to mix mortar on, and that had been employed by father, son and grandson, and being no longer good, was suffered to remain on the ground, and became overgrown with grass and weeds. After a period of sixty years, having occasion to use the ground, the planks were removed, and found to be as firm and hard as when first laid down.

An apparatus has been recently devised in Germany for lifting specimens of water at any desired depth of the sea. A strong, heavy vessel, entirely closed and empty, with a valve through which water may be admitted, but which is only put in motion by means of powerful electromagnets connected therewith. These magnets are also connected with a wire which accompanies the rope, by means of which the apparatus is lowered from the ship. As the empty vessel, which is in fact a plummet, has reached the required depth, an electric current is sent from a battery on shipboard to the coils below; the magnetism generated opens the valves, and the vessel is filled and can be drawn up.

Not long ago the whole stock of paraffine wax in the country did not exceed four ounces, which was carefully preserved in the laboratory of Prof. Liebig as a chemical curiosity. There is now produced in Scotland not less than 5800 tons annually.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MARGARET MACKAY.

A RIGHT to watch when others sleep,
To soothe the bed of pain,
To cause the weary, troubled heart
To wake to hope again.

To bring soft influence to bear
Upon earth's bitter strife,
And strew with flowers of Paradise
The beaten track of life.

To make of home a beacon-light
In sorrow's stormy day,
Where tossed and troubled ones will turn
Fond thoughts when far away.

To guide the early steps of youth
And childhood's budding years;
And, like her Lord, with gentle hand,
To dry the falling tears.

Who would exchange these charities
For any glittering crowd,
Or covet in their place debate,
Or plaudits long and loud?

Not in the earthquake nor the wind
Was felt the moulding power:
'Twas in the still small voice it came
In that calm, solemn hour.

Noiseless the rootlets grow apace—
We see them not nor hear;
The dew falls silently, the sun
Shines, and the flowers appear.

Brave hearts, bear up, be patient now,
The reaping-time will come;
Root up the weeds, sow the good seed
In that dear field, your home.

COMPENSATION.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

ONE launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;
He meant much good, none came: strange destiny!
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet good he had not meant became his crown.
For once at work, when even as nature free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,
God took the work for good, and let good be.
So, wakened with a trembling after sleep,
Dread Mona Roa yields her fateful store;
All gleaming hot the scarlet rivers creep,
And fanned of great-leaved palms slip to the shore,
Then stolen to unplumbed wastes of that far deep,
Lay the foundations for one island more.

MORE cruel far than murderer's self is he
Who, having kindled once love's Eden bloom
With warm persuasion's spell in some young heart,
E'er lets indifference blight it or neglect;
For love, true love, can flower but once in life,
In woman's life, the aloe of the heart.

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 1.

MY DEAR MIDGET: I promised to write you from New York about our trip, and what I saw new and strange, but we stayed there only two days, and all the time I was either out with uncle or looking at the big crowd in the street. We stopped at the St. Nicholas Hotel. We got there in the night, and I was so tired and sleepy that it seemed to me we had to walk miles before we got to our rooms and I could tumble into bed.

The next morning I waked at daylight, oh, so badly frightened. I never heard such a noise before. You remember the book we read about somebody's travels in Africa, and how he was wakened in the night by the roaring of wild beasts? Well, I was so sleepy I only just knew I had come a great ways from Mississippi, and I jumped out of the bed thinking all the lions and tigers and things in Africa were howling at me. I screamed pretty loud, and then ran into auntie's room. Well, I had just as well tell you, for I know that hateful Mr. Bob will. I cried like a baby. Auntie got up and took me to the window, and told me where the noise came from. Oh, Midget, you won't believe me, but there were miles and miles of omnibuses going by just as fast as they could go. You know how many we thought there were in Memphis when we were there? Well, Memphis is just nothing at all of a place. You could put a thousand Memphises together, and they would hardly make New York. And the Peabody House we thought so grand; you could put six Peabodys in the St. Nicholas. I dressed myself a great deal quicker than I used to do, but, I tell you, I missed Cely. The buttons would go in the wrong holes, and those hateful hooks caught in my hair all the time. It's no fun, Midget, to have to dress yourself when your eyes are winking to see everything and your feet are just jumping off your legs to go of themselves. Then, of course, auntie was not ready, and that Bob never will get up, so at last uncle took me down to walk a little before breakfast, so "auntie wouldn't feel hurried." I jumped into Bob's room, and that contrary boy had just gone off to sleep again. He had just as well be back on the plantation for all he is likely to learn travelling. We walked a little ways from the hotel in a street called Broadway. You remember Sunday morning in Memphis, and how we thought the people never would get done coming out of the churches? Well, it seemed to me Broadway must be all churches and everybody had just come out. Such lots and lots of people, only they hurried and hurried. I asked uncle if it was a fire or what. But he only laughed and said it was always so. Now, I did not like to tell uncle I didn't believe him, but I didn't believe him a bit at first, and I don't expect you to believe me. All the time we were at the St. Nicholas the same everlasting crowd kept going by.

In the afternoon uncle and auntie, Bob and I, went to the Central Park. Uncle and auntie seemed to think it lovely, but I didn't fancy it much. I get plenty of country on the plantation, and I like Broadway better, but I must say the carriages and people were nice. That Bob only cared for the horses, and he almost twisted his neck off when the coachman pointed out some Mr. Bonner driving a horse they call Dexter. Uncle was as crazy about it as Bob, but I only thought him (Dexter, I mean) a very ugly, gawky-looking animal, not so sleek or round and handsome as auntie's old bays.

Uncle is so silly about horses. He went off all the next morning with Cousin Frank to see Mr. Bonner and, as Bob

calls it, "talk horse." Bob went with them, and, just think! they went up to Dexter's stable and came back smelling, oh, so horsey. And I with my best plaid silk and jockey jacket had to sit close to them at the theatre. Oh, Midget, what a nice theatre, and what a good time we had! Mr. Sothern, an Englishman, played a real English lord. Perhaps you don't know what that is? Well, he is a nobleman—a sort of grandee great man like Mr. Davis or General Beauregard, or one of them. And, Midget, lords are so funny. They walk with a little funny, catchety jump, and try and try ever so hard to kneese and can't, and they go to bed drunk and talk so drawley, and are so queer, but, maybe, if you are in Memphis when Mr. Sothern plays there, you will get to see how they do. You know they are only English, and our big men are not so funny. You ought to have seen that Bob laugh; the people around us all stared so, and that made Mr. Impudence worse. Really, Midget, I am astonished that uncle and auntie, who are so particular about me, are not disgusted with him. Well, I have talked so much about New York that I must hurry about our trip over. We left New York in the Abyssinia, and it was so beautiful going down the bay from the city, and our friends from New York stood on the wharf to see us off. The last person I saw was Cousin Frank, who is ever so much nicer than that Bob. He isn't so rude, and he brushes his hair so nicely, and talks to girls, and that sort of thing, you know; and dances so well, and doesn't bore you about books, and chaff about stupid history and stuff; and he knows about fashion, and he liked my jockey jacket. He has such lots of pomade too, and brushes and powder-puffs, and he's so nice, not a bit like pokey, rough Mr. Bob.

Saturday I was pretty well in the morning, and stood on deck until nearly noon, and then, Midget, I got so sick. I tell you it's awful. You vomit and vomit, and if you cry people laugh at you; and you wish and wish you were at home on the plantation studying lessons, or sewing, or anything you didn't like before, if you could only never more feel another ship roll. You remember the time we made ourselves so sick with the yellow plums? Well, something tasted to me nasty like those plums. And oh, Midget, every time I thought of them I just went at it again. That hateful Bob wasn't sick at all, and he never had any feeling for anybody else. He and uncle were in one state-room, and auntie and I in the next one; and every time I would groan or heave he would yell at me, "Don't, Dumps; don't, child. You are too reckless throwing yourself away at that rate." Did you ever hear of anything so mean? And he will persist in calling me "Dumps," and he knows how I hate to be called so. Auntie has quite quit, and always says Harriet. Even uncle begins to say Hattie. But Bob is determined everybody in Europe shall know that horrid nickname. If I don't answer him, he keeps on louder than ever, and actually the other day added, "Dumps, Dumplings!" Oh, don't I detest him? There was quite a nice child on the ship named Sophy; and when I got well, we were a great deal together, although she is six months younger than I am. But you know I never put on airs about my age like some girls do. I must quit now; and I will write you next week all about London.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRIET HASSLE.

MODESTY is the lowest of the virtues, and is a confession of the deficiency it indicates. He who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others.

MR. FOGG'S NOTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RIVERSIDE," "WOODLANDS," ETC.

THE Rev. Rufus Fogg had in his boyhood learned of a zealous tutor to "abstract himself." The power of abstraction is a great one. It enables a student to do wonders, but it may be cultivated to too great an extent. Perhaps Mr. Fogg went too far. In his abstraction he had been known to walk without his hat, to inquire of recently-made widowers after their wives' healths, and to ride up and down town in street-cars, utterly oblivious of the fact that he had passed his own corner six times, and was known to drivers and conductors as the "lonely gentleman."

He had not forgotten to go to the church on his wedding-day, but he had forgotten his gloves and the ring. Had said "Good Gracious!" when the latter was called for, and had been obliged to borrow that of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Longfellow, in order to complete the ceremony. Now married and settled, and very much in awe of his immense connections—none of them were under six feet high, and Mr. Fogg was himself very small and very meek—only their combined exertions kept him from losing himself daily, from pocketing teaspoons and forks when he sat at other people's tables and sitting down upon or walking over their babies. Another peculiarity grew out of his abstraction: Mr. Fogg wrote notes for his sermons on everything that came handy—fly-leaves of rare books, wedding-cards, gilt-paper baskets, and even on marble mantel-pieces and white walls. "To abstract himself and note down a thought" was as much a habit with him as a cigar is to most men. To scrub out Mr. Fogg's notes was a part of the housemaids' daily toil.

Mr. Fogg was in the habit of taking tracts with him when he walked out, and, if occasion offered, of distributing them—not officiously, for he was mild in all things, but where they seemed needed. He had been pleased to find the small shopkeepers glad to receive them, also the church pensioners and some well-behaved children. Rude boys had shocked his feelings, and he was a little shy of offering his tracts to strangers; but when walking leisurely down a narrow street one day, he saw at an angle a woman with a very anxious countenance. He thought him to offer one of the bundle in his coat-tail pocket, which she took with a "thank ye."

"I hope you'll read it," said Mr. Fogg, encouraged.

"If I ever learn, I will," said the young woman. "But I say, sir, are you a minister?"

"I am," said Mr. Fogg.

"Then," said the woman, "wouldn't you go up and see John? He's had a tumble. We're in the circus, him and me—I'm his wife—and he was going through the hoop, when he missed it. The doctor's been; but if he is bad, perhaps a minister had oughter see him. Will you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Fogg; "certainly."

"Come in, then," said the woman, opening the street door. "I'll jest tell him. Wait a minute. There's a paper. You like to read, perhaps. And there's his photograph as a clown and mine in costume as Mdlle. Perelli. Our real name is Smith. I'll be back directly."

Mr. Fogg bowed. The young woman left the room. There was nothing in the apartment to interest the visitor; and after a brief survey of the gilt annual on the table and a picture of two figurantes executing a "pas de" something, Mr. Fogg relapsed into abstraction. The instruction of his former teacher enabled him to do this at once, and he began to compose a few remarks to be delivered to the "Young People's Association" that evening.

"This object"—Mr. Fogg was speaking of the conversion of the young—"this object is very dear to me. This object is as dear to me as life itself. No object is more worthy of admiration. I have given my heart to this object. How would that sound?"

Mr. Fogg looked around him. On the table lay a blank card. He drew it toward him, and wrote these words upon it: "I have given my heart to this object."

"He'd like to see you now, mister," said the woman, returning at this juncture, and Mr. Fogg thrust the card into his bosom and followed her up stairs. The clown was in bed, with the paint washed off, and looked rather ill and much frightened. He was civil, but had vague ideas as to the meaning of Mr. Fogg's remarks, and declined having the Bible read to him until he was a little worse, having that fear of the ceremony which some people have of making a will, fancying that it portended speedy dissolution. This prejudice extending to prayers, Mr. Fogg, who was not an energetic man, but rather mild, was obliged to content himself with giving good advice and exhorting the invalid to go to church when he got better, after which he took his departure.

The "Young People's Association" met in an hour, and to them Mr. Fogg spoke at length, having by that time fairly arranged the sentence which puzzled him, stating to his audience that "as he had given his heart, so he would give his time and his prayers, to the furtherance of this excellent object." Then Mr. Fogg went home, meeting with no greater mishaps than the tearing of his coat and the bumping of his head in his abstracted progress, and only riding ten blocks beyond his own street before he remembered where he was.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fogg, "you've torn your coat."

"Have I?" asked Mr. Fogg, blandly.

"I'll mend it for you at once if you'll put on your gown."

"Thank you," said Mr. Fogg, and abstracted himself and went mentally in search of a Greek root. Poor Mrs. Fogg sighed. If he only *would* have chatted! She took the coat to the light and emptied out the pockets. Naturally, she examined them. Odd things got into Mr. Fogg's pockets. Here, now, was the salt-spoon and a wash-rag. How well she remembered the Sunday on which he took the dish-towel out of his pocket in the pulpit to wipe his heated brow! Now—ah, yes, here were the missing keys of the clothes-press, and—why, what was that inside the breast-pocket? Mrs. Fogg drew it out. An hour later, Mr. Fogg looked up.

"My dear," he said, blandly, "the word which means—" But Mrs. Fogg was gone. She had locked herself up in the spare bed-room with the baby, and appeared to be sobbing, but refused to explain. Mr. Fogg was puzzled, grieved, anxious.

"You are ill, my dear?" he said.

"Hypocrite!" said Mrs. Fogg.

"What is the matter?" pleaded Mr. Fogg.

"Let your conscience tell you," said Mrs. Fogg. "Tomorrow I go home to pa."

Mr. Fogg was horrified. He sat down upon the stairs, and remained there till daybreak. Had his wife gone mad, or was he really guilty of some great crime? Had he, in his abstraction, seated himself on the baby? What did it all mean? At an early hour Mrs. Fogg emerged from the spare bed-room, dressed in walking costume, her face very much disfigured with much weeping, baby on one arm and a basket on the other. Mr. Fogg was thankful to see the baby alive and sound as ever; but Mrs. Fogg

walked past him with a shake of the head and made for the street door.

"Rachel!" cried Mr. Fogg.

"Good-bye," sobbed Mrs. Fogg. "Let your own conscience reproach you; I will not."

"Good Gracious, Rachel!" pleaded Mr. Fogg; but Mrs. Fogg was gone.

Mr. Fogg was not a strong man. He had kept a vigil. He had had no breakfast. He was terribly shocked. So he staggered forward a few steps, then quietly fainted away. When he came to himself, cold water had been cast in his face, and his mother-in-law's portly person and dignified countenance dawned upon him. In the distance also appeared his large father-in-law and very large brother-in-law, regarding him with a stern, not to say ferocious and avenging, expression of countenance. Mr. Fogg sat up and groaned. The three Longfellows groaned.

"I am happy, Mr. Fogg, to see that you are not quite inaccessible to the pangs of remorse," said Mrs. Longfellow.

"Ah," said Mr. Longfellow, "a man can never escape his own conscience."

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg. "If you please, I'd like to know what I have done?"

"Betrayed a confiding heart," said Mr. Longfellow.

"And our trust in you," said Mrs. Longfellow.

"And, sir, your cloth shall not save you from punishment," said Longfellow junior, flourishing his cane.

Poor Mr. Fogg! by this the very strength of the attack had given him the courage of desperation. He sprang to his feet. He folded his arms and turned very red indeed. He regarded the big brother with defiance. The crushed worm will turn; so did Mr. Fogg.

"I've borne this long enough," he said; "and now, what have I done to Rachel? Have you all gone mad together?"

The Longfellows groaned. Mrs. Longfellow put her hand into her pocket and produced a picture, which she deposited in the palm of Mr. Fogg's oratorically outstretched hand. "Do you know *that*?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. Fogg. "Never saw it before. An impudent-looking woman in very short skirts. No, I never saw it before. Mademoiselle Perelli. Oh dear, no."

"Nor the original?" asked Mr. Longfellow.

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Fogg.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to look at the back of that card."

Mr. Fogg obeyed. "Perhaps, sir, you will also deny that that is your handwriting?" said Mr. Longfellow.

"Oh dear, no," said Mr. Fogg. "I wrote that. I—Good Gracious!" Mr. Fogg stood confounded. There on the back of the picture of Mdle. Perelli were these words:

"I have given my heart to this object."

It was plain that he had written the sentence intended for the "Young People's Association"—afterward improved and amended for their ears—unwittingly upon the back of Mdle. Perelli's picture, and that Mrs. Fogg had formed her own conclusions upon discovering the photograph in his breast-pocket. On this knowledge Mr. Fogg waxed strong. He mounted a step or two on the stairs and explained. Then in his zeal he took a text and preached a short sermon to the Longfellows. Then he ordered his big brother-in-law to convey the explanation to Mrs. Fogg, with his commands to return home at once and bring baby, and then he turned his back upon the Longfellows and locked himself up in his study. There he remained until Mrs. Fogg penitently tapped at the

door, and promised on her knees outside never, never, never, to do so any more.

Mr. Fogg came off triumphantly at last, but he had received a lesson, and was cured of writing notes, except on foolscap, for evermore.

CHEAP LIVING.

BY MRS. R. B. DUFFY.

"DIO LEWIS says a man can support a family of ten at a little more than two dollars a week," said the captain to me one Saturday morning.

"What will he furnish them to eat?" I asked.

"Why, Graham bread, bean porridge, cracked wheat and soup. Suppose we try the experiment in our family for a week?"

If you knew the captain as well as I do, you would quite understand my look of astonishment. He to make such a proposition who in his usual state of mind frowns upon all domestic economies which interfere with quantity and quality of food! But then it certainly was a temptation to reduce the weekly expenses at the butcher's and baker's, leaving out the candle-stick maker's, down from I will not tell you how much a week to two dollars and a fraction over. As there are only six of us, or say seven, counting the baby, maybe the two dollars without the fraction would do. And no doubt he looked down in imagination through long vistas of shelves of German books—periodicals, poetry and romances—all purchased out of the money saved on table expenses. For if so much can be saved per week, how the sum increases when multiplied by fifty-two! Just think of it! The price of a single beef-steak would buy a number of *Über Land und Meer*, and the money that goes to a good-sized roast a copy of Heine's or Uhland's poems.

It is the greatest pity the captain had not been born in the Vaterland, and done with it. Deutch would then have been his mother-tongue, and he would not have been obliged to lose long years, and make himself a household nuisance meantime, in trying to acquire it. German books and newspapers would have found their way naturally into the house instead of by the side doors of old book-stalls and periodical agents.

Well, I, the first lieutenant of the household, acquiesced, as in duty bound, to the captain's suggestion. So it was decided that, having fortified ourselves with a substantial meal on Saturday night, we would begin Dio Lewis' prescribed diet on Sunday morning, and persevere for seven days if flesh would not prove too weak.

"But," said the captain, showing evidence of faint-heartedness, "Dio Lewis took only two meals a day, while we have been used to three."

"Let us have three, then, instead of two; the expense will not be materially increased."

"But," continued the captain, "Dio Lewis omits butter, and butter is really a necessity."

I admitted that it was, and still saw a possibility for saving in other items, even with butter added to the prescribed diet.

"And my tea?"

"You shall have your tea twice a day." You see I did not want to give up my morning cup of chocolate, and you must admit it is hardly reasonable to ask a man who has been accustomed all his life to drinking tea morning and night—and noon too, when he could get it—to stop short off at a moment's notice with no greater interest at stake

than a weekly increase of a few dollars, when it was, after all, doubtful whether he could contrive to spend them in Dutch books except at the price of disturbance in the family camp. So, as I said before, it was settled.

Dio Lewis' Sunday morning's breakfast was hulled corn and milk. Cost, three cents. Ours: Graham gems, four cents; butter, five cents; tea, chocolate, sugar and milk, four cents. Total, fourteen cents, or an average of two cents for each person. A decided gain on Lewis.

Dinner.—Dio Lewis: Hulled corn and milk. Cost, three cents. Ours: Cornmeal mush, three cents; milk, twelve and one-half cents. Total, fifteen and one-half cents. Still a little gain. On supper we fell behind, for you remember Lewis took no supper. Bean soup, cooked without meat, eighteen cents; tea and sugar, two cents. Total, twenty cents. Total for the day, thirty-nine and one-half cents. So far so good. Even with the butter, tea and chocolate we bid fair to come within three dollars for weekly expenses.

Monday, breakfast.—Dio Lewis: Oatmeal and milk, three cents. By the way, Dr. Lewis must get milk cheaper in Boston than we do in this latitude. Here we have to pay ten cents a quart for new milk, and one cent's worth of milk is about a tablespoonful—a small ration, indeed, for either workman or growing child. Our bill of fare was warm cake made of Graham flour, buttermilk and soda, and a little lard, eight cents; butter, five cents; tea, chocolate, sugar and milk, four cents. Total, seventeen cents.

Dinner.—Dio Lewis: Boiled wheat and milk, three cents. Ours: Graham mush, five cents; milk, ten cents; sugar, two cents. Total, seventeen cents.

Supper.—Dio Lewis: None. Ours: Soup, made of two pounds of beef, costing six cents per pound; vegetables in soup, two cents; tea and sugar, two cents; bread, four cents. Total, twenty cents. Total for Monday, fifty-four cents.

Tuesday, breakfast.—Dio Lewis: Two and one-half cents' worth of beans and vinegar. Our breakfast-table was set out very economically with corn-cake made of scalded meal, a little lard and salt, four cents; butter, five cents; tea, chocolate, sugar and milk, four cents; and would have footed up only thirteen cents had not the captain's mother, in pity for our hard fare, sent in a boiled mackerel. This was an extravagant addition of eight cents, which upset our calculations. But while I was deliberating over the mackerel the rest were eating it, and the time I might have come to a conclusion it was too late, for the mackerel was gone. This made our breakfasture up to the enormous sum of twenty-one cents, something not to be tolerated every morning.

Dinner.—Dio Lewis: One quart of bean porridge and four slices of bread, three cents. (Query: Did he steal his beans or were they given to him?) Our dinner of mush, milk and sugar was to have cost fifteen cents, but just as it was put upon the table the captain ignominiously retreated. In point of fact, he went over to the enemy, in this case represented by his mother, who, having small faith in "starvation diet," took pity on him and invited him to dinner. This base desertion made our experiment like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. We of the rank and file ate our frugal repast in a calmly reflective mood; and when it was concluded, the big dinner-pot went on the stove, a big piece of corned beef was fished out of the brine and put in it, and no further note of expenses was taken.

In brief, Dio Lewis' proposed diet would not do. Even

with the adjuncts of butter, tea and chocolate there was too much sameness about it. The captain said, when he was doing justice to the corned beef, cabbage and potatoes at supper-time, he felt as hungry as though he had not eaten for three days.

Nevertheless, Dio Lewis' lesson in economy and frugality should teach us much. It should teach us that our food may be simplified in material and reduced in cost without going to the extremes he proposes; and that a person who is well and with an undepraved appetite will enjoy it just as much as that composed of more complicated and expensive cookery, and that it will add to rather than take away from health and strength.

There is nothing nicer than home-made hominy, or hulled corn and milk, not to be eaten as a steady diet, but occasionally at one of the lesser meals of the day. It is both healthful and cheap. A more frequent use of Graham flour and cornmeal would give a desirable variety to our food, and lessen expense at the same time. There is nothing cheaper or more palatable than soup. Beef or mutton for soup or stew can be obtained for six cents per pound in this locality. But when Dr. Lewis says, "The fact is, that from an ox weighing eighteen hundred pounds net, you can purchase certain parts weighing about one hundred pounds for three cents per pound," I am inclined to fancy that he never went to market himself, but makes his estimate from his own imagination. I have inquired with special reference to writing this article, and from six to ten cents per pound is the cheapest rate at which the poorest and boniest pieces can be obtained in our city markets. A good solid stewing piece with little or no bone is cheap at twelve cents, and is generally sold at fifteen or sixteen cents.

Two pounds of either beef or mutton will make a good meal for a family of six—a nourishing, hearty, palatable meal—if properly cooked and carefully seasoned. If soup is preferred, three cents' worth of vegetables and two cents' worth of rice or barley should be added to the soup. The meat from which the soup is made may serve for a second meal by hashing it and mixing with egg, bread-crumbs, catsup and whatever else you please, making into cakes and frying as croquettes.

We American cooks use more butter and lard than we need or ought. We put lard in our breakfast-cakes by the spoonful or cupful, and when the cakes come upon the table greasy, heavy and indigestible, we howl out against the use of soda in food. As if soda had anything to do with it! The truth is, there is nothing nicer or more easily digested by a dyspeptic (or a well person, either) than nice, warm, white, light, feathery biscuits mixed with buttermilk and soda, and only scared with lard. The more shortening, the poorer and more indigestible the cake. When you come to tea I will show you what I mean, and if he desires, I will send Dr. Lewis a specimen biscuit, and let him hint dyspepsia to me if he dare.

We use butter when lard or drippings would do just as well instead. Give me good fresh lard, and I will make cake with it which I will not hesitate to compare with any one's cake, no matter how compounded. I would set a table for the President and all the legations with cake in which not an ounce of butter had entered, and no one would be the wiser. If I were challenged, I do not know but with a little sweet milk, a little sweet lard and plenty of salt and pepper, and now and then a dash of vinegar, I would dress all manner of summer vegetables for the same august guests. When one considers that butter costs on an average fifty cents per pound and lard fifteen, it can be

seen that the substitution of the latter for the former is a great saving.

Every English housekeeper looks after her drippings. Beef or mutton roast should always furnish a goodly supply of dripping by pouring off most of the fat from the pan before the gravy is made. Soup should be cooled and skimmed of fat before it is used. The water in which either fresh or salt beef has been cooked should be skimmed when cold in like manner, unless cabbages or turnips have been cooked with the meat. The water can then be further utilized, if it is not too salt, by being made into soup. Drippings are as good as, or better than, lard for most cooking purposes.

A family who desires to practice economy in culinary matters can restrict the appearance of meat upon the table to once a day. This is quite often enough for most people to eat meat. If, however, the head of the family is obliged to work hard all day, with only a cold lunch at noon, it may be well to furnish him meat at both morning and evening meals.

Dio Lewis, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds, may find it possible to live a week on fifty-four and one-fourth cents, and *imagine* he could live on much less. But his estimate is too low for all practical purposes. Still, in this land of plenty, with wages running up and the number of hours of labor running down, it must be a very poor mechanic or clerk, or exceedingly thrifless mechanic's or clerk's wife, who cannot meet household expenses either in city or country. I believe as a reasonable estimate—basing all our calculations on economy and frugality, yet allowing a sufficient supply of butter, sugar, lard, milk, tea, coffee, bread, fruit and vegetables, and a moderate amount of nutritious but cheap meat—that every man, woman and child in this country can live at a cost not exceeding one dollar per week for food, throwing out of account wear and tear of cooking utensils and labor in preparing food. Thus a family of six can live comfortably and occasionally indulge in small table luxuries on \$6 per week. This amount is something more than the fraction over two dollars for two persons which Dr. Lewis allows, but it is a far more correct estimate than his—one not simply within the bounds of possibility, but of probability and actuality.

Yet we are constantly reading of the young men in receipt of liberal salaries who cannot afford to marry because they are not able to support a family! Fiddlesticks! A family could live in comfort on what they spend for cigars!

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

AMONG the Chinese the Feast of Lanterns is one which they celebrate with the utmost joy and solemnity the fifteenth day of the first moon in their year, according to their singular chronology; and they give to the institution of this feast an origin somewhat resembling that mythological story of Ceres looking for her daughter Proserpine.

They say that shortly after the establishment of their ancient empire a mandarin beloved by every one for his virtues and rare qualities lost his daughter on the margin of a stream. As he loved her passionately, he went forth in the evening to look for her along the river's edge with torches and lanterns, followed by all the people, carrying the same, and in like manner with himself making the air resound with their groans and lamentations. But their labor was vain; the missing fair one was never

more heard of, although this singular people took this reason for founding a festival on the event.

The following is another "strange story" in connection with the Chinese Feast of Lanterns: About two thousand years after the establishment of this festival, an emperor named *Tam* fell under the power of a famous magician. The emperor having expressed to the magician an intense desire to witness the Feast of Lanterns which was about to take place in the town of Yamchen, in the province of Kiamman, and which, according to all accounts, was to be the most surprising and the most magnificent feast in the whole empire, but that he dreaded to grant himself this indulgence, on account of the great distance of two hundred leagues, fearing he might be blamed by his subjects for incurring the expense of so long a journey to see an entertainment which only lasted one night, the magician desired his Majesty to be under no uneasiness on that account, promising him that, without exposing himself to any inconvenience, he should be enabled by his aid to enjoy to the utmost this single night's entertainment. The emperor consented to leave the matter in his hands. The day of the festival having arrived, the magician caused to appear in the evening, at the emperor's palace gate, a suite of chariots and of thrones formed of white clouds drawn by swans. The king and queen having entered the carriages with part of the court and all the musicians of the palace, the swans took their flight with surprising swiftness, and in a few short hours they stopped, hovering over the city of Yamchen. The king, queen and court saw with wonderful ease this Feast of Lanterns, during which the musicians regaled with a vocal and instrumental concert the people beneath, who thought they were listening to a celestial troop in the air. The concert being at an end, the swans retook their way to the palace of the emperor, which he reached by daybreak, without having suffered the slightest danger or inconvenience. To add more credence to this fable, some assert to this day that, at the expiration of a month from the event, a courier came from that city to inform the emperor that, on the night of the Feast of Lanterns, the people had seen, on thrones formed of clouds and drawn by swans, a celestial band of holy men, who had enchanted them with a delightful concert of vocal and instrumental music, as a way of testifying how pleasing this festival was in the sight of their sovereign lord.

Some of these Chinese lanterns are of such gigantic size and height—costing as much as two thousand pistoles apiece—that there have frequently been given inside dramatic representations, in which kings, queens, princes and mandarins appear with great pomp of apparel; also combats on foot, on horseback and with wild animals; while concerts and balls on a grand scale have been known to take place in the interior of these astonishing Chinese lanterns.

SOME years ago there was a legend about that Noah had been permitted to revisit the earth. He wandered about from country to country, ill at ease in each of them. Nothing was natural, nothing was as it used to be. Steamboats and railroads, telegraph wires and lucifer matches, with a thousand other innovations, met him at every turn. The legend says at length he reached Spain; then the sadness of his countenance changed, his eyes sparkled with delight, and in the exuberance of his joy he threw up his hat and thanked Heaven that there was one country which remained just as he had left it.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1873.

readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be free to any subscriber who sends us the money and will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is in that way.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

As that exchange with us are welcome to reprint which appear in TO-DAY, provided proper credit in each case. During the two months which have since our first number was published the press of the country has quoted from TO-DAY with a liberality we really believe to be unparalleled in the history of journalism in this country. It is impossible not to recognize as very flattering, for it is a certain indication that we have managed to provide an intellectual repast remarkably attractive. In most cases the source of these articles have been taken has been mentioned. In many others, we regret to say, such credit has not been given. This is very unfair, and it is not honest. The contents of this paper cost us a great deal of money, and are our property. We have a right to an acknowledgment of the fact, and unless other papers will make it, we must strike them from our list. We are on this with greater earnestness because TO-DAY is copyrighted, and we have legal protection, to which we resort if the provocation becomes in our opinion great.

TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

In our next number we will give the first of a series of articles under the above title. These will be continued in the following months, and we expect that they will be highly appreciated by our readers, as they will treat of a subject which every man or woman in the country is, or may be, interested in. These articles will be written for the benefit of every-day people, and will be as plain and as simple as possible in their hints with regard to home decoration.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

"BOSTON.

TO-DAY was voted by all a decided success. I thank your editor well, and am glad that there is before me another door of usefulness in TO-DAY. His success has made for him a world-wide reputation. The people hear him gladly and with decided advantage. In your magazine he will talk freely with the people, and the public will be filled by the views he shall utter in regard to the best ways to live, what to eat, and as well as how to act. The literary character of your magazine is of a high order. . . . The chromo, "JUST SO HIGH," is just the kind of picture to be universally appreciated by Dio Lewis, because the laughing face of the child away dull care and promote digestion.

"JUSTIN D. FULTON."

Asks for a copy of your charming chromo, 'JUST SO HIGH.' It is a true work of art, and cannot fail to delight all who love children.

"T. S. ARTHUR."

"COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, PRINCETON, }
"Dec. 23, 1872."

"MACLEAN, STODDART & CO.:"

"GENTLEMEN: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 18th, also of a copy of your magazine, TO-DAY, and of your chromo, 'JUST SO HIGH.' Your magazine is attractive enough in itself without the extra inducement of the chromo. Two of the articles in particular, 'Tim Keyser's Nose' and 'Bishop Potts,' have rare merit. The chromo is a beautiful and truthful picture of child-life, which will add to the attractions and the home happiness of many an American household.

"Yours, very truly,

"JOHN S. HART."

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

The series of delightful essays, entitled *Back-Log Stories*, by Charles Dudley Warner, which has just been issued by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., will be certain of a favorable reception from those who have read *Saunterings*, and *My Summer in a Garden*, for Mr. Warner has the happy faculty of winning his way to the warm regards of those who make his acquaintance through his essays, and his graceful chit-chat about things in general has a peculiar charm, which few, if any, are able to resist. *Back-Log Stories* we like better than either of its predecessors, perhaps because it is a novelty, and we know of no book published during the present season that exceeds it in truly entertaining qualities. Mr. Warner is a humorist as well as a thinker, and his writings are distinguished by a lightness, an ease and a grace that make it always a pleasure to look into them. The present volume is handsomely gotten up, and is illustrated by a number of clever designs by Hoppin.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have also published *Mrs. Skagg's Husband, and other Stories*, by Bret Harte. These are sketches of life on the Pacific slope, and are in the vein that Mr. Harte's public admires so much. The average merit of the volume is scarcely up to that of which *The Luck of Roaring Camp* was one of the chief attractions, but the stories are marked by the same happy way of looking at things, and by the same desire to represent the best side of human nature.

Physics and Politics, by Walter Bagshot, is the title of the second volume of "The International Series" in course of publication by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It is an attempt to apply Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection to political society, and to trace its influence upon the progress of national growth. The subject is full of interest, and without attempting to discuss the abstruse points of the subject in the limited space at our command we recommend the book to the notice of thoughtful readers. Mr. Bagshot treats his theme with great clearness, and the volume will at least furnish food for thought, even to those who may not be able to endorse all its conclusions.

Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, by John S. C. Abbott, is the second issue of the *American Pioneers and Patriots* series, published by Messrs. Dodd & Mead. In *Miles Standish*, Mr. Abbott has a most picturesque subject, of which he has made the most, and his record of the romantic career of the famous Puritan captain makes an exceedingly entertaining book, which young people especially will delight to peruse.



Presence of Mind.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

NEW PROVERB.—Man proposes, but woman very often rejects him.

"THE power behind the thrown"—the foot that kicks you down stairs.

PARTRIDGES in Illinois are tame enough to eat from the hand—when properly cooked.

In an Irish abbey they show two skulls of Shakespeare—one when he was a little boy, and one when he was a man.

It is said that a little son of a minister in this city a few weeks ago interrupted the sermon of his father by asking, "Pa, ain't you done putty soon?"

The members of a new gymnasium in Harrisburg are practicing with creditable zeal. One of the most persevering has limbered to an extent that permits him to go down two flights of stairs on his back teeth.

A COMPOSITOR out West the other day turned out an account of a wedding headed, "Making of Saur Kraut," when it should have been "Marriage of Gen. Kautz." When the editor saw the article he burst a patent swear-gauge.

SOME fathers are too hard-hearted for anything. A man scolded his twelve-year old son fully five minutes the other day because the child used his (the father's) best Sunday razor to open oysters with. We don't see how the razor could hurt the oysters, anyhow.

A MAN out in Chicago has invented a process by which living bodies can be petrified in half an hour. He proposes to go out on a confidential mission from the government and harden up a whole tribe of Indians at one time, and then retail them out for tobacconists' signs.

MINISTERS make regular daily calls at a boarding-house block in Philadelphia, with the inquiry, "Anything in my line this morning?" There have been seven marriages in the block in the past few months, and from the number of couples that sit on the cold steps in the moonlight it is evident that business has only commenced.

A DISREPUTABLE scoffer at science, alluding to an article entitled "How to See Down a Well," which occupied a column in a scientific journal, says: "We could have furnished the desired information in a much shorter space. For instance, if a well is out of doors and covered, and you want to see down it, take the said cover off and look in. The thing is very simple when you know how it is done."

THE HOUSEWIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT commends onions as a specific against epidemics—not as an esculent, but sliced and kept in a sick room, where they will absorb any atmospheric poison. They should be replaced by fresh ones every hour. It is noticed that in the room of a small-pox patient they will blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effective in the case of snake bites.

FISH RISsoles.—Take some fish, either fresh or that has been cooked, shred it, and let it stew with some butter, covering it over until sufficiently done. Soak a roll in milk, beat up the fish and this together in a mortar with a little finely-chopped mushroom and three eggs; season with salt and pepper. Mix all well together; bake in small cups, first buttered, and turn out. Serve with or without sauce.

THE BEST WAY TO SERVE RICE.—Soak it for some hours in cold water, to which a little salt has been added. Have a stew-pan ready, containing boiling water, into which put the rice, and boil briskly for ten minutes. Pour it into a colander, and set it by the fire to drain. The grains will be separated and very large.

A GOOD method of keeping potatoes for family use is to pack them in barrels with sun-dried sand, covering the tops with turf, and keeping them in a dry and cool atmosphere. Then they will neither shrivel nor shrink to any real extent.

ECONOMICAL COVERLET.—Sheets of brown paper pasted together at the edges and laid over a blanket on the bed will give the warmth of two more blankets, and the article, with care, will last a considerable time.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE BLANCMANGE.—Grate a quarter of a pound of sweet chocolate in one quart of milk; add a quarter of a pound of gelatine and a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Mix all in a farina-kettle or a pitcher, and stand it in a kettle of cold water over the fire. Stir occasionally until the water boils, and then stir continuously while boiling for fifteen minutes. Dip a mould into iced water, pour in the blancmange, and stand aside to cool. When cold, turn it out of the mould, and serve with sugar and cream.

BOILED HADDOCK.—Scrape clean and empty the fish, and fasten the tail firmly in the mouth. Tie it in a well-floured cloth, and lay it in a fish-kettle or ordinary sauce-pan. Cover it with cold water, and let it heat slowly. When it simmers, push the kettle back to prevent boiling, and simmer gently for twenty minutes; or, if the fish is very large, half an hour. Serve with melted butter, parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs.

BUTTER CAKES.—To half a pound of butter add the same quantity of brown sugar, three eggs, the rind of two lemons, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon and a tablespoonful of ginger. Work into it as much flour as will make it a paste; cut it into shapes, and strew over the top some powdered almonds and candied orange-peel. Bake in a slow oven.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Grate three-quarters of a pound of bread; mix it with the same quantity of finely-shred suet, the same of apples, and the same of currants. Mix with these four eggs beaten to a froth. Put it into a shape and boil three hours. Serve with pudding-sauce, in which is a little lemon-juice.

CHILDREN'S LOAF CAKE.—Five cups of dough, two of sugar, one of butter, ground caraway seed and two eggs. Line pans with buttered paper, and bake as soon as light. Use homemade yeast.

ORANGE PIE.—A few good tender, juicy oranges, skinned, cut up and placed under a crust as one would do with apples, make a really good pie.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

No. 14.



"IT CANNOT BE THAT YOU REALLY WANT ME!"—P. 250.

"ONE TOO MANY."

CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"MORTON HOUSE," "ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

DURING the week of suspense which had passed, Mr. Everell certainly thought that he had braced his nerves to hear the worst which could be told of Esther French. Yet how little he had done this, these same nerves told him

now. That one hoarse word, the echo of the physician's fiat, burst involuntarily from his lips, but he set them firmly after that. The mighty pang of sharp agony which wrenched his heart should be borne in silence, even although no effort of will could subdue the horrible sense of darkness and desolation which in one second settled like a pall over the things of life.

"This is very unexpected, very terrible," he said, after a minute, still a little hoarsely. "Where is Miss French? How did she fall into your hands? Good God!" (with a

ring of the keenest suffering in his voice) "was there no means by which you might have let those who are her friends know of her illness before this?"

"None," Dr. Wilmot answered, quietly. "Do you think I should have neglected them if there had been? It is true I might have applied to the police; I did not think of that. In truth, I have thought of little save how to keep death at bay from her since she first came under my care."

"And when was that?"

"This day a week ago. As I was making my morning round in the infirmary—with which you are, perhaps, aware that I am connected—one of the Sisters of Charity who act as nurses came to me. 'Doctor,' she said, 'I have a new patient for you. This morning I went to mass at St. Victor's. As I was leaving the church, a man followed me, and directed my attention to a woman who had fallen insensible at the foot of the shrine of Our Lady. I discovered on approaching her that it was a mere girl, evidently of gentle rank, and evidently, also, dangerously ill. Finding that no one knew anything about her, I decided on having her brought here, our own house being too far away, and now I want you to go and see her. I fear she is very sick.' Of course I went at once—though I knew that Sister Theresa's judgment was almost as good as mine—and you may imagine my surprise when I found that I knew the patient. No," as Mr. Deverell made a quick gesture, "not by name, but simply as the owner of a very charming face which had attracted me more than once on the street, especially on one occasion, when I set the broken paw of her little dog. She had fainted from exhaustion in the church, I suppose. At least, when I saw her, she was not insensible, but wandering with fever. From that time until to-day she has not once been free from delirium, although she has raved very little—too little to give us any clue to her name or friends. This morning, however, she is clear and sane, though evidently sinking fast; and when I told her the truth regarding her condition, she asked me to come at once to you and request that a certain 'Eric,' of whom she has spoken more often than of any one else, should be brought to her."

"She did not send for me, then?" said Mr. Deverell, quickly.

"I fancy," answered the doctor, with a tact which did him credit, "that she thought you would not need to be sent for when you once heard of her condition."

"Whether she thought so, or whether it is you have merely been considerate enough to say so, it is nevertheless true," said Mr. Deverell, quietly. "I shall send a messenger at once for Eric Byrne, and then, if you have no objection, I will return to the infirmary."

Dr. Wilmot making no objection—indeed, the tone of the speaker left no room for any—a note was accordingly written and despatched at once to Eric. "Understand that you are not to stop for a moment until you find Mr. Byrne and deliver this into his own hands. It is a matter of life and death," Mr. Deverell said to the messenger, who knew him well, and therefore was not likely to be negligent. Then he dashed off another note to Hortense; and before the ink had dried on the superscription of the latter, he was standing up, buttoning his coat across his chest. "I am at your service now," he said, briefly, to Dr. Wilmot. And then the two went out together to where the doctor's carriage was standing before the door.

It was a short drive, and a silent one. Knowing that, let its name be what it might, it was in truth nothing more

than a hospital for disease and suffering to which they were going, Mr. Deverell's heart sickened within him as he thought of Esther, the fair, sweet maiden who had seemed to him too fragile and too dainty for even the ordinary rough places of life, thrown by chance into such a spot like some poor victim of cruel want or object of kindly charity. "It is horrible!" he said, as they reached their destination. But Dr. Wilmot smiled with a little natural pride. People often said that this institution was more than wife or child to him.

"I do not think that you will find anything repulsive here," he said. "On the contrary, I often flatter myself that it is very attractive."

He led the way, and they entered. Certainly, in the outward aspect of the place, there was nothing repulsive, but much that any one might well have esteemed attractive. The reception-rooms looked spacious and pleasant, the corridors were wide and lofty and the staircases easy and winding. All the arrangements for air and light were perfect; even the glimpses through open doors of the chambers of the patients left an impression of brightness and comfort. As they went along, they passed a few people—a surgeon who stopped Dr. Wilmot, and drawing him aside, said a few words, a man on crutches who smiled and nodded brightly, then two Sisters of Charity in their close black robes, with long rosaries swinging at their sides. Finally they reached a door before which Dr. Wilmot paused and tapped. After a moment's delay it opened, and another Sister, with a fresh, bright face, set in the large white bonnet of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, appeared.

"Ah, doctor, I am glad you have come," she said, quickly. "The poor child has been very impatient for you. I hope this is Eric whom you have brought?" she added, looking at Mr. Deverell.

"Let me present Sister Theresa, Mr. Deverell," the doctor said. "You can best explain to her why Eric is not here. As for me, I must look at my patient."

While Mr. Deverell, to the best of his ability, was doing as he was bid, the doctor entered the room. "You can come in too," the Sister said, beckoning to the lawyer, after she had listened to him for a moment.

When he came in, he thought that he had never seen anything more fresh and charming than everything appeared. It was more like a bower than a sick-chamber, with the sun streaming brightly through some green plants at the window, and the pure little white bed with a stand beside it on which a few fragrant violets were placed. The dark eyes he knew so well smiled a welcome out of the pale, sweet face as he drew near, and a transparent hand was extended to him.

"It is so kind of you to come," Esther said, faintly. "Have you been uneasy about me? I did not mean to stay away so long. It would have been a poor return for all your goodness to give you so much trouble. I hope you did not think I meant to do it?"

"I was sure you never meant to do it," he answered, touched by the thought for others which even at this moment seemed her most natural impulse. "I have been terribly uneasy about you," he went on, "and have made every effort to find you, but it never occurred to me for a moment that you had wilfully remained away."

She smiled gratefully. "You are so kind," she said again. Then, after a moment, she whispered, "And Eric? What did he think?"

"Perhaps I had better let Eric speak for himself," Mr. Deverell answered, smiling a little sadly. "He will prob-

ably be here in a few minutes. You must forgive me that I came before him."

"Forgive you?" she repeated, in her faint voice, which still had the same old chord of music thrilling through it, and opening the eyes which looked larger and darker than ever in the pale, wasted face. "What should I forgive? That you are far kinder than I deserve? You must not ask me to forgive that. I am so glad, so very glad," she went on, earnestly, "that you did come before Eric. I wanted to speak to you alone."

"And was that why you sent to me?" he asked, eagerly.

She smiled a little. "Did you not know it?" she said, feebly. "I thought you would." Then she looked pitifully at Doctor Wilmot. "Can you not give me something that will help me to talk?" she asked. "I—I must explain things to him."

Dr. Wilmot's first answer to this appeal was a decided denial; but he seemed to change his mind almost immediately, for before any remonstrance could be uttered he turned quickly and gave a direction to the Sister, who glided to a table across the room and brought back a spoonful of a dark liquid—something between a cordial and a stimulant—which she gave to Esther. While she was thus engaged, the doctor touched Mr. Deverell on the shoulder and drew him aside.

"It is better to let her say what is on her mind than to torment her by forbidding it," he said. "But don't let her talk more than you can possibly help. I told you an hour ago that she was in extremity. Well," as the other started, "so I thought when I went away; but there are one or two slight, very slight, symptoms for the better since my return. Don't hope anything, but don't excite her. I am going out now, but I shall be back in ten or fifteen minutes."

He spoke very abruptly, and before the lawyer could reply turned and left the room. Then, with the faint gleam of hope which had been given warning more than consoling him, Mr. Deverell went back to Esther, lying among the white draperies of the bed, whiter than they.

"It is not much to explain," she whispered, as he came and sat down, bending over her. "Only I am so weak, and any talking is difficult to me. What I chiefly want to say is that I did not mean to go away. I want you to understand that. It was wrong of me to go out that morning, when I was so ill, but I did not know then how ill I was; and I wanted to mail my letter to Eric. I was afraid he might think of me what—what Hortense did. Perhaps you may have heard that she was very indignant with me for going to you?"

"I have heard it," he said. "But, believe me, no one could be more sorry for anything than Hortense is sorry for her unjust suspicions now."

"Is she?" said Esther, gently. "I am glad she does not think so badly of me, though I am sorry she should be grieved. I have thought since then that she had some right to be angry. I took too much for granted. You know that now, do you not? Hortense did not care for Eric, after all, and I pained you for nothing. I wanted to tell you this myself. I wanted to ask you to forgive me for the harm I worked. I—I wonder if it is any excuse that I meant to act for the best?"

"You did act for the best," he said, quickly, almost vehemently. "Esther, my darling, whatever else you may think, don't blame yourself for what you did that night. You acted according to an impulse of self-sacrifice such as does not come to many people, and you have your reward in this, at least, that you knocked the fetters

off two people who else might have worn them to their dying day."

"Did I?" she asked, a sudden soft light shining over her face and in her eyes. "Ah, you make me almost happy. I have thought so much of the useless pain I gave you—regretted it so bitterly. It is good to hear that it was not pain, after all."

"Not pain, but freedom," he said, in a tone of almost triumphant gladness. "And this, Esther, this I owe to you."

"And Hortense and Eric?" said Esther, joining her frail, shadowy hands together in the intensity of her eagerness. "Are they happy, too? Surely Hortense was mistaken—surely she did care for him? Ah, if you could tell me that, I should be happy indeed. I should be ready then to die."

"And why not ready to live?" he asked, anxious perhaps to evade her last question. "Esther, my child, why should you think of dying with life before you all un-lived, and its best and sweetest gifts untasted?"

"Why?" she said, looking at him with sad pathos in her eyes. "Only because I have felt—ah, so keenly, so vividly—that I am one too many in the world. I felt it plainly—as plainly as if it had been a revelation—when I knelt in St. Victor's a week ago. Everything about my life seemed spread before me like a picture, and I saw clearly that I was only a source of trouble and complication to everybody, that I had only brought harm to you, to Hortense and to Eric, and that if I were only removed, everything would be smooth and clear to each one of you. Now, you know, this was a very terrible thing to realize. And it was because you were all so kind—more than kind—that I felt it so sharply. I did not care about myself—about being only an object of charity and compassion—but I did care for darkening the lives of those I loved, and making existence more of a complex and bitter thing to them than it would else have seemed. I was in sore and terrible strait, and my last tangible recollection is of praying to God for some refuge—any refuge, I said—in which I could escape, not from life, for I was not insane enough to ask that, but from the circumstances of life which made me feel (forgive me that I repeat the expression again) so entirely one too many in the world. And," she added, sinking the voice which had seemed to gain something like power over the last sentences, "you see that God has heard me."

"My poor child," he said, gravely, more anxious at the moment to quiet her excitement than to do anything else, "if God heard your prayer and answered it as you think, it must have been to show you how entirely you have been led away by the foolish fancies of fevered illness. If you could know, if you could even imagine, what hours of anxiety your absence has cost more than one heart during the past week, you would never utter again the obnoxious phrase which you have twice repeated. 'One too many,'" he said, as if with a certain sense of unamused amusement. "You—you of all people! Why, the very stones over which you have trod might laugh at such folly. Surely no one else ever trod them whose passing away would take so much sunshine out of so many lives."

"As mine?" said Esther. Then she smiled a little. "You are laughing at me," she said. "But I was in earnest."

"And so am I," he said, suddenly, passionately—"more in earnest than you would readily believe. God knows I can vouch that to one at least the life out of which you passed would scarcely be worth the having."

"You are thinking of Eric," she said, gently. "I know he would be sorry, my poor boy! but not like that."

"I was not thinking of Eric at all," he answered, impetuously. "I was thinking of myself, Esther. Is that strange to you?" he went on, noting the wonder which overspread her face. "Ah, my darling, you must have been blind not to see how my heart long since turned to you—turned even when it was in honor bound to Hortense. From that mockery of a tie you came like my good angel to release me, Esther; and even then my first thought was that it left me free to offer my life to you. I did not believe that you really loved the man who had valued you so lightly. I do not believe it now. But I did not mean to speak like this so soon. Only when you talk of being nothing to any one, Esther, can I fail to tell you that you are everything to me?"

In the passionate excitement of the moment he had forgotten the doctor's warning. It was only when he saw the blood beginning to come into Esther's pale cheeks with quick ebb and flow that he remembered it. But it was too late then. Whether for good or for ill, his words had been spoken.

"You are very good," she murmured, faintly, grasping as it were at a familiar phrase in the bewilderment which had come to her. "But I understand how it is," she added, after a moment, with a strangely grave and gentle dignity. "You are sorry for me, and you would fain make me think that compassion is love. But I—I know better. And then," as he was about to speak, "will you forgive me if I say that it does not matter very much? These things seem to have receded far away from where I stand," she ended, simply.

"What I feel may not matter to you," he said, a little sadly. "But still you must not think that it is compassion, or friendship, or kindness, or anything else on earth but love. Shall I give you one proof of it? Will you believe me when I say that on your recovery you will be forced to choose between Eric Byrne and myself?"

"Eric!" said Esther, with a little gasp. "But Eric loves Hortense."

"So far from that, he told her in my presence that his love for her had been a mere fancy, which died utterly as soon as he was brought face to face with the fear of losing you. He is more than willing, he is eager, to lay his heart again at your feet, Esther; and God knows that I prove the sincerity of my love for you when I beg you to live for him if you cannot live for me."

"It—it is impossible," said Esther, more faintly than she had spoken yet.

Whether she meant to dispute his assertion with regard to Eric, or whether she meant that it was impossible to live for either of them, it is difficult to say. The words had scarcely passed her lips before an exclamation from Mr. Deverell caused Sister Theresa, who had been standing by a window at the farther end of the room, to turn quickly, and as one glance at Esther's face made her hasten toward the bed, the door opened, and Eric Byrne, followed by Dr. Wilmot, walked into the room.

"Am I too late? Is she dead?" the young man asked, turning a startled glance back to the physician, as he caught a glimpse of the death-pale face lying on the pillows of the bed.

"Not quite yet, I believe," answered the doctor, after a moment's pause, during which he strode forward and examined the patient's pulse and skin. "Another 'explanation' would finish her off, however," he added, dryly.

"You have paid excellent attention to what I told you," he said, looking grimly at Mr. Deverell. "If you had tried to make short work of the case, you could not have set about it better. Now, be kind enough to take that young gentleman out of the room, and remember that unless she is in the very article of death, there are no more interviews until she is out of danger."

"What do you think of her? For God's sake tell me your opinion of the case?" Eric said, passionately, to Mr. Deverell, as they found themselves ignominiously ejected from the sick-chamber and walking down the corridor outside.

And it was his honest opinion which the lawyer gave when he said, despairingly, "I think she will die."

But notwithstanding this assertion, she did not die. The disease, instead, took one of those capricious turns which diseases (in the young and naturally healthy) sometimes do take, to the astonishment of physicians and the confusion of science. A vital power which had hitherto lain, as it were, dormant and unsuspected, seemed to assert itself from the hour in which Mr. Deverell was summoned to the bedside of a dying woman, and there made his strange and totally unexpected declaration of passion. Whether it was this, or his assertion with regard to Eric, which seemed to give new impetus to Esther's forces of life, was not of much importance, since the result remained the same. The doctor, who growled deeply at first over the effect of the interview, began before long to look on it more brightly. "It gave her something to think about," he said to Sister Theresa; "and when you take a woman's mind off herself, she generally begins to improve." It was not so much, however, that Esther's mind was taken off herself, as that the fatal and morbid thought—the thought that she was "one too many" in the world—had been swept away and wholly laid aside by the touch of a strong hand. "You are everything to me," Mr. Deverell had said, with a passion which seemed to shake her out of herself and the vague, unreal world into which she had wandered. It had seemed such an easy solution to all her difficulties, such an easy answer to all problems, to lie passively on her bed of pain, and so drift away from life and life's weary burden of pain and responsibility. But now all this was changed. Seeing how far she was wrong, realizing, as she now began to do, how much she was to all those whom she had thought to free from the complication of her presence, the natural impulse of life rose up to second the physician's efforts. "All that life needs for life" is sometimes, at least, "possible to will." And so it was here. The will which had lain passive, inactive—nay, acquiescent—waked suddenly to a sense of responsibility, and asserted its power.

"A few days ago the worst symptom was in the mind," Dr. Wilmot said to Mr. Deverell. "Now it is the best. Where she was before merely passive, the patient now seems interested and anxious. I ought to beg your pardon for speaking so sharply the day she fainted. After all, you did her more good than my drugs or Sister Theresa's nursing had."

"I told her something which gave her a motive to live," said Mr. Deverell, thinking of what he had said regarding Eric's love.

And so the days went on, and by the time another week had run its course Hortense had insisted on carrying Esther away from the infirmary and kind Sister Theresa, though not away from Dr. Wilmot's arbitrary supervision, and establishing her once more in the pleasant, familiar chamber she had quitted more than a fortnight before.

"How much it looks like home!" she said, a little wistfully. "Hortense, you are spoiling me. What shall I do when I go away from this pleasant nook for good and for all?"

"If you ever go away 'for good and for all,'" said Hortense, smiling a little, "I hope it will be to some nook quite as pleasant as this, Esther. Now you must go to bed at once; you know Dr. Wilmot said that, and here is Marie ready to put you there."

"And when may I see Eric?" asked Esther, imploringly.

"If you are very good, the doctor says you may go down to-morrow, but remember it is only in case you are very good and keep very quiet. However, he will be here to see you himself and say what must, or must not, be done."

It was in consideration of her almost nervous anxiety, perhaps, that the doctor was extremely placable the next day, and gave his consent very readily to her leaving her chamber for "half an hour in the library," as Esther herself mildly put it. "Of course, if there is a lover in the case, it will be much more than half an hour," he said afterward, with a shrug, to Miss Ralston. "But unless she talks herself into another fever, it will not be likely to harm her, I suppose."

In consequence of this philosophical medical view of things, Esther found herself dressed, and making her way in rather a faltering and uncertain manner down to the library, just as dusk began to tremble softly over the city roofs and spires. The house was very quiet at that time—Mrs. Ralston was at her toilette, and Hortense also was in her own room. As Esther paused for a moment, and leaning over the carved balustrade, looked down at the lower hall, she did not even hear the echo of a servant's footfall along the silent corridors. When she opened the library door, she found that dusk had gathered a little more deeply here than elsewhere. The heavily-curtained windows admitted very little even of such light as there was, though the rosy glow of a coal-fire made full amends for the withdrawal of the waning day. Its soft radiance seemed to meet her like the smile of a genial face, despite the fact that it strove vainly to pierce the shadows, which, having fled to the many nooks and corners, sullenly refused to be dislodged. The whole aspect of the room was so charming that Esther, ever susceptible to outward influences, felt involuntarily brightened and cheered as she crossed the floor. But when she reached the hearth-rug, a surprise was in store for her. From the depths of a large chair a well-known figure rose and extended its hand.

"Miss French, I am very glad to see you," Mr. Deverell said, in his familiar voice, with his peculiarly quiet and unembarrassed manner.

There is a great deal of magnetism in manner, for, taken by surprise as she was, his tone at once set Esther at her ease. Although she had not met him before since the day at the infirmary when he had spoken such passionate words of unexpected tenderness, she found herself shaking hands with him in the old fashion and answering his inquiries about her health with little besides a trembling chord in her voice to betray remembrance.

"Yes, I am almost well again," she was saying, somewhat nervously, as she sank into the deep chair he drew forward. "The doctor was very good to-day—he said I might come down this evening. I am afraid I tormented him, however, I was so anxious to see Eric."

Then she stopped short, conscious that this did not seem very gracious. But before she could apologize,

Mr. Deverell had answered in the same tone—thoroughly commonplace, yet thoroughly cordial also—in which he had spoken first:

"Have you not seen Mr. Byrne yet? Of course, then, you must be very anxious to meet him. Has he come? Am I detaining you from him? Don't let me do so."

"He has not come yet," Esther said. "He will be shown up when he does come. William knows that I am in the library."

Then there was a silence for a minute. The softly flickering firelight rose and fell many times over Esther's graceful profile and bent head, over the bronzes, the busts and the books, before Mr. Deverell, standing before her and leaning against the end of the mantel, spoke again.

"You are looking better than when I saw you last," he said then; and something—a slight softening as it were—in his voice made her lift her dark eyes and glance at him.

"I ought to look better, ought I not?" she asked, smiling a little. "Should I not be the most ungrateful person in the world if I did not? In consideration of the many shortcomings of appearance which are still visible, however, you must remember that it is only ten days since I sent for you to make my last dying will and testament."

"You have managed to do very well in those ten days, I think," he said, smiling too.

Then there was a silence again. It is rather difficult to keep up a conversation on a bare exchange of commonplaces, Esther found; and Mr. Deverell, who might have come to her rescue with the superior tact and ease of worldly knowledge, seemed little disposed to exert himself. In truth, he was wrestling with a sudden temptation which had come to him to put his fate once more to the touch, even although Esther had come down merely "to see Eric." Surely even the worst certainty is better than such suspense, he was thinking, when Esther herself looked up and spoke:

"Do you know that being here in the library with you, Mr. Deverell, reminds me of the last time we were here together? and remembering how kind you were to me then, I hope you will forgive me if I venture to touch again upon the subject which we then discussed."

"There is nothing you could choose to do that I should not easily forgive you," he said. "But why is it necessary to reopen that subject? Has not all been said that could be said?"

"No," she answered, quietly; "there is something still left to say, and it is this: you have been very generous and unselfish heretofore, Mr. Deverell; will you not be generous and unselfish still, and help me to bring together two people who sincerely love each other, but who are kept apart by I know not what of pride and misunderstanding?"

"Don't rate my generosity and my unselfishness too high," said Mr. Deverell, changing color and speaking quickly. "I would do anything to serve you, Esther—anything, God knows, within my power; but flesh and blood are only flesh and blood, after all, and I should be glad if I could serve you without also serving him."

"Serve me?" repeated Esther, in astonishment. "But I was not speaking of myself. It is Hortense whom I meant."

"Hortense?" he repeated, in turn astonished. "But how can I serve Hortense in the way you mention?"

"You can serve her," said the girl, earnestly, "because, although she told both you and me that she did not care

for Eric, she was deceived by pride and anger, and she knows now as well as I knew then that she does care for him. Don't think that she has told me so," she went on, quickly; "but I have watched her closely, and I am sure, oh, perfectly sure of it. Hortense is very proud, but she has betrayed herself more than once, so that even I understand her."

"Since she has done so," he said, "I may tell you that it has been very clear to me since the night you first opened my eyes. But you forget that there is some one besides Hortense to be considered. You forget that Eric Byrne declared in this very room and in my presence that it was you alone he ever really cared for."

Esther smiled a little sadly, and shook her pretty, graceful head.

"I know Eric," she said. "I know how impulsive and generous he is. He thought that when he said it, but it was not true. A hundred things which I can put together now tell me how long and how well he has loved Hortense. He would willingly—nay, I think he would gladly—sacrifice himself to me, if I would let him. But I shall never do that."

"Perhaps you will think differently when he comes to plead his cause," said Mr. Deverell.

But although a flush came over her face which was not all of the firelight, Esther still shook her head.

"Nothing he could say would change my resolution," she answered, in her soft, plaintive voice. "That is fixed. I—I hope to be able to bring Hortense and himself together." Then, with one of the sudden tender impulses which made more than half her charm, she held out her hand. "You must help me to do so," she said.

What Mr. Deverell replied as he took that slender hand and looked down into the sweet face smiling with an April flicker of brightness it is scarcely possible to tell. For once he was thrown so far out of the range of his usual conventionalities that, man of the world though he was, he had not even a convenient commonplace behind which to shelter his emotion. It was only after several moments had passed that he was able to speak with anything like his usual manner.

"Esther," he said then, gravely and quietly enough, though a thrill of passion was vibrating through his voice, "do you remember what I told you when you were lying, as I thought, in the very arms of death? Do you remember how I said that if God spared you, it would be necessary for you to choose between Eric Byrne and myself? Esther, you must make that choice now."

"I—how can I?" said Esther, conscious that her heart gave one great leap into her throat. "There is no choice possible," she went on, relinquishing a vain attempt to reclaim the hand he held, and breaking into a low, soft laugh. "For all his magnanimous resolutions, I doubt if Eric would have me; and you—oh, Mr. Deverell, it cannot be that you really want me?"

"Can it not be?" said Mr. Deverell; and now he did not veil the passion in his voice. "Ah, my Esther, I have wanted you so wearily that I never dared to hope for a moment that you would ever come to me. Things for which we have keenly longed rarely do, you know. Esther, my darling, is it true? Have you indeed come to me at last?"

"If you are quite sure you want me," said Esther, very humbly.

LOVE is to the heart what summer is to the year—things to maturity its choicest fruits.

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEXT MORNING.

FERVENTLY, with upturned eyes, with hands joined together, with the dew of agony on her face and a trembling voice, did Hileria Pullen do her part in the great rite of the Church.

And when it was over, she did seem comforted and, after a while, composed; and at last, worn out with fatigue and aided by Doctor Lincote's draught, she fell asleep, and slept deep and serenely till nearly ten o'clock next morning.

The little child slept also a great deal, but not so easily. Mrs. Jolliffe, who had remained in charge of it, was of opinion that there was some sickness hanging over it.

All through the night it was starting, as if in sudden pain, and "blarin', ye could hear it out across the green a'most; and there's arrals come out all over its skin; and its poor tiny-winey joints is creaked wi' fits like, and 'twas always working aswint in the bed; and it looks so pined," said Mrs. Jolliffe, making her report; "and the babby's very bad, there's noat else to be said; and what its sickness may be there's none can tell; 'tain't like none that's goin', unless happen the doctor might guess."

In the midst of this consternation the doctor, who had been sent for, arrived.

Mrs. Jenner, Mrs. Jolliffe, Kitty, and even Mall, the cook, were assembled there, hanging upon the words and even the looks of the sage.

The doctor examined the child curiously, like a work of art.

Then he stood up and looked at it with a frown, and asked some questions of Mrs. Jolliffe, and then he peered at it again, and felt its skin and its pulse and looked keenly into its eyes, and at last he remarked.

"It's a very odd case indeed. Did you ever see a case like that, quite, Mrs. Jolliffe? No, I rather think not. It's as odd a case as ever I saw. That child's diet must have been played with. I'd say—only I know it has been in honest hands—the child was poisoned. Not enough, I hope, to kill it, whatever's wrong. But it has had a squeak for it. Warm bathing, just a very little medicine I'll send, as much whey and goat's milk as it will drink, and the room kept warm but airy, and trust the rest to young blood and the energy of new life. Disease, Mrs. Jenner, ma'am, quails before children."

"You observe its eyes, Mr. Lincote. Do you think there is a—squint, doctor?"

"I don't think so, ma'am," he answered. "It is a more dangerous thing—a symptom of pressure on the brain. Only slight, but it shows how general the derangement is."

"I knew 'twas bad," said Kitty, "for it only beal'd when I sang til't and jinked keys before its een."

"If the light hurts its eyes, put a screen before it, and give it nothing solid; and we'll see how it gets on toward evening again."

So the doctor took his leave.

Saint George and the Dragon, in spite of the sanguinary character of the situation, looked quite pleasant in the sharp, frosty sun this morning.

Familiar as this piece of blazonry was to the vicar's eyes, hanging over the edge of the road exactly opposite

he porch of the George Inn, the good clergyman thought that the valiant knight's casque and mail, and the dragon's scales, splendid in Dutch gold, and the gorgeous crimson throat of the monster, down which the saint of the azure cloak and red cross had insinuated his gilded lance, never looked more becomingly. The animated spurs of the reptile's burnished tail, and the good-humored grace with which the saint tickled rather than pierced its vermilion interior, gave an air of amicable frolic to the encounter which quite took away any unpleasantness in the affair.

"Brilliant day, Mr. Turnbull," said the vicar, with brilliant Saint George and the dragon still in his eyes; "and how is the poor woman to-day?"

"She frets a deal after the barn, sir," said the innkeeper; "but the doctor says she's better this morning, and she's wearying to see you."

"She sha'n't weary long, then," said the vicar, cheerily.

And in a few minutes more he stood in the sick woman's room.

"How does Mrs. Pullen to-day?" he asked. "I'm glad to hear the doctor say you are better."

"I wish I could see it, sir; I thank you all the same," whimpered Hileria, who liked the sympathy due to sickness. "I'm very weak, sir. I hope I may leave this bed alive, sir."

"Would you rather that I looked in another time, Mrs. Pullen? I live close by."

"Please, sir, how is the poor darling baby?" she inquired.

"They are taking every care of it, and the doctor shall look after it until it is quite well again, which I trust may be very soon."

"Thank God, sir! It's a sweet little thing, sir. May Heaven bless and keep it! My heart's a-breakin', I miss it so."

And Hileria, not finding her pocket handkerchief at the moment, hastily applied the hem of the sheet to her eyes.

"You will be sufficiently recovered, I trust, very soon, Mrs. Pullen, to come and see the child; and if not, the child will very soon be well enough to come and see you."

"I'm thinking, sir, that can hardly be. I'm afraid, I'm afraid of my life—of that man. I'm well off, sir—I'm well to do, thanks to the poor mistress. She left me by her will five hundred pounds, and I have my savings besides; and I'll be easy for the rest of my days, I hope; and I'll keep out of sight, sir, please, till this thing's blown over; for he's a bad man, I'm afraid, sir, he's driven nigh desperate by losses and crosses lately, and they say; and I should not wonder at anything he may do, he's that savage; and 'twould be a mercy almost he drev his razor across his throat and made away with himself."

"You speak of—of whom?" said the vicar.

"Captain Torquil, sir. He has not been here yet, but he will, I'm sure o' that; and Mr. Turnbull has promised he won't let him suppose I'm here. And you, sir, won't ther; for he's in a mad state, he is, and till I'm away out of his reach I don't count my life safe."

"I'm shocked to hear you so speak of Captain Torquil. That I'm acquainted with him or know anything particularly about him, but, everything considered, it is very awkward to think there should have been anything to give color in your mind to such language."

"I'll tell you, sir—I'll tell you all," said Hileria.

"That is one reason has brought me here. If you can spare time now, 'twill be best you should hear it at once. And I'd like to have it off my mind, sir, for I sometimes think 'twill set me mad striving to keep it to myself."

"You need not hurry yourself; I can afford you plenty of time," said the vicar. "Shall I take a chair?"

"Please, sir, and I'll tell you the best I can. I'm very weak, sir, as you see, but I'll try and tell it as short as I can, sir."

Hileria Pullen, with a lean, bilious face and very black eyes, was sitting up in the bed, with a wrapper on and a shawl drawn round her angular figure, a nightcap, with a broad, faded silk ribbon pinned tightly about it, round her head, and some black hair, streaked with white, peeping from under this pale ligature of lilac and faint green.

"Thank you, sir," said she, and she hemmed to clear her voice, as the vicar took his seat near the foot of the bed, crossing his gaitered legs, and holding his hat and stick on his knee as he inclined an attentive ear toward the sick woman who had a story to tell.

CHAPTER VIII.

HILERIA PULLEN'S ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. TORQUIL.

"You don't know that family, sir, Captain and Mrs. Torquil?" she began.

"No; I've never seen them," said he.

"After the poor mistress died, sir, the captain came down hot foot to Snedley with his lawyer, his lady, Mrs. Torquil, being named in the will for something, and he took a deal on him and directed all things; and not having no copy of the will at the time, which I have one now, I could not gainsay nothing. And he ordered me and the child away to Mrs. Torquil at Guildford."

"And weren't you comfortable there?" asked the vicar.

"Yes, sir, well enough in a way, but there was things against it—comfortable in a manner, but not a house such as quiet folk would like to live in. Captain Torquil was a very nice-spoken gentleman at first, but no one likes him; and he's scarce ever at Guildford—always in London. So much the better for them as lives in t'other place. A very violent-tempered, dangerous gentleman."

"But Mrs. Torquil, you found her kind, I dare say?" said the vicar.

"Mrs. Torquil, sir, is nothing in her own house," said she.

"Oh! controlled by her husband, I suppose?" he suggested.

"Well, sir, I may mention to you she's scarce ever out of her bed-room. The fact is, sir—what I wouldn't on no account tell to another—the poor lady has her failin', and it's come to that she's scarce ever out of her bed."

"She's too fond of drinkin', sir, and has ruined her health, which she cannot last very long, sir; and 'twill not fret them much, I'm afraid, that should fret most. 'Tis a bad world, sir, and a sorrowful; and I'm told, poor lady! if she had a bin happier mated, she'd a bin very different in many ways."

"Dear me! poor thing! that's very sad," said the clergyman, with something of wonder as well as of pain. "That such things are, who could believe if one didn't see them? Ah, Mrs. Pullen, in the midst of life we are in death—that spiritual death which is so unspeakably more terrible for

us than its awful physical image. It is very sad indeed, Mrs. Pullen, what you tell me."

"So it is, sir, and he leading such a life, they do say—gambling and every other wickedness—and no servants stops there for any length of time; and often not the price of a loaf in the house for days together, and credit hard to get for that house, I can tell you, sir."

"But how did Mrs. Mildmay, of Queen's Snedley, come to admit him at her house?"

"Law love you, sir, she knew nothing. If she had a known what sort he was, or she, poor lady, she'd never a left them nothing in her will, nor suffered him nigh the house. But he had a way with him, and flattered her; poor good lady! she was too simple for such-like. It wasn't till I came to Guildford that I got a copy of the will from Mr. Tute, the lawyer. I have it here, sir, in this bag, by my bed; and I'd be glad, sir, if you read it, or get a copy took, since the poor darling child is under your care, which, as you will hear, is the saving of its life, no less, the blessed baby!"

"Pray explain—do, my good friend, explain what you mean."

"What I mean, sir, please, is just this. The poor mistress has left all she can, except about fifty pounds a year, to her cousin, Mrs. Torquil, which she would as soon have burnt her hand in the fire as have done it, if she had known that the poor lady was always more or less in liquor and seldom out of her bedroom, or fit to speak to any one, I'm sorry to say, sir."

The vicar raised his hands and eyes, and shook his head slowly.

"She had in her power to leave about a thousand a year, which she has left to the darling child, Miss Laura; and if the dear baby should die unmarried, it is all to go, you will see, sir, when you come to read the will, to her afflicted cousin—little she thought what was afflicting of her—Mrs. Torquil."

"Is Captain Torquil appointed guardian to the child?"

"Not he, sir."

"Then he has no more right to the custody of that child than he has to the custody of you or me," said the vicar. "He has no more right than Mr. Turnbull, the innkeeper, here—less, in fact; because if anything happened to the child, he would have a great accession of fortune. He is for that reason the very last person who should have charge of the child; no selection could possibly be more improper."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you just what happened; but please, sir, you'll promise not to get me into trouble for speaking so plain? for indeed, sir, except to show you how the matter really is, and what a sin it would be in the sight of God to give the child back to that bad man, I would not open my lips to no one on the matter."

"I see what you mean—that is, I can understand why Captain Torquil, as I have said, should, on consideration, most gladly rid himself of all responsibility about the child."

"Ah, sir, that ain't what the captain wants. But I don't like it no ways, and I could not stay no longer at Guildford at no price. I could not allow him to take to doctoring the baby, sir."

And she looked darkly at the vicar.

"Eh? I don't quite understand," hesitated that good man.

"This was it, you must know, sir. He didn't trouble us out at Guildford much with his company no more than his money, and he never paid a shilling nowhere without dis-

puting and fighting over it like dog and cat; but that's neither here nor there. He did come out to Guildford about ten days after we got there, and he spoke me fair and made me a present, and for all that there was something about him I did not like, and I could not know myself what it was, only there was. What I then saw first against him was the way he used to walk into poor Mrs. Torquil's room—just shove open the door and walk in as if 'twas a stable, and look at her as if he'd strangle her, and never a good-morning nor how do you do, and she all of a tremble while he was there, and no word, I am sorry to say, too bad to call her. And whatever she may be, poor lady! it isn't for him to call her them dreadful names—before servants more especially—when 'twas his own bad treatment that made her so, and she there with never a word—nothing but just crying and sobbing, poor thing! as if her heart would break; and whatever money there was, every one knew 'twas with her it came. Well, he never stayed long, I must say, in her room, only to rummage about for her letters and reading every scrap of paper he could find.

"Well, sir, the first time Captain Torquil came out I did not know him so well, and he walked up stairs right to the nursery—a queer place for a gentleman to be poking into; and he was very nice-spoken and smiling, and he asked how I was, and hoped I was comfortable, and told me to ask for whatever I wanted. And he said he heard the child had a cold. And I said it had, but was getting better; and he said, smiling, 'You know, nurse, I'm a great doctor,' which I told him I did not know it before. 'Yes,' said he. 'Would you mind putting it to bed, and I'll have it quite well by to-morrow? It is feverish, and until that is right, it can't get better.'"

"I think he said rightly there," said the vicar.

"Well, sir, it was only wrapped round with its flannels and my quilted shawl, and the little cot all ready, so I did as he bid me; and said he, 'The thing it wants is James's powder, and you know how to manage it.'"

"And then he went down stairs and came back, and divided the powder he brought with him in two; and he said he'd come back and see how it did. And I gave it that powder, he standing by, and it never was the same since."

"Hm!" said the vicar, with his eyes fixed on a knot in the floor.

And a little silence followed.

"Well, sir, you see, he was angry when I refused to give the child 't'other half of the powder; and when he frowns and laughs and turns white, as he does when he's vexed, he looks very bad, and I could not get his face out of my head, although he did not stay long nor make much of the matter. But lately he's bin coming up again to the nursery, and he says the child isn't thriving with me, which I know well what it was as disagreed with the darling infant; and he wanted me to give it a bottle he had made up in his coat pocket, and I said I'd rayther not, and he pulled off the paper and showed me the label with 'Daffy's Elixir' on it and the name of the apothecary; and he said, 'You must give it the medicine; the child will die else;' and I said, 'I won't give no phyaic, except what the doctor over the way orders and makes up;' and with that he laughed and called me a fool and slapped his hand down on the table, and told me to be ready to quit the house and give up the child to a new nurse the next morning; and he gave me a look that frightened me, and I heard him laughing very angry as he ran down the stairs.

"Now, if that stuff in the bottle was really Daffy's Elixir, and nothing mixed in it, why mightn't he a' left it

where he had put it, on the table, instead of taking it away again in his pocket? Mind ye, sir, I don't say nothing, but I know what I thought. I was as cold as lead and trembling all over, and I think I'd took a fit, only I looked at the poor darling little baby and I burst out a-cryin'; and that I think saved me."

Here Hileria Pullen paused, and the vicar said what is told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

HILERIA PULLEN'S ADVENTURES.

"YOU are right, Mrs. Pullen, to be very cautious as to what you say, because there is no proof, nothing but suspicion. You may depend upon me. You were right to be frank, and you have acted perfectly right. How soon after that did you leave?"

"That night, sir. Ill though I was, I stole away with the baby, and no one missed me till next morning, I take it—for that was a house where most people did as they liked, except when the master was there—and none cared about their own business, much less other people's."

"But you said Captain Torquil followed you. How was that?"

"We were two hours late the second day at a small town, Twinton, when I got out with the baby, meaning to cross to this."

"I was there more than an hour, I should think, and it was moonlight, and I saw a chaise-and-four pull up at the door; and Captain Torquil put his head out of the window, and he asked how long it was since the mail-coach passed, and they told him. They were wetting the horses' mouths; and though it was a frosty night, they were steaming up in a cloud with heat; and he asked how far on was the place where they changed horses, and they told him five miles only; and he said, 'They have left that, I suppose, half an hour ago;' and they said, 'That at least;' and he said, 'They were behind time here;' and they said they lost time by the ice on the road—which was true—and they were bringing it up now. Then he asked them how long the next stage was, and they told him thirteen miles; and he said, 'We sha'n't overtake them next stage, then;' and they said, hardly."

"You remember all this very distinctly," observed the vicar.

"Every word of it went into my ear like a needle. I'll never forget word or look or turn or sight of the four minutes that passed then. I was standing with the baby in the big window over the door, and in the broad moonlight, and I could no more move from where I stood than the post outside with the sign hanging to it."

"I did not feel myself nor the child for the time, nor as if I had a body at all, but only just eye and ear, and like to fall down dead with fear of him, for you don't know all I've heard of that man. Well, sir, you may guess how I felt when he raised his eyes to the very window where me with the baby in my arms was standing."

"I felt my eyes growing as big as saucers in my head, staring at him; and the captain leaned out and made as if he was going to open the door. But, Heaven be thanked! he did not see me. I think 'twas the shine of the moonlight back again from the panes of glass that hid me. He held his watch in the light of the moon, leaning out, and he called to the post-boys to be off; and I thank God I saw them drive on at a great pace the next minute. I had been trembling the whole journey in fear of him overtaking me, for I knew that he would think I had taken the northern coach, having a sister married in Edinburgh, and

he knew she wanted me to go to live with her; and I do suppose he went right to the coach-office when he heard I was gone, and found out what passengers went, and then he followed. I mentioned you to him also, once, sir, as one that should be consulted; and when he finds I haven't gone on by the coach, I know he'll make straight for this."

"Not unlikely. Give me the copy of the will, and I will have our lawyer's opinion as to its effect; and there is Mr. Turnbull. I hear him in the lobby."

He called in the innkeeper, and gave him a solemn charge in case of inquiries after Mrs. Pullen to withhold all information, which that grave person undertook to do.

"My people doesn't know her name, and I'll give them directions to say nothing."

"And should Captain Torquil or any one on his behalf make inquiry about the child, please say that I have taken that matter in hand, and refer him to my attorney, Mr. Tarlcot. And now I'll take the copy of the will, ma'am—thanks; and I'll bring it back to you when he has made a note of it."

So he bade her good-bye and was approaching the door, when suddenly she screamed, starting upright in the bed, "Oh law, sir, he's come!"

"Hush! Captain Torquil, do you mean?"

"Oh yes, sir. I hear his voice."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CERTAIN Norwegian hunter, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, saw a fox cautiously making his approach toward the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it, and after looking round a while hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way, but presently returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and, as it would seem, for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood from his mouth, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless, as if dead. At the approach of evening an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed, somewhat behind the rest, and just as they neared his ambush, Michel, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph to the fastness he had so cunningly prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother.

AN old gentleman remonstrated with his married son, who did not live on good terms with his wife, on the impropriety of their contentions, since, in the eye of human and divine law, they were one. "I don't know how that may be," replied the young man, "but I am certain that if you passed our door when we were quarrelling, you'd think we were at least twenty."

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1873.

A CHAT WITH WORKINGMEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a New England town there is a manufactory of furniture. The proprietor began five years ago with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. This fortune was inherited from his father. He employs, directly and indirectly, about four hundred workmen. Recently, in taking account of the situation, he found that, with some advance in his real estate, his fifty thousand had grown into one hundred thousand dollars. He had done a good deal of anxious contriving and hard work, but found that in a single five years he had doubled his riches. The men had worked hard likewise, and found that at the end of the five years they were just where they were at the beginning. They were older, they had more children, but no more dollars.

These poor, hard-working men held a meeting in the town-hall to talk over their circumstances and prospects. Many passionate speeches were made. One old man who had grown gray in the service, and was looking forward to an old age of poverty and suffering, cried out in a fierce voice,

"What's to become of me? When I break down, who will feed me? Where shall I sleep? God knows, if anything were to happen to me to-morrow, I should have to go to the poorhouse. And yet I have worked every day for nearly fifty years. I have never been to Saratoga, I have never gone away for recreation, but have worked like a slave. Since this factory began, five years ago, I have not lost a day. Where has all the money I have earned gone? I have just fifteen cents in my pocket to-night, and it's all I have in the world. Where have all my earnings gone? I needn't tell you. They have all gone just where *yours* have all gone—into the pockets of this one man. He rolls in wealth—we starve. What right has he to my earnings? What right has he to your earn-

ings? He is a millionaire! Where did he get all his money? He got it out of my sweat and out of your sweat. Are we slaves? Does this man own us? These cursed capitalists are thieves and robbers, and I warn 'em to look out. Their day of reckoning is about come."

The speaker sat down amidst great excitement. At this moment a quiet man rose in the corner and asked permission to speak. To a large part of the audience it was a surprise. The proprietor himself it was who was asking permission to speak. He began with—

"Mr. Chairman, is this a free meeting? May I say a few words?"

"If there is no objection, the gentleman can speak," was the reply of the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman, I will not detain you long; I simply wish to make a few statements. I am not a millionaire, as the speaker has stated, but I will confess that during these five years I have made about fifty thousand dollars, which I will further confess is as much as I put into the business in the first place. But let me ask you, haven't I always paid the highest wages? And haven't I paid you every week? I will now tell you something which but for this meeting I should never have mentioned. During the first two years of our enterprise I was several times in imminent peril of the loss of everything. I not only borrowed money to pay you, but on more than one occasion borrowed it at very high rates of interest. There was a time during the second year that it required all my courage and faith to bear the strain; and if I had been compelled then to stop, I should have lost everything that I possessed. About two years and a half since, things took a favorable turn, and during the last two years I have made money pretty fast. What ought I to do with it? Do you say that I should divide with you? Perhaps so, but I don't intend to do it. If there is a man among you who thinks that, placed in my circumstances, he would give up the fifty thousand, let him stand up and say so. I am sure it would make us all better to look into his face. I am free to confess that such an action is quite above me. During the first two years I lost a great deal of money. Perhaps it was my fault that so much imperfect and unprofitable machinery was put in and had to be taken out of the building, but there was a large loss which brought me to the very verge of ruin. During a portion of the second summer I walked my room night after night. My wife thought I was going crazy. Well, let that pass and be forgotten. I have made, taking the five years together, about seven cents a day on each of you; or reckoning my own services at five thousand dollars a year, I have made a profit of three and a half cents on the labor of each of you. Whether the capital which I furnished justifies this tax upon your industry I shall not undertake to decide. Whether in some co-operative system you could have employed an agent to do the buying, selling and financing better than I have done them, so as to tax your industry but two cents or one cent a day instead of the three and a half cents which I have received, you must decide for yourselves. But even in that case he would probably

have saved more money than all the rest of you put together; and seeing him riding in a carriage and living in a good house, would you not have made the same complaint which you make against me?"

The old man who made the speech already reported here got on his feet again, and exclaimed in a loud voice,

"I go deeper than all this small talk. Mr. Chairman and men, I say that society is all wrong. What right had this one man to have fifty thousand dollars? Is his blood any better than that in the rest of us? I ask what right had he to inherit more money—this one man alone—than all the rest of the inhabitants of this village possess after all these years of toil? Is this right? My father left nothing to me. I don't believe that any of your fathers left anything to you. How comes it about that this one man has more than all the rest of us, and yet we have toiled all our lives, and he got his wealth from his father just by being born? Is there any virtue in being born? I say society is rotten to the core when such things as these are possible."

The proprietor of the factory got the floor again at this point, and said,

"I grant it, Mr. Chairman. I grant you that there seems to be something very unjust in this inequality in the conditions of men. One man is born with a vigorous body and a large, active, well-balanced brain; another one is born with a weak, sickly body and a small, unbalanced brain. With the one a large and complete success is easy and certain. With the other life is a miserable, hopeless struggle. What justice is there in this? Why does God permit it? You may all answer this question to suit yourselves. Suppose one of you is the strong, successful man. You earn in some honorable employment fifty thousand dollars. You earn it, I will suppose, in manufacturing some valuable invention, the product of your own superior brain; what would you think if somebody were to say you should not give it to your children? Or if one of you had inherited from such a father the fortune of fifty thousand dollars, what would you say to the proposition to take it from you?"

The old man sprang to his feet again, and eagerly asked,

"Is there such a thing as justice? Why should one man live in ease and comfort all his life, without an hour's labor, and another man work within an inch of his life half a century, and then when he is worn out crawl away into some hole and starve to death? Is life a lie and a swindle?"

"If I remember rightly, it has been said in a great document which we all revere that all men are created free and equal. Let us see if this is true. Now, there is this one man with fifty thousand dollars, which he was born to without any virtue or merit of his own, and with it he is able to command the services of four hundred men, use them for his own profit and pleasure, and double his great fortune in five years. He asks if any man among us would divide this fortune, if he possessed it, with the company of men who have earned it. I answer for one that if I had this hundred thousand dollars, I would at

once divide it among the men who have earned it and to whom it justly belongs. If Mr. Barber will give it to me, I will proceed to divide it here and now. So if he wants to look into the face of a man who would divide with the crowd, let him look into my face. I have always said, if I should ever become a rich man, I would divide equally with my fellow-workmen."

The proprietor here got the floor, and began with saying,

"I will say with perfect sincerity that it gives me great pleasure to hear these generous sentiments expressed; and although Mr. Hardy might not possibly do what he now thinks he would, still, to hear such noble impulses expressed is calculated to inspire us all with pure and holy emotions."

"But to return to the inequalities among men. We have in the next town a striking illustration of inherited advantage far more striking than any inheritance of money. We all know C. M. Stanley. That man was born with body so fine and with brain so ingenious that everybody saw while he was a boy that he was sure to achieve a great success. You know what he has already done, and yet he is not thirty years old. Before he is fifty he will be not only rich, but will command the confidence and admiration of everybody that knows him. You all know James Jones, who died in our village last winter. With that deformed and suffering body he had, as you all know, a mind so unbalanced and weak that he could not take care of himself. After wandering about helpless and wretched for twenty-four years, an object alternately of charity and neglect, but always of disgust, he at last found rest and concealment in the grave. One inherited in his happy, splendid faculties health, wealth, popularity, fame, happiness; the other inherited suffering, poverty and misery. Why this difference? Why this inequality among men? No one will deny that the greatest inequalities among men are those in their capacities. All external differences are as nothing compared with those in the men themselves. You may say that this born difference is unjust. I confess that it has seemed so to me. But in my sober moments I never doubt that God knows what he is about in permitting even such prodigious inequalities. It is of no use to scold about it; and until you can induce the Creator to change the law of inequality by inheritance—instances of which we see on every hand—it will be of no use to quarrel with the fact that by the use of these inherited faculties one man gathers wealth and success, while another man suffers only poverty and a wretched failure."

At this point a young man rose near the door, and said,

"Mr. Chairman, I am a stranger here, but not a stranger to this subject. I confess I am disappointed. The spirit of the meeting is all that could be wished, but it seems to me that you have not touched the gist of the trouble. I will not intrude upon your discussions unless you are perfectly willing."

"Go on! go on!" was heard from all parts of the house.

The young man said, "It is too late to go on to-night. I propose that we adjourn till another evening."

After some discussion, the meeting was adjourned one week.



"WHAT IS, OR WAS, HER TROUBLE?" INQUIRED MR. T.—P. 257.

WEE MATTY'S NORA.

BY COL. A. D. BAILIE.

"It is a hard life, and dangerous, that of a coal-miner?"

"Aye, sir, yo be right: 'tis main hard."

Time, early evening. Season, early fall. Locality, outside of a miners' boarding-house, near a colliery, in the anthracite coal-regions of Pennsylvania. The persons, two. One we shall call Mr. Tourist; the other was "Crooked" Ben, a disabled miner, who, during the day, had been initiating the stranger in the underground mysteries of coal-mining.

The interested Mr. T. had continued his subterranean explorations until, upon his re-arrival upon the earth's outer crust, he found that the stage by which he had intended to return to the railway station had passed, and there was nothing for it but to "foot it" over the mountains or remain and take the first coach next morning. Ben informing him that he could obtain accommodation at the boarding-house, he concluded to remain.

After partaking of supper at a table with some forty miners, anxious to escape the combined fumes of the kit-

chen and the many strong pipes which were now in full blast in the overheated room, the stranger repaired to the outside of the house; and finding his guide and instructor resting upon a bench near the door, he seated himself, and commenced the conversation by the remark above recorded, to which Crooked Ben gave his ready assenting answer.

Just then along the road in front of where they were seated came a woman—a woman of about two-and-thirty years of age. She turned her face toward the two men—a quiet oval face, fair and very delicate, and sad, very sad, that face set off by the perfect order of her shining black hair, and irradiated by a pair of very gentle dark eyes; but the eyes had a vacant and wistful, a weary, longing, far-away look of a mind "no a' richt," as I heard a woman that night express it.

Ben rose from the bench as quickly as he spied her figure.

"Eigh, lass! thou'rt early t'night," he said, evidently trying to be cheerful.

"Times Matty's early, Ben, an' I must meet him when he comes," was the woman's answer; and passing on, she turned a bend in the road below.

Ben followed her with a sorrowful gaze; and as she disappeared, he gave a deep sigh that at once awakened the sympathy and curiosity of his companion, who gave the miner a look of interrogation.

"Ah, sir," said Ben, answering the look, "there's one—poor Nora! th' best lass livin' or dead—as knows th' hardness o' a miner's life; she ha' under't this many a year sin' long an' dree."

"Her mind seems somewhat unsettled. What is, or was, her trouble?" inquired Mr. T.

"Well, sir, an' yo wud loike t' know, I'll tell yo. I be't mostly ower willin' t' talk 'bout it, but so be't mought coom t' let yo see what trooble is, I dunno mind."

"I should indeed be glad to hear the poor woman's story."

Crooked Ben looked for some moments down the road, cleared his throat, and began:

"Yo see, sir, I ha' know'd yon poor lass these many long year. I know'd her i' th' owd country—I coomed ower wi' her. Times I did ha' thowt o' havin' her fur my own wife, but I wor allus a slow-go'n chap, an' not much fur to look at, an' so be Matt Burk stepp'd in 'head o' me. They wor married on Eas'r Monday thirteen year sin'. I haad nought t' say agen 't: Matt wur a fren' o' moine, an' she lo'ed him true."

"Well, we coomed ower, her an' him, an' me; she wor th' light o' my een, that lass, an' I could na' ha' lived wi'out th' sight o' her. She wor young an' pretty enow t' drive a mon hotterin' mad."

"We wor miners both, Matt and mysen'; I wor put i' a mine when a chilt, an' I looks forrard t' dyin' i' a mine. We both got work—not here: out nigher t' th' town. An' then Matt—well, he went bad soon."

"Not along o' her. Gonnows she wor a good wife t' him. She wor patient wi' him—very patient wi' him. She tried t' wean him fra 't—th' drink—ower an' ower agen; she tried this, an' tried that, an' tried t'other."

"She ha' gone fra a day's out washin' a many's th' time, an' foun' aw gone as she had 'n th' world, an' him, wi'out a sense lef' t' bless hissen', lyin' on th' bare groun'. She ha' dun't not once, not twice—twenty time!"

"From bad t' worse, from worse t' worsen, Matt went. He disgraced hissen' every ways, bitter an' bad. My heart it did bleed for her oft', but I could no help her, poor, patient, suff'rin' dear! for Matt, he got kind o' jaloused like agen me; an' times when he'd th' drop in, he'd cast it op t' me o' bein' in lo'e wi' his wife."

"It wor true, sir; I lo'ed her wi' a honest an' a true lo'e sin I'member, but no word o' 't ha' she ev'r heered out'n my mouth. Matt wor my fren', an' her I lo'ed true."

"Then, sir, her babby, it coomed, an' Matt, he did seem for t' be for a turn o' work, an' for a time he wor fair an' stiddy."

"One day, down i' th' mine, we wor, me an' my mate, a-sittin' i' th' breast—that's where we get th' coal out, as yo seed th' day, sir—we wor i' th' breast a-takin' a bite o' dinner, an' Matt an' 'nother wor fillin' ca'tridges fra a kag o' powther as wor in our breast. They sat away fra th' kag, an' carried careless th' loose powther t' where they wor, an' th' droppins o' 't made a train loike, unbeknown'st eight apast where me an' my mate wor a-settin'."

"Matt, he'd ha' a drop, an' he wor doon on me on commin hard that misfortnet day, wi' his cracks an' his joen o' me."

"Well, sir, I wor soon dun my bite, an' t' keep th'

tongue o' me quiet—for her sake I'd no answer back t' Matt—I jist filled my pipe for t' smoke; an' I wor so chaffered loike I niver took no thowt: I lighted my pipe wi' a match, an' then I throw'd th' burnin' match t' th' floor o' th' breast. It fell i' th' spilled powther, which wor a train loike, an' aw i' a moment 't wor t' th' kag."

"Ther' wor a flash, an' that's aw I'member o' 't. Matt an' 't'other poor lads wor killed ou'right, an' me—ther' wor no such good luck for me—I coomed thro' it wha' yo sees me—legs, arms an' face aw twisted out o' aw humanity—a thing for lads t' jeer at an' strangers t' stare arter."

"Matt wor burried fra th' house where I wor lyin'. Nora wor out that day, for forst toime sin' th' babby wor born; an' when th' parson wor dun th' preachin' ower poor Matt's body, as she coomes fo'ard aw alone, carryin' the babby, as wor her an' his'n, in her arms—t' ha' him christin'd Matt ower th' coffin o' th' farther as had bore th' name an' him—it wor th' sorrowful'st sight i' th' world, an' I swore deep t' myseln' t' stick true t' th' lad aw th' days o' my life."

"He wor a little chap, an' ne'r a fast grower, but a smart 'un an' a good 'un, an' aw th' country roun' know'd Nora's wee Matty."

"An', Lor'! how th' two did lo'e un 'nother! She did work an' toil for him like t' any born black slave, an' he for her, when he wor owd nuf t' know how. He ne'r ca'd her mither; 'Nora'—'My Nora'—that's aw wh' he ca'd her ever."

"An' she wor a-gettin' as bright an' happy as 'er a lass i' th' land, aw wi' her wee Matty, a-workin' early an' late for t' give him th' bit larnin'."

"Ay, she wor main proud o' her wee bright, quick lad, an' that happy-lookin' that when I seed her times—th' dear lass! th' sight o' her een an' smile ha' heartened me i' that cheerin' way—t' wor loike t' a gleam o' sunshine coom into th' pit blackness o' my aw dark life."

"For my life wor dark them times: 'ts made a owd mon o' me, whilst my years ben't two score. I ha' walked th' hills nights long, ere ever I'd go home: I ha' gone t' th' brigg, minded t' fling mysen' ower and ha' no more on't, but 'membrin o' her ha' kept me back fra 't."

"I did na go nigh her much them times—'twor better not be too much together; ther' wor a many as had heerd Matt's chaff me when he wor a livin', an' ther' allus be a plenty t' talk o' a lass—not ower kindly they talk, too, be times; an' so I thowt better kep' awa' fra her, and so I did, only a-watchin' now an' agen t' see her, unbeknown'st t' hersen'."

"Wee Matty did well; he wor set on workin' below for t' help his Nora, an' at las' she let him go here t' th' drivin', 'cause I wor workin' here then, worse luck t' me."

"So he'd stop here ev'ry mornin' and give a cheery ca'—'Unkl' Ben! ho, Unkl' Ben!—an' we allus went down together."

"She'd coom an' met him o' nights; I niver went wi' him o' nights—jist kep' off an' follow'd 'em far ahind."

"Th' lad, he wor a studyin' aw th' toime—books an' figgers: figgers mostly; he wor ne'r wi'out a bit chalk i' his pocket, an' he wor a-writin' an' a-figgerin' on aw things as'd hold a figger. Not twelve years owd, the lad worn't, an' his writin' were that big an' black yo could ha' read 't a mile off."

"T wor only th' day afore he wor happen'd to that un o' th' Welsher 'omen here wor a-braggin' ower her own lad, as wor a-figgerin' i' th' rule o' three, wh'er that be; an' ses Nora t' th' Welsher, for she cud patter th' lingo, ses

she, 'Dixdiefoni! mae Matti ni yn y rule o' ten; aw a wn t' That woir, sir, 'Graschus me! my Matty's 'n th' rule o' ten, for aw I knows, an' that sayin' o' hers be a joke here now yet."

"But what became of wee Matty?" asked the listener, deeply interested.

"I be coomin' t' that, sir. It wor th' misfortnet day o' th' horror as wor here 'bout a year sin'. That mornin' when th' lad ca'd me here—'Unkl' Ben! Unkl' Ben!'—I tow'd him as I wor not op t' mysen' th' mornin', and I worn't minded t' go doon th' day.

"Awhiles, an' th' sun coomed out'n, I feel'd better loike, an' I went doon an' started op the gangway nigh t' th' head o' th' plane. When I got op, I axed wher' wor wee Matt, an' they sed as he wor jist gone t' th' shaft wi' his car; so I thowt t' wait there for th' poor lad t' coom back.

"T worn't ten minutes arter, when we heerd the awfu' cry o' fire, an' we tried for t' make for t' foot o' the shaft, but we soon foun' t' wor no use. Our mates coom back an' tow'd us th' fire had begun i' the flue at th' bottom o' th' shaft, an' that one cage full o' men an' lads 'd gone op, but that now th' flames wor a roarin' up throu' th' shaft loike to a hell.

"Th' soolphur wor a-fillin' th' gangways an' chambers, an' ther' wor little chance o' any o' us ever seein' daylight agen. Daylight seems moighty sweet them times, sir.

"I axed some o' th' men 'bout my lad—my wee Matt; an' they sed as they'd seen him on th' cage, an' then I wor contented. Hap wh' might, Nora an' wee Matt wor safe.

"We all goes a bit furdur back, an' we take a car an' puts t' cross th' plane gangway, an' packs t' roun' tight's we could wi' our clothes an' coal an' mud, for t' try an' keep out th' soolphur gas, as wor sure death.

"We'd jist gotton done aw this when we heered sum 'un a-callin' in a chokin' voice, 'Unkl' Ben! Oh, Unkl' Ben!'

"My God, sir! my hair did stan' op on end: it wor wee Matty's voice. I hollered back t' him, an' he foun' his way op t' where we'd barred him out.

"I dunno 'member ower much o' wh' then; Matty's voice wor fillin' my ears, an' Nora seem'd standin' afore my een. Th' lads as wor wi' me ses I fought loike t' a mad bull for t' tear doon wh' we had buil'd up for t' let th' dear lad in; like enow I did. Gonnows I would ha' gien my life for his'n—ay, ten hunnerd time ower.

"But th' mates, they held me—t' would ha' been sartin death t' all t' ha' opened th' packin', an' they wor men o' family, an' there wor a chance yet o' gettin' out safe. Ay, safety for me an' them, but my poor lad, he wor lef' t' die—t' die aw alone.

"I mind him a-ca'n t' me, an' I could tell as he wor a chokin' wi' more ner th' sobs as would coom up, brave lad as he wor; an' a braver heart ne'r beat.

"Oh, Ben, he ses, 'I thowt yo wasn't doon; an' when I heerd yo wor, I jumped off th' cage an' coom t' hunt yo; an' now it's too late,' an' then he sobbed out there aw alone, meetin' o' death i' th' soolphur an' smoke an' darkness—aw alone, an' aw for me, wee Matty, poor brave wee Matty—aw for me."

Ben's voice had been growing fainter and fainter as he told his touching story, and at this point his speech failed him entirely. His companion made no remark, and after a time the miner resumed:

"I mind too that he ca'd, the dear thowtful lad, an' we

could only jist hear him: 'Unkl' Ben, if so be yo get out, Driver Luke's owen me a dollar. Give t' t' my Nora. Tell good-bye t' my Nora for me, will yo, Unkle Ben? an' I never heerd my wee Matty's voice no more; aw dead loike I wor then myseln'.

"I dunno how I wor gotton out an' op, sir, only what I heered. When I coomed to, I wor lyin' under a shed; th' lads an' 'omen wor aw 'bout th' pit, an' th' coal wor a-roarin' an' blazin' i' th' screens an' shutes. An' close by me wor lyin' poor lad's dear body, a dreesoon' an' awfu' sight for some t' see, aw bloated an' black, wi' th' blood-specks about th' dear mouth. My brave lad i' he wor fair an' pretty as ever i' my een. He wor sweet as a angel t' me. I made shift t' crawl nigh t' him an' kiss him, an' clean his pretty face well as I could.

"They tow'd me as Nora, poor lass! wor ravin', an' so I didn't mind t' die—leastwise till I seed if I could no help her some bit.

"She lived thro' t' aw, an' so did I, but she ha' forgotten aw o' the horror, as is allus wi' me, an' she lives aw th' toime a-lookin' for wee Matt t' come home; o' a night she's allus at th' shaft 'till ten, and then I fetches 'er back. She's aw my care now, sir."

"She must indeed be a care to you, my poor fellow," said Mr. Tourist. "I presume you get little help from any one? The poor folks about here seem to have enough to do to look after themselves."

"Nay, sir, nay. They'd all be main willin' t' do for th' lass, poor tho' they be, sir. God forbid as I, that ha' knowed and had 'n experience o' these folks aw my life—I, that ha' ett'n an' droonken wi' 'em, an' seet'n wi' 'em, an' toi'n wi' 'em, and lo'e'n 'em—should fail for t' stan' by 'em wi' th' truth. They aw be willin' an' kindly, but they're poor.

"We be rough, sir, an' poor, but we be true t' one 'nother, faithfu' t' one 'nother, 'fectionate t' one 'nother, e'en t' th' death. Be poor amoong 'em, be sick amoong 'em, grieve amoong 'em for onny o' the money causes as carries grief to th' poor man's door, an' they'll be tender wi' yo', gentle wi' yo', comfortable wi' yo', Chriisen wi' yo. Be sure o' that, sir. They'd be riven t' bits ere ever they'd be different."

Ben spoke with the rugged earnestness that well suited the man. He seemed to have a proud consciousness that he was faithful to his class and defending them from implied misrepresentation, but he never raised the tones of his voice or lost the deep seriousness into which he had fallen while telling his story. He continued:

"But she be my charge, sir, an' I be proud an' happy that th' Lord ha' spared her that I may do for her an have somethin' t' live for. She's mine—mine only."

"And so she remembers nothing of her boy's terrible death? Is it not better that it should be so?" remarked Mr. Tourist.

"Mayhap it be so, sir. Th' poor lad wor foun' but a few foot from us, lyin' cowl'd an' dead and a bit o' board wor by him, where, aw alone, wi' th' black death around him an' chokin' th' life's heartbeats out'n him, he writ down wi' th' bit chalk fra' his pocket, 'My Nora, Ben—my Nora,—my Nora'—just sevin words: seems as I ha' them burned i' my heart—onst 'Ben,' three times 'My Nora' Dear brave lad! poor dear sufferin' lass! An' he died fur me—he died fur me."

The miner's voice had sunk to a whisper, as he repeated his last sentence, and it was evident that he wished to talk no more.

It was near ten o'clock. The moon was up, clear, bright

and cool was the night. The traveller arose from his seat, and was about to enter the house, when on the hard road beyond the curve was heard the clattering hoofs of horses, and a sound like a half-smothered shriek was borne upon the air. In a second came dashing along up the road, past the house, mad with fright, a pair of splendid runaway horses, dragging after them an overturned carriage. The miners came crowding from the door of the house. I looked for Ben; he had disappeared. A few moments after, he came in sight, bearing in his arms the apparently lifeless body of poor Nora, torn, bruised, bleeding. She had been overthrown in the road by the runaways, trampled upon and injured beyond hope of recovery. Sadly the poor miner bore her through the crowd of horror-stricken faces into the house, and laid her shattered body upon a bed in the best chamber of the establishment.

A dozen men started for the doctor, hundreds flocked about the door, proffering aid. Tolling, weary men, tired and worn from their long, hard day's labor, rose from the beds they had just sought, and were eager to be assigned to some duty to help the poor sufferer. Hard-working mothers with tears and sobs left their own little flocks and turned from their cradled babes, and with heads shrouded in shawls and aprons came through the starry night, begging to be allowed to do something, anything, feeling as if some unnamed, motherly, sisterly, suffering-born instinct stirring in their breasts must surely prompt and guide them to some means of aiding poor Nora. Truly, Ben had not overrated the tenderness of the hearts that throbbed within these rugged frames.

The arrival of the doctor soon settled all questions. Nothing could be done. Nora was fatally injured. A few hours, and all would be over. Slowly the kind-hearted mob dispersed, and the women of the house and heart-broken Ben were left alone with the still insensible injured one.

The traveller retired to his room, but sleep he could not; the night hung long and heavy. At the first dawn of day he arose; he would walk out and meet the early coach in the road. He left his room; all was still within the house. Not altogether from curiosity, he opened the door of the chamber where the dying lay. The two women attendants are asleep in their chairs; their dull, stifled breathing wakes the chamber with ominous sound. Ben sits beside the bed, his eyes fastened with, oh, such sad fondness upon the poor victim of sorrow. His large, rough hand, endowed by love's almighty power with the lightness of an angel touch, rests upon her brow, now all beaded with the heats of fever and pain. The end has commenced.

The straggling gray light of morning breaks through the crevices of the closed shutters, brings stir and bustle to the outside world; within, dim lighting only the darkness.

The traveller draws near; something he leaves in the palm of the miner's hard hand as he clasps it.

"It is for her," he says.

"God bless yo, sir; we're humbly thankful," murmurs Ben.

For a time all is silent. Then the shattered form moves, the bright eyes open, a happy smile plays about the shapely lips, the weary, longing, hopeless look fades away, the features bloom with a fresh beauty; it is the Nora of years gone by. She looks for a moment at Ben, tries to smile upon him as of old—that kindly, cheering smile that lighted up his lonely life. She presses his hand. She moves her lips, but they give forth no sound. A look of

rest, of beautiful, perfect, peaceful happiness, settles upon her features. A sigh, not of pain—a sigh of relief.

Nora was gone—gone to find the God of the poor, gone through humility, poverty, toil and sorrow to peace and the blessed rest of the Redeemer.

Ben, who had stood over his "suff'rin' lass" like a Providence, stooped down; gently he closed the pretty dark eyes; he kissed, long and close, the lifeless lips of the woman he had loved so truly and so long, and whispered beneath his breath, as he looked up and saw the stranger,

"God's will be done. Dear lass! she's wi' wee Matty now."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON HOUSE-BUILDING is the title of a paper recently read at the Royal Institute of British Architects, by Mr. Roberts, who says that well-drained clay is a better site for a house than gravel. The explanation is that a well dug in clay-soil will contain purer water than the gravel, for the surface-water will not soak through and carry down impurities, as it does in gravel. It is well known that wells in a gravelly soil are liable to contamination by soakage from the surface, and any one adopting this view must understand that everything depends on thorough drainage of the clay. As regards rain-water, Mr. Roberts recommends that, instead of allowing it to run from the roof to the ground, and then pumping it back for use in the house, the best way would be to construct a cistern in the roof into which the rain-water could flow of itself. And he mentions a college at Finchley where not an ounce of the rainfall is allowed to escape, but passes into a series of cisterns that supply the upper lavatories, and from these the excess fills a lower series, and finally a tank in the basement.

Mr. Roberts advocates side lights in preference to all others, whether natural or artificial; and on the subject of ventilation he says, "Cold air should always be admitted vertically, and, if possible, at a level above the shoulders of the sitters." He finds that zinc tubes afford the best means for facilitating movements of the air, while tubes of glazed earthenware often have a contrary effect to that for which they were intended.

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT STIMULANTS.—The following is a translation of a paragraph found in the writings of Professor von Liebig, the distinguished German chemist: "The white wines are hurtful to the nervous system, causing trembling, confusion of language and convulsions. The stronger wines, such as champagne, rise quickly to the head, but their effects are only of short duration. Sherry and strong cider are more quickly intoxicating than the generality of wines, and they have a peculiar influence on the gastric juices of the stomach. The intoxication of beer is heavy and dull, but its use does not hinder the drinker from gaining flesh. The drinkers of whisky and brandy are going to certain death. Red wine is the least hurtful, and, in some cases, really beneficial."

SEASONING WOOD.—A writer in an English journal informs us that a small piece of non-resinous wood can be seasoned perfectly by boiling four or five hours, the process taking the sap out of the wood, which shrinks nearly one-tenth in the operation. The same writer states that trees felled in full leaf in June or July, and allowed to lie until every leaf has fallen, will then be nearly dry, as the leaves will not drop off themselves until they have drawn up and exhausted nearly all the sap of the tree. The time required is from a month to six weeks, according to the dryness or wetness of the weather. The floor of a mill laid with poplar so treated and cut up, and put in place in less than a month after the leaves fell, has never shown the slightest shrinkage.

The first coal ever mined in the United States was dug near Richmond, Va. Bituminous coal was mined there as early as 1700, and in 1775 was extensively used in the vicinity. During the Revolution, a Richmond foundry employed this coal in making shot and shell for the use of the Continental forces.



WRECKED.

BY ALFRED R. PHILLIPS.

Oh, drifting, drifting leeward,
 On came my lover's bark,
 While I stood gazing seaward,
 And deeper grew the dark.

Amid the snowflakes falling
 Stood sailors on the shore:
 I faintly hear their calling
 Amid the breakers' roar.

Oh, onward, onward dashing,
 Till with a cruel shock
 That strong-built bark came crashing
 Upon the ruthless rock.

The crested waves came leaping
 Like fiends upon their prey;
 The whirling waves came sweeping,
 And bore the wreck away.

When we are to the leeward,
 I stand upon the shore,
 And still keep gazing seaward
 Out where the breakers roar.

I know his spirit parted
 Amid the gray sea haze,
 Yet I sit broken-hearted,
 And weep, and wait, and gaze.

TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 1.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Let's remark that

"Be it never so homely,
There's no place like home,"

pretty as a sentiment, but as a bit of practical philosophy it does not amount to much. It is a notable fact that a vast majority of our American homes are intensely homely—that is, ugly, commonplace, dingy, dull. When our people undertake to decorate their homes, they generally do so in such a clumsy, utterly artless manner that the last state of the case is often worse than the first; for instead of unattractive plainness, they create vulgar ostentation and display which is more annoying to persons of real refinement of taste than undemonstrative uninterestingness, for that does not deal with aesthetics, and is nothing if not utilitarian.

One reason for this is that up to within a comparatively short time no great number of Americans have had time to devote to beauty. Certain rough work had to be done before the Muses' performance was obliged to wait until we were free to pay our devotion to them. Of late years, however, there have been many indications of an increasing interest for art in all its branches, and we believe that a latent artistic taste among the people of this country will in course of time produce the most beautiful results. One of the most distinguished English writers, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his very readable book entitled *Thoughts about Art*, says that he has noticed the American public much more receptive of artistic ideas than that of England, and our experience fully confirms this impression.

It is a matter of considerable importance that this new interest should be directed into the right channels, and that it should just now be brought to bear for the better decoration of our homes. It is of vastly more consequence to a man or a woman should have clear and sensible ideas about fitting up a home so as to make it a thing which will be a joy for ever to its inhabitants, than for the man or she should know how to judge of the merits of a picture or a statue. All the great national schools of art which have achieved permanent results have had their foundations deep down in practical utilitarianism: they have arisen out of the plain every-day necessities of life, and out of their endeavors to take off some of the drudgery of this work-a-day world by beautifying the things of every-day life. We never will have a great American school of art until we commence at the foundation, and learn how to beautify the places we

live in, however, manage to get along without a school of art, but we cannot get along at all without religion, honesty and other virtues, which, according to the old philosophers, are in a very great measure dependent upon the influences of the home, and it is impossible that these influences should operate properly if our homes are not pleasant places to dwell in. What, for instance, is there in the American dwelling to make a boy just growing into manhood, or a girl just budding into womanhood, feel that there is a pleasanter place to be in than can be found elsewhere? How many of our boys wander off from home because of the restlessness, simply because they are weary of

the dullness that reigns there supreme? How many girls are eager to marry any one who will have them, especially if he has money, for no other reason than that they hope to enjoy splendors that are unattainable at home? These young people do not know what is the matter with them, neither do their parents; they feel the oppression of dullness and commonplaceness, without being able to divine what the difficulty is; their latent æsthetic tastes are offended, without their even imagining that they have such tastes, and consequently without their being able to guess at a remedy. Money they naturally suppose will furnish them all that they sigh for, and money they will have, honestly if they can, but dishonestly too often, it is feared, if they must.

It is not too much to say that very many of the evils which afflict society arise from the causes we have indicated, and the remedy for them is so plain that it cannot be mistaken. If a home, no matter how humble may be its character, is fitted up with good taste, so as to be pretty and pleasant-looking in its exterior and interior, if those who dwell in it think it worth their while to employ some of their leisure moments, and a little of their spare cash, for its adornment, the growing boy and girl cannot but take an interest in it, and find the attractions of home to be so great that there will be no inducement to go abroad in search of pleasures less pure, perhaps, than those which the home circle should always yield.

Life ought not to be a mere daily grind for the means of subsistence, and in the majority of cases it need not be so: it is a duty which people owe to themselves, to their children and to society to cultivate a taste for the beautiful, not in a spirit of dilettanteism, but as a practical means for increasing the sum of human happiness, of making life better worth living for, and of subserving the noblest ends of morality and religion. The great truth is that few persons know exactly where to begin or how to set about the decoration of their homes; and it is the object of this series of papers to give some plain practical hints on this point, to suggest ideas which will be easy of execution for plain people unblest with wealth, and to furnish our readers with a reliable starting-point which will enable them to make their homes interesting at little cost, and often at less expense than they are now under in making them just the opposite. Our remarks will be addressed to people of very moderate means, although the artistic principles which we will endeavor to inculcate will be of equal value to rich and poor, and our object will be to show that it is the exercise of a little brain-power, and not a heavy outlay of cash, that in the majority of instances is needed to make American homes beautiful. However imperfectly our task may be performed, we have a confident hope that we will at least set people to thinking about a subject that is well worthy of earnest thought, and that we will have the pleasure of witnessing some practical and pleasing results as the reward of labors which we enter upon with diffidence, but with considerable enthusiasm. As our object is solely utilitarian, we shall not hesitate to borrow liberally the ideas of other writers when they are suited to our purposes, for as the old Spanish proverb says, "All the wisdom is not in one head;" and when the experiences and inventions of other men can be utilized for the advancement of our general designs, our readers shall have the benefit of them.

NEVER seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and bring it out when called for.

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 2.

WELL, Midget, I wrote you a long letter from Liverpool, but it was raining so awfully, and I was so sleepy, I hardly knew what I did write.

We left there early the next morning, and all I saw was two gray stone people on horseback—the horses were stone too—who were the queen and Prince Albert, queer-looking as ever you could see.

The cars are not a bit like ours, but crossways, with only two seats facing each other, like omnibuses with the wheels put on sidewise and running all wrong. There are three kinds, and you pay most for the fine ones. Uncle said the second sort were just as good, and cheaper. I don't see why he didn't take one, then; for you know, Midget, they are always telling us money don't grow on trees, but grown-up people are so inconsistent.

I just asked auntie how to spell that, and you ought to have heard that nasty Bob giggle. He's more and more hateful every day. I shall be so glad when he is shut up in that horrid school in Geneva. Well, we got to London the evening before thanksgiving day for the Prince of Wales getting well. Uncle paid for a window in a street called Oxford street, where we could see the procession. We had chairs right in front of the window, and saw the queen and the prince and all the big bugs. The queen isn't at all grand or pretty, and she doesn't wear any crown or big diamonds, nothing but a black bonnet with a little white feather. She nodded to the people just like old Mrs. Jones does to the neighbors when she drives up to Shiloh church on Sunday.

Oh, Midget, queens and princes and lords and things are not so much when you do see them. The Prince of Wales' little boy is nice-looking, and I really think he looked at me, for he nodded on our side twice as he passed. Some of the carriages looked like real gold all over; and the lord mayor was in one, dressed like one of those old women in the pictures at grandpapa's, with a long red velvet robe all trimmed with ermine, and long white curls or wig or something.

The queen's carriage wasn't any nicer than Mr. Bayless' new one, only it had six horses.

But the British soldiers are splendid, all scarlet and gold, and great high bear-skin hats and black horses. I just wish you could see them. I thought them so nice. But what do you think that Bob said? Why, that they were all over grimcracks, and that General Lee's greasy old graybacks could lick them out of their bearskins. Uncle laughed at his saying it. Oh, Midget, why they do let that boy go on so I can't imagine. I am certain he will never come to any good.

That night we walked miles through the streets to see the illumination, and it was lovely—stars and crowns and Prince of Wales' feathers all made of gas-lights, and all sorts of mottoes of gas. Whenever you come to London, if you ever do, I hope there will be a thanksgiving for somebody.

We went to drive a good many times in Hyde Park, and I like it better than Central Park, for it is not so countrified. You see such lots of people and such "swell" carriages (that is an English word, Midget, and it means something like stuck up, only more).

I saw the queen several times, and the Prince and Princess of Wales twice. The princess looked pale and sickly, and they may have a thanksgiving for her yet. If they do, I wish you may see it.

Well, Midget, I thought New York was big enough, but London is immense.

We went to Westminster Abbey; and when uncle saw Shakespeare's name and all of their monuments, he took off his hat and looked so solemn, and auntie's big blue eyes fairly glistened. That Bob only looked for sailors and soldiers. But all that I saw that I knew was Mr. Dickens' name right down on the stone floor, and I thought about little Paul and poor Nellie, and my throat got so full I couldn't say a word. So, after a while, we all came away, and nobody said much.

Next week we are going to Paris. I wonder how big it's going to be? Auntie says they will leave me there whilst they take Mr. Bob to Geneva. I would rather stay anywhere than go any farther with him.

They are going to leave me in a French school until auntie gets back; but just think, Midget! they will all speak French, and what shall I do? You know Miss Mary used to say I always shirked the verbs, and, Midget, you have to talk verbs. I know I'll ache all over with it, but auntie says it's good for me. That's the way grown people think of our troubles. But I'm ever so tired, and I will tell you more when we get to Paris.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRIET HASSLE.

IMMORTElLES.

A SAD and drooping company were there
Assembled at the grave-side of a friend;
And as the solemn utterance of prayer
Was hushed a while to mark the mortal end
To which our hastening footsteps ever tend,
Those cold and cheerless words, so hard to bear,
That tell how dust with kindred dust shall blend,
Seemed almost like some voice of deep despair
That touched their grieving hearts and freshened all their care.

For he who'd left them at stern Death's behest
Had been a kind and faithful friend to all;
He smiled with those whom smiling Fate had blest,
And ever sympathized with sorrow's call.
What wonder, then, that blinding tears should fall
When hearts were there with grateful love oppressed?
Or that their saddened memories should recall
Some slighted wish, some unfulfilled request,
That deepened all their woe and would not let them rest?

But now, when all these friends had gone away,
And left him there among the sleeping dead,
One loving soul drew near again to pray;
And reverently bending down her head,
She placed immortelles on that honored bed.
A simple wreath was all she came to lay,
The while she prayed for peace at present fled;
But soon the glistening tears she could not stay
Fell fast upon the gift and gemmed it with their ray.

Still kneeling there, while sorrow urged its claim,
She thought of all his kindly words and ways,
His care for those bowed down by sin or shame,
His peaceful life, his ever-ready praise,
And all the tender love of other days;
Then gathered up those memories as they came,
All fair and bright with virtue's constant ray,
And placed them lovingly around his name,
A sweet memorial wreath of never-dying fame.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1873.

Readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid copy of *To-Day* entitles each one to a copy of our new chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be sent to any subscriber who sends us the money and will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is made that way.

TO CLERGYMEN.

CLERGYMEN, from the nature of their occupations, are open to many ways of making money that are open to the general public, and yet there are hundreds—nay, thousands—who gladly avail themselves of a reputable means of doing so for a few dollars. Now, there is no reason in the world why clergymen should not canvass for such a publication as *To-Day*. In many particulars they are well qualified to be the very best possible agents, for their recommendation would be accepted when that of others would not. We exercise the most scrupulous care in the selection of the columns of *To-Day* anything in the least objectionable on the score of morals; and it is our aim to supply the masses with pure and wholesome, and instructive, reading matter, at a small price. It ought to be a pleasure for clergymen to aid in the circulation of such a publication to the notice of their people. We hope that some of our clerical friends who are badly-paid salaries will seriously consider it is not worth their while to act as agents for us. Those who may think of doing so to examine the matter and decide for themselves whether it is not such that they can conscientiously aid in winning the respect of the public, and if they do so decide, to send to us terms. Our terms are exceedingly liberal, and many of our agents are making handsome incomes, while all unite in saying that canvassing for *To-Day* is the easiest way of making money they ever heard of. Our chromo, "JUST SO HIGH," is well known by all who have seen it to be a most valuable picture, that will be a genuine ornament to any parlor with it in hand to aid them, clergymen who to canvass for us cannot fail to succeed.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Following are a few of the many commendatory letters we have received congratulating us upon our

"BOSTON.

EDS OF *To-Day*.

CLERGYMEN: Giving to every subscriber to your new paper for the current year, the attractive and life-giving chromo, "JUST SO HIGH," is equivalent to furnishing a gratuity for the same period, with all its living and pictorial illustrations. If any one dreads inducement to subscribe than this, he must be too illiterate to appreciate what is so generously given him, or too acquisitive to be compatible with fair dealing. Having seen but a single copy of *To-Day*, I can assure you that it will be its general tone and quality. I have chosen for it—

"Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present!"

I am sure you to the cause of progress, and is a pledge of our purpose to make your paper not only enterprising in its literary and miscellaneous departments, but

also educational and instructive. I see it is to be under the editorial supervision of my friend, Dr. Dio Lewis, and am sure he will endeavor to make it a rare and an interesting publication.

"Yours, etc.,

"WM. LLOYD GARRISON."

"CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"It will be nothing new if I assure you of my high appreciation of the weekly, every issue of which I have read. Your publication seems to fill a gap long standing, and I sincerely trust the venture may bear lasting success. Should it continue to maintain its present attractions, I feel certain that all of its readers will welcome its appearance as so many 'halycon days' in the year.

"Furthermore, I assure you of my hearty co-operation, if it is so desired.

Yours, very truly,

"G. L. A."

"GREENPOINT, L. I., N. Y.

"I wish to say to your paper 'Godspeed!' It is a day made up of pleasant, useful hours. I like it.

"Very respectfully,

"M. A. DE V."

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

The Two Ysodes, and other verses, by Edmund Ellis, published by Basil Montague Pickering, London, is a small volume of graceful poems, the largest of which tells the old, old story of Sir Tristram and his two loves. The theme has engaged the attention of many poets, and has been within a recent period treated indifferently by Mr. Tennyson in his *Last Tournament*, and very finely by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his *Tristram and Isolt*. Mr. Swinburne has for some time past been engaged upon a long poem on the same subject; but from the specimen that was published some months ago, it is to be feared that it will be in his very worst manner, and will add nothing to his reputation with the better class of readers. Mr. Ellis' poem reminds us somewhat of Matthew Arnold's; and although it is not up to the standard of that powerful effort, it has real merit, and is marked by many refinements of style. The other poems are musical in their versification and elegant in their expression of truly poetical ideas.

Elisee Reclus has achieved a great reputation among both scientific and popular readers by his elaborate treatises on *The Heavens* and *The Earth*. The fulness of the information, and the peculiarly fascinating manner in which it is set forth, has deservedly made these works extremely popular, and those who have made their acquaintance will be certain to extend a hearty welcome to the handsome volume by the same author, entitled *The Ocean, Atmosphere and Life*, which has been published by Messrs. Harper Brothers. In this the action of the ocean and the atmosphere in making the earth a habitable place for mankind is described with much minuteness, and in the light of the latest investigation of science, and very full and satisfactory descriptions are given of some of the most important phenomena of nature. The work is profusely illustrated with elaborate maps and diagrams.

Expiation, by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, is a carefully written and very readable story of American society, which contains some capital sketches of character and some charming bits of description. Apart from these, however, the story is interesting, the plot being worked out in truly artistic fashion. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.



Cue-rious.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A CRIMINAL court—Sparkling another man's wife.

If a State prison convict takes the smallpox, can he break out with it?

If Portuguese girls want husbands, it seems to us that they ought to marry Michiganders.

If you want to get all the music out of your piano, play on it with a steam fire-engine for a few moments.

THE difference between a hatter and a nurse is just this: one brushes your hat and the other hushes your brat.

COAL is a very singular commodity. When you purchase it, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

A DOG with two tails was seen in Germantown the other day. One belonged to an ox, and was carried in the mouth of the canine.

"MA," said Fred, "I should rather be a wild turkey, and live my life out on the prairies, than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."

THERE really seems to be very little in common between a plan of a battle-field and a roasted pippin, and yet, while one is a war map, the other is a warm apple.

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his wife, "do not wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly. "I'll come for you." To prevent difficulty, the gentleman managed it so as to be home precisely at ten o'clock.

A SPORTSMAN tells of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire. He had snapped his gun at a gray squirrel, and the cap had exploded; but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel and saw the charge just starting, when, bringing it to his shoulder again, it went off and killed the squirrel.

ONE of the saddest instances of woman's faithlessness with which we have ever met was that of the wife of a man in Syracuse. It seems that the couple had arranged that for six months the husband was to get up and make the kitchen fire, and that the wife was to perform the task for the succeeding six months. The man's half year expired on the second, and on the morning of the third the woman suddenly died. He is nearly broken-hearted over his affliction. He says if he could only have foreseen this bereavement, he would have shuffled her out of bed at daylight every morning since August.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

HARD AND SOFT WATER.—All housewives may not know how materially the effect of hard and soft water differ in the cooking of various vegetables. While one species of vegetables requires hard or soft water, as the case may be, another species becomes sensibly deteriorated by it. For instance, peas or beans cooked in hard water containing lime or gypsum will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. In soft water they will boil tender, and lose a certain raw, rank taste which they retain in hard water. Many vegetables (as onions) boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is dissolved out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain their peculiar flavoring principles, besides much nutritious matter, which might be lost in soft water. Thus it appears that the salt hardens the water to a degree. For extracting juices from meat to make a broth or soup, soft water unsalted and cold at first is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissues; but for boiling meats where the juices should be retained, put salt in while it is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

WASHING.—Injurious effects of soda and potash soaps have occasioned a resort to a new method of washing now extensively adopted in Germany and Belgium. Two pounds of soap are dissolved in three gallons of water as hot as one's hand can bear. To this are added one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of aqua ammonia, the mixture to be well stirred. Linens are steeped in this preparation two or three hours, care being taken to keep the boiler covered as closely as possible. The clothes are afterward simply washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The preparation may be used a second time by the addition of half as much turpentine and ammonia. The process saves a great amount of time, labor and fuel. The fabrics do not suffer. There is no necessity for rubbing on the washboard, while the cleanliness and color are perfect. Ammonia and turpentine possess strong detestive qualities without injurious effects. The former evaporates at once after removal, and the smell of the latter, if too much has not been used, disappears during the process of drying.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

COLD FISH WITH STALE BREAD.—Dip a flat dish in hot water to prevent cracking; smear it with butter and sprinkle pepper in it; then a thick layer of stale bread, grated fine; upon the bread a layer of fish, picked from the bones and divided into small pieces; then another layer of bread as before, with a little melted butter without milk poured over it. Repeat as often as needed for the quantity of fish. Smooth the surface with a spoon, and sprinkle slightly with fine bread mixed with pepper. Place it in an oven for twenty or thirty minutes. It is a nice dish for any meal.

PRESERVED ORANGE-PEEL.—Clean carefully; cut in thin strips; stew in water until the bitterness is extracted; drain off the water, and stew again for half an hour in a syrup of sugar and water, allowing half a pint of water and a pound of sugar to each pound of peel. Put it aside in jars, and keep in a cool place. If desired, a little cinnamon and ginger may be stewed with the peel, but it is more delicate cooked simply with sugar. Lemon-peel may be prepared in the same manner, either alone or mixed with orange-peel. These form pleasant "relishes" eaten with cake or bread, or if chopped finely when prepared, they form excellent flavoring for puddings and pies.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat four yolks of eggs with two tablespoons of sugar and one teaspoon of flour; then stir into one quart of milk and bring it to a boil, stirring it all the time; have the whites beat nicely, and slip it on the top of the milk, dipping a little of it on to cook the egg; then grate nutmeg over the top; let it cool, and it is ready for the table.

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
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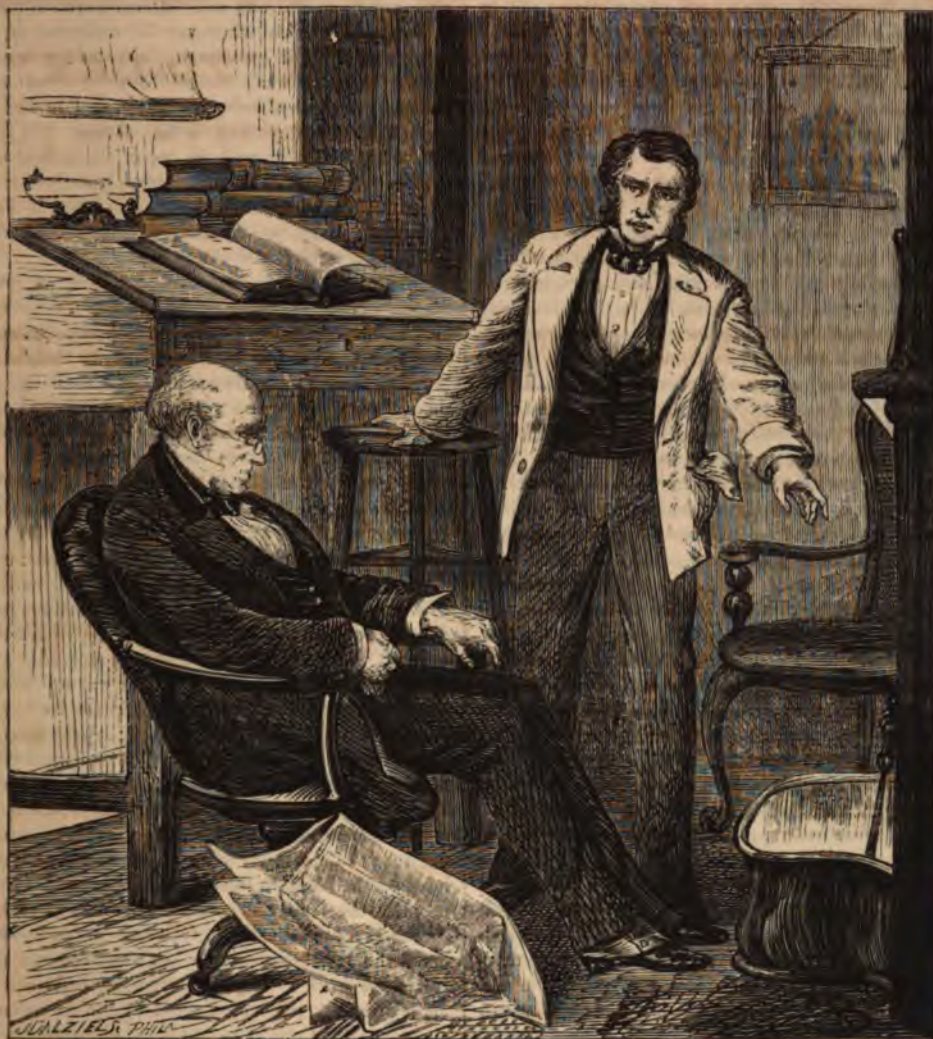
TODAY

LET THE DEAD BURY ITS DEAD ACT! ACT! IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

No. 15.



"IS THERE ANYTHING AMISS, FATHER?" HE ASKED.—P. 253.

A GOOD HATER.

MISS M. E. BRADDON, AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC. ETC.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I like a good hater." Philip used to boast that in this respect he was a man of the great lexicographer's heart. "I never forgive an enemy," he said, "and I never forget a kindness." True, there are certain gracious sentences recorded in the teach-

ing of our Saviour and treasured in the writings of St. Paul which do not quite harmonize with Samuel Johnson's dictum—sentences which inculcate an inexhaustible capacity for the pardon of wrongs, precepts which show us how poor a thing it is only to love those who love us. Philip Rayner would have been very angry in those early days if any one had disputed his claim to the title of Christian. He went to church once every Sunday—twice sometimes, when the day of rest seemed especially long, and he had nothing better to do with his afternoon leisure;

and if he did not listen very attentively to the voice of the preacher or join with any great fervor in the ritual, he at least offered a good example to the multitude by his well-brushed clothes, spotless linen and decorous behavior. He paid his debts to the uttermost farthing, and was not altogether wanting in benevolence, contributing to certain old-established respectable charities in a fair proportion to his income.

The world in which he lived spoke well of Philip Rayner. He was a clever, prosperous young man, with a character unsullied by vice, an agreeable personal appearance and a manner that was very quiet, but not wanting in pleasantness. A thoughtful young man, too, who was apt to contemplate all things in their gravest aspect. For the rest, he was very happily placed in the world, being the only son of a wealthy leather-merchant who had carried on a prosperous trade for the last forty years in some gloomy old premises in the river-district beyond the Tower.

His father had educated this only son upon a rough and ready principle of his own. No Eton or Harrow, no expensive university education, no riotous career amongst the patrician youth of Oxford or Cambridge, to spoil the lad for commercial pursuits and a quiet, humdrum, middle-class life. Old Samuel Rayner sent his boy to a respectable mercantile academy, the principal whereof was instructed to give his pupil a sound mercantile education. No perpetual grinding at the adventures of pious *Aeneas*, no useless grubbing amongst Greek roots, but plenty of book-keeping by double entry, a profound study of tare and tret and a familiar acquaintance with fractions. This was the kind of teaching Mr. Rayner demanded for his son, and the boy had it. His education seemed to him rather a dull business altogether, but he went through it patiently enough, and finally emerged from the mercantile academy a first-rate arithmetician, a very fair French and German scholar and a marvel of excellence in the way of penmanship.

Philip Rayner's home life for the first five years after he left school was not particularly cheerful. The old man elected to live, where his forefathers had lived before him, in a big gloomy mansion adjoining the business premises of Rayner, Rayner & Sons. The brass plate on the counting-house door which bore this inscription had been old and worn when Samuel Rayner was a little boy, and the Rayner, Rayner referred to thereby were two dry-as-dust brothers, who had worn snuff-colored small clothes and snuff-colored coats with bright brass buttons, and brown George wigs on their elderly heads, in the days of the great rebellion. They had traded in hides when Lovat lay in the Tower close at hand, these departed gentlemen, and now slept side by side in a queer little old churchyard beneath the shadow of the great fortress, a burial-place that has long been shut up. Philip Rayner used to stand at the rusty iron gate and stare listlessly in at the nettle-grown graves sometimes of a sultry summer evening when he took his solitary walks abroad, and was sorely perplexed how to dispose of his leisure in that remote city region.

It was a dismal home for youth, certainly, that great gaunt red-brick mansion, with its wide, ghastly oaken staircase, where in the twilight it would seem more natural to meet some phantasmal lady in a brocaded sacque, or some withered gentleman in powder and velvet, with silk stockings rolled over his knees, than to encounter any modern flesh-and-blood creature. Such deep-toned oaken wainscots; such marvels of wood-carving over obscure

doors and in forgotten passages; such vast and darksome closets in every direction; such a delicious house altogether for a connoisseur in old houses, but oh, such a grewsome place to live in!

Happily, Philip Rayner was not troubled with an imaginative temperament; he accepted his life very quietly, only thinking that it was rather a dull world, upon the whole, and that perhaps his happiest days had been those of his academical existence, with their riotous gambollings in the great playground at Peckham and their stolen festings in the dormitories. He thought it rather a hard thing that his father had not a fine country-house, with gardens and hothouses, stabling and billiard-room, like other men in his position; but whenever he ventured to argue the point with the old gentleman, he ended by agreeing with his parent that it was a foolish thing for a man to waste all his substance on splendor and show, and to be obliged to face the bankruptcy court in his old age.

"When I die, you will be one of the richest men in the leather trade, Phil," the old man usually wound up by saying; "and you wouldn't have been that if I'd sent you to the university, and squandered my income on country-houses and carriages and horses."

So Philip, not having any extravagant propensities, came to consider things from his father's point of view, and to think that it was, after all, a good thing that they had no splendid suburban mansion at Dulwich or Clapham, Sydenham or Richmond, to absorb the profits of their trade. He came very soon—too soon, considering how young a man he was in these days—to have the same keen interest in savings and investments, for their own sake, that his father had; to thrust his hands deep down in his pockets with a sense of satisfaction when he remembered how little he and his father spent in their quiet city life, and how much there was out at interest and growing more day by day. He read the money-article in the *Times* every morning directly after his father, and the two discussed the state of things on 'Change with never-failing interest.

He grew in time, too, to have a warm liking for that gloomy old house—grew to have prim bachelor ways in advance of his years, and to think it mattered very little where a man lived, so long as he was comfortably lodged and well catered for. It was not a mean or sordid household by any means. There was a gray-headed old butler, who had been custodian of the cellars and the massive old plate for the last thirty years, and who would have laid his head on the block in the adjacent Tower rather than compromise the family dignity by any neglect of his duties; there was a housekeeper of fabulous antiquity, who remembered the last hours of the last snuff-colored gentleman; and there were a couple of prim, sour-visaged maid-servants of a discreet age, selected by the housekeeper, who, change as they might as to their individuality, never underwent any variation as to those two qualities of primness and sourness.

There was no other woman in the little household. Philip's mother had died years before, when he was quite a small boy in brown-holland pinafores, and with what seemed to his young mind a perpetual whooping-cough. She was dead. There was a portrait of her in an obscure room opening out of Philip's bedchamber—a picture which had been banished there in the early days after her death, when the bereaved husband could not endure to be reminded of his affliction, and which had never been restored to its place of honor. Philip used to look at this portrait sometimes, wondering what difference it would

have made in his life had his mother lived. He felt that there would have been a great difference somehow, but could not divine the nature of it. The face in the picture was a pretty face enough, fair and girlish and gentle, but to the son it seemed of an angelic beauty. Perhaps this feeling for the mother whose living presence he could scarcely remember was the one touch of romance in Philip Rayner's character.

He was thirty years of age, and had been his father's coadjutor and representative in the business for the last ten years of his life. The father was growing quite an old man now, was subject to severe attacks of gout, which kept him a prisoner to his arm-chair, much to his aggravation, and Philip was almost sole manager of the business. He consulted his father day by day, it is true, but the consultation was a kind of formula, for Samuel Rayner's brain was beginning to lose its business faculty.

In all these years since he had left school upon his seventeenth birthday to enter into the proud possession of a stool in his father's counting-house, Philip Rayner had made only one friend. This was a young man who came into the office a little later as corresponding clerk, more especially for the foreign correspondence, which was heavy in the house of Rayner, Rayner & Sons. The lad was two years younger than Philip, and was little more than a lad, fresh from a German university, when he began his commercial career. His name was George Tolson, and he was the son of a major in a crack regiment, who had made ducks and drakes of a very handsome fortune, and had cut his throat one morning in a fit of delirium tremens, leaving a widow and two helpless orphans to face a life which he had done his best to render hard for them.

Some benevolent friends had come forward to help the forlorn woman, and the boy had been sent to Germany, and the girl to a semi-charitable school for the rearing of officers' daughters; so they had struggled on somehow until the boy was able to win a livelihood by his industry and the girl old enough to go out as governess. The mother had a lodging somewhere in an obscure street on the Surrey side of the Thames, and here George used to return every evening when his office-duties were over.

The friendship between these two young men did not arise all in a moment. Philip Rayner was by no means impulsive, and George Tolson, though free and frank as the winds of heaven, was too proud to make the faintest advance toward the son of his employer. For some time these two behaved toward each other with a supreme reserve, but they were the only young men in the office, and little by little the ice melted, until acquaintance ripened into friendship. They had few tastes in common. George Tolson was much more versatile, of a brighter and more joyous nature, than his master's son, but they were both young, and that made a bond between them. Nor was this the only link. There were circumstances in George Tolson's life which awakened a keen interest in the mind of Philip. He had discovered that George was the chief support and devoted companion of his mother, and he envied him so tender a tie, so precious a duty. He used to walk home with George on summer evenings, now and then, and growing bolder and more familiar by slow degrees, would consent by and by to drop in upon the widow and take a late cup of tea after his walk, or play a game of chess with George while the mother looked on. If he had possessed the power to help his friend in any substantial manner, he would have done it; but he was still in a state of tutelage, and Samuel Rayner thought he did quite

enough in giving the young man a liberal salary. All that Philip could do was to testify his regard for the widow by such small gifts as he could afford for the embellishment of her scantily-furnished lodging—a plated tea-service, a new chessboard and men, a pair of china vases for the mantel-piece, and so on. They were trifling gifts, but very precious to Mrs. Tolson, who had not been favored by such tributes of late years.

And so the years went on, with a quiet monotony which was pleasant enough to Philip, who had no yearning for change. He and George used to walk together a great deal in those long summer evenings, late into the autumn even, when lamps were flaming in the misty streets, or in the cold spring nights, when a great wind blustered in every open space and at every street corner. There was not a nook in the old city they left unexplored in these evening rambles, only now and then pushing their way beyond that labyrinth of brick and mortar to some heathy hillside out north or rural-looking common in the south. They were very happy together, George full of wild, reckless talk about lives that were different from theirs—lives of adventure in distant lands, lives in camp and on board ship, tossed about by the winds and waves, and in frequent contest with savage foes; the kind of life he longed to lead, in short, instead of that dry-as-dust life of the counting-house, which might go on for ever, and leave him no better man than he was now.

"You get an increase of salary every year, you know, George," suggested the practical Philip. "It's not such a bad thing, after all. And if you stick to business, by and by, when we are both middle-aged men, I may be able to give you a junior partnership."

"Yes, I know you're very good, old fellow, and the governor is very good, and I'm altogether better off than I deserve. But you see I don't think I was intended for that sort of life. There's too much of my father's blood in me. The Tolsons have been soldiers time out of mind. If it hadn't been for my mother, I should have enlisted ever so long ago."

He looked very handsome as he said this, with his hat off and his waving auburn hair blown off his forehead by the light summer wind. The two young men were sitting on an old bulkhead in a deserted wharf above the swift-flowing river, a pleasant, solitary spot enough in the heart of the great city, and a favorite resting-place with them after a long ramble.

Yes, he was very handsome, in a noble picturesque style. One could fancy that the blood of fighting Cavaliers, rebellious Jacobite gentlemen of the old time, ran in his veins. There was an ardor and fulness of life about him not common to modern commercial youth. The bright blue eyes used to light up with a sudden fire when he was vehement, the flexible lips had a hundred mutations of expression. He was a striking contrast to his friend in this, whose dark, good-looking face underwent few changes. A solid, square forehead, deep-set, grave, gray eyes, a firm mouth and a clear, dark skin were the distinguishing marks of Philip Rayner's physiognomy.

A change came in Philip's life soon after this—a change which seemed to make a new man of him, from which he afterward dated the beginning of another existence. It was as if a door had opened and shut upon all the life that had gone before, and he had passed out of that close narrow atmosphere into a new world—a world of light, and air, and sunshine, that was brighter and fairer than anything he had ever known or dreamt of before. In plain words, Philip Rayner fell in love.

It happened one morning that the old dealer in hides took less interest than usual in the money-article, laid aside his particular portion of the *Times* with a long-drawn sigh, and sat gazing meditatively at the fire in so fixed an attitude, and with such a rapt countenance, that Philip laid down his paper too and looked at his progenitor wonderingly.

"Is there anything amiss, father?" he asked.

"No, no, Phil, no; nothing amiss, nothing amiss. The fact is, I've had a letter."

"Some very particular letter, I suppose?" the younger man hazarded, anxiously.

"Yes, a particular letter, Phil, in a hand I never thought to see again in this world—a letter from the dead."

"What do you mean, father?"

"When I married your mother, Philip, it wasn't exactly to be called a love-match, though I was fond of her then, and grew to be fonder of her afterward, poor soul! But I had been in love before, and she knew it. I was in love with a first cousin of mine, an orphan girl that my father and mother had brought up on charity. You'd laugh at me, I dare say, if I were to tell you how I loved that girl, for such things sound foolish when a man is old and feeble, with one foot in the grave. But I loved Catherine Marsh with all my heart and soul. The old people were dead against our marrying at first, seeing that Catherine was no better than a pauper, as they said, but they were fond of her in spite of their talk; and finding that my heart was set upon the business, my father gave way, and of course my mother didn't hold out after him. It was all settled. I fancied myself the happiest man in Christendom. Well, Phil, it's an old story, and common enough. She jilted me. She never had loved me, I suppose. However that was, she ran away with an Italian fellow called Paroldi—Joseph Paroldi—who taught my sister Rosa singing; an idle scapegrace, with nothing in his favor but a handsome face and a specious, taking manner. She ran away with him one morning, leaving a penitent little note for me, to say that she had turned Catholic some time before, and that they had been married at the Roman Catholic church in Moorfields."

"What a heartless hussey!" cried the son. "You never could forgive such treachery as that, father?"

"Well, Phil, it was a hard thing for a man to forgive, wasn't it? I was furious against her at first, and felt as if I could have killed her if she had come across my path in those days. But little by little I got to think of her differently, remembering what a young thing she was—only just turned eighteen—when she married that scoundrel, and recalling looks and words of hers that had hinted at some secret trouble weighing upon her mind, until I began to believe that she had struggled hard to be true to me and had often wanted to tell me all. So, you see, it ended by my forgiving her."

Philip Rayner shrugged his shoulders with an involuntary expression of contempt for his father's weakness.

"I could never have brought myself to do that," he said.

"Ah, you think not, Phil," answered the old man—"you think not; but when a man has once loved a woman, her face is always rising up before him, pleading to him to think tenderly of her, let her have treated him as badly as she may. It always ends with his forgiving her. The memory of the days when he thought she loved him is too much for his manhood. It always ends so."

"It would never end so with me," muttered the young man, clenching his fist vindictively. "Nothing upon this

earth could induce me to forgive a woman who had jilted me. But how about the letter, father, and what has that to do with this old story?"

"It is from her, Philip, from Catherine Marsh—Catherine Paroldi—the last letter she ever wrote. She is dead. Another hand tells me that at the end of the letter—her daughter's. She is dead, and has left one child, a girl, the last of a large family, all dead but this one. Paroldi took her out to the West Indies, it seems, where they did well enough for many years, but had much sorrow, the climate killing their children one after another; the last of the flock lived—that was all. Then came reverses; the man's health failed him, and ten years ago he died. After that the poor soul kept herself and her child by teaching. She was always a sweet musician, with a voice as clear and fresh as the skylark's, and I think it was that fellow's music tempted her away from me. And so she got on somehow, she says in her letter, till she felt death close at hand; and then, not having one wealthy friend in the world whose bounty she could entreat for her child except myself, and knowing that I was a good man, she says, poor soul! she turns to me, beseeching me for Christian charity if not for the memory of those days when I loved her—when did I not love you, my sweet, cruel Catherine?—to befriend her orphan daughter. She does not ask me to do much for the girl—not to adopt her or maintain her in a life of idleness—only to put her into some way of making an honest living and to keep her from falling into dangerous hands. The letter came by hand this morning. The girl is in London. What am I to do, Phil? You are the master now, as I take it. Whatever I save is saved for you; whatever I spend is so much out of your pocket. What shall we do with Catherine Paroldi? She has been christened after her mother—Catherine."

"It is hard for a woman to get her living nowadays," Philip answered, thoughtfully—"a young woman too, and a foreigner, as you may say. A girl's keep costs next to nothing. She might live here, surely, father. Mrs. Dorkin would take good care of her."

"Yes, that would be well enough for the girl for the time. But by and by; she must get her living by and by, Phil."

"She would be better used to English ways after a year or two, and you would leave her a trifle, I dare say, father."

"I don't know about that; it's generous of you to think of it, Phil."

Philip Rayner was not ungenerous. He liked the idea that the profits of the business were yearly increasing, and that there was money being sunk from time to time of which he must needs be master by and by. But he was not a miser, and he did not care about spending money. His narrow life had crippled his imagination in that respect. He had no yearning for the frolics or pleasures upon which the spendthrift wastes the hard-earned thousands of his forefathers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MODE of more safely and effectually warming railway carriages than by stoves or hot water has, it is said, been widely adopted in Germany. The invention consists of the use of a composite fuel, which only smoulders slowly, and is encased in an iron tray enclosed in a copper box "hermetically closed." The heat is said to last twenty-four hours if necessary. The fuel is called the "charcoal brequettes." The cost is said to be almost nominal, and the apparatus costs only seven dollars and fifty cents for each compartment.

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN TORQUIL.

THE vicar leaned over the banisters, and heard a clear and somewhat sharp voice talking in the hall with Mr. Turnbull, and his own name mentioned.

At this time of year few strangers passed through Golden Friars; and having never before heard those clear, resolute tones in which he was named, he concluded that the visitor could be no other than Captain Torquil.

So that worthy divine put his hat on his head, and with a dignified air went down the back stair, and through the inn yard, with swift paces, to the attorney's house.

Brevity was urgent; for although there was nothing excited in the gentleman-like accents which he had overheard, Mr. Turnbull of the George would at once, as agreed, send Captain Torquil on to the attorney. It would be awkward to be surprised there, and the clerical costume, the good vicar pointedly observed, would make identification inevitable.

Mr. Luke Tarlcot, the attorney, was a good-natured fellow enough—a man of sixty years and upwards, a serious man, a fat man, cautious and taciturn, and diplomatic on occasion.

Holding this gentleman by the corner of his coat collar, he poured, as briefly as he could, into his ear the strange story of Hileria Pullen and Captain Torquil, and produced the late Mrs. Mildmay's will, which, happily, was very short.

"I'll get away, I won't meet him; he'll be here in no time. Let me out through your garden; come—come quickly." And out the back way, through Mr. Tarlcot's leafless plum trees and winter cabbages, and under the thick ivied arch into the lane, the clergyman marched quickly, and so away by the hard pathway, with his back to the lake and the town, toward the solemn mountains at whose foot lay the farmstead of his sick parishioner Farmer Bligh, trusting that by the time of his return at sunset Captain Torquil would be many miles beyond the outlines of the purple mountains that surround Golden Friars.

Mr. Tarlcot returned thoughtfully to his room, which was somewhat darksome, and had an old-fashioned and grimy air, and sat himself down in his office chair, and slipped the copy of the will into the drawer before him. And almost at the same moment he heard a gentleman-like voice in the hall say, "This way?" And before the maid could announce him, a handsome man, with an air of fashion, very black hair, very delicately-chiselled features, which had something the effect of a carving in ivory a little yellowed by time, entered the room.

This gentleman had his hat in his hand, and an exquisite little walking-stick, and he carried a sort of light drab wrapper across his arm. The attorney observed this gentleman's French boots and French gloves, and also that he appeared quite unconscious how much finer he was than the figures that usually walked about the purlieus of the George, in Golden Friars.

He made a slight bow, and walked toward the table, at which the attorney had risen to receive him.

"I've looked in about a very odd affair, Mr. Tarlcot.

My name is Torquil. Your clergyman here, Mr. Jenner, has probably mentioned Captain Torquil. The most extraordinary piece of villainy has been practiced upon me and my wife, Mrs. Torquil, by a servant who has kidnapped—may I sit down?" said the captain, not waiting, however, for leave—"kidnapped I may say our child—a young child consigned to our care by the will of its mother, a widow, a very near relation of my wife's. I have had an infinity of trouble. I've followed all the way from London, forty miles north of this place, and found on overtaking the coach that she had got out and come across, as I rightly conjectured, here. At your hotel, round the corner, they tell me that she did so, and brought the infant with her. They say they don't know what's become of her, but that your—your—the Reverend Mr. Jenner makes himself responsible for the child."

Here was a little silence. The attorney did not break it. He looked down industriously on his desk and leaned a little forward.

"Am I rightly informed?" asked Captain Torquil.

"If you permit me, when you have quite done, I shall then state all I am at liberty to say upon the subject."

"Oh, exactly; then I sha'n't say another word. The child has been stolen, and your client, the rector, or whatever he is, says I'm to look to him, and refers me to you, so here I am."

"Is there any particular question you wish to put to me?" asked Mr. Tarlcot.

"Certainly. Being the guardian of the child, I demand its restoration. Where shall I find it?"

"I can't tell you where the child is to be found, Captain Torquil. But the Reverend Mr. Jenner is differently informed as to your position in relation to that child, and his information is fortified by the copy of the will of the late Mrs. Mildmay, of Queen's Snedley, Mrs. Jenner's relative."

"Your copy can hardly be better than a—a—*quiz*, sir, if it omits that. But it is perfectly immaterial to me. I know my rights and powers, and once for all, and to save your client the ruinous consequences into which you are about to run him, I demand that the child be replaced in my hands."

"I have not got it, sir; and I may as well be quite explicit. If that child were in my possession, I should not feel warranted in placing it in your hands, and I should decline to do so, said the old attorney, firmly.

"Then you know where it is?"

"I don't say that, sir."

"And you refuse to restore or to disclose it?" continued the captain.

The attorney was silent.

"You refuse to give me any information?"

"I don't say that I have any to give, sir; but if I had, I should refuse it," said Mr. Tarlcot.

The captain stared at him fixedly, with whitening face, and eyes that gleamed for a few moments.

"Very well, sir," said the captain, with a sudden effort. "Your client adopts the outrage of that servant, and receives and conceals my kidnapped ward. Very good, sir. I suppose you understand your own business. We'll try that. I'll open your eyes. You shall hear from me, you may tell your parson."

"You may possibly hear from us first, sir," said Mr. Tarlcot, determined not to be bullied.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" asked the captain, in an icy tone, leaning the knuckles of both hands on

the desk, and advancing his sharp and pallid features toward the attorney. "It seems to me, sir, that you would not object to my losing my temper and striking you. I'll not make any such fool of myself. You sha'n't get your hand into my pocket for damages. I'll make short work with your clerical patron. I'll drive off to that town—what's its name?—nine miles away, and I'll get the police here."

The attorney bowed. He did not wish further to heat his enemy, who had now arrived at the candescent point.

Grasping his hat, stick and wrapper, which he had laid down on the table, he flung from the room, laughing and grinding his teeth as he passed through the hall; and before the attorney, who followed him to do the honors, could overtake him, he had clapped the door with a clang that made the whole house vibrate.

CHAPTER XL APPROACHING.

HIS chaise had followed him to the steps, and he sprang into it, shut the door himself, pulled up the window and leaned back. He was not long in collecting his ideas, for the attorney, standing in the middle of his front room, saw him let down the front window and call something to the driver, who forthwith got his horses into motion.

Mr. Tarlcot, watching the vehicle as it drove away, observed that it turned the corner, not in the direction of the town he had named, but of the George.

"Forgot something there," conjectured the lawyer. "Oh, hey? Why, he may be going on to the vicar's house, and upon my life there's no one there but a parcel of women to meet him."

In haste he put on his hat, and was out on the steps in a moment, and trotted down to the corner with an anxious face.

There one commands a view across the front of the George inn and of some houses beyond it, along the margin of the lake to the vicar's house.

The elm trees and the two gray piers, capped with stone balls stained and worn with the rains and suns of two centuries, stood hardly four hundred yards away.

It was with a very uncomfortable sensation that he saw the chaise draw up at the door, and Captain Torquil spring out and run up to the hall door.

Mr. Tarlcot was nothing short of very much frightened when he saw this. He was a serious man and never swore, and the "Bless my soul!" with which he witnessed the occurrence very inadequately expressed the intensity of his feeling. The attorney looked this way and that in his perplexity, and he bethought him of Tom Shackles, whom he saw at that moment striding into the George. So he followed him in, and talked a little with him in the hall.

In the mean time the vicar's house had received this sinister visitor.

When he knocked at the door, good Mrs. Jenner was in the scene of her new and delightful interest. The baby was in a sound sleep—Mrs. Jolliffe pronounced it very refreshing—and Mrs. Jenner and Kitty Bell, with their souls in their eyes, smiled down benedictions and thanksgivings in breathless silence upon the little slumberer. When the knock was heard at the hall door, Mrs. Jenner, with a shudder, wondered how any one could be so brutal as to run such a risk as that of drumming a double-knock just at the hour when it might be supposed the little darling was asleep.

She stole out softly on the lobby and listened. She

heard the stranger inquire for her, and Mall answer that she was at home. Then she heard them both troop up to the drawing-room and the visitor say, "Captain Torquil."

A sudden faintness overcame her for a moment on bearing that dreaded name. But her very terror strung up her energies, and with a light step and pale face she entered, and said,

"Here's a man come about the baby. Lock the door on the inside and keep my precious darling safe."

"Agoy!" exclaimed Kitty, popping her head out at the nursery door, with round eyes and round mouth and good honest round cheeks. "What shall we do wi' t' bab, ma'am? We can't get down wi' t'; 'twould begin bladderin', and he'd be sure to catch it. If I had but the sword that's in the master's study, ma'am."

"Be quiet, Kitty. Don't talk like a mafflin'. Get into the room and open to no one till I tell you."

And with these words Mrs. Jenner assumed her stately air; and shaking out her brown silk dress a little, she went down stairs to the drawing-room with as dauntless a demeanor as she could command and an awful tremor at her heart.

Mrs. Jenner was quite a lady, though something of that stiff school which has quite passed away.

With her a curtsy was no make-believe, but a dignified salutation, during which you might leisurely count four or walk across the room. She saw a man lightly and elegantly made and strikingly handsome, though not young.

He turned about from the window where he stood as she entered, looking across the lake at the mountains that seemed so towering and so near, and made her a grand-seigneur bow as ceremonious and more graceful than her own old English curtsy.

She was agreeably surprised—there was here something so deferential, so graceful, so engaging.

Captain Torquil introduced himself, and made many apologies for disturbing her. Ladies in the country, who were known to be really kind and charitable, he knew, had hardly ever an hour to themselves.

He was so glad, he said, that this little excursion to look after a foolish runaway servant should have led him back, though only for a moment, to Golden Friars. When he was a boy, he had been here for three months every year for three years in succession, and had walked over those beautiful mountains again and again, and knew every spring and ravine, every curve and hollow, especially of that huge clump of mountains that overhung the lake. He remembered this house so well—that was long before her time. It was a Mr. Drayton he thought that had it then. A change very much for the better when Mr. Jenner came.

This he said pointedly.

And particularly he remembered Mrs. Drayton. She was not at all liked down here. Country people are very discriminating: they know a lady. It would be a great pleasure to his poor wife, who was a sad invalid, to hear how her cousin at Golden Friars was. What this delightful air and exquisite scenery can do for people!—a paradise that communicates its own immortality. He wished so much he could get his poor wife into some such exquisite panorama and vivifying atmosphere.

"She's not old. Still, I need not tell you, a young woman, poor Janet might be almost in her best looks at this moment; and if she had lived in a place like this, she would have been. You and she are contemporaries, I know."

Good Mrs. Jenner was six years her senior.

"And I find it certainly very hard to believe. My poor wife so often speaks of you. I felt as if I knew you, as if—I hope I was not very impertinent—I had a kind of right, almost, to come in in this unceremonious way. And there is my particular friend, General Donnington—Sir Edward Donnington he is now, you know, and very rich—a great sum, Indian prize-money. Of course you heard. Poor fellow! He never married, and never will, I suppose. He had his romance and his grief; I know all about that," said he, very low, looking down on the carpet. "And he's another friend who talks to me more than I need say about Golden Friars and our relations there."

Mrs. Jenner always blushed easily, and she blushed now, looking down with a faint little smile and a gentle sigh, and she thought what a melancholy music was in Captain Torquil's voice, and what a charming person he was, and what nice simple tastes and feelings he seemed to have.

"I am thinking of getting away from town-life; I'm tired of London. There is nothing on earth, I think, I should so entirely enjoy as living in a place like this—in this very place—living and dying here."

There was here a pause as he looked pensively across the lake to the grand background of mountain.

"And," he continued, "we have had a little responsibility—a very pleasant one—thrown upon us by dear Alice Mildmay. You have heard of her death, of course, poor thing! She was fond of my wife, and honored me with her confidence and good opinion, and consulted me latterly about everything, and her poor little girl, only eighteen months old, she has left in our charge, and it would be so delightful to have it here close to you, and perhaps, sooner or later, we might induce you to take it altogether under your care. The fact is, my poor wife's miserable health would quite unfit her, except for a short time, for the anxieties and trouble of such a charge. But it would be a very ungracious thing to refuse, and for a few months, I suppose, we must submit, and comply with so solemn a request until we find—I should be so delighted if it were eventually in this house—a suitable protectress for the poor little thing. At present I have had to follow down here a person whom I wish I could describe as simply foolish—in fact, a particularly wicked and audacious woman—who has stolen the child. I detest having to punish any one—in fact, if you knew me, you would understand that it is downright torture to me, the bare idea of punishment. But that wicked woman—it is a duty one can't get over to stop such doings peremptorily, and I'm come all this way, you see, to do that. Is she in the house?"

"No, certainly," said Mrs. Jenner, who, as the crisis seemed to approach, flushed very much and grew plainly very uncomfortable. "I never saw her; she never was in this house."

"But the little child is; Doctor Jenner says so, and in a better place it could not possibly be," said Captain Torquil, "nor under more admirable superintendence or kinder care. You'll kindly allow me, however, to see the child, and assure myself that it is the very child, and all safe and quite out of the hands of that wicked woman? And being once assured upon these points, I would ask you kindly to take pity upon me, who have no servant with me capable of taking charge of the infant, and to permit it to remain here in your kind hands as much longer as will consist with your convenience and liking."

Here was a polite and plausible speech enough. But what was that in the captain's dark, clouded eye, in his

thin lips and finely-cut pallid features, that affrighted Mrs. Jenner with a sudden sense of treachery and danger?

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN TORQUIL LEAVES THE DRAWING-ROOM.

CAPTAIN TORQUIL smiled. The smile was not at all like the smile of theatrical villainy. It was intended to be genial and reassuring. He was handsome, and doing his best, yet his smile inexplicably alarmed Mrs. Jenner.

Certain shadows that had crossed his face immediately before it had no doubt something to do with the sudden eclipse of the celestial Captain Torquil and the vague revelation of a counterpart more or less infernal.

The captain, I think, saw the unpleasant change in Mrs. Jenner's mind, and he tried to restore her happier impressions.

"I see, Mrs. Jenner, we are entirely agreed as to the cruelty of punishing people, and the fact is that I should be immensely relieved if you and Mr. Jenner would join in advising me *not* to put the law in motion against her. Hileria Pullen is one of the most entirely unscrupulous persons on earth. She fancied she had got poor Mrs. Mildmay entirely in her hands. She hated me because she saw that her mistress consulted me. She fancied that I had an influence. Perhaps she was right. But if I had, the will, leaving but a miserable fifty pounds a year to my wife, shows how I used it. The woman was bitterly disappointed at the amount of her own legacy, handsome as it was. Furious with her late mistress, furious with me, furious with my poor wife, enraged at seeing her prey slip through her fingers, she framed a plan to abscond with the child. She's a woman of profound dissimulation, intensely artful and vindictive beyond your power to conceive. I don't care a farthing, of course, what she says of me. It can't be worse than she has already said again and again, when it suited her purpose, of her dead mistress and benefactress. I have detected her in so many and such awful untruths that I don't believe one word she utters. In consequence of these—which justice to the memory of poor Alice Mildmay compelled me to notice—I told her she should leave our service next morning, and she ran away over-night with the infant which she had with her own ears heard poor Alice Mildmay consign, in the most solemn and impressive terms, to my care. This—and I suppose the usual cloud of slanders—she proposes for her revenge and a mode of accounting for her abrupt departure, and perhaps ultimately of extorting money from more persons than one."

As he spoke, the lady, over whom was stealing again a mist of perplexity, raised her eyes quite suddenly, and detected those of Captain Torquil fixed upon her with a scrutiny that was cunning and intense, that was triumphant and shocked her. She returned it unconsciously with a fixed stare of fear.

The fascination of this stare continued for little more than a second. It was dispelled, but an ineffaceable lesson remained.

The lady stood up, and very coldly, but pointedly, asked,

"With respect to poor Alice Mildmay's child, be good enough, Captain Torquil, to say exactly what you wish?"

"I want you kindly to direct your servant to bring down the child, so as to enable me to satisfy myself by actual inspection that the child is really here. Will you do so?"

"I will not, sir."

The captain, beginning to forget his politeness, laughed a short, dangerous laugh.

"And may I ask," said the captain, his eyes beginning to gleam and his features to grow sharper and whiter, "your reason for that particularly unsustainable resolution?"

The captain leaned a little forward as he put his question, his fingers clenched on each side upon the brim of his hat, which he held firmly to his waistcoat, while the crown was presented for the inspection of Mrs. Jenner.

He peered in her face with a look of the intensest fury, which trembled under strong momentary restraint at the very point of explosion.

With the crisis Mrs. Jenner's courage had come. She was terrified, she was excited, she was resolute:

"I won't have the child brought down, because you might seize it and take it away. Nothing on earth will induce me to part with it until the law has determined who shall keep it. You sha'n't see the child, sir; and be good enough to let your visit end."

"Have you quite decided, Mrs. Jenner?"

"Quite, sir."

He bowed with a kind of shrug and a fixed smile, and backed toward the door, at which he made her another bow.

This simple lady made him one of her curtsys, fancying he was taking his departure, and had her hand upon the bell, when it was arrested by a sound which called her instantly to the lobby.

Captain Torquil was not descending but mounting the stairs with long and rapid steps, and as she came out on the lobby he was striding up the second staircase.

As luck would have it, the baby was crying, and the sound too surely conducted him to the nursery door. With a loud scream the affrighted lady followed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW THE SPIDER SPINS HIS WEB.

MOST people have too great an antipathy to spiders to spend even a few minutes in watching them. But we must confess that we rather cultivate their acquaintance, as they catch and devour our enemies, the flies. The spinning apparatus of a spider is very curious. On the under part of the body are several small prominences covered with many hundreds of small holes, through which exudes a gummy substance which hardens on exposure to the air. Thus each little hole produces a thread of inconceivable fineness; and when these many threads are joined together, they form what we see as a single thread. When a spider wishes to form a web, if he belongs to the race of geometrical spiders, which build a wheel-shaped web, he selects some convenient place, and proceeds to lay the foundation by attaching the spokes of this wheel to proper objects; he then commences at the centre formed by the crossing of these lines and travels round and round, spinning his web, employing his feelers for guides as to distance. He always uses the outer web as a pathway, and every time he crosses one of the spokes he attaches his line to it. When he has finished, he takes his position at the centre, head downward, and waits for the unlucky insect which he is sure will soon happen along. As soon as he perceives that some awkward fly has run against his delicate framework, he bounces out on him and quickly ties him fast hand and foot, so that he may devour him at leisure. But it is not alone for laying traps and tying fast his unlucky victims that the spider uses his web. If he wants to cross from one tree to another, or from one side of a stream to the opposite, he uses the web for a bridge. This he constructs by taking a favorable position and then spinning a web,

which he lets float in the wind. As soon as it strikes some object to which it adheres, he pulls it, to see that it is secure, and then crosses on this single line. This is an achievement in engineering that far surpasses the suspension bridges built by human skill. Here is a bridge, oftentimes from fifty to one hundred feet long, spun by so insignificant an insect that we may have some trouble to find him, yet strong enough to bear his weight safely. When a spider wishes to descend from an elevation, he attaches the end of his web to some object and then boldly launches off, spinning as he goes. When he gets down, he cuts the line and leaves it, unless he wishes to return immediately, in which case he coils it up and takes it along as he ascends.

MARSEILLES is the chief *dépôt* in France for human hair, and upwards of 40,000 pounds of this is yearly brought there. Italy and Sicily, and especially Rome and Naples, send the greater portion, whilst Spain and France supply the rest. In France, Brittany and Auvergne send the most. A usual-sized chignon weighs upon an average about three and a half ounces. The number of hairdressers in Marseilles who occupy themselves in making chignons is about 400. One Paris house alone sells about 15,000 chignons a year. The most expensive hair is red, and comes from Scotland. The best consumers to the chignon trade are the English and Americans.

SKATING.

BY FREDERICK LLOYD.

AN IDYLL ON THE ICE.

AH, well I can remember—

It is not so long ago—

How the sun came in December,

To look down upon the snow;

And how all the fields were shining

With a radiance silver bright,

Till his westward rays declining

Bathed the hills in crimson light.

The woodland's autumn splendor

Had departed, and the breeze

Sang a requiem, low and tender,

For the desolate dead trees.

But the winter has its glories,

And there's not a season brings

Brighter days and older stories,

When the merry kettle sings.

Of pleasures this the chiefest

Is, to glide upon the mere,

When the winter days are briefest,

And our skates are ringing clear.

And the sound of happy laughter

Floats from joyous boy and girl,

As we fleetly follow after

For the glimpses of a curl.

The days are glad in summer,

There are happy nights in May,

When the cuckoo, a new-comer,

Poises on the budding spray.

There's a color in the heather

When the autumn tints the lea,

And right fair in windy weather

Is the surf upon the sea.



There's not a season fairer
 Than the glad some days of Yule,
 And there's not a pastime rarer
 Than our flight across the pool,
 When the sheeted ice is sparkling,
 And the water gurgles through,
 And the twilight time comes darkling,
 And the stars shine in the blue.

Ah, bonny Katie Raynham,
 You were hard to overtake;
 You had smiles, but who would gain 'em
 Must fly swiftly o'er the lake.

With the winter sunshine o'er me
 I would very often pray
 You could always fly before me,
 Dear, for ever and a day.

Before a lover catches
 You have circled yards beyond,
 But, mamma says, there are matches
 Often made upon the pond.
 And I may effect a capture
 On one lucky day—who knows?—
 And look back again with rapture
 To the season of the snows.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1873.

A CHAT WITH WORKINGMEN.*Continued.*

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the meeting had been called to order, the young man arose, and said,*

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, is life a mere muddle? It certainly appeared so after Mr. Hardy, who has worked fifty years for nothing, and Mr. Barber, who was born to one fortune and has made another in five years, had finished their speeches the other evening. Surely there were none of us who were not painfully impressed with the truth of what Mr. Hardy said, and who could not recall many similar instances. And yet, if the system in which people now act as a society is right, no exception can be made to the positions taken by Mr. Barber. Yes, it is indeed too true that under the present conditions of society all life is a muddle, and there is no way out. If a way out can be found at all, it can only be found through a change of system; and hence it is important that we should find what is the matter with the system we are living under now, and should surely know what is needed in the system which must be put in its place.

"It is easier to criticise than to create; but having by criticism found out the evil fairly, we shall be more able to find out and work out the good which should take its place. Society is in a muddle because society is built on a radical wrong. Our friend Mr. Barber, who is, I doubt not, a truly honest and generous-minded man, will pardon me for taking his case as an illustration, partly because the former meeting and this were called by reason of his relation to this community, but especially because he, like every rich man, is a palpable embodiment of this radical wrong.

* This speech is by the Rev. Jesse H. Jones, of East Abington, Mass., one of the leading labor reformers of New England.

"There is a logical fallacy and a moral untruth in the position taken by Mr. Barber, and alike by all persons who have wealth.

"The logical fallacy consists in *assuming* that the inequalities in natural gifts and the inequalities in social condition are similar. As a fact they are *different in kind*. The former are born *in us*, but we are born *into* the other, which is about as wide a difference as can well exist in this world of ours. To imagine that, because it is right that great powers should be born into some and not into others, therefore it is right for some to be born into wealth and others into poverty, is as sheer a logical absurdity as to conclude that, because oaks and pines spring out of the same soil into the same atmosphere, therefore they are the same kind of tree. Great powers are the natural gifts of God, who is perfect in love, wisdom and power, while great inequalities in wealth are the *artificial* result of the selfish conduct of sinful man; and man's assumption, that the possession of the powers is the decisive evidence of the right to use them in producing and maintaining those inequalities, is a bare begging of the whole question.

"The moral untruth which poisons the very life-centre of every rich man's life, is the implication that a man's life does consist in the abundance of the *things* which he possesses. Jesus Christ said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The life of every rich man on the globe, so far as his method of business is concerned, is one solid assertion that Jesus Christ's saying is false. The whole system of business which now prevails is the embodied declaration that 'things,' i. e. material wealth, is the highest good, and he who has the most things has the most 'life.'

"Mr. Barber will readily understand that in what I am saying I mean no disrespect to him at all. It is a *system* which we are discussing, of which he happens to be a representative. The question at issue is vital—yes, the most vital question of this era. It goes right to the roots of the life of this whole community and of every individual in it, and he who should use tame words would be recreant to the most sacred human interests. Permit me to bring out my views in a series of pointed questions:

"Is the possession of great powers for the accumulation of wealth the evidence that he who has those powers should use them to get wealth for *self*?

"Is the true life living to *get* or living to *GIVE*? Mr. Barber says it is living to get, and he stands here before us and refuses to give.

"No man ever earned fifty thousand dollars in his life, or can. He who has that sum holds the earnings of others with his own. What right has any one to get away the earnings of another and keep them?

"What right has Mr. Stanley, over in the next village, to use his immense, fine and varied gifts to get the good things of this life for *himself* with? Mr. Barber says that he has already achieved 'a great success.' Has he indeed? What is 'a great success'? Mr. Stanley is an immortal. Can it ever be called, in any true sense of the phrase, 'a great success' for an immortal to invest his

whole life, during the time that he dwells on this globe, in mere perishing 'things'? Is not the very notion of such a success, for such a being, false?

"But to return to our own village. I ask in all kindness of spirit, but with great plainness of speech, What right had the elder Mr. Barber to heap up fifty thousand dollars to himself? and what right had society to frame such a system of business that this sum could be transmitted to his son? and what right had that son to use that money to get more with? They had no right. From beginning—"

Here Mr. Barber, evidently irritated beyond what he could bear, especially as the whole sentiment of the meeting was flowing like a torrent along with the speaker, broke in with—

"Mr. Chairman, hasn't this fusillade of questions continued about long enough?"

At once a hubbub of cries of "Order, order!" and various discourteous calls frothed up upon the surface of the crowd. With a wave of his hand the young man called a silence, and said,

"I entreat every person here to give a quiet, respectful attention to whatever Mr. Barber may have to say. He is placed in one of the most trying positions in which a human being can be. He is an honest, sincere, upright gentleman, who has entered upon a course of life which all the world believes to be honorable, and one of the paths to a true and noble success; and he now for the first time hears that career questioned and its rectitude impugned. If those answers should be given to the questions I have asked which their manifest drift requires, then the whole foundation of this man's life is swept away, and he is seen to be building up a gigantic wrong upon a world-wide falsehood. Such a possibility cannot be contemplated by any man without agitation. If, therefore, this audience have any regard for me, you will every one hear in respectful silence whatever your employer may have to say. Indeed, on no other ground can I continue to address you, or consent to act as your champion."

The deep silence of the room showed that the request of the speaker was acceded to; and turning to Mr. Barber, he said,

"I would gladly have been less pointed if the exigencies of the hour and the vital idea involved would have permitted, but you shall have whatever time you wish, and a candid, quiet hearing, or I will desist from speaking. Can I in any way serve you at this moment?"

Mr. Barber was evidently stirred to his innermost depths, and his whole manhood was aroused, but the quiet courtesy of the young man and his deferential manner evidently soothed him considerably, so that there was little token of passion, save in a slight tremor of the voice, as he asked,

"Do you mean to say that my father had no right to accumulate the fifty thousand dollars which he left me, and that I have had no right to be making money in my business?"

"Pardon me for answering plainly. You, as an individual, have acted with honorable intent, and I neither utter nor feel any condemnation of you as such. But the system or method of doing business under which you are acting is wrong to its very tap-root. No man can have any right to get rich off from the labors of others." •

"How do you know it is wrong? I have violated no law of the land, but have scrupulously obeyed them all."

"It is, indeed, as you say, and thereby your honorable character is made illustrious. But *the law of the land is wrong*. The law is made to suit the system, and thereby does the system, in the phrase of Holy Writ, '*Frame mischief by a law.*' Before the law of the land your course is undoubtedly right, and the poverty and dependence of these your men unavoidable, but there is 'a higher law' than the law of the land, and that 'higher law' sweeps away with its righteous judgment the law of the land, and the whole prevailing method of business with it."

"Will you do me the favor to just give us the authority for this 'higher law' of yours?"

"It will give me great pleasure to do so. You are a member of the 'orthodox' church in this village, I believe, Mr. Barber?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you receive the Bible 'as the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice'?"

"I do."

"Well, it is in the Bible that I find this 'higher law.' In the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus and the thirty-sixth verse it reads: 'Take thou no usury of him, or increase: but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee.' 'Usury' in the Bible means any interest, and 'increase' means any profit, and in this verse 'him' refers to the poor brother of the preceding verse. So this passage, translated into our modern speech, will read, 'Thou shalt take no interest or profit of thy poor brother, etc.'"

"With all due deference to the gentleman, Mr. Chairman, I must question the quotation. I certainly never heard of it before."

"Let Mr. Barber verify it for himself. Here is a copy of the Bible, which I think he will not doubt."

Mr. Barber took the volume in his hand and opened it. It bore the imprint of the American Bible Society, and he saw at a glance that it was a fac-simile of one he had at home. He turned the leaves nervously, and soon found the place and read. One should have seen his countenance fall as he read and the plain purport of the verse flowed over his mind; and he turned to the first part of the chapter, and saw that it read, "And the LORD spake unto Moses in Mount Sinai, saying." But in a moment he brightened up, as with a new thought, and said,

"It is indeed here; but this is a law for the Israelites, and has no reference to us. We are not bound by it."

Speaking slowly, and with great intensity and seriousness of manner, the young man replied:

"Mr. Barber, you have said here before all this assembly that this book is infallible, and the rule of faith and

practice. Practice, as you well know, means practical life, and the phrase means an infallible guide to live by. Will you now tell by what mental juggle you could in the most solemn manner, in that sacred hour when you joined the church, say that this was your infallible rule of life? and yet can now say, when a plain command is brought against your method of life, 'Oh, that is for the Israelites, and not for me.' Consistency is a jewel especially befitting to Christians, Mr. Barber, and where is the consistency in accepting the whole Bible as infallible, and then throwing away a part of it?"

The shot told home, and Mr. Barber was silent. Indeed, what could he say, when there was nothing to say? The speaker continued:

"And now, permit me to ask you, Mr. Barber, a few questions, by means of which we may be able to consider the present system of business in the light of this 'higher law.' You told us the other night that you had been compelled to pay high rates of interest at times. Did you not draw all that money in the shape of profit out of the labor of these men, who have toiled for years faithfully and to-day have nothing?"

"I paid it out of the profits of my business, of course."

"And did you not acknowledge that you had gathered up and now hold in your business several cents a day of clear profit made on the labor of these men, and which you point blank refused to pay back to them?"

"I cannot deny that I did acknowledge a few cents—only two or three."

"And does not this command of God directly forbid that very profit which you have been making, and which you refuse to restore? Zaccheus restored fourfold when he had taken anything unlawfully. Are you willing to restore onefold, Mr. Barber?"

The man stood silent with his head bowed. The speaker continued:

"Permit me, friends, to put the whole story of what is and what ought to be in a couple of pictures. You, Mr. Barber, like all men of wealth, have constructed a reservoir—your counting-room—into which many streams flow. All around outside are these men working and toiling all day long, but the system is so cunningly devised that while they toil pretty much all the surplus products of their toil, after a living has been furnished them, flow away from them to you and two or three others here—merchants—who do as you do. In a word, do you not skim the pan, take the cream and give your workmen the skim milk?"

"That's a pretty rough way to put it, sir, but I must confess that the facts do give some show for such a statement. Still, I never saw it in any such light before."

"It is so indeed, good friends, one and all; but there's a better way to live than that in which we are now living. What if you, Mr. Barber, instead of constructing and conducting this business system of yours in such a way that the profits mostly run into your dish, had changed, or should now change, the whole system, so that equal benefits with your own should be carried by the inevitable effects of the system to every one who is working with you?"

You would not have nearly so many dollars, but would you not have a far nobler fortune? Christian love, the Bible tells us, 'seeketh not her own,' but he who ever is moved by it seeketh 'another's good.' What if you should stay the Master's command to 'Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again,' and to this end should use all your great business abilities to enable these people to have the true great success along with you, and should see to it that every one of them should have a home and abundant provision against sickness and old age, all legally secured to them, and your life was thus spent in doing good to others as you had opportunity? Do you not think that, though you had a smaller fortune in earthy dollars, you would have what is far better—a noble fortune in human hearts?"

Mr. Hardy, whose soul had been deeply moved as the speaker was portraying the beautiful Christian idea, could contain himself no longer, but sprang to his feet, tears standing in his eyes and his voice at first trembling with emotion, and poured forth a torrent of rude eloquence, of which this sketch gives but a faint conception:

"Yes, Mr. Barber," said he, "could ye but take hold and help us now a wee bit, what a good ye could do us! Ye are strong in these things and we are weak, and could ye not for a little heed what the good Book says, 'Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please yourselves'? You've a great rich house for a home, all your own, and no one to take it away from ye. Could ye not look on the likes of us, just, who have no home and cannot get one? and yet have we not deserved one as well as yourself? We is human as well as you, and we love our families as well as you do; but if we should die, what would become of them? Yes, look at me. Haven't I been faithful to ye all the year long, in cold or heat, rain or shine? But if I were to be taken sick to-morrow, who'd take care of my wife there, and my Jenny? God knows—I do not. I have tried and tried, but somehow I don't know how to get on in the world. Everything goes against me. I've got these great strong arms, but they can't do everything. They can't break away the web of things that seems to a kind o' hold us all down. There is something the matter of us. We ain't all alike. We are weak to get on in the world and you are strong. Oh, Mr. Barber, could ye not find it in yer heart to live for us a bit now, just as Jesus did for you, and help us to get on too along with you, so that we all could have homes for our wives and babies, as you have for yours?"

The old man ceased, and the tears of many, more eloquently than words, showed how he had spoken all their minds. The meeting broke up, and the people went slowly homeward, filled with the great thoughts which had been awakened within them. The whole community was stirred to its depths. Mr. Barber saw life in a new and holier light, and began to be another man. The methods of life in the village were gradually modified. Some new methods were soon agreed upon, and ere long the families began to own their own homes, and peace and happiness, like an everlasting summer, shone through-out all its borders.



"OH, THERE HE IS, THERE!"—P. 280.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS HEIR."

CHAPTER I.

DOROTHEA MESSINGER—or Dolly as she was most often called—was born of Quaker parents. But Nature rebelled against her being a Quaker, and threw out a red flag of defiance on her carmine-tinted cheeks and crimson lips as red and fresh as any poppy bud about to burst its green swathe. There was nothing undertoned or pale about the little face, with its plump, melting, white outlines, framed in by the richest dark curls, with a gleam or two of alien gold through them where the sunshine caught them, the arched, well-defined black eyebrows, the long, silky, curling lashes that shadowed the peach bloom on the cheek, the deep dark, sparkling blue eyes, the dimples on the chin and the cheeks, and the tiny mole near the corner of the sweet red mouth.

Everything was, from the restless head to the tiny feet, full of richness and color and warm vitality. And the child, from her babyhood up, obeyed nature's caprice. She caught at the red roses that hung over the old latticed

porch, crowded at the golden waves of light on the tiled floor, and cried for the blue and red and golden flames on the wide hearth. As soon as she could walk and talk, she began to adorn herself with corn flowers and poppies and wild briar roses, and went about piping and carolling in imitation of the noisy drunken sailors who went by the house on their way to the public-house at New Ipswich, until she quite bewildered the staid household with her in-born "wandering after the world's ways."

"What ails the child I cannot tell," said the grave mother, sorely disturbed, to her husband one night. "She is brought up in a quiet and decent way, and sees none of the world's people, yet she for ever chafes at our sober colors and grave ways."

"Thee must trust the Spirit more, wife," said the father. "She is but a child yet."

"Yet I do not know how to answer her always. She is over bold in her talking. Yesterday morning, when I talked to her about wearing no outward adorning nor costly robes, and told her of the meek and quiet spirit that seeketh no flaunting hues, she held up her red and gold-colored poppies, and said, 'Doesn't thee think, mother, the dear Lord knew best?' And I was silenced."

The father smiled: "Thee is too indulgent with her waywardness, mother;" but in truth, Dolly, the only child, had nothing to fear but the mildest of reproofs from either parent.

Only one member of the family never gave in outwardly to the pretty, coaxing wilfulness of the child, and that was Naomi, the black cook: Whether her temper had been soured by hard experience, or the milk of human kindness had naturally turned, was never found out. She swathed her head winter and summer in half a dozen different colored handkerchiefs, rolled the whites of her eyes portentously, and called every occurrence, from the long drought to the earthquake that jarred the earthenware on the dairy shelves, and the death of the Cheshire sow's first brood of pigs, "a judgment." If Dolly scratched her fingers in the blackberry bushes or tore her dress against the roses, it was always greeted by Naomi with an awful shake of the head and the muttered assurance that it was a judgment on her wicked heart.

But Dolly soon found a favorite resort in an old place a quarter of a mile away—"The Cedars," belonging to Sir John and Lady Louisa Trecottrick, who were now residing in Naples. Joseph Foote, Sir John's butler, still took care of the house and grounds in his absence, and it was in his family that Dolly found inexhaustible consolation and delight when oppressed by Naomi's woeful predictions or her mother's grave reproofs. His wife, a jolly, buxom old dame, had no daughters, and made a great pet of Dolly; but that ungrateful little personage found her highest attractions divided between her red and white candy drops, her two chubby, rollicking, harum-scarum boys, and the litter of spotted puppies that rolled and tumbled in the dog-kennel.

Sometimes the boys went off to fish or set traps for the hares that frequented the old fields, and the good dame was busy washing and sweeping, and the old wolf-hound, Laloup, was cross. Then Dolly resorted to the old house itself for amusement, looking at the portraits in the long picture gallery, the ladies in big hoops and powdered hair, the gentlemen with great ruffles and large buckles and knee-breeches, and wondering what they all did when they were alive. There was a painted window in this gallery, the stained glass panes of which had been brought over from England; and when the sunshine shone through it, it threw long gold and azure and green and crimson lights along the floor. Dolly thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life before, and would watch it for hours.

At last, however, she was disenchanted in the following way: one evening, in default of a better audience, her father and mother having gone to visit a sick neighbor, she related to Naomi the wonders of the beautiful colored window in the long gallery. Naomi shook her head and groaned ominously. "You will come to no good end there, running away from home; and who knows what sights you may see? I've heard—" Here she paused.

"Oh, Naomi, tell me what did you hear? Anything about the beautiful window?"

"Well, folks do say when Martha Saunders—she was my lady's maid before you were born, child—came through that long place one twilight at All Hallow Eve, she saw something right at that window."

"But what was it? Don't you know? Oh, please tell me," begged the excited child.

"Well, it was a great hairy face with horns and great fiery eyes, and she ran away. I guess she wouldn't have gone roaming through that place at night any more."

"Now, Naomi," said Dolly, trying to look brave, "you don't want me to go there, and you are just trying to frighten me so. I don't believe it. Or perhaps it was a dog, and Martha was so scared she did not see it good;" and the little face looked up very beseechingly, not willing to give up her favorite place of amusement.

Old Naomi's eyes twinkled, for Dolly had really found the true solution of the story, which she had altered for her own purposes. Naomi was very fond of Dolly, but thought scolding on principle good for children, and was in her secret soul very jealous of jolly Mistress Foote. However, she only replied, in a mysterious manner, "You'll see, child, you'll see."

So the next time Dolly came home from "The Cedars" early. After a while Sir John sent for the Footes, and their two wild boys were put to a trade, and a new family of servants came to the hall to take care of it, so Dolly did not go there any more.

CHAPTER II.

MANY years passed, and now Dolly was a young woman, as pretty, as merry, and truth compels me to say as wilful as ever. Old Naomi was dead, and the father became more and more indulgent to his household pet—his "rose-bud set with wilful thorns."

One morning in the summer-time, when the winds were blowing low about the ripening fields of grain, and the wee brown partridges were piping to their shy mates under the waving ears, the father came in to dinner.

"Thou wilt be glad to hear the news, Dolly. Our old neighbors—the Trecottricks—have come back to 'The Cedars' to live."

"Nay, thou should'st not put silly thoughts in the child's mind, father. What will Dolly see of the Trecottricks?"

A low rumble of light wheels was heard out-doors.

"She will see one of them now," said Messenger, glancing out of the low porch, as Lady Trecottrick's pony-carriage drew up before the garden gate and a tall footman let down the steps.

The lady herself greeted her old neighbors in a kindly, cordial manner that won their hearts at once. "The physicians had recommended goats' milk to her to drink for her health, and they had told her that none so nice was to be had as that at the farm. Would her old friends let her stop here in her daily airing, and drink it every morning for the sake of old neighborhood?"

They both assented warmly, gratified by the kindly tact that ignored any mention of payment, and Mistress Messenger hastened to place her guest in the most comfortable chair, while Dolly ran for the milk.

There was a sort of faded rosiness about Lady Trecottrick that was pleasant to see, a glimmer of lost sunshine in her light blonde hair and in her soft smile, a perpetual suggestion of some bygone youth and loveliness in the slight color in her thin cheeks, in her soft little ways of talking, in the delicate fragrance from her silken dress as it rustled along the walk, and the rings that glittered on her small white hands, that had delighted Dolly at once. The lady, as she leaned back in the old chair and drank daintily of the foaming milk, looked no less admiringly at the fresh, rosy young countenance before her. She smiled as Dolly watched the flash of her diamond ring.

"Your eyes are brighter than all these gems, my child."

"Nay, friend, thee must not turn the child's head," in-

terposed the mother, gravely, while the father smiled. "Thou art too fond of the world and the world's wealth now, Dorothea."

The lady looked at her with a sympathetic, half-caressing smile:

"You are fortunate to have a daughter. One is very lonely without children;" and she sighed softly.

Dame Messinger's brow cleared, and she looked up with all a mother's ready interest.

"Yes," went on the lady, answering the inquiring look—"yes, I have a son—Allan—and a bonny lad he is too, but he will never settle at 'the Cedars' unless he marries. He is at sea now. You know Allan was, always fond of adventure and change when he was a boy."

"Nay, all lads are," said the dame, consolingly.

"But you can keep your daughter at home with you. I always wished for a girl, for I am very lonely when Sir John is not at home. Cannot you spare me your daughter sometimes?" and she smiled at the eager look in the girl's eyes.

The parents answered evasively, "She is our only one, thou knowest, like thy son; and if she marries, thee knows we must give her up for good and all, so we are fain to keep her now."

The lady rose and bade them good-day in her soft, gentle tones: "But you must come to me now and then, pretty child. Nay, never blush so, little one. I trust you are a good child too, and that is better."

So with the faint fragrance from her robe, and the glitter of her jewels, and her kindly smile, the lady went away.

And Dolly resolved to herself that she would go to "the Cedars" again to see the sweet lady who was so often alone. She knew her parents would not long withstand her coaxing, and had she not loved the place ever since she was a child?

CHAPTER III.

It was not very long before Dolly's wish was accomplished. One morning the pony-carriage stopped longer than usual at the farm; and when it left, it carried two occupants. For the court would sit several days at New Ipswich this term, and Sir John would necessarily have to remain there during the whole sitting. "Surely her old friends would not refuse," pleaded the lady, in her softest tones, "to let Dorothea beguile away a few hours of loneliness and tedium for an old woman? There was no danger, if they were afraid of that, for the servants were well armed, and Sir John's wolfhounds were proof against a regiment of men. They were always unchained in the hall when Sir John was away."

So at last the parents rather reluctantly gave their consent, and Dolly went off, sparkling and blushing with the unwonted excitement and pleasure.

"I fancy you will think my room pretty, Dorothea," said my lady. "You like bright things, don't you?"

"Oh yes, indeed," exclaimed Dolly, and the lady smiled affectionately.

"It is the old picture-hall. I chose it because of the colored glass window there. Sir John declares I have had the old house pulled fairly to pieces to make it, for one partition has been thrown down and another built up to make it the proper size. I dare say you would scarcely recognize it now."

"The painted window!" exclaimed Dolly. "Oh, I should surely know that! I used to love it so dearly until—" Here she paused.

"Until when?" asked her listener, somewhat curious.

"It was only an old story my nurse told me when I was a child and used to come over to 'the Cedars' to play," explained Dolly, half ashamed. "It was about one of your ladyship's maids—Martha Saunders, I think—and a hairy creature she saw looking in there one Hallowmass Eve, but I dare say it was only a dog, after all."

Lady Trecotrick leaned back in her chair and laughed softly: "Yes, it was only one of our hounds. Sir John had just gotten them then, and some one was so careless as to fasten him out on the balcony. It was before the colored glass was put in; and when poor Martha saw the creature glaring in at her, she was sadly frightened. I remember none of the maids would go through the galleries for a month afterward. But I should not fancy that you would be easily frightened."

"I should not be so now, my lady," replied Dolly, stoutly. "At any rate, I trust neither of us will be tested to-night. And here we are at 'the Cedars' at last."

The day passed away very quickly for Dolly, for Lady Trecotrick played very sweetly on the harp and still sang with much sweetness of expression. Then the portraits were to be seen,—a new one of her son, Allan Trecotrick, which was a very handsome, spirited-looking picture, with his mother's blonde hair and sweet smile. Afterward the conservatory was explored; and when the night set in rainy and dark, Lady Trecotrick amused herself by relating to her eager-absorbed listener some of the fêtes she attended in Naples.

"There was one given by the Count de Florac, to which I was to have gone as an English peasant girl—a gleaner—but the costume did not accord with my coloring. I fancy it would just suit you, Dorothea; will you try it on?"

"Me? Oh, my lady!" exclaimed Dolly, in surprised delight.

"You won't think it a sin to wear bright colors for a few minutes? But no, I am sure Nature never meant you for a Quaker;" and she rang for Felecie to bring her the fancy costume she first ordered for De Florac's ball.

It was brought up, and Felecie exerted all her skill to amuse her lady by arraying Dolly. The suit consisted of a lower skirt of a delicate corn-colored silk, embroidered with intense scarlet poppies, green leaves and cornflowers, with ears of wheat here and there. The bodice and upper skirt were of the richest black velvet edged with creamy-tinted laces. A cluster of poppies and cornflowers formed a breast knot, and the jewelry was of coral carved in bell-shaped sprays of flowers.

Dolly's dark hair curled, and it was let down over her neck and shoulders behind, though drawn away from her brow and temples in front. Only a few light airy curls escaped here and there, and gave an indescribable archness to the expression of the dark eyes underneath. Lady Trecotrick clapped her little hands softly, and Felecie exclaimed to her in French, "*Belle à la merveille, absolument ravissante.*" Just then the richly-carved clock on the high mantel struck twelve.

"Why, you little witch!" exclaimed Lady Trecotrick, "how fast you have made the time fly to-night! But for the doleful sound of the wind and rain, I could almost fancy myself in dear Naples again."

A low rattling noise was heard, as if some one were at the hall door, and instantly the deep bay of the wolfhounds thundered a long and terrific response. Felecie turned white with fright, and dropped laces and feathers on the floor indiscriminately.

"Don't you hear, my lady? It is the hounds. They surely hear some one," exclaimed Dolly, alarmed.

"Fie, my little heroine! I thought you were going to be so brave, child. It is only the rain and the wind."

Dolly glanced furtively around in the dark corners of the great room.

"Come, Felecie, finish the grand toilette," pursued my lady. "See! some of those buff ostrich plumes there—the very smallest and lightest. Now that spray of scarlet poppies and these long buds. Ah! that is perfect;" and the lady stepped back a few paces to admire the result of her directions.

An unmistakable shower of blows descended upon the great oaken doors of the hall, and again, in spite of the roaring wind, the frightened women heard the deep bass growl of the hounds.

Felecie screamed wildly and wrung her hands. Dolly turned white as the linen sheets, but still Lady Trecottrick laughed: "Pshaw! they will never get in there. I dare say those lazy servants are fast asleep, but the hall doors are sure; and then there are the hounds. Nobody dares meet them at night."

The noise at last ceased down below, but an ominous sound was heard on the side of the house. "Oh, my lady, my lady, the balcony windows!" and Felecie went off into hysterics.

Some one was climbing up the wall, and there was only the slight fastening of the windows—three of them along the balcony—and by either one an entrance might be forced. Lady Trecottrick's courage gave way at last, and her shrieks were as loud and as many as Felecie's.

"Oh, there he is, there!" she exclaimed, wildly—"at the window," as the dark outlines of a man's form grew plainly defined against the glass.

Dolly had kept perfectly still, though her heart had almost stood still with fright. But she instinctively felt that everything depended upon her coolness and presence of mind. She looked round for a weapon. It was useless to ask a question of her weeping and terrified companions. She would not run away and leave them, even to arouse the men. That would take too long. At last she saw a little Venetian stiletto richly carved and set with jewels; and seizing it in her hand, she boldly advanced to the window and threw back the curtain, amidst the renewed shrieks of Felecie: "She's going to let him in. Oh, my lady, she will let him in; she has betrayed us."

But to her own amazement she was greeted by a hearty fit of laughter from a handsome young man of a slightly foreign air, who, with a low bow, and raising his hat, said, "If mademoiselle would do me the honor to unfasten the window? It would be far more comfortable within, mademoiselle sees;" and he looked with a shrug at his dripping garments, from which the rain was flowing in a hundred tiny streams.

"But who are you?" asked Dolly, amazed, though decidedly reassured at the mischievous smile that accompanied the words.

"Allan Trecottrick, at your service, fair demoiselle;" but as he pronounced the words, Lady Trecottrick recognized the familiar tones, and exclaiming, "Oh, Allan, Allan, how could you frighten me so?" rushed to admit the invader herself. An explanation soon followed, and at last even Felecie returned sufficiently to her senses to arouse the servants and procure refreshments for the young traveller.

"Why, I thundered at the hall door till I thought the panels would have been broken in, and shouted till I was

hoarse, and then I thought I should try my hand at climbing, and so, *me voila!*" and he looked up at Dolly with undisguised admiration.

Lady Trecottrick was too much charmed at his arrival even to dwell upon her fright or its possible consequences, and beamed with smiles on every one.

It was late that night, or rather early in the morning, when the household retired to rest; and when Dolly proposed next day to return home, as Lady Trecottrick would not need her now, the son negatived it so warmly that at last his mother, who thought Allan perfect in everything, decided it would never do, and kept her at "the Cedars" for the rest of the week.

After she left, Allan found he had a great natural taste for farming, and went to consult Mr. Messinger so often that even that worthy gentleman began to wonder what change had come over the lad: "Such a harum-scarum boy to grow into so sensible a youth. I cannot quite understand it."

Dorothea did; but though she smiled and blushed, she wisely said nothing, and looked down at her sewing in silence.

When Allan at last avowed his intentions, there was great opposition from both sides. The Trecottricks consented first, for this only son was their idol and pride, and they understood that only marriage would content his restless disposition with their quiet country household.

A few coaxings and tears soon won the consent of the father to Dorothea's wishes, but her mother was more obdurate.

"Thou wert always too fond of the world's ways, Dorothea," said she, soberly, "and I fear much for thee, child. Friend Ephraim Straitenough is a godly youth, and will be the better husband for thy soul's good."

But Ephraim lived at a distance of twenty miles, and at last even she consented to the father's oft-repeated argument: "'The Cedars' is so near our home that thee might see thy child every day, and thee knows she is our only one."

So the lovers were married at last. Mrs. Allan Trecottrick kept her wonderful bloom and freshness to a ripe old age, and was for many years toasted as the first beauty of New Ipswich, even when her first youth was gone. But Allan never admitted that she *could* look as lovely as when she advanced with a *pointless* stiletto in her hand, her cheeks flushed and her eyes flashing, to repel the supposed robber.

Moreover, there is no tradition that Dorothea ever regretted *not* marrying a Quaker.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 2.

THE ECONOMY OF GOOD TASTE.

WE are well aware that a great many very excellent and very clever people will pooh-pooh the subject of these papers. The merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, the overworked clerk, will say that they have enough to do to earn bread and butter, and to provide the necessary comforts of life, without bothering themselves about the ornamental—that it is for rich people alone, who have time to think about it, and money to buy the elegant things necessary to make a home look handsome, to give such a theme consideration. Now, it is here that these good people make a grievous mistake. Not one

of them undervalues the social importance of an elegant and attractive home—not one of them, if to-morrow he were to come into a large fortune, but would invest a very considerable portion of it in a handsome mansion, which he would fill with the costliest furniture money could buy; and yet he does not think it worth his while to avail himself of the means he has in hand, and at least make an endeavor to relieve the dulness of his daily routine by a touch of beauty which need cost him nothing, for beauty is as cheap as air, and may be enjoyed alike by rich and poor.

Good taste, we contend, is true economy, and by the exercise of it a house may be elegantly fitted up and be made more attractive than many upon which enormous sums have been expended. Good taste, however, involves an expenditure of brains, and it is for the readers of these papers to consider whether they can best afford to expend their brains or their cash in the furnishing and adorning of their homes. It is a too prevalent notion that ornaments, works of art and elegant furniture are only within the reach of the wealthy, and that it is a matter of necessity that poor people should be compelled to put up with uninteresting and commonplace articles, and that they should deny themselves pleasures which they would gladly enjoy if they had the means to do so. This is a very great error, for a man or a woman with a taste for home decoration can produce most exquisite effects with the humblest materials, and a little ingenuity can provide an infinite variety of ornaments which need cost nothing except labor so trifling that it ought to be a pleasant recreation.

Certainly life is a pleasanter thing if the inevitable daily drudgery is relieved by a little lightness, brightness and intelligent enjoyment. The craving for amusement is a natural one, and within proper bounds it ought to be gratified; and there is surely no better entertainment for the spare hours of an intelligent man than the embellishment of his home, so that it will be an agreeable place for himself and his family to dwell in and for his friends to visit. He may be assured that his children as they grow up will become better men and women, and more useful members of society, if they live in a home which is itself a work of art, and in which they are surrounded with objects stimulative to the intellect, the imagination and to all the better feelings of their nature.

This idea of making a home a work of art is not a mere piece of sentimentalism, but it is one which ought to address itself in the strongest manner to the minds of the most practical of our practical people. There is nothing that is better worthy of adornment than the house we live in; there is no good reason why our homes should be dull and uninteresting if we can make them otherwise; there is no reason why we should spend money for expensive furniture, expensive pictures, expensive objects of all kinds, to put in our homes, if we can get cheap things that will answer our purpose as well or better, or if we can manufacture ourselves during odd moments various trifles, of no pecuniary value perhaps, but of infinite artistic worth, in connection with a well-arranged plan for home decoration. Certainly no better amusement can be found for any man than the decoration of his home, or one that will be worth more to him in solid comfort and permanently valuable results.

A home arranged and fitted up with taste will be better cared for, it will beget habits of greater neatness, it will inspire nobler thoughts, it will exert a pleasanter influence not only on its inmates, but on a whole neighborhood,

than one filled with the costliest objects selected without discrimination, and jumbled together without plan and merely for ostentatious display. The influence of the one is refining and elevating, that of the other is vulgarizing and depressing, for good taste cannot be bought, and it is a more worthy ambition to seek to excite admiration by a display of aesthetic culture than it is to do so by an exhibition of mere purchasing power.

Believe us, a home that is fitted up with taste will be the resort of a better class of people, and more genuine enjoyment will be shown in visiting it, than one which has nothing but the costliness of its contents to recommend it. However much astonishment and vague admiration the one may excite at first, it will finally become an eyesore rather than an attraction, while the other will reveal a new and beautiful feature at every glance, and will never lose its pleasing power.

Apart from all this, however, is the all-important, hard, practical fact that there is an actual economy in good taste. Thousands of persons annually buy gaudy and vulgar carpets that are not and cannot be objects of interest, when for much less money they might in humbler material, but of equally substantial quality, purchase something much better suited to the character of their rooms and much more in harmony with the surroundings. If a room is arranged as a work of art, a carpet is only an item in the general effect, and it is a matter of no consequence that it should excite remark on its own account.

What we want when a stranger enters our parlor is that he shall be impressed by a certain beauty, by a certain completeness, by a certain richness of effect, by a certain home feeling, as if the place were the dwelling of refined people, who think enough of their home to strive to make it beautiful. It is not necessary that he should remark whether our carpet is Brussels or ingrain, whether our wall paper cost ten cents or five dollars a piece, whether our furniture is of the most costly woods, elaborately carved and covered with the most expensive materials, whether our curtains are of the finest lace or richest damask, but rather that our combinations of colors are harmonious, that our furniture is solid and substantial, and, in fact, that our room has a cosy, comfortable look which gives some hint as to the character of its owner, and which seems to extend a large and liberal welcome.

Of course persons who have plenty of money can produce effects that are impossible to those who have little or none, but there is also a rare pleasure in doing a great deal with almost nothing, and in doing it one's self instead of leaving some one to do it for us. So many persons only value things by what they cost that in these papers we shall take especial pains to set forth the artistic worth of inexpensive materials. The furnishing of our homes and the expenditure of money are absolute necessities, and we may as well try and get the full worth of our money while we are about it. If we have good taste, and choose to exercise it in the purchase of equally desirable materials which cost, say, one-third less than others of perhaps less excellent design, we are not only so much better off in a pecuniary point of view, but we actually add something to our sum of happiness—an item to be thought much of, for money is not worth having at all if it does not make us happier. We know that it will be a difficult task to get these ideas well into the heads of some of our readers, but we do not despair of being able to do so if they will take the pains to follow the line of our argument.

RARE as is true love, true friendship is still rarer.

PIGEON ENGLISH.

WITH a parcel of tea which we lately purchased there came a curious piece of Chinese advertising. It is a native tea-merchant's bill or circular, printed on red paper sprinkled with gold-leaf. It bears the announcement, in "pigeon English," that "Tong-Wo-Sun-Kee never makes or ships LIE TEA." Below this announcement, intended for the information of foreigners, there is a longer statement in Chinese, informing his countrymen that he sells nothing but teas of the purest quality. Now, this "lie tea" is not so much an adulteration of other than tea-leaves, as it may be a mixture of good fresh leaves with what have already been infused. The latter are chiefly bought for a mere trifle at the large tea-drinking establishments and dried in the sun. The writer has seen acres of ground in the vicinity of Canton, Macao, Shanghai and other places where the leaves were spread—sometimes on mats and sometimes on the bare soil—to shrivel up under his torrid rays. When mixed with fresh tea, this "lie tea" is shipped at a much lower price than usual, but very little of it is consumed in England or America. Germany has been its principal destination, but since the arrival there of the "Maloo mixture," the authorities have prohibited its importation under heavy penalties.

But we have taken up our Chinese tea-bill, not to tell about tea and the tea trade, but to say a few words about the strange language of which the expression "lie tea" is an example.

"Pidgin"—or, as it is sometimes spelled, "pigeon"—English originated at Canton during the early days of the English relations with China, when the East India Company monopolized the trade with the Hong merchants. In their intercourse neither took the trouble to learn the language of the other properly, but confined their conversation to the fewest number of English and Chinese words necessary for bargaining and dealing in their merchandise. Hence the greater portion of this *patois* is made up of words used in commerce, and its incongruous appellation is a corruption of the word "business." At first, John Chinaman found this a difficult word to pronounce, rarely making a nearer approach than "bidjinish." In time he softened it down to "pidgin," which is now universally used by natives and foreigners, so that the title of this paper means literally "Business" English.

Of course the diplomatic interpreters attached to the consulates and legations speak and write both languages correctly, while most of the missionaries are qualified to discourse in Chinese. But the vocabulary in use between the Chinese and English-speaking residents as well as visitors at the treaty ports is almost wholly of this bastard language. Some of the words, such as the salutation *chin-chin*, are adopted by foreigners, but generally the attempt is on the part of the natives to use English words with a pronunciation more or less like that of their own language, especially where the speaker has a difficulty in enunciating the letters. Sometimes they add terminations of their own to give euphony, in their estimation, to the words of the "barbarian" tongue. On the other hand, to our ears these sound very much like the talk of our nurses to children, such as, "Georgy peorgy will have a ridy pidy in a coachy poachy."

From its direct business meaning, the term "pidgin" is applied to many other acts of persons, but always alludes to what work or engagement they have on hand. For instance, if one calls to inquire for the master, his servant may reply that "he have makee chow-chow pidgin"—that

is, he may be at dinner; or if on Sunday, the answer might be, "he have go church pidgin." Then, as to termination syllables, double e is the most common, such as, *makee, talkee, walkee, muchee, showee, piecee*, etc. This last corruption of our word piece is very commonly used, and derived from a piece or bale of calico, which is the staple import of British manufactured goods. As these are of different qualities, the trader endeavors to impress upon the Chinese buyer that his shirtings are number one, or A 1. Hence remarks of quality have advanced from "numpah wan piecee silk" to "numpah wan piecee man" (a rich or honest trader), or "numpah wan piecee woman" (a beautiful woman). Then the word "pay" is commonly used like "show," evidently from the money paid for goods being shown, such as, "makee pay two piecee boot," meaning "show me a pair of boots." In like manner, the word "fashion" is used to convey very different meanings from its mercantile sense, such as, "my no belong that fasun," or "I am not of that opinion." Besides English and Chinese words, other foreign words occur, such as "savee," from the Portuguese verb expressing to know, or the Malay interjection *maskee*, signifying "never mind." The following dialogue between a British resident at Shanghai and his personal servant, or "boy," as he is termed, will give the reader some idea of the incongruous manner in which English is distorted in defiance of Lindley Murray's grammar. The master, seated at his table, has rung the bell, and his servant enters.

PIGEON ENGLISH.

ENGLISH PROPER.

BOY. You makee ling?	Did you ring, sir?
MAS. Yes; sendee catchee one piecee tailor-man.	Yes; send for a tailor.
BOY. Just now hab got bottom side.	He is below at present.
MAS. Showee he come top side.	Tell him to come up.
Exit boy, and re-enter with tailor.	
MAS. You belong tailor-man?	Are you a tailor?
TAI. Ea, sah, my belong tailor-man.	Yes, sir; I am a tailor.
MAS. Belong what name?	What is your name?
TAI. Any man callee my Stults.	They call me Stults.
MAS. Foreigners talkee so fashion, how fashion that Chinaman talkee?	The foreigners call you so, but what is your real Chinese name?
TAI. Po-hing.	Po-hing.
MAS. My boy makee pay you what thing my makee wanchee: more better you go bottom side askee he. He makee pay you what thing.	My boy will show you what I want done. You had better go down stairs, and he will show you the article.
BOY. What thing you wanchee?	What do you want?
MAS. Showee he makee mend that more olo piecee coat, and spouse he can makee clean my think more better.	Tell him to mend that very old coat; and if he can clean it, so much the better.
BOY. Jus now teefin hab leddy.	Luncheon is ready.
MAS. Belong what time?	Why, what time is it?
BOY. Wanchee one half belong catchee that two.	It wants half an hour to two o'clock.
MAS. What thing hab got?	What have you?
BOY. Fessantee, colo loseo beefo, cully.	Pheasant, cold roast beef, curry.
MAS. I go chop chop; pay he allo man no makee wait.	I'll go directly; tell them all not to wait.

From this example it will be seen that pidgin English is not easy to acquire, especially with foreign residents of different nationalities than Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, in some instances as much time and trouble is spent in picking it up verbally as would serve to learn sufficient of Chinese, under a native teacher, for transacting all ordinary business. Nevertheless, it is an important vocabulary for merchants, bankers and their

quire, for with few exceptions all transactions and exports between foreigners and natives are effected in it, and these amount to not less than one sterling per annum at the fifteen treaty

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 5.

MILL GLEN.

BOB: I suppose you scarcely remember Miss Glen? Twenty years ago, when you were young, Miss Crisp was madly adored by all the men in the neighborhood, so that now she is absolutely venerable to your young eyes. Young, bright and handsome, and her exuberant vivacity has many a time saved a Mill from the spectre always feared at parties: I remember, dear Bob. When Miss Crisp has any words are as highly polished as a needle, and the set of her lip, the twinkle of her eye, her head, and, in short, her whole appearance, conveys her language that brave indeed must not dare differ with her. Several years ago Bob had spent two years as a shipwrecked sailor and four years as a captain in one of the regiments in the army, fell deeply in love with many estimable virtues of head and heart, and he and she were engaged to be married. Bob, there may be in the Patagonian dialect a softness and sweetness far surpassing anything in our language; at any rate, Tom Spar is at sea again, and his language is more exquisitely polished and refined.

Years ago, Deacon Steady, the wagon-maker, and we were at Dr. Genial's regular Tuesday evening, that he had had Miss Crisp on his mind and that he had determined to speak with her in profitable ways into which she had fallen in words, dear Bob. As the good deacon went and made his way toward Miss Crisp, I retired behind a curtain, for the same reason as an old soldier, when in range of a sharpshooters friendly defence of a tree. There was it at night; and as I looked through the window the mellow light on the snow and pines on and how it gave me new views of the old world daily for forty years, I forgot all about the pious endeavors. But man is mortal; and the cement of refreshments brought me back to Miss Crisp in a triumphant pose, while the poor as dejectedly declining a biscuit and looking at his own wagons had fallen upon him.

"As joined to his idols," he gasped, as I sauntered with an inquiring glance. I carried Miss Crisp a cup of tea, for which she thanked me. I imagined I looked inquiringly at the stopped sipping tea and expended a large indignation in exclaiming, "Old boor! I feel as if an ox had

"I inquired I, with hypocritical innocence. "Who I mean as well as I do, you venerable Miss Crisp. "That exasperating old deacon discovered a fault in me. Gracious! haven't I been doing it anew every day for years? And like

a discoverer of the olden time, he considers the savages have no rights that he is bound to respect."

"The savage repulsed him handsomely, at any rate," said I, and I departed, sighing to think how many would-be reformers act just like Deacon Steady, and tread on people's corns instead of kindly offering them a helping arm. If there is a weedy spot in our own garden, who is more likely than ourselves to know of it, dear Bob? And if we are too proud or too lazy to remove them ourselves, is our garden made any more sightly when some well-meaning but clumsy neighbor makes an unsolicited attack on our weeds, and in getting at them tramples down the roses and heliotrope and geraniums and mignonette which are our darlings? Is not this habit of fault-finding more a development of the vice of bad temper than of the virtue of wishing well to our neighbors? And though Miss Crisp's manner of speech is undoubtedly a mote of fine dimensions, is not the good deacon's rudeness a beam of surpassing magnitude? And finally, dear Bob, if we devote ourselves strictly and industriously to the task of rectifying our own characters, is it at all likely that we will have the heart to speak hardly of our neighbors' failings?

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

SEEING AND SAYING.

ONCE I said,

Seeing two soft starry eyes,
Darkly bright as midnight skies—
Eyes prophetic of the power
Sure to be thy woman's dower,
When the years shall crown thee queen
Of the realm as yet unseen—
"Sometimes, sweet, those eyes shall make
Lovers mad for their sweet sake!"

Once I said,

Seeing tresses golden brown,
In a bright shower falling down
Over neck and bosom fair
As yon sculptured angels' are—
Odorous tresses drooping low
O'er a forehead pure as snow—
"Sometimes, sweet, in thy soft hair
Love shall set a shining snare!"

Once I said,

Seeing lips whose crimson glow
Mock the roses wet with dew—
Warm, sweet lips, whose breath was balm,
Pure, proud lips, serenely calm,
Tender lips, whose smiling grace
Lit with splendor all the face—
"Sweet, for kiss of thine, some day,
Men will barter souls away!"

Idly said!

God hath taken care of all,
Joy or pain, that might befall!
Lover's lips shall never thrill
At thy kisses soft and still;
Lover's heart shall never break
In sore anguish for thy sake;
Lover's soul for thee shall know
Not love's rapture nor its woe.

All is said!



Curious embarrassment of the hunter.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

"MONEY is very tight," said a thief who was trying to break open a bank-vault.

WHY is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music? Because he marries for-tune.

TEACHER—"Did Ben Jonson survive Shakespeare?" Scholar—"Yes, sir, in some respects."

THEY allude to bald-headed men in Colorado as "persons with their heads above the timber line."

IN Cincinnati there is said to live a man so bow-legged that he has his trousers cut with a circular saw.

AN infant aged seventeen advertises "to be adopted—a comfortable home only required, and no salary."

A TENNESSEE girl, fourteen years old, ran off with a circus because her mother wouldn't let her wear a bustle.

WHAT's the difference between a man cutting the end off his nose and a boy who has just learned a task? One lessens his nose and the other knows his lesson.

"WHY Did He Not Die?" is the title of a new novel. We have not read the conundrum, but believe the answer to be, Because he refused to take his medicine.

AN applicant for a pair of boots at one of our shoe-stores was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, "Why, two, of course!"

A PARENT in West Chester, who has fifteen daughters, has poisoned his dog, taken the locks off the doors and hung rope-ladders over his door-yard fence by the dozen, and still his provision bill is as large as ever.

SOME close observer, commenting on the alacrity with which workmen left their labors at the stroke of twelve, remarked, "I have seen a man who had his pick in the air knock off work and leave it there, rather than waste time to put it down after twelve struck."

A MONTGOMERY county farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: "I will bet \$42.25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest-field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on a panel of the fence, than any other hired man within fifteen miles of the flag-staff in Norristown."

THE HOUSEWIFE.

A HINT TO NURSES.—You know what a racket is caused, even by the most careful hand, in supplying coals to a grate or stove, and how, when the performance is undertaken by the servant, it becomes almost distracting. If you do not remember, take notice the first time you are ill or you have a dear patient in your care or your baby is in a quiet slumber. Let some one bring in her coal-scuttle or shovel and revive your recollection. Well, the remedy we suggest is to put the coals in little paper bags each holding about a shovelful. These can be laid quietly on the fire; and as the paper ignites, the coals will softly settle in place. You may fill a coal-scuttle or box with such parcels ready for use. For a sick-room, a nursery at night, or even for a library, the plan is admirable. Just try it. Besides, it is so cleanly. If you do not choose to provide yourselves with paper bags, you can wrap the coals in pieces of newspaper at your leisure, and have them ready for use when occasion requires.

TO WASH PRINTS.—Dissolve half an ounce of alum in sufficient water to rinse two print dresses. Dip your prints in, and when sure that every part is wet, wring them out; then have a warm soapsuds, in which wash quickly, and rinse in cold water. Then in second rinsing-water mix your starch, rinse, wring quickly and hang to dry, not in the sun, but on a line where the wind will dry them quickly. Immediately they are dry enough, iron them; or if this is inconvenient, let them get quite dry and iron them through a damp cloth. Prints should never be sprinkled.

BLEACHING FEATHERS.—First clean from greasy matter, then place the feathers in a dilute solution of bichromate of potassa to which a small quantity of nitric acid has been added. The greenish deposit of chromic sesquioxide which ensues may be removed by weak sulphurous acid, when the feathers will be left perfectly white.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Sift together one quart of buckwheat flour and a teacupful of cornmeal. In cool weather make up a moderately thin batter with lukewarm sweet milk; salt to taste. In warm weather it is best to use water; the milk would sour. Add half a tumblerful of good lively hop yeast (hop yeast is the best for buckwheat); make it up in a jar, covering closely, at nine o'clock at night. The next morning beat in three eggs; let it set fifteen or twenty minutes; just before frying stir in a teaspoonful of soda, first sprinkling it over the batter. Soda is unnecessary if the batter is perfectly sweet. Eggs are not essential, but are an improvement. A mixture of four parts of buckwheat, two of Graham and one of Indian, makes a more healthy cake, and more spongy.

CHOW-CHOW.—Take a quarter of a peck of green tomatoes and the same quantity each of pickling beans and white onions, one dozen each of cucumbers and green peppers, one head of cabbage. Season to the taste with mustard, celery-seed and salt. Pour over these the best cider vinegar, sufficient to cover. Boil slowly for two hours, continually stirring, and add while hot two tablespoonfuls of the finest salad oil.

INDIAN GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Three handfuls of Indian meal (yellow and white mixed), one teaspoon (level full) of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, four of sugar; pour on boiling water, stirring briskly to the thickness of stiff mush; pour on cold milk till it is as thick as gruel, then add sifted flour to the consistency of griddle-cakes, thick or thin as preferred. They can be varied by the addition of one or two eggs beaten and added last.

HOMINY CAKES.—One pint of boiled hominy well mashed, one half pint of sifted flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted lard or butter, sweet milk enough to make a rather thin batter, a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda sifted with the flour and two of cream of tartar. Drop the batter small on the griddle.

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TO-DAY

LET THE DEAD PASS BURY ITS DEAD CONTACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

No. 16.



"ROAMED AWAY INTO THE DREARIEST OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY."—P. 289.

A GOOD HATER.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON, AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC. ETC.

CATHERINE PAROLDI came to the old house near the Tower. A tall, slim, slip of a girl, with a very dark complexion, browned by West Indian suns, not lovely to look upon, by any means, Philip thought at first, but with eyes of wondrous power and beauty, as he came to understand before long, and with a tender, half-pleading, half-bewitching manner not long to be resisted by the heart of man.

She was not very gay at first, this friendless, orphaned

girl of seventeen years old, for the shadow of a great sorrow was still upon her, yet she brightened the old house by her presence in a greater degree than Philip Rayner could have imagined possible. It was a new thing to come home and see her sitting in the grim wainscoted parlor; it made his coming home something different from what it had been. He used to be startled by finding himself thinking of this dark-eyed Catherine sometimes in business hours, when he had a file of accounts or a ponderous ledger before him. The days seemed longer to him than of old, and he wondered at his eagerness to go home to the quiet dinner and long quiet evening, when Catherine sat at a little table near the old man, busy with some complicated piece of embroidery, for which, with all

other delicate kinds of fancy-work, she had an especial genius.

There would be no difficulty about her getting her own living by and by, Samuel Rayner said, seeing how industrious the girl was. Philip thought that she might never have any occasion to earn a living for herself. It would have seemed a hard thing for one so tender and gentle to be turned adrift upon a cold, cruel world. And what could they do without her in that dreary old house, having once known the magical, brightening influence of her presence? She had a hundred little arts by which a woman can embellish the dulllest home, and little by little, as she found herself privileged to do these things, exercised her pretty trivial arts. Quaint old china jars and bottles, and cups and teapots that had been hidden away in remote cupboards, blackened with the dust of ages, came out of their hiding-places, and were placed about, here and there, making patches of light and color in the darksome rooms. The ponderous old furniture was polished into a kind of beauty, and by a new disposition of old materials she brought light and air into gloomy corners. Flowers bloomed here and there in the windows, and a pair of pet birds of gay plumage, which she had brought with her from Trinidad, enlivened the family parlor. There was a new atmosphere in the house, somehow, and Philip felt the change keenly.

Perhaps at this time Mr. Rayner the younger did not care quite so much for the society of his chosen friend, George Tolson. It was midwinter, and there was considerable excuse for the suspension of their evening rambles; but Philip felt that he was not treating his friend quite fairly, and in order to make some amends invited him home to dinner once or twice a week. The old man had no objection to his company; the son was quite master now.

It may be that Philip wanted to hear Catherine Paroldi's praises from the lips of the friend whose judgment he believed in. He was certainly gratified when George spoke of the beauty of her dark eyes and the charm of her singing. She had found the key of the old-fashioned square piano in a corner of the parlor—the piano at which her father had taught Miss Rayner singing; and she sang and played to her benefactor and his son sometimes of an evening. Her voice was a clear, thrilling soprano, her touch upon the keys full of tenderness and feeling. She sang all the old English ballads which Samuel Rayner loved, besides Italian music of the best kind, which her father had taught her while she was quite a child.

Philip was no musician. He had only a vague consciousness of melody in Catherine's singing. It was a pleasant, soothing influence for him—a little melancholy, perhaps, awakening a dim sense of sadness in his breast—that was all. He would scarcely have distinguished one of her songs from another without the words. He felt this deficiency of his rather keenly when George Tolson was with them, for George had a fine baritone voice and considerable taste for music, and would sing a duet with Catherine very often. It seemed to bring those two closer together, and for the first time Philip felt a pang of jealousy. He was angry with himself for the feeling, and made a great effort to overcome it, asking his friend to the old house all the oftener because of this secret weakness.

"What fear need I have of him if she loves me?" he argued with himself; "and if not, what can it matter whom she sees? But I think she loves me; yes, I believe she loves me."

He thought she loved him. He had some justification for so thinking, undoubtedly. The girl was of a confident, affectionate disposition, and was deeply grateful to these friends who had given her a home. Perhaps in her eagerness to prove her gratitude in all the trivial ways that lay in her power, she may have been dangerously kind to her cousin, watching for every little opportunity of giving him pleasure, deferring to his wishes with a sweet, childlike submission, going out to meet him with bright welcoming looks when he came home, making his life altogether bewilderingly happy, to the peril of his peace.

She was quite different to George Tolson. Philip saw the difference, and the fact of it added much to his happiness. To George her manner was reserved—singularly cold and distant, Philip thought; she took no pains to please him, and never betrayed any pleasure in his presence. No, there was no fear of George.

So the days and weeks drifted on with a gentle monotony that would have been irksome to restless spirits; but Philip's life was a new life, and he wondered how he could ever have existed in a world unbrightened by Catherine Paroldi. Little by little she who had been unlovely at first grew to be most beautiful in his sight. The tawny hue of her skin faded in the cool English atmosphere, leaving her pale and fair, like a white lily. Her smile grew radiant as her spirits improved, and lighted up the pale face with a kind of glory, like the light in an old altar-piece, where it all comes from one divine face—a mere trick of art, perhaps, but with a lovely meaning in it.

Philip was in no hurry to urge his suit. His was a reserved nature, with much latent pride beneath a quiet manner. He watched her closely, and fancied himself secure of her love. He had only to speak when the fitting time came; she must know how much he loved her. In the mean while all his dreams were of a future in which she was to be his wife. He could not think of himself for a moment apart from her. The possibility that this desire of his heart might be denied him never entered into his mind.

And so the time went on in the old house near the Tower with a profound peacefulness, George Tolson coming very often in the lengthening spring evenings, almost their only visitor. The three young people used to walk together of an evening in the empty city streets sometimes, as the weather grew milder, Catherine arm in arm with her cousin, George Tolson walking by her side, expounding curious scraps of archaeological lore about the churches and quaint old buildings of divers kinds hidden in the narrow streets and lanes by which they went.

So the time went on until there came a sudden break in this monotonous life for Philip Rayner. His father insisted upon his going on a round among their customers in the north of England. There were details in the management of the trade that wanted revision and rearrangement. There had been numerous complaints of late from provincial customers; prices must be lowered to meet the march of the times. It was altogether a delicate business, requiring the exercise of commercial diplomacy, and necessitating, Samuel Rayner said, the presence of a principal.

He was surprised to find his son disinclined to the performance of this duty, anxious to delegate it to a clerk—in fact, anything rather than to go himself. But upon this point the old man was absolute. Roused by a threatened danger to his house, he showed himself as keen a man of business as in his best days. Rayner, Rayner & Sons must show themselves prompt to satisfy the demands of the times.

His son Philip must go, and none other. So Philip went. It was only a business of a month or six weeks, yet he felt as if the very mainspring of his life was broken when he turned his back upon the familiar old house.

He never forgot that parting. He was to go by the night mail, and it was a calm, airless evening early in May when he left his father's house. Catherine came to the hall door to bid him good-bye. For the first time in his life he kissed her. Just at the last, when his port-manteau had been put on the roof of the cab, and the old butler was standing on the doorstep talking to the driver, Philip took his cousin in his arms and kissed her on the lips. It was one long, passionate kiss, and he fancied that it was at once the declaration and the seal of his love. She could not misunderstand him after that; she was his own from that moment.

Catherine Paroldi gave a little cry of astonishment or reproach, and ran back to the parlor. There was not a moment to lose. Philip sprang into the cab and drove off. He saw her for an instant at the open window watching him, with the evening sun upon her face. That picture—the pale young face, the shadowy eyes and loose brown hair—framed in the window haunted him all through the long night journey. The memory of that one unpremeditated kiss haunted him too, the seal which he had set upon his love.

The six weeks were dragged out into two months. People in the north were slow, and Philip Rayner had a great many places to visit. Having once undertaken the business, he was determined to do it thoroughly, and he found matters regulated themselves easily and pleasantly enough by the exercise of his personal influence and a little judicious liberality. Altogether, his mission was a successful one.

It was the end of June when he turned his face homeward, brilliant weather, and the country through which he went looking its fairest. But Philip Rayner did not think much of the verdant summer world through which he was travelling. His thoughts sped on before him to the end of his journey. How would she receive him, Catherine, his idol? With blushes and shy, downcast looks? No, he scarcely thought that. There had been no blush upon the face that looked out at him from the open window. How would she receive him, his darling, his own?—doubly his own from the moment in which he had pressed that passionate kiss upon her unresisting lips.

His only letters from home had been from her—dear little letters telling him all the trivial news of the old house, his father's talk of him, the blank caused by his absence—sweet, womanly letters which a sister might have written to a brother. He never thought of that. To him they were the letters of his plighted wife.

For the last few days he had heard nothing. His movements just at the end had been uncertain. But he had no fear of evil or that he should find any change in his dull, peaceful home.

It was beginning to grow dusk when the cab drew up at the familiar door, with its carved wooden canopy of the William and Mary period, supported by two chubby-faced cherubs. Looking eagerly up at the old house, a great shock fell upon him. The blinds were all drawn closely down in the still summer evening. His first thought was of his father. His first thought was of the truth. The old man was dead.

The ancient butler opened the door and received his new master with a solemn face—a face in which there was real

grief, for the man had loved his employer of so many years.

"There never was a better master or a better man," he said, with something like a sob. "Yes, Mr. Philip, we've lost him. He fell down in a fit just after breakfast, though he'd read his newspaper and everything just the same as usual, and he never spoke again, poor dear gentleman! There was as many as four doctors with him at one time, for Miss Paroldi wouldn't believe as there was no hope, but they could do nothing for him. There was a telegram sent to you at Sheffield the night before last. You got it, didn't you, sir?"

"No; I left Sheffield last week. I came here straight from Hull. Let me go to his room at once, Jackson; I should like to see him at once."

"He looks as calm as a sleeping baby, God bless him. I'm very glad you've come home, sir. There's many things about the funeral we couldn't settle without you. I told the undertaker I knew you'd have everything of the handsomest, but of course I could say no more than that."

Philip went up stairs to the solemn death-chamber, a long oak-panelled room with four tall, narrow windows which had been gloomy enough even when inhabited by the living. He had scarcely known until this moment how much he loved his father or how bitter a blow their parting was to be. For the time even the image of Catherine Paroldi was blotted out from his mind. He stopped in that darkened room for a long while—nearly an hour; and then went slowly down stairs in the deepening summer dusk. Day was not quite ended even yet, though the early stars were shining faintly through the long staircase window as he went down.

There was a lamp burning dimly in the hall. Catherine came out of the parlor very pale and dressed in black. It was one of the black dresses she had worn in memory of her mother. She gave him her hand, looking at him with a grave, pitying face.

"I'm so sorry for you, Cousin Philip," she said—"so sorry for my own sake, too. I loved him very dearly. Indeed, I had good reason to love him," she added, breaking down with a little choking sound.

They went into the parlor, and sat there in mournful silence till very late, only saying a few words now and then. On the next day Catherine told Philip all about his father's last moments—about that last breakfast, too, when he had been quite himself, and had talked as cheerfully as ever he had done within her knowledge of him, speaking of his son's approaching return and looking forward with evident pleasure to that event.

Two days afterward came the funeral, a stately ceremonial; for Philip Rayner chose this conventional mode of testifying to his respect for the dead man as the only manner in which he could exhibit such a feeling to the eyes of the commonplace world in which his father had lived. The city churchyard wherein the brothers Rayner lay buried had long ago been closed, so the old man's bones were carried to Norwood cemetery, by and by to rest under a handsome and appropriate monument.

It was with profound sadness in his heart that Philip rode homeward through the summer sunlight, and amidst the busy life of suburb and city, when all was over and the dreary day's work done. No, all was not quite over. There was the will to be read—a ceremony which did not involve much anxiety or heartburning; for Samuel Rayner had not many relatives, and those he left behind him were, with the exception of Catherine Paroldi, wealthy

traders settled in remote colonies. There was no one but Philip and the two old servants, Mrs. Dorkin the housekeeper and Jackson the butler to hear the reading of the will, which was read with all due solemnity by the family solicitor in the grim, darksome dining-room, a spacious chamber only used on state occasions.

The will was an old one, dated six years ago and worded in a very simple manner. The old man left an annuity to each of his faithful servants, a mourning ring or so to the distant traders, a small legacy to the doctor who had attended him for some thirty years of his life, and all the rest to his only son. There was nothing for Catherine Paroldi. The will had been executed before Samuel Rayner knew of the girl's existence, and there was no codicil.

It mattered very little, Philip thought. All that he had would be Catherine's. It was time for him now to speak plainly; the dear girl must not have an hour's doubt as to the security of her position. He would speak to her that very evening. There was no indecency, no lack of reverence for the dead, in such promptitude. Philip fancied that his marriage with Catherine would have been the desire of his father's heart. The old man must have surely foreseen their union, or he would never have left Catherine Marsh's daughter penniless.

The cousins sat alone together that evening, after a dinner of which neither had eaten anything. It was a warm, sunny midsummer evening, and the faint hum of the declining city life came to them through the open windows with a distant drowsy sound. The old house had that aspect of profound dulness peculiar to a habitation in the heart of a city on a summer evening, when mankind has a natural yearning for the sweet freedom of the hillside and for the green leaves in the woodland. Philip had no such yearning to-night, however. To him the shadowy oak-panelled room was paradise. He forgot that he had seen his kind old father laid in the grave that day. He could think of nothing but Catherine's pensive face as she sat by the open window, with the low western sunlight shining upon her as it had shone on the evening when he kissed her. The words which he had to speak did not come to him very easily; he loved her too much to be over bold. But in that last happy hour of his youth there was no shadow of doubt in his mind. He had never contemplated the possibility of a refusal on Catherine's part. He had never told himself that he might have a rival; he had never doubted that she loved him. In perfect faith he had accepted her grateful affection, her frank, sisterly regard, as an earnest of the love that was to be given to him when he pleaded for it. He was rather ashamed of himself for having been so backward in pleading, that was all.

"Catherine," he said, at last, drawing his chair nearer hers, "I have something to say to you."

She had been working busily until this moment, but she laid aside her work as he spoke and turned her calm, pensive face toward him.

"And I want to speak to you, cousin," she answered, blushing a bright, rosy red all of a sudden. "There is something I have been wanting to say for the last three days, but I hadn't the courage. And yet I know how good you are, and that nothing in the world could make you unkind to me."

"Surely not, my dear. Unkind to you, Catherine! How could I ever be that?"

"Of course not; and that's why it has been so foolish in me to feel afraid of speaking frankly. I think you must

know how happy and peaceful my life has been in this dear old house, Cousin Philip, and how grateful I must ever be to you and your dear father for all your goodness to me, but—but—we are both young, and it would not do for us to go on living here together. People would think it strange. Mrs. Dorkin told me as much a day or two ago, and the evening after Cousin Samuel's death I had the offer of a new home. Don't think me ungrateful, pray, Cousin Philip, or that I want to run away from you. Indeed, I cannot fancy a sister loving her only brother better than I love you, but I must go away; every one says that."

She looked at him just a little anxiously, the blush fading slowly away from the sweet face.

"A new home! Why should you go away, Catherine? What need you care if some malicious fool should slander us? It is hardly possible for malice to go so far as that; and it can matter so little to us, for—" And then, without finishing the sentence, he exclaimed, "The offer of a new home, Catherine! What home?"

"Mrs. Tolson's—George's mother—has asked me to stay with her till—I am married."

She was blushing again by this time, and the heavy lids dropped over the glorious dark eyes.

"Till you are married?"

"Yes, Cousin Philip. I ought to have told you sooner, perhaps, but it happened while you were away, and it seemed such a stupid thing to write about, somehow. George Tolson has asked me to be his wife, and—and—I love him very dearly—and we are to be married in a month or two. We shall not be rich, of course, for George has his mother to keep—that is his first duty—but we can live happily on a very little, we love each other so truly."

The ghastly change in her cousin's face stopped her suddenly in the midst of her innocent confession.

"Cousin, dear Cousin Philip," she exclaimed, "you are not angry?"

"Angry?" cried the young man; "you have broken my heart. What! didn't you know that I loved you? didn't you know that every hope I had was built upon the security of your love? When I kissed you that night I went away, if you had doubted before, could you doubt then what I felt for you?"

"Indeed, Philip, I thought it was only a cousin's kiss. We have been like brother and sister; I never dreamt you cared for me more than you might have cared for a sister."

"Of course not!" Philip Rayner cried, with a bitter laugh. "What is easier than to say that? And he, the scoundrel, the traitor, the false friend I brought to this house, the sneaking villain who came into our firm a beggar—he to go behind my back and steal you!"

"Stop, Philip! I cannot hear you say those things of him. What right had he to suppose that you cared for me? It is too cruel, too unjust; dear cousin, be reasonable, be like yourself. Whatever sin I have committed against you has been done in ignorance. I shall never cease to be grateful to you—never cease to feel affectionately toward you. Be generous, Cousin Philip; tell me that you forgive me."

"Forgive you?" cried the man, in a blind fury. "To the last hour of my life, if I live to be a hundred years old, I will never speak to you again! I pray God I may never see your face any more!"

And with those words upon his lips he went out of the room—went away from her with a sullen determination to

hate those two who had wronged him until the end of his days.

He left the house at once and roamed away into the dreariest outskirts of the city, a desert tract where there were buildings newly begun, abandoned skeletons of houses and a wide margin of brick-fields. All the night through he rambled about this dismal region with a fever in his brain, and no consciousness of fatigue, no consciousness even of the scene around him. If any one had told him he had been walking on the shore by some roaring sea, he could only by circumstantial evidence have perceived the falsehood involved in the assertion.

It was in the broad summer sunshine that he went home, his clothes whitened with dust and stained with the night dews, his face wan and haggard. Laborers going to their work in the early morning stopped to stare at him as he passed them. One of the sour-faced maid-servants was cleaning the doorstep when he went in, and gazed at him aghast, but he scarcely saw her. He washed himself and changed his clothes with a half-mechanical sense of the proprieties, and then went down to that everyday parlor which had a little while ago seemed to him such a pleasant, home-like room. There was a solitary-looking breakfast-table laid for one, and instead of Catherine Paroldi's presence there was a little note addressed to Philip Rayner—a tender, pleading little letter, assuring him once again of her gratitude for his goodness to a friendless orphan, beseeching him once more to be generous and forgiving, and telling him that, let him act toward her as he would, she would never cease to be his grateful and affectionate Catherine.

He read the letter three times with a fierce, hungry look in his face, a rage of mingled hate and love, then crushed it in his hand and flung it into the empty grate. And having done that, he determined to recommence his life upon a new system—to shut that false girl's image out of his mind, to devote all his energies and all his thoughts to business.

The first letter he wrote when he had seated himself at his desk in his private counting-house, for the first time since his journey, was a brief epistle to George Tolson, informing him that his services were no longer required, and that if he preferred any pecuniary compensation, instead of the ordinary term of notice, such a course would be more agreeable to the feelings of his obedient servant, Philip Rayner.

The answer to this was prompt enough. It told the new chief of Rayner, Rayner & Sons that Mr. Tolson required neither notice nor compensation, and that he should have quitted the office for ever before his note could be delivered to Mr. Rayner.

"He will find another situation, I suppose," Philip said to himself, "for the scoundrel is clever. He had a hundred and fifty a year with us; he will scarcely get so much elsewhere. At best it can only be genteel beggary—a perpetual struggle for bare existence. And what is there that I could have denied her if she had married me? She will think of that sometimes, surely."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO PLAN a wise life little pains doth ask:
To live one wise day troublesome the task.
Yet why so hard? What is it thwarts me still?
A tainted memory, a divided will,
A weak and wavering faith, which, for mere shows
And shams of things, forsakes the truth it knows.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A POPULAR DELUSION.

ONCE or twice a year a paragraph goes the round of the daily papers announcing that somebody has discovered perpetual motion; and now and then we hear that application has been made to the Treasury Department for the enormous reward which, it is supposed, the government has standing for such a discovery. The idea that such a reward is offered appears to prevail in European countries as well as in the United States, and it has induced many a poor fellow to waste his time and to belabor his wits in an effort to realize his conception of a machine which shall move by its own impulse for ever. No such prize has ever been promised. The supposition is as much a delusion as the belief that the perpetual motion can ever be obtained by a machine built with human hands. An engine of such a kind never did exist, and none ever will exist. The common conviction that perpetual motion was known to the ancients, and that the secret was lost, has supplied another incentive to dreamers who have thought such motion possible, but this is founded upon fancy only; and it is now proved beyond question that any further attempts to attain this object must, in the very necessity of things, result in complete failure.

So well convinced have even the most liberal scientific men become of this fact that they will hardly undertake to give attention and consideration to any novel theory that may be proposed or to any new machine that may be constructed. The French Academy, indeed, a century ago announced officially that it would not even examine any mechanical contrivance which professed to embody per-



petual motion, because it knew positively that work cannot be obtained from such a machine without corresponding and equivalent expenditure.

If an engine of such a kind could be constructed, it would move of itself as soon as the last rivet was placed in it, and it would continue to move for ever. It would have to overcome friction, the attraction of other bodies and the resistance of the atmosphere, besides the mere weight of its own parts, and it would require to be made in such a manner that it would never wear out. It is admitted that if a body should be placed in motion in a perfect vacuum it would move for ever, but under no other conditions is such a thing possible.

It is probable that the inventions of the believers in the practicability of perpetual motion number tens of thousands. Many of them have been patented here and in Europe, but none have obtained even ordinary celebrity. The fate of most of them has been to be forgotten. A few,

however, are remembered because they were moved for a long while by outside influence in such an ingenious manner that a good many wise men were deceived by the fraud; and some others have been preserved in print because they were curious, interesting and particularly absurd. One of the most preposterous is presented in Fig. 1. It was invented a great many years ago by a man named Norwood. His theory was that as the weight of the water in the larger vessel immensely exceeds that in the neck, it will preponderate and drive the liquid through the spout



into the vessel again. If the larger body really would do this, certainly we should have perpetual motion. But the inventor was deplorably ignorant of one of the fundamental laws of hydrostatics—that water seeks only its own level. A child in this age would know that the water in the neck will remain precisely at the height of the liquid in the greater vessel.

Another and much more plausible theory was involved in Merlin's famous machine (Fig. 2). The construction is evident from the illustration. The attempt is by the



sliding of the balls in the cells to give the preponderance to the descending side of the wheel. But the reader may easily see by reference to the cut that although the weights on the descending side are on the whole further from the axis of the wheel than those on the ascending side, and so have greater leverage, yet there are more balls on the latter than on the former side. A careful calculation of these forces made by a scientific man has proved that the movements of the balls in opposite directions about the axis balance each other exactly.

Fig. 3 represents a contrivance which was invented by Bishop Wilkins, who paid much attention to this subject, and who was a man of sufficient sense and of enough scientific knowledge to admit that his very interesting machine would not accomplish its purpose.

The idea is that the water-wheels driven by the descending water falling from cup to cup should turn the Archimedean screw, which, for its part, would constantly replenish the tank above. The descending water, it will be observed, would have to raise precisely its own weight, besides overcoming the friction of the machinery. A man might as readily lift himself from the earth with his bootstraps.

Magnetism and electricity have been employed in a vast number of instances to effect the object of those who sought to procure perpetual motion; but unless there was an expenditure of power from some source, there never was any motion. Certain of these contrivances were electric machines driven by gas-engines, the fuel for which was to be supplied by the decomposition of water by the electricity produced. The absurdity of this may be imagined from the analogous case of a steam-engine, to which heat might be supposed to be supplied by the friction of bodies driven by the engine itself. One of the most entertaining of the magnetic machines that have been constructed appears in Fig. 4.

A B is a loadstone, which attracts the iron ball C, and draws it up the inclined plane to E, where there is a hole through which the ball falls down the curved incline,



pushes open a trap at F, and is again drawn up by the magnet A B. This would work splendidly if the power of the magnet could be annihilated when the ball is to descend. Unfortunately, however, the law of magnetic attraction is the same as the law of gravitation, and it must operate in this and every other case without interruption.

We can only glance at this curious subject without referring to a hundredth part of the machinery that has been invented, or a thousandth part of the literature that has been published concerning it. The reader may obtain, however, from this brief sketch some notion of the direction that has been taken by the human ingenuity that has been wasted in seeking for Perpetual Motion.

HONORED be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways—
Roses of paradise fresh from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 3.

WHAT IS GOOD TASTE?

HAVING spoken of the importance of good taste, and having still more to say about it as we get deeper into our subject, our readers will doubtless wish us to tell them exactly what good taste is and how it may be acquired. We admit that this is a difficult, if not an impossible, thing to do, and yet something explicit in the matter is needed if we are to have any sure and firm basis to stand upon in discoursing on household decoration. Good taste may be defined as an instinctive love for the beautiful developed by cultivation. It is admitted that this definition is not particularly satisfactory, but it will do to start with. The Latin proverb says, *De gustibus non disputandum*—concerning taste there is no disputing—and the practical application of any definite rules with regard to the exercise of taste may be illustrated by means of another proverb, which declares that "One man's meat is another man's poison." Taste, whether as taste for meat or a taste for the fine arts, is an individual idiosyncrasy which varies with each man and woman. No two persons think exactly alike on any one subject, and there is no greater diversity of opinion than with regard to the many matters which we propose to discuss in these articles.

For instance, take two men of equal intelligence, equal natural fondness for the fine arts, equal opportunities for culture, and it will be found that they will differ widely in the most important particulars. Place two such men before a picture and ask them, after careful study of it, to write out their impressions in the shape of criticism, and the chances are that they will take entirely opposite views with regard to it. One will see beauties that are invisible to the other. The treatment of the subject will strike one with most force, while the other will be most powerfully affected by the masterly execution; one will be delighted by the rich and harmonious coloring, while the other will be to a certain extent oblivious to the color-quality of the work, and will admire the drawing, the composition and other characteristics. When the criticisms are written, let each read the opinion of his companion, and he will receive some new ideas on the subject under discussion, his eyes will be opened to beauties that had been invisible before, and his culture and good taste will be enlarged.

While people of equal culture and knowledge will differ widely, as we have said, upon particulars, it will be found that they will agree heartily upon certain definite principles; and while there are certain principles of good taste of value as general guides, it is not desirable that there should be uniformity of opinion with regard to particulars.

A work of art—whether it is a picture, a statue or a room fitted up with a view to artistic effect—should be an expression of individuality; in so far as it resembles something else, it loses one of its principal charms, and is deficient in pleasure-giving qualities. Very many houses—especially old houses, that have been inhabited for many generations, and are filled with quaint old furniture—have an indefinable charm, from the very fact that they give us hints of the tastes of their present and former occupants and bring us into a sort of personal sympathy with them. The furniture may be shabby and ugly, the carpets and curtains may be faded and dingy, there may be nothing we can call beautiful about any object we see, and yet we are forced to acknowledge that the general effect is charming, and that there is a pleasant home-like look that fasci-

nates us. The mellowing influence of age has something to do with this, but not all, and a house filled with new, bright and tasteful things ought certainly to be a more interesting object than an old one containing nothing but ugly specimens of the bad tastes of former generations, and it will be if those who inhabit it have properly exercised the faculties which the Creator has given them for the beneficent purpose of enabling them to enjoy the innocent and refining pleasures of life.

It is useless for any person to expect to make his mark as an artist unless he is possessed of that indefinable quality which we call talent or genius. He must have the faculty not only of conceiving artistic ideas, but of giving them palpable expression, for he may easily have the one without being able to do the other. An artist's natural talents must be carefully cultivated or they will be worth little to him, and the great reason why the average merit of American art-works is so far below those of Europe is because our artists have such limited facilities of the proper kind for study.

Now, taste, or appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, is a quality that is possessed in a greater or less degree by every one. In some, of course, it is much more strongly developed than in others, but all have it and are capable of cultivating it if they choose to make the effort. To make such an effort is the first and most important step for the attainment of culture, and people will be surprised to find how soon they will commence to have clear and definite ideas about artistic effects, if they once begin paying attention to them. They will discover beauties that were never imagined before in the commonest objects; and as Leonardo da Vinci found subtle hints of color-harmonies in the dust-heaps, so they will be able to see revelations of loveliness where before was nothing but the commonplace and disagreeable. A new world of beauty will be opened to them as the scales of indifference fall from their eyes. The sunrise will gain a fresh tenderness, the sunset a new glory. The trees, the grass, the flowers, will be transfigured as if a new light shone upon them; and as the sunlight will shine with a brightness never before observed, so will a rainy day lose its dismalness through the opportunities it offers for the study of a certain class of most exquisite effects which would delight us if we were to see them in a picture, and which ought much more to delight us in nature, the finest effects of which can only be hinted at by the most skilful painter. The Almighty made the earth, the sky, with their infinite varieties of form and color, for the delight of our eyes, and it is our own fault if we do not enjoy them. They were made for strictly utilitarian purposes, but they were made beautiful as well; and when we endeavor to make our homes comfortable and adapted as perfectly as possible to homely, every-day uses, we are only following the divine example if we endeavor to add the touch of beauty, which will make them something more than mere shelters in which to pass a dull routine of labor, varied by the mere animal pleasures of eating and sleeping.

"But," the intelligent reader will probably say, "the kind of culture hinted at must under the best auspices require time for its acquirement, and I am anxious to begin the work of adornment with such materials as I have at hand as soon as possible. I have in a general way an appreciation of beauty and a desire to surround myself with beautiful objects; but if I undertake to do anything, I will have no certain idea about how to proceed, and will be sure to make the most grievous blunders."

Blunders every one must expect to make, trusting to

experience and increasing good taste to remedy them, but we hope to be able to give some reliable hints and directions about home decoration which will at least offer our home artists a safe and reliable background to work upon, trusting that they will bring the best intelligence to bear in the filling out of the details. More than this no series of articles like the present can do, for it is simply impossible to go into every detail or to give formulas for the decoration of every imaginable kind of dwelling, and much must necessarily be left to the natural intelligence and innate good taste of the reader.

The realm of art, like that of nature, is boundless and infinite in its varieties, and it should be an object with every one to observe for himself, and, as far as possible, make his work the expression of his own individuality. A house especially ought to be an indication of the kind of people who live in it, and those who are responsible for its appearance ought to exercise their own tastes upon its adornment, instead of trusting to the uninterested tastes of the upholsterer, the carpet-dealer and the paper-hanger.

MR. DUFFY'S VALENTINE.

BY MAX ADELER.

I SHALL not attempt, as the editor of this paper requests, to supply from my imagination a story suitable to Saint Valentine's day. Rather I will relate with what tenderness I can the simple and pathetic facts in the case of Duffy.

Jim Duffy loved. He was not singular in this—other Duffys had done the same thing; but it was Jim Duffy's peculiar fortune that while he loved but one woman, two women loved him. Miss Smith was the beautiful blue-eyed being to whom he had given his heart, and to whom he would cheerfully have given his liver or his ribs or any other portion of his framework if the custom of society had made such an anatomical surrender proper. Miss Clamm was the faded flower who had fixed her battered and venerable affections upon Mr. Duffy without any provocation having been offered by him, and Mr. Duffy hated Clamm with quite as much intensity as he loved Smith, because Clamm would always fasten to him at the church-meetings and the evening-companies, and gush over to him in the presence of people, and insist upon his company home at the very moment when he had determined to escort Miss Smith.

And so, when St. Valentine's day came round, Duffy thought it would be a clever idea to send a proposal of marriage to Miss Smith, and at the same time to cool the enthusiasm of Clamm with an outrageous comic valentine of some kind. He procured one of these immediately, and then wrote to his only Smith a note beginning with "Dearest" and ending with "Yours till death." Unhappily, it came to pass that Mr. Duffy placed each of these papers in the wrong envelope; and while the comic affair went away to Smith, a direct proposal proceeded to Clamm. Nothing could have been more unfortunate, for no sooner did the aforesaid Clamm receive Duffy's note than she suddenly did up her back hair, put on her bonnet, assumed her umbrella and gum shoes, and started by the shortest known route to James Duffy's residence.

When the front door was opened, she dashed past the hired girl and into the sitting-room, where, finding Jim reading a newspaper, she flung her arms about his neck, dropped her head upon his shoulders and her umbrella upon his corn, and exclaimed,

"Take me, take me, James! Take me, dearest! I am yours—yours for ever!"

As soon as Mr. Duffy regained his presence of mind, he struggled to disengage himself, while he attempted to explain to her that he should not take her; that he did not want her; that she was not his for ever, or for five minutes; and that if she did not remove her forehead from his vest, and her umbrella from the vicinity of his toe, he should be compelled to call the police. But Miss Clamm would hear no explanation. She nestled closer and closer to his waistcoat, and cried into his watch-pocket, and kept plunging her umbrella about with such erratic vigor, that Mr. Duffy's left foot continually executed half of the waltz movements in an effort to save its most sensitive excrecence from torture. But at last, when Clamm murmured something about fixing the wedding-day and making it soon, Jim Duffy tore himself away and fled to the garret, where he locked the door and tied the trap down with rope, lest the invincible Clamm should burst in upon him from that direction.

Meantime, Miss Smith received the comic valentine; and recognizing Duffy's handwriting upon the envelope, she was deeply pained, and she thought she might indirectly obtain comfort and an explanation of the matter by calling upon her bosom friend, the sister of Mr. Duffy. So she sallied out and reached the house. It happened by a very strange coincidence that her bonnet and cloak bore a kind of general resemblance to those worn by Clamm; and Duffy, when he heard the door-bell ring, looked out from the garret window, and felt perfectly certain that the remorseless Miss Clamm had returned for the purpose of impressing more firmly upon his mind that she was his for ever, and he could take her. So Duffy did a most scandalous and ungentlemanly thing. He emptied a bucket of water out of the window upon the figure below.

Miss Smith went home damp and indignant. A little while after her return, Clamm, being in pursuit of her Duffy, called upon Miss Smith, hoping to find him there. She waited in the parlor while Miss Smith changed her clothing, and meanwhile it really occurred to Mr. Duffy to go to Smith's and ask for an answer to his proposal. It was a sunny day, and snow was upon the ground. The parlor and entry were gloomy; and when Duffy went in, he could hardly see a handbreadth before him. But the eye of Miss Clamm was upon him. As he came into the parlor she flew toward him. He perceived the indistinct outline of a woman's figure. He was of course sure that it was Miss Smith, and he felt certain that she was about to express her feelings by action rather than in language. So Duffy folded her in his arms and kissed her forehead, and asked her if she really loved him. She whispered yes; and as they stood there, while his heart overflowed with joy, and he wondered why Miss Smith should sit in her own parlor with her umbrella in her hand, the wind blew one of the shutters open suddenly, and at the same moment in walked Miss Smith.

It was— But no. I shall not attempt to describe that situation. It is impossible. Everybody was agitated but Clamm. James Duffy was dumbfounded and horror-stricken—Miss Smith was amazed and furious; but Clamm was collected, she was cool—she appeared to enjoy everything; and she would probably have fallen upon Jim Duffy's shoulder again and cooed, merely to let Miss Smith see how nice it was, had not Duffy dodged as he saw her coming, and permitted her to smash her bonnet against the sofa cushion.

Then Mr. Duffy undertook to tell Miss Smith how it



"AT THE SAME MOMENT IN WALKED MISS SMITH."—P. 292.

was, but naturally, after all that had happened, she was too much enraged to hearken to him, and she ordered both visitors from the house. They departed, Clamm with the hook of her umbrella handle firmly fixed in the pocket of James Duffy's overcoat.

But when they reached the street, Duffy, in his agony and anger, expressed his feelings upon the subject of Clamm in such a violent and unmistakable manner that even she was convinced. And when she asked him if he intended to marry her and he said no, she left him and proceeded at once to a lawyer, who began a suit for breach of promise against Duffy, and took it into court the next week. Duffy's letter to Smith was read in evidence, and Clamm made Smith testify as to the proceedings in her parlor, which cut up the defendant horribly. Clamm herself sat there all the time weeping for the purpose of harrowing up the feelings of the jurymen, who gave a verdict of \$6000 damages to the plaintiff, whereupon the said plaintiff instantly began to organize war upon a fresh man.

Jim Duffy is still single. I know him well. He seems to hate women; and whenever he has to write a note to one, he always takes it out of the envelope fourteen or fifteen

times to assure himself that he has the right document, and that a chemical analysis could not detect an offer of marriage in it.

MARY'S DREAM.

THEY parted in tears at the shining bay,
And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim;
Her lover was gone for a year and a day,
And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for him.
And still she heard by the land or the lea
The wail of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night,
When the billows were high and the wind was loud;
The ship was tossing, the waves were white,
And the black hull seemed like a drifting shroud.

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,
And Mary went down to the quiet shore,
To see her lover all white and torn,
And kiss the lips that would speak no more.
And still she hears by the land or the lea
The wail of the moaning sea.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1873.

CHATS WITH YOUNG FOLKS ABOUT AMUSEMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I THINK that theatres are the most popular of the city amusements. They are very numerous and very grand. The newspapers, fences and buildings are covered with descriptions of them. A great number of well-paid people perform in them, and fortunes are realized by the proprietors. Nearly all this ocean of money which pours into the coffers of the theatres comes from the pockets of young people who are hungry for amusements.

I have attended the theatre several times lately to observe. The young folks don't seem very happy. Getting into a position where I could watch their faces, I have not been able to detect much real enjoyment. Indeed, after the first hour they looked dull and dissatisfied. At the close I have placed myself in the lobby and listened to their remarks as they passed out. They have not enjoyed it.

There is so little real enjoyment in the theatre that I wonder that our young people continue to flock to it. It is not my purpose to discuss the large expense nor the morals of the theatre. I am only considering what are its claims as a place of amusement. I do not urge the execrable atmosphere which one must breathe for hours, and which always leaves one's brain a little muddled all the next day or longer. I only ask, Does the theatre really satisfy the longing for amusement among the young? It seems to me that the unprejudiced observer must conclude that it is a dull, stupid, unsatisfactory institution. Its immense patronage shows how poor are our resources.

Let me see. There's dancing. Nothing could be more delightful. But then they have so abused it that all good people oppose it. They dance at such unseasonable hours, and then several other concomitants of the ball-room are so bad that wise, good people denounce dancing itself. If dancing could be generally managed as it was at the Lex-

ington institution—begun at half past seven o'clock each evening and closed at half past eight o'clock, and engaged in without a change of dress—no one would find evil in it, and it would become the most delightful family and neighborhood amusement imaginable. The old and young, parents and children, mingle in a most charming spirit. It is the best school of graceful manners, and is, altogether, if managed wisely, the very best of the amusements. My mother taught me that dancing was a dreadful sin. She would exclaim, "Oh yes, they dance their way down to hell." I did not really find out that she was mistaken till I was more than thirty years old, but since then I have tried to make up for lost time, though I have never attended a ball in my life.

Battle-dore, games and all that sort of thing is capital fun and exercise for in-doors, and ball—base ball especially—and croquet are fine out-door amusements. And then these delightful books! How any one, even boys and girls, can be drawn to the theatre when they have Dickens, Eggleston, Bret Harte and Mark Twain at home surprises me.

The other night I asked a number of young people to drop in at our rooms, and hear Cornelia read a few chapters from Mr. Eggleston's last story. They were just the sort of young folks that you see running about the streets a little after seven o'clock every evening in eager pursuit of amusements.

As soon as they all arrived, I said, Now arrange yourselves to your liking, pairing off just to suit you.

At nine o'clock I suggested an adjournment. No, no! was heard from every part of the house. At ten o'clock I refused to have our reader taxed any farther, and then they were interrogated about their enjoyment of the evening.

"I never, never enjoyed an evening so in all my life," was the general testimony.

"Would you like to come again?"

"Oh, please, to-morrow night."

The next night they were all there, and several extra ones were brought along.

"You don't mean to say that you have enjoyed this as well as the theatre?"

"Yes, a million times better," said one enthusiastic girl.

ISN'T IT CURIOUS?

My dear friend, Doctor M—, was one of the most acute physicians I have ever known. His diagnosis seemed often to verge upon clairvoyance. A peculiar kind of sore throat prevailed during the winter of '68. It was a modified diphtheria. Not many died, but the affection was most disagreeable, and cases lasted several weeks. Doctor M— prescribed for nearly two hundred. I asked him about his prescriptions. He described his usual course, and I saw that it involved quite a number of drugs, pretty generally eight or nine. Happening to call at the doctor's one evening, I learned that Mrs. M— and the four children had all been seized with the prevailing epidemic.

The doctor soon returned, and I said, pointing to his sick group,

"More business, doctor?"

"Yes," said Mrs. M——, "but he never gives us anything."

"How is this, doctor?" I asked.

"If my family were the family of some one else," he replied, "I should prescribe fifty times or more, and make a bill of a hundred dollars; but as I am satisfied that warm extremities, a good atmosphere and very simple food is all there is of it, I shall not afflict my family with doses and caustic." I learned, upon a subsequent inquiry, that the doctor's family took nothing, and he assured me that they did better than the average. I urged the doctor to give me his candid opinion about it, and he confessed that he thought medical treatment generally interfered with the recovery of the patient. When I asked him how he could conscientiously go on, he replied,

"I have thought of this matter very seriously for years, and have concluded that I must take the world as it is, and not as the ideal world of which I sometimes dream. The people will be doctored; and I honestly believe that I hurt them less than most physicians, and that if they were to pass out of my hands, they would very likely pass into those of others who would injure them more. My family must have a support. I am a doctor. Now you have my reasoning. Knowing what I do, I should not choose the profession of medicine if I could start in life again; but it is too late to consider that now, and all that is left to me is to do as little harm and as much good as possible."

I said, "It seems to me that no profession offers such an opportunity for usefulness as the medical; and if I could start in life a hundred times, I should choose it every time. But I would not drug my patients. I would convince them that drugs are hurtful poisons, and I would spend my life teaching the people how to avoid disease."

"Oh yes," said Doctor M——, "I have cherished such an ambition at various times during my professional career, and I have tried it among the more intelligent of my patients. I will give you a case. You remember Mrs. D——, the writer? Well, she came here to spend the summer with her sister, and soon after her arrival suffered the severest attack of neuralgia I have ever witnessed. I made hot applications to the back of her neck and the side of her face till she was comfortable; and giving her a few doses of soothing medicine, I left, with the promise to call in the morning. I found her quite easy, and resolved not to drug her exquisite brain any more. I directed the nursing, and at the end of about a week she was well, though weak. Then I told her how she might avoid all future attacks. At her request I wrote out the suggested regimen. She paid me forty dollars. I believe that was six years ago. I think she has spent a portion of every summer since in this neighborhood. I met her the other day, and she told me that she had not suffered a single attack from her old enemy since she began to follow my advice, and that she was greatly indebted to me. Now, sir, that advice cost me probably more than two hundred

dollars. I could go around among my patients and talk to them about the laws of health in a way which would simply destroy my means of living. I could not buy bread and clothes for my children. I have no doubt it would be very noble and philanthropic, and all that sort of thing, but I can't afford it, and have made up my mind not to go into any moral heroics and play the reformer, but do as well as I can under the circumstances, always making sure that my wife and children have something to eat. Whatever may come, that is my first duty, and I shall not neglect it. Besides all this, if I were to pursue this reformer policy, my professional brethren would call me a quack; and when that cry gets started, even the people whom I have served well would forsake me. No, my friend," said Doctor M—— to me, "I am not made of the great reformer stuff, and must get along in the old orthodox way."

SKATING is fashionable. It is a good exercise if taken in the open air. The rink is a rather doubtful institution. The atmosphere, without sunshine, gives a good many colds. The rink will quickly pass out of fashion.

As a means of exercise, battle-dore or graces or bean bags is worth ten times as much as skating under even the most favorable circumstances. What you want is something for the arms and chest, and not more for the legs. Let girls play these fine arm and chest games during the cold season in the largest room in the house, with open windows. And, dear girls, loosen the strings and give your lungs fair play.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

G. A. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Nothing in the long run can be more unsatisfactory in your lady friend than mere good looks. Unless she possesses something more, her fair face is likely to become unfair a little after thirty. Then the disappointment to you will be complete—I mean if your investment is made in a stock of "good looks." Better a thousand times that your choice should be a woman with a broken nose, but with a head full of common sense and a heart full of good things.

SMALL-POX, ERIE, PA.—I am surprised that the wisdom of vaccination should be discussed. As I have remarked in a previous issue, if the choice were between vaccination and a pleasant picnic or a glass of ice cream, I should unhesitatingly vote against vaccination. But since the choice is between vaccination and one of the most horrible, loathsome diseases known to man, I unhesitatingly vote for vaccination. But we are told that scrofula and other taints are transmitted by vaccination; it is easy to secure perfect immunity from such a misfortune by taking the virus directly from the cow, as is now very generally done. But supposing this to be impossible, and supposing scrofula is transmitted in one case in a hundred or in fifty, or even one case in ten, still, I should be vaccinated, and thank God for even such opportunity to escape from the danger, loathsomeness and scars of small-pox. But as there is not the slightest necessity for exposing one's self to any such infection in vaccination, one is vexed with the stupid opposition to it.

F. E. S., PHILADELPHIA.—Describe your symptoms more in detail and send your address.

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I love thee, I dote on thy features so fine,
I must and will have thee, and force makes thee mine."

Mrs. JENNER quite forgot her dignity, and actually ran up the stairs after the gentleman who was scaling them.

Had careless Kitty Bell actually locked the door? Was any one in the nursery except the darling, who was bawling? What would that incensed gentleman do when he got in? Would he murder the child outright, or carry it off, swinging by the feet, as the man in the "Promessi Sposi" did the live turkeys?

A thousand dreadful conjectures whirled in the eddy of that moment through her brain, and she shrieked as she ran up,

"Kitty, lock the door; Kitty, lock the door!"

And the baby wailed; and, to her comfort, the women's voices also were heard from within.

The captain's hand was on the handle of the door, which he twisted about with a few violent jerks.

It was a clumsy oak door, with a keyhole almost as big as that of a modern hall door, and Mrs. Jenner almost fainted with sudden relief when she saw that it resisted.

"Open the door," said Captain Torquil.

"Oh no, no, no, no!" cried Mrs. Jenner.

The women's voices were hushed, and in a tone of undisguised fury Captain Torquil cried again,

"Open the door!"

And Mrs. Jenner's distracted accompaniment of "No, no! Oh no, no, no, no-o-o!" resounded and quivered through staircase, hall and passage.

The captain struck the door a furious blow with his foot, but it was none of those flimsy defences which fall before a pop-gun; but mingled with the ba-a-a-ing of the child came now the frightened whimper of women from within. Captain Torquil recoiled three or four steps, and, with a rush, sprang with his shoulder and side against the door, and— Heaven and earth! What is this?

Admirable door this is—heart of oak, solid as the wooden walls of England! Here is a lock and key strong and clumsy as Vulcan himself.

If people hold that locks and keys are necessary to their doors—and what more effectual security against the miscreant on the lobby?—it is worth seeing that the piece of mechanism is in working order. Here the door was right, the key was right, the lock, properly so called, was right; but, alas! the iron socket that receives the bolt, which in rude fashion was there screwed to the doorpost, stripped by the worthy vicar, in an emergency when screws were wanted and not elsewhere at hand, of all its screws but one, yielded to the weight of the captain's charge, and flew in with ominous clatter among the garri-son, and with a tremulous swing, door, key and lock revolved, and the besieger, white with rage, strode in through the breach.

Mrs. Jenner, rushing forward with her new-found motherly instincts all alive, screamed wildly; Mrs. Jolliffe, with her palms raised and fingers extended, screamed also. Kitty Bell bawled, "By Jen! The deaul clake thee!" and dealt the ogre a lusty thump over the head with her shut fist, which made the captain's small

ears sing under the close curls of his black perfumed hair.

Captain Torquil was not accustomed to such handling, and he loosed the hold which Kitty had laid upon his collar with so little ceremony that the heroic girl spun half-way round, and sat involuntarily, with the whole force of her plump person, upon the nurse's chair of state, from which, for a moment, she gazed bewildered; while Captain Torquil, stooping at the child's bedside, before any one of the women had recovered the power of action, dived his hands under the infant.

So all seemed over—*conclamatum est*. In two seconds more the captain would have been running down the vicar's stairs with his short, vile laugh and the prize in his arms, to spring with it into the chaise and drive from Golden Friars as fast as the whip of a bribed postboy could speed him.

But it was not to be this time. A powerful chuck at the nape of his neck whisked the captain at this critical moment backward, staggering with a good apparent likelihood of tumbling on the floor.

"Here's douce wark, clamperin' through the vicar's house!" said the stentorian bass of Tom Shackles.

If the captain had thought upon the question of odds at that moment, he would have seen at a glance that Tom was altogether too huge and sinewy to leave him a chance against that northern athlete. But Captain Torquil was for the moment beside himself with anger; and rallying, he struck with all his force at Tom's face.

The women screamed appeals to Heaven at this renewal of the battle, and Tom caught the blow on his open hand; and having a vague idea that the captain was a relation of the family, and therefore to be treated with tenderness, he returned it, not with his formidable knuckles, but with the same open hand he dealt him a slap on the cheek and ear such as is happily seldom heard in a nursery, and the captain staggered against the wall, where he looked for a moment as if he was going to sleep.

"By my sang, my lad, I've a mind to gie thee a gud bevellin'," said Tom; and to the women he said, pointing to the door that opened into an inner room, "Take the barn in there and shut the door, and don't stand gapin' here. 'T may be killed else."

"Give up that child!" cried Captain Torquil, again staggering forward, a manifestation which, although Tom Shackles placed himself between, hurried the movements of the women, who, with the child in a hasty roll of blankets, scurried through the door and shut it.

At the same moment, grinning happily from ear to ear, the bluff face of Dick Wykes, who had come clanking up in shoes of four-pound weight apiece to have his share of the mill, entered the nursery.

"Is thee him?" Dick inquired. "Hoot, man! Lap up! I thout there wor fower o' ye. Why, I'd thras thee out o' t' window wi' yan hand!" said this smiling intruder, of whose speech Captain Torquil understood nothing but the good-humored contempt expressed in his face and demeanor.

He eyed the two Herculean fellows over. Even in his then state of mind he saw the folly of any attempt to cope with their united strength.

Mrs. Jenner stood staring wildly from the lobby on the strange scene which had for a minute or so profaned the homely roof of the vicarage. The captain looked from one Titan to the other, and collected enough sense not to make a fool of himself by fighting. He was quivering with passion nevertheless.

"You have taken the child; you've assaulted me, you—hoo—oo scoundrel! As I hope for heaven, I'll make every one of you suffer! I'll have the police here in half an hour."

He ran down stairs; he roared a curse or two at the postboy and jumped into the chaise, and sat for a few seconds bewildered, looking first out at one window and then out at the other; and then, seeing that some idlers had collected about the vicar's door, perceiving that something odd was occurring within, he lowered the front window and bawled to the driver,

"You go—you drive—ha, ha!—drive toward the place you came from."

And he pulled up the window, and leaned back and stared wickedly in the faces of the people who were looking there. And Captain Torquil sped away, leaving wild and sinister impressions of himself, and no material memento of his visit except a piece of wrenched iron and his hat on the nursery floor.

Captain Torquil drove away at a great pace—it was to be supposed in hot haste to accomplish some scheme. Of course a man with his ear tingling from a blow, and with such a case as regarded the child, and in the state of intense exasperation in which he was, and with his hat impounded in the vicar's nursery, could hardly have gone away with threats so fierce against all parties without very resolute intentions.

But when the vicar returned after sunset to his hysterical household, the captain had not reappeared.

The vicar, like a wise governor, took prompt measures in this state of affairs. He sealed up Captain Torquil's hat in a band-box, lest there should be litigation with respect to that property. He caused Tom Shackles to make a note of the captain's sayings and doings. He locked up the twisted iron which attested his violence, and he retained Tom as a garrison, keeping up through the night a sharp lookout in the moonlight, lest the enemy should return and attempt a surprise.

But that night passed over quietly. And the next day came and went without tidings of or from the captain, and a week or more without even a letter from a London attorney.

CHAPTER XIV. AGITATIONS.

THERE came an odd letter from Mrs. Torquil to her cousin, Mrs. Jenner.

It dwelt in an affectionate strain upon old recollections, and deplored the unhappy occurrences in which the name of her dear cousin at Golden Friars was involved, and which had placed her own dear husband in an attitude of, she feared, very determined antagonism to hers.

Her husband could not in the least conceive what motive actuated Mr. Jenner in sanctioning the conduct of that flagitious servant, Hileria Pullen, and in disputing his (Captain Torquil's) right to the custody of the child. That right does not rest upon the language of the will, but upon the earnest entreaty of poor Alice, conveyed, not in conversation only, but in repeated letters of a conclusive and unmistakable kind. These, of course, would be put in evidence at the proper time. To her nothing could have occurred more painful than that their husbands should stand mutually in such relations, especially as it had been her cherished hope and project to come down to Golden Friars, and to make it their headquarters, and so soon as the dear child had been with them a sufficient time to satisfy the

solemn promises under which they were both bound to poor Alice, to endeavor to induce her (Mrs. Jenner) to undertake the care of the dear infant, which she felt would severely task her own strength.

All this, to her inexpressible grief, had been frustrated by the wickedness of one artful servant. Her husband was supported by a wealthy relation in the expensive—and, to Mr. Jenner, she feared the ruinous—litigation into which they were about to plunge. Her husband, Captain Torquil, was very angry, and all she implored of her dear cousin was charitably to dissociate her from the oppressive litigation which the captain was about to direct against the Reverend Hugh Jenner. She hoped to hear from her to say that she would view these miserable proceedings in the same charitable way.

This letter, somehow, produced an unpleasant effect even upon the vicar, it was so very plausible, even so alarming. He went down with it in his pocket to Mr. Tarlcot, who, with the suspicion of his craft, treated it simply as a piece of cajolery and braggadocia—the concoction of a cunning terrorist:

"It never was she who wrote that letter, Mr. Jenner. It's not a lady's letter. That letter was written by Captain Torquil and copied by his wife, and it satisfies me that he has no notion of going on; he has not means for such a thing. I happen to know of an execution against him for four hundred and eighteen pounds. He's in no position to throw away money, and he knew all along he had not a leg to stand on. Suppose we go down and ask Mrs. Pullen what she thinks of it?"

"But—but—don't you see, we really know nothing about that Mrs. Pullen?" said the vicar.

"Don't be influenced by that letter, my dear sir. That woman is as straight as an arrow. I wish I had such a witness in Hazel and Wrangham. She's as honest as the sun."

"You understand such people better than I. I confess I thought her a most respectable person, and I'm quite sure it was this letter that made me hesitate. Let us go to the George and see her."

Mrs. Pullen was a great deal better, and sitting up, and about to set out on her travels next day.

"Well, Mrs. Pullen, what do you think of that letter?" inquired the attorney, so soon as the vicar, having read it aloud, replaced it in his pocket. "Mrs. Torquil must like writing letters, else she'd hardly write so long a one."

"Bless you, sir," said Hileria Pullen, disdainfully, "the poor lady never wrote a line of that letter. Allow me to see, sir, please, whether it is even in her handwriting. Well, yes, I know her writing," she resumed, after inspection. "I think it is. But that was written for her—every word. She daren't write a line of any such thing of her own will—she durstn't—oh, no, no!" and she shook her head slowly with a melancholy scorn. "Why, sir, she never writes a line if she can help it, and that she durstn't write. Why, if you knewed, sir, she'd as ready put her hand in the fire as write a line of that without she was, I may say, ordered to do it by master."

So the attorney looked and nodded gravely to the vicar, who said, returning his nod,

"Yes, I dare say you are right."

And the vicar walked away with a sense of relief—very delightful relief—in thinking that he was in no serious danger of being involved in the tremendous eddy of litigation.

Even Tom Shackles had suffered mentally under appre-

hensions of a similar sort, being a responsible man, and clerk of Golden Friars, and conscious of that box on the ear which he had dealt the desperate captain.

Kitty Bell, too, had dealt him what she called a bang on his black, curly pate, and cried serious tears at the chaff with which Dick Wykes threatened her with transportation for "walin' a soger."

The relief was therefore general when, a fortnight having passed, nothing had occurred to corroborate the captain's threats uttered when, in Kitty Bell's phrase, "he banged out o' t' dure, and we sas na meyar on him."

But these halloing folk were not quite out of the wood yet, for, like a brief, stern clap of thunder that made his ears ring, there came an attorney's letter from a firm in Lincoln's Inn Fields to the vicar, demanding to be put in communication with his "solicitor."

Still Mr. Tarlocot was skeptical. He communicated, and so did the vicar, by return.

CHAPTER XV.

LAURA MILDMAY.

So the field was clear, and battle coming!

Here was the peace of tranquil Golden Friars broken, and the world again by the ears, all by the supreme influence and waywardness of women—old Hileria Pullen's wild escapade and good Mrs. Jenner's fancy for adopting other people's progeny; the baby itself being of the same unlucky sex.

But notwithstanding these alarms, the skeptical attorney of Golden Friars was right—nothing followed.

With the great and distant metropolis was, indeed, thus spun the one fine thread of interest that connected it with the isolation of Golden Friars, and henceforward any bit of news respecting the movements of Captain Torquil was discussed with good appetite in the drawing-room and nursery of the vicar's house, in the snugger of Tom Shackles, in the humble dwelling of jolly Dick Wykes, and in the office of shrewd old Tarlocot, from whose London correspondents who had themselves had some unpleasant dealings with the captain, these little bits of news were derived.

I am making a little chronicle, and shall jot down all I ever heard of this captain while in due chronological order, noting also such occurrences as illustrate Golden Friars during the brief period of my story.

In the first place, then, without any show of opposition, the good vicar was appointed guardian of this little ward of chancery by the decree of that high court. And now, *cedant arma togæ*. The vicar might snap his fingers at the captain.

The next note I make concerns Captain Torquil directly.

He was, like some others I have heard of, a married gentleman, who, without pretending to be single, lives like a bachelor, and puts his encumbrance quite out of view, like a bygone indiscretion and sin of youth.

He was an Eton man, a member of good clubs, and had started well enough. His patrimony was gone, but he did not trouble any one with maunderings about that misfortune, and nobody ever asked after it. He paid his debts of honor lightly, and was one of the best-dressed men about town. He lived, I dare say, on his luck and—skill.

I don't know exactly what it was, but Torquil grew to be not quite so well liked, and some men were a little shy of him, and his temper at Guildford was tremendous.

The fact is that Captain Torquil was fast caught in that vice the winch of which is twisted tighter and tighter hourly, and whose metallic bite whitens with hell-fire. He was in the torture of debt, and, worse, of the frightful shifts into which that agony drives some minds.

He was in that selfish agony, quivering on the edge of despair, with just one devil's throw for it; and he threw, as we know, and lost it.

And now, in the dust and crash of a hideous ruin, Captain Torquil had vanished.

After a time he turned up in Spain, where two royal pretenders were at that time campaigning and enlisting free lances.

Then Captain Torquil was wounded—a very bad wound, for it knocked his eye out.

"He was, you know, such a handsome fellow," said the writer of the letter, "and now you never beheld such an object. A glass eye the doctor says he can't use, and I assure you it is a perfect chasm. I suppose they will stick a patch or something over it; but so far as appearance goes, he is done for."

Shortly after came a letter to the vicar, saying that Captain Torquil's friends were, in his present forlorn state, making up a little purse for him, and trusted that, being connected with his family, he would be so good as to contribute something. The good vicar sent five pounds, and Mr. Tarlocot said that a fool and his money were soon parted.

Then it was stated that a legacy had been left him by an aunt of his, but no one seemed to know how large the amount was.

About five years after that a letter reached the vicar's wife from Mrs. Torquil—not very long, but extremely plaintive—in which occurred this passage: "Since the death of my unhappy husband, Captain Torquil, I have suffered much distress of mind and body. If you thought your good husband, who was so kind to mine, could," etc., etc.

And so it appeared that with that fierce and selfish spirit "life's fitful fever" was over.

Poor Mrs. Torquil not very long after embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and was received into a charitable institution. This event was, perhaps, the saving of her life, for she could now no longer procure alcohol.

Years had now passed, and the delights of good Mrs. Jenner's vicarious maternity seemed always increasing.

How had this little child, so windered, as Kitty Bell had said, with the blea, or, in more familiar phrase, the pale, livid complexion, the suspected gloo or squint, and whose little figure was held by the same authority to be all a-creaked, or, as we say, crooked,—how had this poor misshapen, blasted flower lived through this time? and what did it look like now?

"Well," said Kitty Bell, now, after the flight of eighteen years, a little less light of foot, with streaks of gray in her brown hair and lines traced deep enough across her once smooth forehead, and others etched about her honest eyes—"well, who'd a-thought the night she came here, when I held the can'le by her poor little pined face—an ill-favert bab it was, poisoned the doctor said—'twould ever a-chirped up sooa? The weeny thing we used to see snoozlin' in the weeny bed, lookin' just like as if it was going to dee—who'd a-thought 'twould ever spired up and stiffened like that? She's t' bonniest and t' cantiest lass that ever set foot in Golden Friars, and the kindest."

She was now a beautiful girl, lithe and slender, with rich brown hair and large, long-lashed eyes of blue, and lips so crimson and cheeks so clear, and such a pretty oval

formed her face that Laura Mildmay was really one of the prettiest creatures that ever lover dreamed of.

A little shy, with something wild and fiery in those dark eyes, proud and often sad, and sometimes merry, if you had seen her walking those mountain paths with a step like a deer's, you might have taken her for the genius of those beautiful solitudes. I am going to tell you something of this young lady, who has risen from her temporary death to this beautiful shape to be the late-found heroine of this little tale.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 3.

DEAR MIDGET: It does not seem quite right that I get no letter, and I have already written you two such long ones, but uncle says I shall not get any for a month, as it takes that time for you to answer me. I wrote you the day before we left London. Oh, Midget, I did hate to leave London, for I love it so much. You know how we always liked to look at the pictures in our history, even if they were ever such little things. Well, seeing London seemed like always looking at great pictures of all we used to read about. I am glad now that Miss Mary made us read such lots of history. I am glad, too, that I read the Heart of Midlothian, for I thought so often of Jenny Deans, and I saw the palace where she found the queen. And, Midget, I walked the very streets Mr. Dickens tells about in Oliver Twist and his other books, and sometimes I thought I saw a boy who looked like Joe or Smike come out of those queer little streets—they call them lanes. They are not a bit like our lanes in the country, for they are little narrow things, with high, musty-looking houses all along. I really mustn't talk so much about London now we are in Paris. We came over the British Channel by way of Folkestone and Boulogne, and in the next car to us was the Duke of Sutherland, and I saw the duchess, who came to see him off. The duchess was splendid, and looked like a grandee with her long velvet dress and finery. The duke was no better dressed than uncle. He didn't look half as much like a duke as Mr. Cockerill at the Peabody House.

Mr. Russell was with him, who wrote to the English papers all about our war. Uncle knew Mr. Russell in Richmond; and when we got on the packet-boat, he came to talk with us. He was going over to France to see the battle-fields with some English officers. I think it would have been better if they had gone there to help the French at the time. Not very nice of them to go there when all is safe, just to see where they were whipped.

Oh, Midget, just think! I wasn't a bit sick on the Channel, but that Bob had it good. I fairly danced, and "Don't Bob'd" and "Don't child'd" him all the time. Auntie said she was sorry to see me so revengeful in spirit, but why wasn't she sorry when he "Don't Dumps'd" me?

We got to France just at dark, and it was snowing. I couldn't see things a bit. A black-looking crowd was on the pier, and I heard a jabber, jabber, jabber, I couldn't understand. The cars are like English cars, and they had long, flat tin boxes to keep your feet warm. I just curled up and slept until uncle awakened me at Paris.

Mr. Bob was still and pale enough for once. He said to his mother that his head ached horribly, and I felt a little sorry for him, but it was no good saying so. Midget, I think I am getting bored with big cities, they are so tire-

some; there is so much to see, you feel like you couldn't see anything. The first I saw of Paris was just a million of gaslights, and I was so sleepy they half blinded me. I am used to noise and fuss now, but that Bob will keep chaffing me about the wild beasts at the St. Nicholas. We came directly to the hôtel Splendid, and our rooms were all ready, for uncle had telegraphed to them. Oh, Midget, it is elegant here. Auntie's room looks like it was furnished for a queen. But I am just going out for a walk, and I shall write you all that I see next week.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRIET HASSLE.

UNDER THE CLOAK.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

IF there be a thing in the world that my soul hateth, it is a long night journey by rail. In the old coaching days I do not think that I should have minded it, passing swiftly through a summer night on the top of a speedy coach, with the star arch black-blue above one's head, the sweet smell of earth and her numberless flowers and grasses in one's nostrils, and the pleasant trot, trot, trot, of the four strong horses in one's ears. But by railway, in a little stuffy compartment, with nothing to amuse you if you keep awake; with a dim lamp hanging above you, tantalizing you with the idea that you can read by its light, and when you try, satisfactorily proving to you that you cannot, and, if you sleep, breaking your neck, or at least stiffening it, by the brutal arrangement of the hard cushions! These thoughts pass sulkily and rebelliously through my head as I sit in my *salon* in the *Écu*, at Geneva, on the afternoon of the fine autumn day on which, in an evil hour, I have settled to take my place in the night train for Paris. I have put off going as long as I can.

I like Geneva, and am leaving some pleasant and congenial friends, but now go I must. My husband is to meet me at the station in Paris at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Six o'clock! What a barbarous hour at which to arrive! I am putting on my bonnet and cloak; I look at myself in the glass with an air of anticipative disgust. Yes, I look trim and spruce enough now—a not disagreeable object, perhaps—with sleek hair, quick and alert eyes and pink-tinted cheeks. Alas! at six o'clock to-morrow morning what a different tale there will be to tell—dishvelled, dusty locks, half-open weary eyes, a disordered dress and a green-colored countenance!

I turn away with a pettish gesture; and reflecting that at least there is no wisdom in living my miseries twice over, I go down stairs and get into the hired open carriage which awaits me. My maid and man follow with the luggage. I give stricter injunctions than ordinary to my maid never for one moment to lose her hold of the dressing-case, which contains, as it happens, a great many more valuable jewels than people are wont to travel in foreign parts with, nor of a certain costly and beautiful Dresden china and gold Louis Quatorze clock, which I am carrying home as a present to my people. We reach the station, and I straightway betake myself to the first-class *salle d'attente*, there to remain penned up till the officials undo the gates of purgatory and release us—an arrangement whose wisdom I have yet to learn. There are ten minutes to spare, and the *salle* is filling fuller and fuller every moment, chiefly my countrymen, countrywomen and country-children, beginning to troop home to their

partridges. I look curiously round at them, speculating as to which of them will be my companion or companions through the night.

There are no very unusual types—girls in sailor hats and blonde hair-fringes; strong-minded old maids in painstakingly ugly waterproofs; baldish fathers; fattish mothers; a German or two with prominent pale eyes and spectacles. I have just decided on the companions I should prefer—a large young man who belongs to nobody, and looks as if he spent most of his life in laughing—alas! he is not likely! he is sure to want to smoke!—and a handsome and prosperous-looking young couple. They are more likely, as very probably, in the man's case, the bride-love will overcome the cigar-love. The porter comes up. The key turns in the lock; the doors open. At first I am standing close to them, flattening my nose against the glass and looking out on the pavement; but as the passengers become more numerous, I withdraw from my prominent position, anticipating a rush for carriages. I hate and dread exceedingly a crowd, and would much prefer at any time to miss my train rather than be squeezed and jostled by one. In consequence, my maid and I are almost the last people to emerge, and have the last and worst choice of seats. We run along the train, looking in—the footman, my maid and I. Full—full everywhere!

"*Dames seules?*" asks the guard.

"Certainly not! Neither '*Dames seules*' nor '*Fumeurs*;' but if it must be one or the other, certainly '*Fumeurs*.'"

I am growing nervous, when I see the footman, who is a little ahead of us, standing with an open carriage door in his hand and signing to us to make haste. Ah! it is all right; it always comes right when one does not fuss one's self.

"Plenty of room here, 'm—only two gentlemen."

I put my foot on the high step and climb in. Rather uncivil of the two gentlemen—neither of them offers to help me; but they are not looking this way, I suppose. "Mind the dressing-case!" I cry, nervously, as I stretch out my hand to help the maid Watson up. The man pushes her from behind; in she comes, dressing-case, clock and all. Here we are for the night!

I am so busy and amused looking out of the window, seeing the different parties bidding their friends good-bye, and watching with indignation the barbaric and malicious manner in which the porters hurl the luckless luggage about, that we have steamed out of the station and are fairly off for Paris before I have the curiosity to glance at my fellow-passengers. Well, when I do take a look at them, I do not make much of it. Watson and I occupy the two seats by one window, facing one another; our fellow-travellers have not taken the other two window seats—they occupy the middle ones, next us. They are both reading, behind newspapers. Well, we shall not get much amusement out of them. I give them up as a bad job. Ah! if I could have had my wish, and had the laughing young man and the pretty young couple for company, the night would not perhaps have seemed so long. However, I should have been mortified for them to have seen how green I looked when the dawn came; and as to these *commis-voyageurs*, I do not care if I look as green as grass in their eyes. Thus all no doubt is for the best, and at all events it is a good trite copy-book maxim to say so. So I forget all about them, fix my eyes on the landscape racing by and fall into a variety of thoughts. "Will my husband really get up in time to come and meet me at the station to-morrow morning?" He does so cordially hate

getting up. My only chance is his not having gone to bed at all. How will he be looking? I have not seen him for four months. Will he have succeeded in curbing his tendency to fat during his Norway fishing? Probably not. Fishing, on the contrary, is rather a fat-making occupation—sluggish and sedentary. Shall we have a pleasant party at the house we are going to for shooting? To whom in Paris shall I go for my gown? Worth? No, Worth is beyond me. Then I leave the future and go back into past enjoyments—excursions to Lanemere, trips down the lake to Chillon, a hundred and one pleasures. The time slips by, the afternoon is drawing toward evening, a beginning of dusk is coming over the landscape.

I look round. Good heavens! what can those men find so interesting in the papers? I thought them hideously dull when I looked over them this morning, and yet they are still persistently reading. What can they have got hold of? I cannot well see what the man beside me has; his *vis-à-vis* is buried in an English *Times*. Just as I am thinking about him he puts down his paper, and I see his face. Nothing very remarkable—a long black beard, and a hat tilted somewhat low over his forehead. I turn away my eyes hastily for fear of being caught inquisitively scanning; but still, out of their corners, I see that he has taken a little bottle out of his travelling-bag, has poured some of its contents into a glass and is putting it to his lips. It appears as if—and, at the time it happens, I have no manner of doubt that he is drinking. Then I feel that he is addressing me. I look up and toward him; he is holding out the vial to me, and saying,

"May I take the liberty of offering madame some?"

"No, thank you, monsieur," I answer, shaking my head hastily and speaking rather abruptly. There is nothing that I dislike more than being offered strange eatables or drinkables in a train or a strange hymn-book in church.

He smiles politely, and then adds,

"Perhaps the other lady might be persuaded to take a little?"

"No, thank you, sir; I'm much obliged to you," replies Watson, briskly, in almost as ungrateful a tone as mine.

Again he smiles, bows and re-buries himself in his newspaper. The thread of my thoughts is broken; I feel an odd curiosity as to the nature of the contents of that bottle. Certainly it is not sherry or spirit of any kind, for it has diffused no odor through the carriage. All this time the man beside me has said and done nothing. I wish he would move or speak or do something. I peep covertly at him. Well, at all events, he is well defended against the night-chill. What a voluminous cloak he is wrapped in! how entirely it shrouds his figure!—trimmed with fur, too! Why, it might be January instead of September. I do not know why, but that cloak makes me feel rather uncomfortable. I wish they would both move to the window instead of sitting next us. Bah! am I setting up to be a timid dove?—I, who rather pique myself on my bravery, on my indifference to tramps, bulls, ghosts? The clock has been deposited with the umbrellas, parasols, spare shawls, rugs, etc., in the netting above Watson's head. The dressing-case—a very large and heavy one—is sitting on her lap. I lean forward and say to her,

"That box must rest very heavily on your knee, and I want a footstool. I should be more comfortable if I had one; let me put my feet on it."

I have an idea that somehow my sapphires will be safer if I have them where I can always feel that they are there.

We make the desired change in our arrangements. Yes, both my feet are on it.

The landscape outside is darkening quickly now; our dim lamp is beginning to assert its importance. Still the men read. I feel a sensation of irritation. What can they mean by it? It is utterly impossible that they can decipher the small print of the *Times* by this feeble, shaky glimmer.

As I am so thinking, the one who had before spoken lays down his paper, folds it up and deposits it on the seat beside him, then, drawing his little bottle out of his bag a second time, drinks, or seems to drink, from it. Then he turns again to me:

"Madame will pardon me, but if madame could be induced to try a little of this; it is a cordial of a most refreshing and invigorating description; and if she will have the amiability to allow me to say so, madame looks faint."

What can he mean by his urgency? Is it pure politeness? I wish it were not growing so dark. These thoughts run through my head as I hesitate for an instant what answer to make. Then an idea occurs to me, and I manufacture a civil smile, and say, "Thank you very much, monsieur. I am a little faint, as you observe. I think I will avail myself of your obliging offer." So saying, I take the glass and touch it with my lips. I give you my word of honor that I do not think I did more; I did not mean to swallow a drop, but I suppose I must have done so. He smiles with a gratified air:

"The other lady will now, perhaps, follow your example?"

By this time I am beginning to feel thoroughly uncomfortable—why, I should be puzzled to explain. What is this cordial that he is so eager to urge upon us? Though determined not to subject myself to its influence, I must see its effects upon another person. Rather brutal of me, perhaps—rather in the spirit of the anatomist, who, in the interest of science, tortures live dogs and cats; but I am telling you facts—not what I ought to have done, but what I did. I make a sign to Watson to drink some. She obeys, nothing loath. She has been working hard all day, packing and getting under way, and she is tired. There is no feigning about her. She has emptied the glass. Now to see what comes of it—what happens to my live dog. The bottle is replaced in the bag; still we are racing on, racing on, past the hills and fields and villages. How indistinct they are all growing! I turn back from the contemplation of the outside view to the inside one. Why, the woman is asleep already, her chin buried in her chest, her mouth half open, looking exceedingly imbecile and very plain, as most people when asleep out of bed do look. A nice invigorating potion, indeed! I wish to Heaven that I had gone *aux fumeurs*, or even with that cavalcade of nursery maids and unwholesome-looking babies, *aux dames seules*, next door. At all events, I am not at all sleepy myself—that is a blessing. I shall see what happens. Yes, by the by, I must see what he meant to happen. I must affect to fall asleep too. I close my eyes, and gradually sinking my chin on my chest, try to droop my jaws and hang my cheeks with a semblance of *bond fide* slumber. Apparently I succeed pretty well. After the lapse of some minutes, I distinctly feel two hands very cautiously and carefully lifting and removing my feet from the dressing-box.

A cold chill creeps over me, and then the blood rushes to my head and ears. What am I to do? what am I to do? I have always thought the better of myself ever since for it, but, strange to say, I keep my presence of mind. Still affecting to sleep, I give a sort of kick, and in-

stantly the hands are withdrawn, and all is perfectly quiet again. I now feign to wake gradually, with a yawn and a stretch, and on moving my feet a little find that, despite my kick, they have been too clever for me, and have dextrously removed my box and substituted another. The way in which I make this pleasant discovery is that, whereas mine was perfectly flat at the top, on the surface of the object that is now beneath my feet there is some sort of excrescence—a handle of some sort or other. There is no denying it—brave I may be, I may laugh at people for running from bulls, for disliking to sleep in a room by themselves for fear of ghosts, for hurrying past tramps—but now I am most thoroughly frightened. I look cautiously, in a sideways manner, at the man beside me. How very still he is! Were they his hands or the hands of the man opposite him? I take a fuller look than I have yet ventured to do, turning slightly round for the purpose. He is still reading, or at least still holding the paper, for the reading must be a farce. I look at his hands; they are precisely in the same position as they were when I affected to go asleep, although the pose of the rest of his body is slightly altered. Suddenly I turn extremely cold, for it has dawned on me that they are not real hands—they are certainly false ones. Yes, though the carriage is shaking very much with our rapid motion, and the light is shaking too, yet there is no mistake. I look indeed more closely, so as to be quite sure. The one nearest me is ungloved, the other is gloved. I look at the nearest one. Yes, it is of an opaque waxen whiteness. I can plainly see the rouge put under the finger-nails to represent the coloring of life. I try to give one glance at his face. The paper still partially hides it; and as he is leaning his head back against the cushion where the light hardly penetrates, I am completely baffled in my efforts.

Great Heavens! What is going to happen to me? What shall I do? How much of him is real? Where are his real hands? What is going on under that awful cloak? The fur border touches me as I sit by him. I draw convulsively and shrinkingly away, and try to squeeze myself up as close as possible to the window. But, alas! to what good? How absolutely and utterly powerless I am! How entirely at their mercy! And there is Watson still sleeping swinishly, breathing heavily, opposite me. Shall I try to wake her? But to what end? She being under the influence of that vile drug, my efforts will certainly be useless, and will probably arouse the man to employ violence against me. Sooner or later in the course of the night I suppose they are pretty sure to murder me, but I had rather that it should be later than sooner.

While I think these things I am lying quite still, for, as I philosophically reflect, not all the screaming in the world will help me. If I had twenty-lung power, I could not drown the rush of an express train. Oh, if my dear boy were but here—my husband I mean—fat or lean, how thankful I should be to see him! Oh, that cloak and those horrid waxy hands! Of course, I see it now!—they remained stuck out while the man's red ones were fumbling about my feet. In the midst of my agony of fright a thought of Madame Tussaud flashes ludicrously across me. Then they begin to talk of me. It is plain that they are not taken in by my feint of sleep; they speak in a clear loud voice, evidently for my benefit. One of them begins by saying, "What a good-looking woman she is! Evidently in her *première jeunesse*, too"—reader, I struck thirty last May—"and also there can be no doubt as to her being of exalted rank—a duchess probably" (a dead duchess by morning, think I, grimly). They go on to say

how odd it is that people in my class of life never travel with their own jewels, but always with paste ones, the real ones being meanwhile deposited at the banker's. My poor, poor sapphires! good-bye, a long good-bye, to you. But indeed I will willingly compound for the loss of you and the rest of my ornaments, will go bare-necked and bare-armed or clad in Salviati beads for the rest of my life, so that I do but attain the next stopping-place alive.

As I am so thinking, one of the men looks, or I imagine that he looks, rather curiously toward me. In a paroxysm of fear lest they should read on my face the signs of the agony of terror I am enduring, I throw my pocket-handkerchief—a very fine cambric one—over my face.

And now, O reader, I am going to tell you something which I am sure you will not believe; I can hardly believe it myself; but as I so lie, despite the tumult of my mind, despite the chilly terror which seems to be numbing my feelings, in the midst of it all a drowsiness keeps stealing over me. I am now convinced either that that vile potion must have been of extraordinary strength, or that I, through the shaking of the carriage or the unsteadiness of my hand, carried more to my mouth and swallowed more—I did not mean to swallow any—than I intended, for—you will hardly credit it, but—I fell asleep!

* * * * *

When I awake—awake with a bewildered, mixed sense of having been a long time asleep, of not knowing where I am, and of having some great dread and horror on my mind, awake and look around—the dawn is breaking. I shiver with the chilly sensation that the coming of even a warm day brings, and look around—still half unconsciously, in a misty way. But what has happened? How empty the carriage is! The dressing-case is gone, the clock is gone, the man who sat nearly opposite me is gone, Watson is gone. But the man in the cloak and the wax hands still sits beside me; still the hands are holding the paper; still the fur is touching me. Gracious! I am *à l'été* with him. A feeling of the most appalling desolation and despair comes over me, vanquishes me utterly. I clasp my hands together frantically, and still looking at the dim form beside me, groan out, "Well, I did not think that Watson would have forsaken me!" Instantly a sort of movement and shiver runs through the figure; the newspaper drops from the hands, which, however, continue to be still held out in the same position, as if still grasping it; and behind the newspaper I see by the dim morning light and the dim lamp-gleams that there is no real face, but a mask. A sort of choked sound is coming from behind the mask. Shivers of cold fear are running over me. Never to this day shall I know what gave me the despairing courage to do it, but before I know what I am doing I find myself tearing at the cloak, tearing away the mask, tearing away the hands. It would be better to find anything underneath—Satan himself, a horrible dead body—anything, sooner than submit any longer to this hideous mystery. And I am rewarded. When the cloak lies at the bottom of the carriage, when the mask and the false hands and false feet—there are false feet, too—are also cast away in different directions, what do you think I find underneath?

Watson! Yes, it appears that while I slept—I feel sure that they must have rubbed some more of the drug on my lips while I was unconscious, or I never could have slept so heavily or so long—they dressed up Watson in the mask, feet, hands and cloak, set the hat on her head, gagged her, and placed her beside me in the attitude occupied by the man. They had then at the next station got

out, taking with them dressing-case and clock, and had made off in all security. When I arrive in Paris, you will not be surprised to hear that it does not once occur to me whether I am looking green or no.

And this is the true history of my night journey to Paris. You will be glad, I dare say, to hear that I ultimately recovered my sapphires and a good many of my other ornaments. The police being promptly set on, the robbers were, after much trouble and time, at length secured; and it turned out that the man in the cloak was an ex-valet of my husband's, who was acquainted with my bad habit of travelling in company with my trinkets—a bad habit which I have since seen fit to abandon.

What I have written is literally true, though it did not happen to myself.

IN WINTER.

Oh, robin, why dost sing?

Are not the last poor blossoms of the rose
Sodden and dead? and all the lilies, too,
Which like tall angel-sentinels have stood
Guarding a plot of green the summer through?

Even the leaves drop down,

Withen and brown,

As if they died in agony; red beech
And tawny chestnut fans, scorched by the breath
Of autumn's burning kisses laid on each.

Oh, winter sun, why shine?

Are not the deepest bowers laid dead and bare
Where thou wast wont to peep? and o'er, alas!
Is all thy pretty play of hide and seek
Among the nodding leaves and bearded grass!

Over the hoary wood

In angry mood

Thou gazest with a red and sullen eye,
Touching the barren boughs with scornful fire,
While with long-gathering moan the wind sweeps by.

Oh, violet, why bloom?

False prophet of the spring, thou ventur'st forth,
Telling the heart of fitful April hours!
Scentless thou droop'st to the ice-bound earth,
A pallid ghost among the blackened flowers.

The very pool lies dead,

While overhead

Gray misty snow-clouds darken all the air,
And spectre birds flit noiseless through the sky,
Seeking their frozen nests in dumb despair. A. L. L.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Girls talk and laugh about marriage as though it was a jubilee, a glad some thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is if it is all right—if they go about it as rational beings instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business, and that of heart and happiness. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never steal a marriage; never marry for wealth, or standing, or fine person, or manners, but only for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time, think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment. Learn all that it is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband; when all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept him.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1873.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

SOME of our subscribers complain that they do not get the numbers of TO-DAY regularly, and that their copies of our chromo do not come to hand promptly. To all such parties we desire to state that the fault is with the post-office officials, and not with us. The chromo and the paper are invariably sent from this office according to the furnished direction, so soon as we receive the subscription price of \$2.50 per annum. In some of the country offices the postmasters are very negligent, and our patrons will do themselves and us a favor by endeavoring to stir up the authorities of their local offices to a realizing sense of their duties and responsibilities. We also desire all who do not receive their papers and chromo to inform us of the fact immediately, and we will do our best to remedy the difficulty. We intend that our subscribers shall get all that they bargain for, and we will do all in our power to prevent any disappointments.

CONTRIBUTORS who write to us for information about their manuscripts will confer a great favor, and will save us much trouble, by giving the titles. We receive an immense number of manuscripts, and it is impossible for us to identify them unless the titles are given. In this connection we would state that we solicit contributions in prose and verse, and will pay liberally for such as we accept.

WE want intelligent men and women in every city, town and village in the Union to act as agents. Our chromo, JUST SO HIGH, is acknowledged by all to be a beautiful picture, and with it to show to possible subscribers, those who are willing to exert themselves cannot fail to succeed. Our terms to agents are very liberal, and all the agents who have taken hold of TO-DAY acknowledge that more money is to be made out of it than out of any publication of the day.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following are a few of the many commendatory letters we are constantly receiving from agents and others:

"LOCK HAVEN, PA.

"I would not take \$10 for my picture if I could not get another.
N. H. B."

"MOUNT UNION, PA.

"I like the paper very much, and consider the chromo a gem—the best I have seen of all the newspaper chromos.
"A. R. MCC."

"PERRYVILLE, PA.

"We are highly pleased with TO-DAY. It has already become a necessity in our family. The editor's 'Chats' and brief but spicy articles are excellent. 'JUST SO HIGH' is ample return for our subscription fee, and we consider TO-DAY as sent gratis, which consideration makes it a fine treat indeed.
J. P. R."

"DIXON, ILL.

"I received your copy of TO-DAY and gave it a careful perusal. I think it is one of the best conducted and written publications in this country. And with the name of Dio Lewis connected with it, I think I can get a great many subscribers.
A. K. M."

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

THE Revolutionary period of our history has always had a peculiar fascination for American romance writers, the heroes of the great contest which resulted in the formation of a new nation until within a very few years past dividing with the red men the affection of both authors and readers. Nowadays, however, our novelists are turning their attention to the delineation of contemporary romance; and although we do not regret the change, a good Revolutionary story is heartily welcome, if only from the fact that it is becoming somewhat of a rarity. Such a story we have in *Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago*, by Henry Peterson, which has recently been issued from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. The scene is for the most part laid in Philadelphia, and the narrative opens with the battle of Germantown. The interest chiefly centres about the unfortunate Major André, who is really, although not nominally, the hero of the book. Mr. Peterson follows well-authenticated traditions in the details he gives of the private life of this accomplished and ill-fated young officer, who was compelled to suffer the penalty of other men's sins, and the affecting story of André's love is, we believe, true in all its essential particulars. The other characters are well delineated, and Mr. Peterson has woven an ingenious and at times a highly dramatic plot, which keeps the interest of the reader on the stretch from the first page to the last.

Charles Reade's last novel, *The Wandering Heir*, has been published both by Harper & Brothers and by James R. Osgood & Co. The main incidents of the story are true, and have been already used by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of *Guy Mannering*. Mr. Reade follows history more closely than Scott does, and his narrative is only imaginative in the minor details and incidents. Although *The Wandering Heir* has evidently been dashed off in great haste, and is anything but a finished work of art, we like it better than some of the novels upon which Mr. Reade has bestowed more elaboration. There is an impetuous vigor about the narrative that it is impossible not to admire, and which gives it a remarkable fascination. Charles Reade is a truly great writer in spite of manifold defects, and such a dashing piece of narrative as *The Wandering Heir* cannot but enlarge the circle of his admirers.

Little Hodge, by Edward Jenkins, author of *Ginx's Baby*, is a discussion of the British agricultural labor question, just as *Ginx's Baby* was a discussion of the British poor laws. The interest of the book is in the author's manner of treating his theme, which brings it within the range of universal human sympathies. A didactic discussion of the agricultural labor question would not have one reader, where such an odd bit of mingled humor, sarcasm and broad, practical fact as *Little Hodge* will have hundreds. It is a very striking picture of the condition of certain classes of British agricultural laborers, and it contains many facts which will merit the thoughtful attention of those who have the well-being of the laboring portion of our population at heart. Published by Dodd & Mead.



Grandpa's Valentine.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

WHY is a tin pan tied to a dog's tail like death? Because it's bound to a-cur.

WHY is love like a canal-boat? Because it is an internal transport.

AN Indiana poet has been sent to the penitentiary for three years for what a Western paper calls "plagiarizing a horse."

DR. SMITH of Wilmington "was seriously injured by a well falling in on him." He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

A SCIENTIFIC friend, who has been reading with great patience an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light," says that he now knows how it is that his gas-bill runs up so rapidly.

AN amusing typographical error was discovered in the proof of an article in an exchange last week. A piece of music, "As the hart pants," was made to read "As the hair pants," which was a barber-ous transmutation.

THE saddest instance of misplaced confidence on record is that of a Connecticut man who rescued another from a watery grave only to find that instead of his long-lost brother it was a person to whom he owed three dollars and a half for turnips.

OLE BULL when young attempted suicide, and now he is the best violinist in the world. There is a young man in our neighborhood who plays the accordeon, and he is not a success. Probably if he were to attempt suicide, he would learn much faster. Should he succeed in his attempt at suicide, we would be just as well satisfied.

A BARBER in Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since haying-time last July, and had looked all over a ten-acre field for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear."

THEY tell about Judge Brown, a particularly absent-minded man, that he went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike gate. "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir, for what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir? What horse? There is no horse, sir." "No horse? Bless me!" said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback."

THE HOUSEWIFE.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—A simple way of making these drops is to mix up the sugar and oil of peppermint with the whites of eggs, beating the whole well together, dropping it on white paper, and drying the drops gradually before the fire at a distance. Another way is to sift finely powdered loaf-sugar into lemon juice sufficient to make it of proper consistence; then, gently drying it over the fire for a few minutes, and stirring in about fifteen drops of oil of peppermint for each ounce of sugar, dropping them from the point of the knife.

INDELIBLE BLACK INK.—A German chemist gives this recipe for making an indelible black writing-fluid: Dissolve one drachm of aniline black in five drachms of strong alcohol, to which add some sixty drops of pure and strong hydrochloric acid; next add a hot solution of one and a half drachms of powdered gum-arabic in three fluid ounces of water. Writing made with this ink is indelible by chlorine, oxalic, nitric and hydrochloric acids and caustic potassa.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Make a strong steep from red oak bark in hot water; when cold, apply as convenient—the oftener the better. In a few days the wart will disappear. I have also found the juice of the common milk-weed, put repeatedly on the warts for a day or two, to completely remove them.

TO JAPAN OLD TEA-TRAYS.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rottenstone; then dry them by wiping and exposure at the fire. Now get some good copal varnish, mix it with some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tray in an oven at a heat of from 212 to 300 degrees until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

A PIECE of red pepper the size of your finger-nail put into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

CALF'S-HEAD STEW.—Take the pieces of meat from the soup pot and chop them fine, put them into a saucepan with some of the gravy, and stew. Pick the brains and mix them with grated bread, pepper and salt, and work them into small cakes with the yolk of an egg; fry them, and put them in the soup after it is placed in the tureen. Put paste around the stew that is baked separately; put them in a dish, and add ketchup and a few hard-boiled eggs.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Warm one ounce fresh butter in a gill of milk, add a large tablespoonful of yeast and a little salt. Sift one pound of flour into a pan, pour in and stir well the milk, and let the dough rise in a warm place, covering it with a thick cloth. When light, knead well and form into rolls. Put these in a well-floured pan in a warm place to rise, and bake in a quick oven.

STEWED KIDNEYS.—Cut one beef kidney in small pieces, fry in butter five minutes, drain off the gravy and put into a stew-pan a small piece of butter; when melted, add a teaspoonful of flour, stir until brown, add half a teaspoonful of soup stock and the gravy from the kidneys; stir until boiling. Add a little chopped parsley, a squeeze of lemon, salt and pepper to taste; put in the kidneys; make them hot, but do not let them boil. Sheep's kidneys can be done in the same way.

A GERMAN SWEET DISH.—Boil some chestnuts until they are soft enough to be crushed with a spoon and passed through a sieve. Beat up the whites of six or eight eggs into a froth with half a pound of lump sugar that has been grated on the rind of a lemon. Pile up the chestnuts while warm in a dish, and cover them thickly with the whip just before serving them.

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T-O-D-A-Y

LET THE DEAD BURY ITS DEAD ACT! ACT! IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

No. 17.



"HE STARTED TO HIS FEET WITH A LOUD CRY."—P. 310.

A GOOD HATER.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON, AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC., ETC.

How far Philip Rayner succeeded in shutting out the image of the girl he had loved was best known to himself. From the hour in which he left her on the night of his father's funeral he never spoke of her again to any human creature. Whatever curiosity he may have felt as to her fate he kept locked in his own breast, making no attempt to discover what became of her.

It was from this time forth that he spoke of himself as a good hater. He had a kind of sullen pride in his hatred

of George Tolson and Catherine Paroldi. And yet, as it has been said before, he would, no doubt, have called himself a Christian. He had always been a good man of business, but from the hour of his disappointment he devoted himself to the dry-as-dust labors of his daily life with a new energy. His father had left him a rich man, and every year added to his wealth, while his expenses diminished instead of increasing. The faithful butler retired to live upon his savings and his dead master's legacy in a congenial retreat beyond Wapping, and Philip made no attempt to supply his place. He was waited upon after this by the middle-aged housemaid, who had amassed money in the savings-bank and acquired some distinction in a community of Primitive Methodists, whose place of

worship was in a darksome lane near the East India docks. He was quite content with this reduction of his former state. It was a means of saving money, and he had a stolid satisfaction in the accumulation of his wealth.

The years passed, and he lived on, without change of any kind, in the dull old city house. Friends he had none. The only man he had ever made a companion was George Tolson. Acquaintances of course he had in the way of business—people who thought well of him, and would fain have had him for a guest at their houses, but he refused all invitations. The gloomy solitude of the old house near the Tower best suited his gloomy humor. People asked him sometimes why he did not buy a place at Clapham or Dulwich or Norwood, and live more in accordance with his fortunes; he always told them, with the same dreary smile, that he did not care for the country, he was fond of London. One day a bolder spirit than the rest asked him plainly why he had never married. The dark look with which Philip Rayner answered the question put an effectual stop to all further inquiries on that head.

So his life went on, buying and selling, and daily growing richer; coming home every day to the same lonely room; eating and drinking sparingly in solitude; sitting alone through the long evening with a neglected book lying on the table before him, or wandering alone in the familiar streets and in the suburban roads that he had trodden long ago with George Tolson; and for any pleasure or variety there was in his life, he might as well have been some wretched galley-slave toiling under the sunshine of southern France. So the years went by, and brought him no tidings of those he hated, no mutation in his own monotonous life. It was ten years after she had left his house when he saw Catherine Paroldi, or Catherine Tolson, as, of course, she must be now. She flashed past him one winter's afternoon at dusk in a crowded city street, a tall, slim figure dressed in black, with great dark eyes and a wan face. It was only when she had passed him some moments that he knew, by the quickened beating of his heart, who it was that had been so near to him. He turned, and would fain have followed her, impelled by a strange curiosity to learn the circumstances of her life, but she was lost in the crowd by the time he had recovered himself so far as to be able to look about for her.

Great Heaven, how her face haunted him after that November twilight! She was poor—he was sure of that; he had read as much even in his brief glimpse of that wan face—poor and careworn, alone in the city street, jostled by the crowd, hurrying homeward to some sordid refuge; she for whom life should have been one bright holiday had she chosen to be his wife. He laughed aloud as he thought of his money and the home he could have given her. Not that dull city mansion which served well enough for him, but a suburban palace set in a fairy-land of gardens, carriages, lackeys, diamonds to crown the pale brow. Alas! how different life might have been for both of them had she but loved him! He hated her with a double hatred as he thought of what they had each lost—hated her for the wrong done to herself as well as for the wrong done to him.

He took out his bank-book that night, the modest parchment-bound volume in which a prosperous trader is apt to find a more soothing influence than in the brightest dreams of poets or the most profound philosophizing of sages. Yes, a loose thousand or two had accumulated since he had last taken a survey of his affairs—a little more to invest in some safe and profitable way, in India bonds or

unimpeachable railway debentures. A couple of thousand pounds! and that poor pinched face of hers had looked as if a ten-pound note would have been a boon to her.

"I never thought that George Tolson would succeed in life," Philip Rayner said to himself that night; "he was too volatile. Clever, I admit, but with that sort of superficial cleverness which seldom helps a man to make a fortune."

From that time forward the face that had flashed past him in the crowded street was always with him. She had haunted him before in her girlish grace and beauty; she came before him now like the sad shadow of some wandering soul in Hades, and still he told himself that he hated her. What was her poverty to him? If she had been on her knees before him pleading for help, he would have been deaf as stone to her prayers. She had chosen for herself; let her abide the issue.

It was more than a year after this when he saw the man who had once been his friend—George Tolson. The two men met at an obscure street corner near the Royal Exchange, Philip returning from an agreeable visit to his stockbroker's, the other emerging suddenly from a public-house, a gaunt, shabby figure with a haggard, unshaven face.

A faint flush lit up the careworn face as the man recognized the son of his old employer, and he made as if he would have spoken to him, but Philip Rayner brushed past him and hurried on, very pale and with a dark, forbidding countenance. No, there was nothing but hatred in his heart for this man. George Tolson looked after him, irresolute, for a minute or so, then gave a heavy sigh and walked slowly on. Whatever vague hope might have impelled him to approach that sometime friend died out at sight of the pale, angry face.

Thus Philip Rayner twice lost the opportunity of discovering the fate of these two people who had once been so much to him.

And yet there were times when he would have given the world to know how they fared—whether they had drained the cup of misfortune to the very dregs, and whether Catherine repented the sacrifice she had made. Do what he would, work as hard as he would, he could not banish her from his thoughts. The contemplation of his own prosperity was a pleasant thing enough, but her sad face came between him and that image of the golden calf which he had set up for himself. Was he sorry for her? No, surely not. He was not made of the stuff to forgive such a wrong as he had suffered. He was a good hater.

Another year had gone, and Philip Rayner was forty years of age. It was his birthday—a dull, sunless day late in October, with a cruel easterly wind blowing all day long. Rather a dreary occasion, a birthday, for a man who stands quite alone in the world. No one congratulated Philip Rayner upon this completion of another year in his life, not even his servants, for he had long ago dropped all ceremonial on such anniversaries, and no bottle of wine was opened in the kitchen for the drinking of the master's health. He was a man who abjured all sentiment, and yet his loneliness, his utter isolation, did strike him just a little painfully upon this particular day. And it must needs be always so for all the years to come. He had not a friend in the world. He might live forty years more, and see forty more such birthdays, in the same dull old house, in the same deathlike silence and solitude. For the first time he felt as if those grim panelled walls were horrible to him. They seemed to close in upon him like the walls of

a vault. He started up from his fireside in a sudden paroxysm of despondency and hurried out of the house. Once in the open air, it mattered to him nothing where he went. The clocks were striking seven, and the traffic of the day was for the most part over. He had the streets almost to himself. It was a supreme relief to him to have left that silent, shadowy parlor, always haunted now by the ghost of what once had been, and to be out under the open sky. He walked on, careless where he went, crossed London bridge, and made his way far out by obscure streets and byroads till he found himself in a dismal neighborhood beyond Walworth—a bleak, barren outskirts, where there was a ghastly patch of waste ground that had once been a common, hemmed in by shabby streets of new-built houses, the greater part of which seemed to be still untenanted.

The exploration of these sordid streets afforded some kind of amusement to Philip Rayner. Perhaps it was pleasant to him to contrast the squalor which prevailed in this small obscure world, making itself manifest in a hundred trivial ways, with his own prosperous condition. If he had no one else to wish him joy upon his birthday, he could at least congratulate himself upon his wealth, and wonder how these people endured the burden of their existence—he who, an hour ago, had rushed out of his comfortable home, unable to bear the sudden agony of its solitude, the thought of all the monotonous, joyless years that he was to live in it.

The dwellers in this region were, at least, not lonely. Wherever he caught a glimpse of a lighted room, he saw a family group assembled. He heard children's voices here and there through open doors, or a couple of matrons gossiping sociably on a doorstep. These wretched creatures seemed almost happy in spite of their poverty. It gave him an angry feeling to think that it was so—that so little was needed for happiness, and that he had missed it.

He turned presently into a darker and lonelier street than the rest, where there were more empty houses and an air of desolation more profound than anything he had seen elsewhere. Yet the houses were better and larger than those in the neighborhood, with little bits of garden ground before them.

Here all was so silent that Philip Rayner could hear the low, suppressed sobbing of a child who stood on the opposite side of the road, looking down at something on the ground, with clasped hands, a humble image of despair. He was not a hard-hearted man in a general way, and could not witness a child's distress quite unmoved. He crossed the street quickly, and went up to the child. She was a small, delicate-looking girl, with an air of shabby gentility, and a pale, thoughtful little face—a girl who might have been any age from eight to twelve.

"What is the matter, my child?" Philip asked, in a kindly manner.

"The medicine, sir—the medicine for mamma," the girl answered, still looking down at the ground, where Philip now perceived the relics of a broken bottle. "It is very particular and very dear. I had to fetch it from the chemist's, and it slipped out of my hand somehow just as I was close to home, and yet I meant to be so careful. Oh dear, dear, dear! what can I do?"

"Why, leave off crying, to be sure, my little maiden, and get another bottle of medicine. That is the best thing to be done."

"But the money, sir. I oughtn't to say such things to a stranger, but it was the last there was in the house. There's

no more. Mamma will have to go without the medicine, and she's so very, very ill."

"That she shall not, little one. Come back to the chemist with me and I'll find plenty of money for him."

"Oh, will you really, sir? How good, how very good!"

The girl clasped her hands, and looked up at him with a rapturous face. They were standing just under the solitary lamp of the street. What was it in the little one's face that moved him with a sudden thrill? Something, a look, an air, that brought back another face, seldom absent from him now. And yet there was no special likeness between those two faces. The girl's eyes were blue, her hair a pale auburn. It was in expression alone that she could resemble Catherine Paroldi in the decline of her beauty. But the expression was there—a pleading, piteous look that went straight to his heart. And he had no reason to steel his mind against this child. He might indulge the fanciful feeling which that vague something in her looks had awakened in him—he might be kind to this poor waif and stray without any derogation from the dignity of his hate.

It was rather a long walk to the high road where the chemist lived, and he had plenty of time to study the little creature who walked so patiently beside him, looking up in his face and answering all his questions with a meek gratitude that touched him profoundly. It was so small a thing that he was doing—a matter of a couple of shillings, perhaps, at most. How friendless the poor must needs be, when such a trifling service seemed so much to them!

The girl was eleven years old, the eldest of the family. There were three other little ones at home, two girls and a boy. Papa's name was Turner. He had been very unfortunate, could not get a situation in the city, and was earning a very little now by writing for some obscure newspaper. He was very clever, the child said, but not so good as mamma. And poor mamma had felt all the trouble so much, and it had made her very ill. It was her heart, the doctor said.

All this the little girl told him with childish frankness, and yet with the womanly tone of a child whom hard experience had made older than her years. They found the chemist's shop still open, had the prescription made up again, and then Philip Rayner, loth to lose sight of the little girl just yet, or to leave her unprotected in the streets, went back with her. She entreated him earnestly not to put himself out of his way on her account. She was quite accustomed to be out as late as that, she said; but he would take no denial, and went home with her, impelled by a strange curiosity to see the place where she lived.

She led him into the parlor—a bare, wretched-looking room, though it was clean, and there had evidently been some feeble attempt to make things comfortable. The furniture was of the scantiest and the shabbiest—a rickety-looking Pembroke table and three or four dilapidated cane chairs. That was all. An unkempt servant-maid, a mere girl of fifteen or so, emerged from the back premises as they went into the little passage, carrying a tallow candle, by the light of which Philip Rayner took his first survey of the parlor. It seemed as if the child divined the meaning of that look.

"It's not our furniture," she said—"that was taken away for the rent more than a month ago. Some kind neighbors lent us these things, and the landlord let us stay till the house is let; when it is, we must go."

"What a time you've been, Miss Mary!" exclaimed the

servant, looking rather curiously at the unknown visitor. "Your mar has been frightened about you."

"I had an accident with the medicine, Sally. I shouldn't have been able to bring any at all but for this gentleman's kindness."

The unkempt handmaiden, who was evidently of a soft-hearted nature, threw up her hands and stared at the stranger with evident admiration.

"It's not many friends you've got, poor child, Goodness knows," she said. "It's well there's some can feel for you."

"And mamma?" asked the little girl, eagerly. "Has she been better while I've been away, Sally?"

"She's been very quiet," the servant answered, dubiously, "but you know she's always that. Complaints never pass her lips."

"And have the children slept?"

"Like tops, Miss Mary. I only wish you'd been in bed along of 'em, as you ought to be at your age."

"Yes," responded Philip; "it's late for this poor child to be about, and she seems a fragile little creature."

"Ah, sir," replied the servant with a groan, "if you knew what that child goes through, and how patient she is, and what a head she has, beyond her years! She's kept the house together somehow, when things must all have gone to ruin but for her. And as to me—there! I haven't had a halfpenny for wages or beer-money for the last six months, and have hard words besides from master when he's out of sorts. But, lor, I haven't got the heart to leave her."

"No, no, Sally dear, you couldn't leave me," said the child, clinging to her.

Philip Rayner looked down at them, wondering at them and at this new glimpse of life. The child was such a little lady in the midst of her poverty, had such an air of grace and refinement in her premature womanliness, that he was more interested in her than he could have believed it possible for him to be in a creature so far away from himself. He stood looking down at her, wondering what he could best do to help her, and as shy and awkward as if he had found himself suddenly in the presence of a duchess.

"I shall come back to-morrow evening to inquire how your mamma is, Miss Turner," he said, "if you have no objection."

"Oh no, no, no, indeed; I am so grateful to you."

Then he shuffled out of the place somehow, contriving, as he departed, to slip a half-sovereign into the palm of the slipshod handmaiden. He had a notion that anything given to the servant would be for the general benefit, and he could not, for the life of him, have offered money to the child, although she had so freely confessed their poverty.

He thought of her many times next day in the midst of his business, and at dusk drove to the house in a cab, carrying all manner of small luxuries which he fancied might be of use to the invalid—a hamper containing half a dozen bottles of the choicest wine in his cellar, a basket of rare hot-house grapes, a package of superfine tea, some tin cases of preserved soup. This sensation of doing something personally for the good of another was quite a new feeling to him, and seemed to give a zest to his life. Perhaps he had felt the utter loneliness and uselessness of his long blank evenings more than he had ever confessed to himself.

He was not content even with taking these things to the invalid, but catching sight of a gay-looking fancy repos-

itory on his way through the borough, stopped the cab and alighted to buy a glistening work-box for his little favorite. It might not be of much use to her, but it would please her; he was sure of that.

He found the parlor very neat and clean, a little bit of fire burning brightly in the small grate, and Mary Turner at work by the light of one tall candle, which made her look very small. He was evidently expected, and she flushed with pleasure when the maid announced him as "the strange gentleman."

But what was this compared with her rapture when she saw the treasures he had brought her? The wine—

"Oh, sir," she cried, with clasped hands, "the doctor has said so often that mamma ought to have wine, and we could not give it to her. You are like an angel come down from heaven!"

And then the fruit, big purple grapes with a powdery bloom upon them, and then the tea. Poor mamma was so fond of tea; it was the only thing she really did care for, and the tea they got in that neighborhood was so bad, and often they had been obliged to go without any. How should she ever thank him enough? she asked, in her delight.

"I don't want any thanks. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to do this small service for you. I would do much more, believe me."

He stayed there some time; saw her open one of the wine-bottles deftly—they had first to send to a neighbor to borrow a corkscrew—and fill a glass with the rich golden-hued Madeira, and then place a plate with a few grapes on a little tray beside it to carry up stairs to her mother. He waited to hear how mamma had taken the wine—it had been great work to make her drink it all, it was so strong and good—and how she admired the grapes, and how she thanked him for his goodness with all her heart. And then he gave Mary her work-box, and saw her blot eyes opened to their widest as she admired the precious mother-of-pearl fittings and the dainty quilted blue silk.

"You couldn't have given me a better present," she said. "I have a great deal of work to do, for I make all the things for my little brothers and sisters."

She might better have said she mended all the things, for there was much more mending than making to be done in that establishment.

"What have I done to deserve such kindness from you?" she exclaimed, gazing at her open work-box in a rapture of contentment.

"You have encountered misfortune nobly," he answered.

She looked at him wonderingly, it seemed such a strange thing to her to be praised and rewarded for doing what it was so natural for her to do.

Before he left her he contrived to ascertain the address of the landlord, and called upon him before going home that night. The man was a small publican in the neighborhood, and gave Mr. Rayner the history of his tenants readily enough.

They had occupied his house nearly two years, and had paid their rent pretty well for the first twelve months, but after that had got altogether behindhand, so that he had been obliged to send in a broker and sell them up.

"But after I had done it I hadn't the heart to turn them out, sir," said the landlord. "That child, the eldest girl—a slip of a creature, but with a woman's spirit in her bit of a body—begged and prayed of me, and the mother was ill, and so on, and I let 'em stay. I haven't even made an attempt to let the house, though I told the girl they must go when it is let. The mother's a good soul, I believe, and

worked at her needle like a galley-slave till she fell ill. The father isn't much good—an idle scoundrel, I fancy. He was clerk somewhere in the city when they took the house, but he lost his situation somehow a year ago, and now he's on some newspaper, not earning much over a pound a week. There's no margin for a man to pay back debts in that."

No, Philip Rayner was fain to confess that there is not much margin for anything in a pound a week, after food and raiment for a family have been provided out of it. What was he to do for these people? It was all very well to indulge his sympathetic feeling for the little girl, but he did not want to do anything quixotic, or to burden himself with the maintenance of an unknown pauper household for the rest of his days. He wanted to be prudent, and yet to help them.

"I don't think you'll lose by your kindness in the long run," he said to the landlord. "I shouldn't like these people to be turned adrift, not while the mother's ill, at any rate; and I should be glad to pay you a quarter's rent in advance, dating from to-night, to secure them three months' shelter, leaving the arrears *in statu quo*."

"That's kindly, sir," answered the man, "and I'm agreeable."

So Philip Rayner paid him something over a five-pound note, and took a formal receipt for a quarter's rent of 11 Belvidere street, East Walworth.

As he drove home that night, he remembered the existence of some spare furniture stowed away in a lumber-room at the top of his house—substantial old-fashioned stuff, good old bedding, some faded damask curtains, excellent in its way, but superannuated, and put aside some fifty years ago, when the best bed-rooms had been refurnished in the unlovely fashion of the Regency. He was up in this lumber-room at daybreak making a selection from these stores, and on his way to the office ordered a carman he sometimes employed to take the things he had chosen to Belvidere street that afternoon; but as he valued Mr. Rayner's custom and good-will, the man was to be sure and hold his tongue as to where and whom the things came from.

"I want to help some people in reduced circumstances, and don't want to give them a claim on me in the future," he said; "you are man of the world enough to understand that, I'm sure, Potts."

When Philip Rayner went to Walworth in the evening—and it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world for him to go there—he found the parlor made quite splendid by means of those superannuated chairs and tables which he had found in the lumber-room. Mary and the faithful Sally had been busy ever since the goods arrived arranging and rearranging. There was a long, narrow couch by the fireplace—a couch of strictly classic form, and the hardest thing imaginable in couches, but to Mary's fancy upholsterer never devised anything more elegant or more luxurious. There was a solid table instead of the rickety Pembroke, a comfortable square arm-chair for papa to sit in of a morning when he wrote.

"The curtains are up in mamma's room," cried Mary; "they make it so warm and comfortable, and there were such draughts before. Of course the things come from you; I have not even wondered about them. It's like the story of Aladdin, and you are the genius of the lamp."

He stayed with her for two hours or more that evening, hearing her half-childish, half-womanly talk about this furniture. It was a delight to her to tell him her little old-fashioned arrangements, it was a delight to him to

listen. Discovering by chance that the devoted Sally was in the habit of spending her evenings with her young mistress—there being no fire in the kitchen, and that apartment being, moreover, pervaded by a peculiarly audacious species of black beetle, which made nothing of human presence, but rioted at its pleasure after nightfall—he insisted that his visits should cause no alteration in this custom; upon which, with much hesitation, Sally was induced to appear, and took her seat by the farthest corner of the table provided with something rather formidable in the way of needlework.

"You see papa is never at home of an evening," Mary said, in explanation of this arrangement. "He is obliged to be at the newspaper office every night."

And then she went on to tell how grateful her father was for his goodness, and how glad he should be to have any opportunity of thanking him in person, which kind of demonstration Philip Rayner, who was by reason of his lonely habits one of the shyest of men, was religiously determined to escape. If he had not been secure of finding Mary alone of an evening, his visits to Belvidere street would have speedily ceased.

But Mary was always alone, and he came night after night. He had begun even to wonder what he should do with his evenings when there was no longer any excuse for his coming. Very rarely did he appear empty-handed, and he exhibited a marvellous ingenuity in the judicious selection and variety of his offerings. The younger children had been presented to him, and he catered for their small wants with an almost childlike delight in childish things. It was so new to him to be interested in any human creature, so new for him to live out of himself. But he never gave Mary money. It seemed to him that to do that would have been to vulgarize their friendship. He slipped a liberal donation into the servant's hand from time to time, and he could see, by the increased comfort and order of everything in the house, that his gifts were employed, as he had fancied they would be, for the general good.

Of course he heard a great deal about Mrs. Turner as his intimacy with Mary increased—how nobly she had borne their poverty, how patiently she had worked, now giving music or singing lessons for the small recompense to be obtained in a poor locality, now toiling incessantly at her needle. She was very clever, the girl said, and papa too, and yet they had found it so hard to live. He heard all about her slow progress from a state of utter prostration toward recovery, and how hopeful the doctor was now—the kind doctor who had a great practice in the Camberwell road, and yet came to them three times a week without any fee. And so the time went on till Philip had known Mary more than a month, and Mrs. Turner was now strong enough to sit up a little in the early part of every day, and would soon be able to come down stairs.

"And when she comes down, you will let her thank you, won't you?" the child pleaded. "You won't avoid her as you have avoided papa?" It was a hard thing for Philip Rayner to say yes, but the child seemed to have set her heart upon this business, and he could not refuse to please her.

"I don't want any thanks, my dear," he said; "what I have done has been done for my own pleasure. But—but if you really wish it, I shall be very happy to see your mamma."

In all this time he had never told Mary his name or abode. If he had been indeed the genius of the lamp, she

would have known as much about his worldly circumstances as she knew now; nor had the child ever evinced the faintest curiosity. It seemed her nature to be a lady.

At last the important day came. Mamma was well enough to spend an afternoon down stairs. There was to be a little tea-drinking in honor of the event, and Philip Rayner had consented to come much earlier than usual in order to assist at the ceremonial. He had to leave business before his usual time, and to go without his dinner, in order to do this, but he thought nothing of those small sacrifices. He felt nothing but a sense of shyness in being presented to a stranger whom he had benefited.

He found Mary watching for him at the garden gate, bleak and cold as the weather was, without shawl or bonnet, and with her pale auburn hair blowing in the wintry wind. She clapped her hands joyfully when she saw him.

"Everything is ready," she said, "and the parlor looks so nice, mamma won't know it. She'll think the fairies have been really at work. Come and see. She's not down yet, but is to come down in a few minutes."

Yes, the parlor looked very snug and comfortable. Such a ruddy little fire, such sparkling tea-things—Britannia metal polished till it was brighter than most people's silver; and muffins and marmalade and unheard-of luxuries of that kind, and an all-pervading odor of tea and toast. The inexorable classic sofa was wheeled close to the fire ready for mamma. Papa was not at home—that newspaper absorbed a great deal of his time.

Philip Rayner took his seat where Mary told him—in the post of honor opposite the invalid's sofa. Her radiant, joyous face moved him deeply. To think that such small things could give so much happiness, and that he had missed it! That was always the burden of his thoughts at such times. He sat where she placed him, waiting for the convalescent's appearance.

Presently there came the sound of a light, feeble step upon the stairs, then the faint rustling of a woman's dress, and then the door was opened softly, and a lady came in—tall and slim and pale, with great dark eyes.

He started to his feet with a loud cry:

"Catherine!"

Yes, it was she—not the bright Catherine of his youth, but the wan, faded woman who had flashed past him in the city street, faded, and yet most beautiful to him in the wreck of her loveliness—the woman he had sworn to hate, whose face he had prayed God he never might look upon again.

She echoed his cry faintly, and tottered a few paces forward as if she would have fallen at his feet; but he caught her in his arms and held her to his breast, looking down at her with a tender smile.

"Catherine," he said, "do you remember the first time I kissed you? Once more, my love—only once more;" and he pressed his lips upon the pale, careworn forehead. "There was selfish passion in that first kiss. Remorse and forgiveness are in this."

After this there came explanations, and she told her cousin of the evil days that had fallen upon her since her marriage, and how in the last place where they lived they had been so deeply in debt, and so utterly unable to pay, that they had been fain to leave by stealth, and to enter a new neighborhood under an assumed name, lest their creditors should follow them. There were no words needed to tell how bitter this had been to the woman's honorable mind, or how the man's character had deteriorated before it came to this. She spoke of him with unvarying love

and gentleness, but she did not pretend that he had been blameless.

"I think he might have done better if he had had one friend to help him," she said, plaintively; "but he had none. We were quite friendless."

"He shall have a friend in future," Philip answered, promptly; "he shall come back to my office. He has formed bad habits, perhaps; never mind, Catherine, we will cure him of them. It was I who turned him adrift. I owe him an atonement. His debts shall be paid, and he shall come to me on better terms than when he left the firm; and you and Mary and the little ones must have a pretty cottage farther away, somewhere in the country, where my sweet, pale lily will blossom into a rose."

He laid his hand tenderly upon the child's head. "My darling," he said, "I think my love for you has made me a new man."

Nor did his love for her change. She was always the delight of his life, and afterwards became a great heiress, the beloved adopted daughter of that man whose favorite least had been that he was "a good hater."

THE BALL AT DITHMAR'S.

BY O. H. KAY.

THE name of Dithmar had been known in N—— almost from its foundation, and members of that family had filled with honor many responsible positions in its gift. At the time of which I write the head of the family was one Joseph Dithmar, a retired manufacturer of about sixty, a gentleman of culture as well as fortune. Mr. Dithmar's household circle, besides himself, then consisted of his wife, by some years his junior, his son, Arthur, a young man of twenty, and two daughters, Helen and Mary. Helen was twenty-six, and though by no means ill-favored, bade fair always to remain a spinster. This did not appear to have been the fault of the sterner sex, for she had had many admirers and some suitors, but it seemed rather the result of her own determination.

Mary, on the contrary, though much younger than her sister, did not share this strange aversion to marriage, and that was, perhaps, the reason that I had maintained for so long my acquaintance with and my friendship for the family. Mary was the belle of N——, and well merited the position on the score both of personal and of intellectual beauty. She had numerous gentlemen friends, as was natural, but none that I considered my rivals. There was, indeed, a certain Harry Duff—a sort of brainless, fashionable popinjay—who aspired to her favor, but his pretensions appeared so ridiculous to me that I did not give either him or them much thought or consideration. Besides, I had old Mr. Dithmar's favor, and that went a long way toward strengthening my position and my complacency. Mary, too, seemed to lean toward my side.

This was the state of affairs when one day, in the winter of 1867, I received an invitation to a ball at Dithmar's. Now, this invitation was nothing uncommon, but the fact that the note was written and signed by Mary Dithmar herself was significant—at least so I thought.

Time wore on, and at length the eventful evening of the ball came round, and I was in my room at home dressing for the occasion.

Suddenly the door-bell rang, and in a moment after, the servant announced that Mr. Duff was below, and wished to see me.

I peevishly cursed Mr. Duff for his unseasonable intrusion, and then directed the girl to show him up stairs.

He came into the chamber, and threw himself heavily down in an easy-chair, stretching his legs out upon the carpet in front of him and resting his hands by the thumb in the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

I was shaving, and as I turned round, razor in hand, I saw that Mr. Duff was flushed in the face, and had evidently been drinking somewhat deeply. I was astonished, for I knew that he too had been invited to the ball.

"Simpson," said Duff, in thick tones, "been to a dinner-party and miscalculated capacity. Can't go to ball, and so come to pair off with you."

I looked at the fellow in undisguised amazement, but, with the exception of an occasional hiccough, he was perfectly composed. His hair was rumpled and there were red wine stains on his white vest and shirt.

"Duff," said I, advancing halfway into the intervening space between us, "my good fellow, you are out of your senses! Do you think that we are members of Congress or United States Senators?"

"I don't think anything of the kind," he replied, with a drunken laugh, "but I want to pair off with you."

At first I was rather amused at the situation, and talked soothingly to the man, but at length, my stock of patience growing exhausted, I became slightly angry; and turning from my visitor, I abruptly continued my preparations for departure. When I was ready to go, I said to Duff,

"If you have been a fool, I can't help it; and if by pairing off you mean that you want me to stay away from Dithmar's to-night because you have made an ass of yourself, I tell you frankly that I do not mean to gratify you."

I held the door open as I spoke, and hat in hand waited for him to get up.

He did not move.

"Duff," said I, "don't you see I'm waiting for you?"

But the heat of the chamber had been too much for him, and, even as I spoke, Duff's head sank forward upon his breast—he was asleep. I left him where he was, and telling the servant not to disturb him, went to the ball.

At Dithmar's, on my arrival, all was life and bustle, and amid the guests and the music I soon forgot Duff and his pairing off.

The sisters never looked more beautiful or appeared to greater advantage than on that night, and Mary especially shone a brilliant star.

Mr. and Mrs. Dithmar and Arthur were here, there and everywhere, and with sunny faces and kind words encouraged all to enjoyment and ease. The hours went by on fleet wings. I was in a sea of bliss. Mary had seemed to select me out of all the company, and I had been her partner in the dances the greater part of the evening.

At length supper was over. I had accompanied Mary to the room and from it, and was standing with her again in the ball-room apart from the rest. We were conversing in whispers. What we said I will not repeat; it is enough to say that I played Romeo, and that a kind Juliet was not wanting.

Suddenly at the upper end of the room there was a struggle and some confusion, and in the midst of it all a stout, shaggy-headed, elderly man, pushing aside the hands that sought to stay him, strode into the place, and stood like a rock in the centre of the apartment, gaping from side to side with a harsh, disagreeable leer. The ladies screamed, and several of them fainted. Mary Dithmar shrank back and clung to me in sheer terror.

"Who is it?" I asked, when I had recovered from my temporary astonishment.

But Mary could not reply. Speechless and pale as a

ghost, she gazed at the intruder like one turned to stone. The whole Dithmar family stood as if transfixed.

"Bah!" cried the man, sternly, "so this is what you do whilst you think me dead. Eh, Joseph Dithmar? But you see I am alive yet, and am come at last to denounce your crimes and those of your fiendish family. You thought you had murdered me, eh? Well, it wasn't your fault that I am alive. Your hired assassins betrayed you. Why don't you welcome me? Where's your hospitality?"

The guests stared at one another and at their host at this speech in stupid amazement. At length Dithmar grew in a measure calm, and addressing his friends, said, in an unsteady voice,

"Gentlemen, ladies, friends, this is an unfortunate scene: try to forget it. I will explain at another time. Now please leave us."

Still the intruder stood undisturbed and frowning in his position, and Arthur, who had sprung forward toward him as if to eject him or administer personal chastisement, was caught and held midway by his father. It was a strange and incomprehensible affair, and the guests evidently did not know what to make of it, as by ones and twos they slowly departed.

"Mary," said I to my companion, "let me take you into the air—anywhere away from here. This is awful."

"No," she replied, firmly, "I must remain with my family and share the worst with them."

And with gentle force she led me to the outer door. I went home astounded. What could all this mean? Had there been fraud and attempted murder by the family I had so long revered? I could not believe it. And yet, when I recalled that terrible scene, and brought to my mind the picture of the too visible consternation of my friends, my betrothed included, on the appearance of the intruder, I must confess that my confidence in the innocence of the Dithmars was somewhat shaken. But who was this strange individual—this party who launched such sweeping, such horrible denunciations, and at persons, too, who had hitherto and for so many years been superior to the breath even of suspicion or reproach? Was I a victim, or had I, by a lucky chance, escaped an alliance with criminals and felons? I resolved to have my doubts cleared by a personal explanation the following morning.

Duff had vacated my apartments during my absence, and, thank Heaven! I was alone with my thoughts and my sorrows. I went to bed and dreamed. My dreams were in the last degree awful. I thought Mary came to my bedside and stood there pale as death. She had blood on her hands, and her long, yellow hair hung in disorder down her back. She looked at me long and pityingly, and then said, in a chill whisper that seemed to come from an infinite distance,

"John, John, look at my hands! The stains upon them are human gore, and those stains are also on my heart, on my soul!"

I strove to grasp her, to get further words from her, but she vanished like a vapor. Again, I was down by the river-bank of N—, where the shore was harsh and rocky, and where the water flowed swiftly and savagely. It was broad day, but the sky was leaden and overcast, and a boding red tinge was in stripes upon the stream. The air was close and oppressive, and I could scarcely breathe. Suddenly a man in rags, and without hat or shoes, attempted to rush by me. It was Joseph Dithmar. But how changed! I tried to stop him, but he grasped me

by the throat. "Dithmar, Mr. Dithmar!" I shouted, but he only glanced at me like a maniac, and casting me from him, was gone in a moment. I fell headlong into the impetuous river from the force of his strength, and was borne furiously away by the current: At last I was caught in a whirlpool, and spun round like a top, swiftly but surely moving toward the central cavity. At the edge of the cavity I was stayed by some unseen power. I looked down into the gulf. It was a terrible sight. But at the bottom was dry land, and there I saw my betrothed calmly walking, and as beautiful and as innocent as of yore. I strove to leap down to her, to reach her, but she silently motioned me back with bloody hands, and at that instant her figure was wrapped in lurid fires, and I was swept back out of the vortex and once more was on the land.

I woke in a cold sweat, and found that it was daybreak. I rose, dressed myself, and then, early as it was, hurried to Dithmar's. Judge of my surprise on approaching the house to find it open and the lights of the night before all still brilliantly burning; the house had evidently been open ever since the sudden exodus of the guests. I shuddered, and a nameless presentiment of evil fastened on me as I went up the steps and entered the mansion. It was deserted. I went into the ball-room; it was silent and empty, and the flaming gas-jets but increased its horror and gloom. I ran up stairs and searched chamber after chamber—all vacant, all void. I called aloud on Mary, on all the late occupants of that splendid dwelling; no response, not even an echo to my own voice, and I threw myself down on a chair and groaned.

Just then I heard a heavy step near me, and in marched the intruder of last night in Dithmar's dressing-gown and slippers, calmly smoking a short, black, stunted-looking clay pipe. He took the pipe from his mouth and surveyed me coolly and deliberately, but said not a word. All the anger in my nature was aroused at the sight of this accursed wretch, and I went toward him with a look of rage. He put his pipe back into his mouth, and folding his arms over his breast, continued his survey, still without a word.

"Devil!" I cried, "who are you, and what is your fiendish power over this house and this family?"

The smoker smiled, and only said,

"Do you like music?"

Was ever such a question asked at such a time? I was thunderstruck, and remained with my hands clenched, silently staring.

"Do you like music?"

The question was repeated; and without waiting this time for an answer, the strange being glided to the open piano, and sitting on the stool, pipe still in mouth, played gracefully and elegantly some of the wild, stormy music of *Robert le Diable*. Then, having concluded his instrumentation, he sang, in a soft and almost feminine voice, "Robert, Robert toi que j'aime," from the same great work of Meyerbeer. The man was evidently entirely forgotten in the musician; for when the performer opened his lips to give vent to the first words of the song, his pipe tumbled from between his teeth, and was dashed into fragments on the floor. I remained wonder-smitten and still. At length, the song being concluded, the man turned toward me as if for approbation.

Among my other qualities I was an enthusiast in music; and full of horror for the individual before me as I was, I could not help inwardly admiring his mastery over the science of harmony; but this feeling was but momentary, and as soon as I could sufficiently collect myself, I demanded where the Dithmars had gone to so suddenly, and reit-

erated my inquiry as to who he was. He wheeled round on the piano-stool and looked at me fixedly.

"Is it possible you don't know me?" he said, in a tone of quiet surprise.

I assured him that he was a perfect stranger to me. He appeared puzzled, and then replied,

"I am the real Joseph Dithmar."

"Who, then, pray, was he who until last night was known here by that name?"

"Bogus, bogus," answered the man, turning to the piano and drumming with his right hand.

"Where is he, and where is his family?"

"How should I know? They treated me ill; but now that I am restored to my rights, they may escape—yes, they may escape." He said this with a dreamy air, and still drumming.

I knew not what to think, what to do. Could this man's story be true? Certain it was that the Dithmars, one and all, had flown, and that was in favor of its truth; besides, I remembered the effect on the family of the intruder's first appearance—the blank amazement, the utter crush, Dithmar's unquestioning submission, the dismissal of the guests, Mary's last words at parting with me—and I, too, began to admit suspicion and doubt. Then I reflected that this was cruel and unkind in me, and in a second I bethought me of legal aid. Just at that instant one of the outer windows was raised from without, and at it appeared the head and shoulders of Duff.

"Halloo!" cried that worthy; "what's up?"

I went to him and whispered:

"Not a word. Come in and watch this man until I return."

Duff, amazed, and not knowing what to make of the aspect of things, obeyed. I ran for the constable. I found that officer; and armed with the requisite authority, we were soon on our way back to the Dithmar mansion to solve the problem that had been presented by law. At the door, much to my surprise and joy, I met Mrs. Dithmar in her bonnet.

"Mr. Simpson," said she, in a voice that yet had a tremble in it, "I am so glad you've come. It's all over; he's gone."

I dismissed the constable on Mrs. Dithmar's assurance that there was no further need of his services, and went in. Duff and the lady were the only persons present. My late companion, the intruder, was nowhere to be seen.

"What's become of him?" I asked.

Duff made answer with a laugh:

"His keepers took him off."

"What?" cried I, with a look that demanded explanation.

"Mr. Simpson," said Mrs. Dithmar, "that poor creature who has so sorely troubled us is my husband's demented brother. He has been confined in a lunatic asylum for some years, and none of our children have ever seen him before. Yesterday he escaped, and came direct to N—, and at night, attracted by the lights, he broke in upon us here. His coming to our house was purely accidental, for he did not know, until he saw us, that we resided at N—. Once among us, his malady (which takes the form you saw) broke out afresh; and knowing from experience that the poor man is sometimes as fierce and bloodthirsty as a savage, we dismissed the guests, and then all left the house temporarily, whilst Mr. Dithmar went to the asylum for the keepers. Fearing to alarm or arouse the maniac, we let the lights burn, and left him in

possession. The rest is soon told. The keepers, Mr. Dithmar and the lunatic have just this instant gone, and now, if you please, you and Mr. Duff may go and bring the girls home. They are at E——'s, on the main street."

Thus ended the strange story—the curious adventure that sprang out of the "Ball at Dithmar's"—and now, after the lapse of years, as I think of it, I shudder as I speculate on what might have chanced had fortune not favored me whilst I was alone with and was striving with all my might to irritate a dangerous and unscrupulous maniac.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

THE spectroscope is one of the most wonderful of modern discoveries. Its birth dates from the time of Sir Isaac Newton, but its application to chemistry, and many most important details connected therewith, is so recent as to entitle this generation to the claim of its discovery as an instrument at least of research. Many a time the reader has no doubt noticed, with wonder and admiration, what beautiful colors were produced when a ray of sunlight happened to pass through a three-cornered piece of glass, called a lustre, hanging from either a candlestick or chandelier, and also without doubt noticed how delighted schoolboys are with the cut spy-glass, which shows a hundred heads, and these all colors. To many observers the phenomenon is only a mystery, and yet it admits of simple explanation. Light is composed of several different colors. These, when mixed, give forth white light; but when a ray of light passes through a three-cornered glass or prism, some of the colors get through quicker than others, and thus the whole become arranged in a line—violet at one end, red at the other, and indigo, blue, green, yellow and orange in between. This row of colors, which for brilliancy and purity of tint nothing can equal, is called the spectrum, and, as stated above, was discovered by Newton. The great philosopher furthermore proved that these colors could not be reduced to other and simpler colors. To satisfy himself on this point, he took another prism and interposed it between a screen and a ray of pure color, say red; and he found that only that color could be seen on the screen, which was not the case when the white ray was passed through the prism, for then the variety already named was seen. To demonstrate with certainty that white light was composed of the colors given above, intimately mixed, he took a circular piece of cardboard, one foot in diameter, and divided it into seven equal parts; in these divisions he painted the colors enumerated, and by means of a multiplying wheel caused the card to rotate on its centre very rapidly. This so effectually blended the colors to the eye, that nothing but an apparently white disk could be seen. The experiment may be tried with a boy's whipping-top with good results.

The next fact discovered with reference to the spectrum was that when a magnifying telescope was applied to the band of colors obtained from decomposing a ray of sunlight, innumerable black lines crossed the colors longitudinally. These were discovered by Wollaston, but Fraunhofer counted them, and they are now called after his name. Some time after this it was found that if the rays of light obtained from burning certain substances in a colorless flame, as that of the spirit-lamp, were allowed to traverse the prism, a bright band of color appeared on the screen in one certain place for each substance. Thus the red flame from strontia always came where the red rays from the white light came, and the green from baryta

where the green of white light would fall, and so on. This opened up to physicists a new field, and continued researches, particularly of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, revealed the importance of the discovery; for inasmuch as no two metals give the same bright bands, nothing is easier than to burn a portion of the unknown metallic substance, and at once observe by the position of the bands what is contained in it.

To this succeeded the grandest and most important discovery of all. The bright lines were in many instances observed to coincide exactly with the black ones mentioned above. This coincidence led some one to try the effect of passing the rays from a flame of one color through a white light to the prism, when, instead of a brighter band, as might have been expected, there was observed a black line. It is naturally concluded that these black lines in the rays of light from the sun and stars are produced by burning metals; and no lines have been observed as yet which do not correspond with those produced by the elements already known on the earth.

THE BLIND BAIRN.

THE wee blind beggar bairnie sits
Close to that woman's feet—
And there he nestles frae the cauld,
And shelters frae the heat.
I ken nae if he be her ain—
But kindly does she speak—
For blessed God makes woman love
The helpless and the weak.

I'm wae to see his wistfu' face,
As, weary, day by day,
He cowers sae still and silent there,
While ither bairnies play.
The sigh that lifts his breastie comes
Like sad winds frae the sea,
Wi' sic a dreary sough as wad
Bring tears into yer 'ee.

I'm wae to see his high braid broo
Sae thochtfu' and sae wan,
His look o' care, that were mair fit
For a world-weary man.
O' the dark emptiness within,
Thocht that nae rest can know,
And shapeless forms that vex him
Wi' their hurrying to and fro.

And now she lifts him in her arms,
His wakin' nicht is past—
And 'round his sma' and wasted form
Her tattered shawl is cast.
His face is buried in her neck,
And close to her he clings,
For faith and love have filled his heart,
And they are blessed things.

She bears him through the bustlin' crowd,
But now he fears no harm—
He'll sleep within her bosom, too;
To him it's saft and warm.
Oh, her ain weary heart wad close
In wretchedness and sin,
But he keeps in't an open door,
For God to enter in.

TO - DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1873.

A CHAT ABOUT NATURE AND THE DOCTORS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NATURE, upon which we now depend so generally for cures, was, in the opinion of physicians, formerly an intruder and a nuisance in the sick-room. Dr. Rush is reported to have said: "As to Nature, I would treat it in the sick-chamber as I would a squalling cat—open the door and drive it out." We now treat, for example, small-pox without medicines. We give the patient pure air, clean linen, keep his skin as clean as possible, and give him simple water as a drink—in fact, leave him to Nature; and when we see him covered all over with loathsome sores, and then trust Nature alone to cure him, and find her successful, we pat Nature on the head, and exclaim, "Well done!" In brief, we have fallen into the habit of thinking that God is nearly as wise as the graduate of a medical college. This may be a prejudice, but it is getting to be quite common.

Formerly, when a man broke his leg, the doctor put on the most wonderful salves and ointments to make the ends of the bone unite. In the autobiography of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth we learn that he was called in the night to a traveller who had fallen off his load and been run over. The doctor examined the leg, and found that it was "smashed all to pieces." He immediately whipped out of his saddle-bags a box of most "amazin' intement," and applied it thoroughly to the crushed limb. Dr. Duckworth called early in the morning, and learned, with great horror as to his fee, but with joy as to the "virtues of that heavenly intement," that the man had stripped off the bandages, harnessed his horses and started on.

Nowadays, when a man's leg is broken, we place the ends together and simply hold them still. Lo and behold, they grow together, and after a few weeks we find the man

walking about as good as new. Can anything be more disgusting? Not a healing thing has been applied, and yet invisible fingers have ingeniously knit the broken ends together, and the bone is as strong as ever.

Formerly, in a military hospital, the air was thick with the odors of washes, liniments, ointments and salves which were constantly applied to the wounds and fractures. The attendants went about loaded and beameared. Now we visit the wards of a military hospital, and find one man with a broken leg, one with a frightful tear through his face, another with a terrible gash in his flesh, and so on for a thousand poor fellows after a great battle, and not a wash or liniment or ointment or salve. They give the sufferers good air, good food, and keep them clean. That's all. They put on nothing healing. And good mother Nature is busy day and night (she never sleeps) knitting, hardening, smoothing, healing, mending and restoring to health, strength and comeliness all except those who are so badly mangled that she thinks it on the whole better to throw them out as not worth repairing.

Let all the doctors that ever lived try to heal a simple cut in the flesh without Nature. We will suppose the man is dead, and there is a slight incision in his hand. Now let the wise doctors all have a chance. Let each apply his ointment, salve or liniment. Let them bring the cut surfaces together, and hold them there with adhesive plaster. Do you think the cut will heal?

In one of the streets of our city there are ten cases of fever. Ten doctors are employed. One is what is called a calomel doctor, one is a homœopathist, the third a steam doctor, the fourth a cold-water doctor, and so on. Each of these doctors will solemnly assure you that the methods of the others are dangerous—very dangerous; that although the patient may pull through, the chances are, etc., etc.

The steam doctor surrounds his patient with steaming hot blankets and fills him with scalding hot drinks. The cold-water doctor wraps his patient with cold wet sheets and fills him with ice-water. The homœopath gives the one hundred millionth of a grain of, say, mercury, while the calomel doctor poisons every tissue of his patient's body. But, strange to say, the patients all recover. What do you suppose cured them? Do you think the hot things cured in one case? Then what do you say of the patient who was filled and packed with ice? Do you say that the three drachms of calomel cured one? Then what do you say of the homœopath who gave but the hundred millionth part of a grain? Does not this look as though the patients got well in spite of the treatment? We have not a doubt of it. And a thousand fold better than our opinion, the leading men, the best thinkers in the profession in nearly all ages, as they have ripened in wisdom, have expressed the opinion that medicines were unnecessary and only mischievous. When the distinguished professor in the medical department of Harvard University declared in his elaborate address before the Massachusetts Medical Society that if medicines, as now used, were thrown into the sea, it would be better for mankind and worse for the fishes, he uttered the inmost conviction of the better part

of the profession, though they chided him greatly for it at the time.

But the people must not be too hard on the doctors. How can we tell you the truth? You come with headache and dulness, and ask us to give you something to take. Now, we know very well that what you need is less food, more breath and a clean skin. But we can't afford to tell you that, because you see the next time you had headache and dulness, you would prescribe for yourself. Next month you have some other ailment which needs rest, more sleep, skin-friction and a reduction of food. Suppose we were to advise just these things, and nothing more. The next time you would manage it yourself. In six months you would pass from our hands into the ranks of those hygienic families who never call a physician. Any doctor would ruin his practice in a year or two if he were to be perfectly frank with his patients. We cannot afford it. We will try not to forget the good advice about the air, food, etc., but we must give you something, even if it is nothing more than a bread pill, to which we will direct your thoughts just enough to keep you in the faith. We hope you will pardon this little trick, for, candidly, without it, "Othello's occupation would undoubtedly soon be gone."

TO A COLD-FOOTED LADY.

MADAM, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women, and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet.

1st. Procure a quantity of woollen stockings—not such as you buy at the stores under the name of lambs' wool, that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, thick as a board, that will keep your feet dry and warm in spite of wind and weather.

2d. If you want to be really thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night.

3d. Procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the first of October till the first of May. Make frequent applications of some good oil blacking.

4th. Avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of large rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through snow-drifts or a flood of water.

5th. Hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water half an inch deep, just before going to bed, two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands.

6th. Now, madam, go out freely in all weathers, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as a consequence of the good circulation in the lower extremities, your head will be relieved of all its fulness and your heart of its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect.

SLEIGH-RIDING.

SOME forms of it are jolly. A big sleigh filled even full with loose straw and sixteen rollicking boys and girls all packed in together, with the brag hostler from the village tavern all swelled out with pride over his team—now, that's jolly.

But this getting into a stylish little cramped sleigh, stuck up on a high seat, with fashionable dress and manners—well, I rather prefer Benjamin Franklin's style of sleigh-riding, which, I believe, was to sit in a passage-hall with the doors open at both ends, feet in a pail of ice-water, with some one to jingle the shovel and tongs. Franklin claimed that this method was cheaper and quite as comfortable.

MOTHERS, never cease your exhortation to Jonathan and Jerusha Ann to stand, sit and walk erect.

MANY of our thin young ladies would gain fifteen pounds in a year by going to bed at nine o'clock every night.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

HABITUAL BATHER, NEW YORK.—I think you are quite right. You should take a cold bath every morning. If rightly managed, this is beneficial to everybody. The cloth—or what is better, bathing-mittens—should be passed lightly over the person, just wetting the surface; then the rough towel follows with vigorous activity. Altogether, the time occupied will be only one minute to a minute and a half. Of course in warm weather you may continue the exposure as long as comfort and convenience may suggest, but in cold weather it need not continue more than about a minute. It is a source of health, and a great protection against chilliness and colds. In warm weather you may, if you choose, use warm water, but in cold weather you should employ cold water.

YOUNG MAN, HARRISBURG.—I can't say from your description what occupation you are best adapted to. But presuming from the fact that your vitality is not the highest, I have no hesitation in advising against the selection of a sedentary employment. Some employment which requires a good deal of muscular activity is best for you, without doubt. You may never have felt any lung weakness, and it may be, as you say, that the disease in your mother was accidental, but it would not have been possible had not a certain susceptibility existed in her organism. There is not a shadow of doubt but that the susceptibility has been transmitted to you. "An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure." "A word to the wise," etc.

A FATHER, ALBANY.—We think you are right. No girl should marry until she is fit for motherhood, and no girl is fit for motherhood at sixteen years of age. Becoming a mother at sixteen or seventeen with an average girl in this latitude means offspring of an inferior kind, and it means premature old age in the mother. I will not say that no girl at sixteen should marry, but I can say that I have never known a girl to marry at that age where I did not think it a great mistake.

A SUFFERER, CHARLESTON.—Generally speaking, cold feet, like other local maladies, comes of low general vitality, and the real cure is to be sought in lifting up the general force. But the cold, shallow foot-bath, a daily change of woollen hose and the use of shoe-soles as broad as your feet will, generally speaking, keep your feet warm. Loose shoes permit the blood to flow freely. A tight glove, you know, makes the hand cold.



"WHAT STAR IS THAT WHICH SUDDEN FALLS?"

SHOOTING STARS.

FROM BÉRANGER.

"Our star—so, shepherd, runs your tale—
Rules in yon gray skies."

"Yes, child, but with her dusky veil
Night steals it from our eyes."

"The rubric of those circling walls
Thou readest well, men say:

What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?"

"We mortals die, my child, whene'er
The stars from heaven glide;
When that star fell, without a care,
One played and drank and died.
Happy and still he sleeps, nor calls
For ruby wine and play."

"What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?"

"Ah, fair and pure as here on earth,
No fairer can be found.

Dear daughter! maid of truest worth
To truest lover bound!

In vain the marriage altar calls,
The orange crown of May."

"What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?"

"That rapid meteor tells the lot

Of a rich lord new-born;
Still, gold and purple deck his cot—
Only the babe is gone.

Already flattery in his halls
A venom'd banquet lay."

"What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?"

"With yon quick-dying, lurid light,
My child, a courtier dies,
Who held that minister was right,
Who heard no subject's sighs.
The fragile god no more enthalls,
Forgotten is his way."

"What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?"

"My child, to us a nearer care
Comes for a life too brief;
Who gleaned in others' fields might bear
From his the golden sheaf.
A weary outcast to his walls
Even now plods on his way."
"What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?"

"A monarch of a mighty line.
Keep honor pure, my son;
Seek to be useful, not to shine
Till thy day's work is done.
So, when thy last sad summons calls,
No man shall smile and say,
'What star is that which sudden falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?'"

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUITORS APPEAR.

IT is not to be supposed that a heroine like Laura Mildmay, even in this sublime solitude, was quite without adorers.

There were no doubt many who, for obvious reasons, never told their love. But two there were who in their different degrees were quite eligible; and in watching the movements of these rivals, good Mrs. Jenner discovered an ever new delight, and a perfectly novel exercise of the maternal instinct.

What good woman is there without that sort of active benevolence which the coarse world calls match-making? I put the question to any good lady with enough experience to answer it—is not the fact so with regard to her neighbors? And as regards herself, I inquire, is there any other construction of castles in the air so entirely absorbing, preposterous and enchanting?

Allow me to tell in half a dozen lines something of the situation and the persons. I could easily make a volume of them, for they talked and felt, and had features and clothes, and there was a good deal of love and some jealousy. And good Mrs. Jenner saw both sides of the question, on each of which much was to be said; and being of a nature that overflowed with compassion, her heart bled alternately for each, as the fortune of war favored this or that pretender. Her romance was with the younger man, but the elder paid her more court and had other points in his favor.

Among the persons who prayed every Sunday in the variegated light of the great stained glass windows at the church at Golden Friars, and listened to—or at least heard—Doctor Jenner's sermons, were to be seen middle-aged Sir John Mardykes and young Mr. Charles Shirley.

Sir John is a bachelor of some fifty years. There is

nothing hideous about him. His height hardly attains the average of mankind, and his figure is gently oval, being plump, and the effect assisted by a cutaway coat; the outline is of the pear or peg-top form. His face is plump and oblong. He is not yet gray, and curls his small whiskers with great punctuality. His hair is close and smooth, and at top decidedly thin. He carries himself very erect, and if not elegant is at least dapper. He is grave, but very polite to ladies; and not being quick at the interpretation of puzzles, jokes and the like deep sayings, he is reserved, not to say suspicious, in general society, and a man of few words, as well as of few ideas.

Sir John's place, about five miles away upon the lake, is beautiful, and his rental is five thousand a year and something more, and his ancestors can be traced about the same covers and sheep-walks for five hundred years or upward.

Sir John's father is buried in the church, which is within ten minutes' walk of his gate. His state pew is there, and the walls are eloquent with the virtues and dignities of his ancestors. But he drives away five miles and attends the church at Golden Friars every Sunday.

Charles Shirley is quite a young fellow, not five-and-twenty, certainly handsome, tall and lithe, very good-natured, very merry, and with always a great deal to say for himself. The Shirleys are just as old a family as the Mardykes, but the young man's rental is but a quarter of the worthy baronet's.

The young lady was, on a moderate scale, an heiress. During her minority her revenues had improved, and had now reached more than a thousand a year. The great estates of her family had, however, passed in the male line to a remote kinsman.

Stated in a gross, commercial way, the facts and figures were thus:

Miss Laura Mildmay—annual value, £1300.

Sir John Mardykes—annual value, £5600.

Charles Shirley—annual value, £1400.

The young lady was still a ward of chancery. Doctor Jenner was not sure that the sort of flirtation that was attempted might not be of the nature of a contempt. The lady, he assumed, still walked the beautiful paths of this grand solitude in maiden meditation fancy free, and he insisted on holding the suitors, during her minority, at arm's length.

That minority had now so nearly expired that the vicar, who was punctual and orderly in all things, directed his London attorney (for our serious friend Luke Tarlcot was now sleeping soundly in Golden Friars churchyard, with a mural tablet over the family pew, containing a very handsome certificate of his virtues, the feelings of his sorrowing friends and his own general importance) to take the best opinion procurable upon certain queries which he thought the will of her deceased mother, Mrs. Mildmay, of Queen's Snedley, suggested. He also asked him to request Mrs. Torquil's attorney to submit a case on her behalf to counsel, as there was no doubt in his mind that she was by the will to succeed absolutely to the property in the event of Laura Mildmay's dying unmarried before the age of thirty.

Mrs. Torquil, of whose being still alive the vicar had some doubts, years having passed without any sign from her, turned out to be alive, and a great deal better and more active than she had been twenty years before, and she seemed to have a very keen sense indeed of the value of her reversion.

"It is proper," he wrote to Mrs. Torquil's attorney, "that all these points should be clearly ascertained as promptly as may be, as I am satisfied that on Miss Mildmay's coming of age, which will be in eleven weeks from this time, she will receive more than one eligible proposal of marriage."

"Now," said he to Mrs. Jenner, holding one of the rather cunning letters of Mrs. Torquil's attorney by the corner, as he stood at the window where he had been reading it, "I see the Jesuit in all these letters. That poor woman no more inspires them than I do. She has got herself into their hands, and they want her money for a college or a mission; and do you recollect the smooth-faced man with the spectacles, and the oddly-made coat, and the collar, you know, who came down here by way of looking at the scenery? I pointed him out to you. That gentleman came down, depend upon it, to make inquiries, and ascertain exactly what we were all about. Well were it for our Church if we had one-half their activity."

All things contrary, one against the other. There was a counterpoise here, for the ecclesiastical invasion alluded to was more than compensated for by a visit promised in a letter from his admirable friend the dean of Crutchley Abbey:

"I have made acquaintance with a charming person, a Mr. Burton, an enthusiastic church extensionist. He is about visiting the northern counties, and goes furnished with introductions. If you have any movement of that kind on foot just now, I think you will find him able and willing to give you a lift. I showed him the ground plan and elevations of our little building at Crutchley Abbey, and he instantly subscribed. He would have put himself down for fifty pounds if we had not limited our subscriptions, as I told you. As he is going northward, and loves the picturesque, I recommended him to visit your beautiful town, which he very likely will in a few days; and I ventured to give him a line of introduction to you, as one who could tell him where to find all that is curious and beautiful about Golden Friars."

The vicar had his secret misgivings, and his wife her private hopes, that the visitor might prove a new suitor to Laura. Upon this point suspense was soon ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RAPTURE.

OH LET me sing of one whose form
Within my heart lies fresh and warm;
Whose stolen pressure even now
Is burning on my heated brow;
Of one whose willing fond caress
I'd give my soul could I possess.
The liquid dyes of southern skies
Lie slumb'ring in her thoughtful eyes,
While on her cheek the filbert brown
Lies softer than the peach's down;
And not a rose that ever grew
Could mock the luscious crimson hue
Of those bright lips, so ripe and rich,
That never smile but to bewitch,
And wreath the contour of her face
With all the lineaments of grace.
She is the light of all the earth!
Its endless treasures are not worth
One passing shadow of her smile,
Of artless pleasure free from guile.
And oh, to me there cannot be
A soul more full of sympathy.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 4.

BAD TASTE.

BAD taste is frequently a sign of vulgarity, but more frequently it indicates a lack of education in a special direction. The housewife who takes a pride in having the tinware of her kitchen polished so that she can almost see her face in it, who delights in having things nice and tidy about her, and in keeping her home in what she calls "apple-pie order," possesses an innate good taste which, properly developed, would induce her to endeavor to add a touch of beauty where now she is content with mere neatness and cleanliness. She has the same regard for artistic properties which—especially if she were conscious of possessing more than an average quantity of good looks—would induce her to dress in as attractive a manner as possible, not for the purpose of exciting remark on account of her attire, but in order to enhance as much as possible her natural charms. Too many women value their dress and their household appointments simply according to the amount of money they cost, and for the astonishment and envy which they will excite in the hearts of others. Now, a woman who thinks more of her clothes than she does of herself, obviously has bad taste, while a woman who values her attire as a legitimate means of adornment, without regard to its cost, has good taste, and possesses a natural refinement of mind that, however crude and imperfect may be her knowledge of artistic effect in dress, and however unsatisfactory her efforts to give expression to her sense of beauty, will always command the respect and admiration even of those who are least able to appreciate her good taste.

Many women possessed of unlimited means for obtaining whatever in the way of rich and elegant clothing is purchasable for money, would only be too glad, at almost any price, to produce the charming effects that other women are able to command with the simplest and least expensive materials. Some persons look less and less attractive the more silks, laces, velvets and feathers they put on, while others look charming in the simplest chintzes and muslins. The only thing the one can do is to overpower the spectators with the magnificence of her surroundings, while the other has always within herself, in her appreciation of fitness and propriety, the means of compelling admiration.

We do not pretend to say that the lack of ability to purchase handsome things is any advantage in this connection, although very frequently it is, especially to those who have not the culture necessary to deal with rich and costly materials as they should be dealt with. It is frequently a positive misfortune for a woman of natural taste to suddenly become possessed of the means for gratifying all her desires. She gets bewildered, ceases to think for herself, and not being compelled to exercise artistic faculties, she allows them to fall into disuse, and, uncertain of the effects she wishes to produce, and without sufficient knowledge to produce them even if she had any clear ideas on the subject—all the time being anxious to make as brilliant a figure in society as possible—she permits the taste of the dressmaker and the upholsterer to supersede her own, and is satisfied if she feels assured that all her surroundings are according to the latest fashion.

We do not pretend to deny that in household decoration, as well as in dress, much finer effects may be produced with rich and costly materials than with cheap ones. To

those who have ample wealth as well as good taste, the problem of how to make home attractive is a comparatively easy one to solve. Very many of us, however, are not blessed with ample wealth, but that is no reason why we should worship at the shrine of the genius of ugliness; and it is certainly worth while for us to at least make an endeavor to see what we can do with things that cost us little. Even a vulgar love for mere display is due to a desire to gratify a certain crude and imperfectly developed feeling for beauty, and we are not certain but it is preferable to the absolute indifference on the subject that many people display.

As we have before said, much of the bad taste with which we are afflicted is due to ignorance. The majority of our people are not born and brought up amid beautiful and tasteful surroundings, and when they attempt, late in life perhaps, to decorate their homes, or otherwise to give expression to the æsthetic impulses of their natures, they do not know how to begin. Selecting their materials without regard to the effect they will produce when brought into juxtaposition, they collect together the most inharmonious forms and colors, and violate every principle of good taste in hideous combinations, which gain an additional ugliness from the very richness and costliness of the articles of which they are made up. A large amount of the money usually spent for home decoration, dress and similar objects, is absolutely wasted. A person endowed with good taste will frequently produce the most satisfying results for half the money that another will spend in rendering himself or herself and surroundings as unattractive and uninteresting as possible.

Household decoration is a subject that is especially within the province of women, and we know that women as a rule are possessed with the idea that they are in some mysterious way endowed with the faculty of doing exactly the right thing in the right way. As well might a man who imagines himself to be possessed with artistic genius sit down with a box of colors of the uses of which he knows nothing, and attempt to paint a picture without ever having studied the elements of art, or having trained his eye to perceive the niceties of form, of light and shade, of color, or his hand to depict them on the canvas: the thing would be an impossibility.

Our experience is, that women, as a rule, have less natural good taste, in the broadest sense of the term, than men, and that they are especially deficient in ability to produce artistic combinations. We know that this will be considered by our fair readers as rank heresy, but it is the truth; and if a young lady who imagines she knows all about matters that the most brilliant artistic intellects have studied for years without getting to the bottom of, will take a few lessons at some well-conducted school of design, the conceit will soon be taken out of her.

As a broad, general statement, it may be said that men have a talent for combined effects and women for details; and it is because to women alone the fitting up of our homes is usually entrusted, the men contenting themselves with limiting the amount of the bills as much as possible, that such unsatisfactory results are so often produced. A home is for the joint occupancy of both men and women, and both ought to take a pride in contributing by personal efforts to its adornment. The moral result of such co-operation we cannot undertake now to discuss, but it is self-evident that if a husband and wife mutually aid each other in making their home as attractive as possible, they will take more interest in it and in each other, and an important step will be gained in the cultivation of a love for

home and its associations that cannot but be a benefit to them and to their children.

Home decoration being entrusted, as it most generally is, almost exclusively to women, many of the distasteful combinations of incongruous objects which greet our eyes in the houses of persons of considerable artistic cultivation may be attributed to the lack of feminine appreciation of the value of beautiful articles in mass. There is no more common violation of the principles of good taste than the lavish use of brilliant colors. Those bright colors, scarlets, crimsons, blues, greens, yellows and purples, are beautiful in themselves, but are exceedingly difficult to deal with as elements of decorative effect. Dull colors, on the contrary, have no particular intrinsic beauty, but if rightly combined, they have a richness that is most satisfying to the eye, and which does not fatigue it as masses of crude color do. The bad taste which is so frequently shown in the use of bright colors is therefore due simply to ignorance, and not to natural perversity of taste, the mistake being that persons imagine that because certain tints are beautiful in themselves, they must appear so under all circumstances.

We acknowledge that in particular situations, and in the hands of a consummate master of color, the finest effects may be produced by the use of crude colors; but it may be taken as a safe general rule that for home decoration they are to be avoided, or if used at all, only in minute quantities, to give brightness to sober combinations. It is astonishing how a simple line of pure red or blue will light up a whole room, when the same color used in large quantity would be in the highest degree unpleasant.

The same principle holds good with regard to form. Many forms are extremely beautiful in themselves, but are tasteless and vulgar in combination. Let any one take a good Greek or Gothic design of the best periods, and note how the richest and most elegant effects are produced by the combination of forms which have no attractive qualities whatever considered by themselves. Then let them pick out a characteristic design of the Renaissance period, full of fanciful curves and ornaments, often of extreme beauty, but worse than valueless in composition, and note the difference between them. How much more refined and elegant is the ancient work than the modern!

To discuss the subject in detail would be foreign to the object of these papers, but an allusion to it is necessary in order to point out one of the chief sources of difficulty in producing pleasing effects in home decoration, as it is usually practiced by those who take the matter into their own hands, and trust to their own unguided and untaught taste, or rather want of taste. A carpet is bought because it is thought to be handsome, and it is thought to be handsome because it is covered with brilliant bunches of flowers and other objects, which are often, to tell the whole truth with regard to them, executed with marvellous artistic skill. The wall-paper is selected on the same principle, and no consideration whatever is given to the probable want of harmony between the carpet and wall-paper when they come together in the room. The consequence is, that a house, furnished at great expense with the best materials, is often vulgar and tasteless in its general appearance, and the different objects cease to be interesting, even to their possessors, so soon as they lose the charm of novelty. This should not be, and it would not if people with a few simple and easily-understood artistic ideas for their guidance would, when furnishing their houses, endeavor to conceive of a general effect to be produced, and then consider each article purchased as merely an item toward the production of that effect, steadily resisting all

temptation to spend a dollar for objects, no matter how beautiful they may be, which will not contribute to the desired result. It is simply wasting money to buy beautiful things that will not appear beautiful when they are put in their places in a house, and no decoration whatever is far better than that false decoration which is the greatest enemy of good taste and the greatest promoter of vulgar ostentation.

AROUND FLORIDA.

No. 1.

KEY WEST.

MUCH has been written about Florida—much that is true and untrue, as they who have occasion to make a tour of the peninsula cannot fail to realize. The untrue, it is to be regretted, sadly preponderates.

The remoteness of the country, the inaccessibility of this semi-tropical region, which the Spaniard first idolized in his musical language as the "Isla Florida," and afterward endowed with an historic record and tradition replete with charm, have furnished material for misrepresentation (the word but half expresses it) and marvellous tales of tropical magnificence, rivalling the "Tierra Caliente" of Mexico and the torrid beauties of the Amazon.

Disappointment early falls to the lot of the traveller, though his expectation is seasoned by judicious warning and foreknowledge. Let him distrust his guide-book, and put no faith in his fellow-man as he there finds him, let him concentrate his luggage into the smallest convenient compass, to contain both heavy and light clothing, brandy, tobacco (if he uses it) and a few medicines, the last of which may be readily obtained in Key West or Jacksonville, as is most convenient to the proposed point of entry. A stout umbrella will not be despised by those familiar with the needs of a Southern climate, not as a protection against the rain, but the sun; and the constituents for a sandwich in the satchel I have known to excite the envy of the less thoughtful, who were obliged to admire nature dinnerless—a barren and unprofitable task.

Thus fortified in fancy, the reader will find himself equipped for the hardships and vexations, as well as for the pleasures, of travel in the land where the mythical fountain was supposed to exist. To his eyes I shall present a brief and unembellished account of a journey around Florida.

After the steamers have passed Cape Cervera, they keep well under the lee of the land, and sometimes, for the amusement of the passengers, fishing-lines are thrown astern—for the waters abound in fish—but with small result, owing to the rapidity with which the vessel travels. A continued stretch of beach, not unfrequently wooded to within a furlong of the breakers—a strip of black beyond a band of white—becomes wearisome as a distant prospect, for the steamer may not too nearly approach this dangerous coast, which, in the vicinity of the Keys, is strewn with wrecks and the debris of unlucky craft, stranded on the reefs which line the passage to the gulf.

Key West, the most important of the Florida Keys, and not unfrequently styled the "key to the Gulf," is the most southern and tropical point of the United States, and is warmed by the Gulf Stream and a sun which at times reaches the zenith. It is some four or five miles in length, and about a mile and a half in width. I say *about*, for no two charts seem to agree as to its dimensions.

The aspect of the island would be sinister indeed were it not for a sunlight rarely obscured and an ocean which,

for variety of hue and intensity of color, is inexplicably lovely. Like mother-o'-pearl, and variable as the chameleon, it stretches a broad expanse on every side, defying portrayal either by pen or pencil, and the eye, satiated by the beautiful and novel effect, seizes restfully upon the occasional islet, distant some miles and wooded by mangroves, which serves as a resting-place in imagination and fancy, if not for the habitation of man.

This variable coloring is perhaps most appreciable after a night during which has arisen the Northern; then each tint is changed or renewed. The sea emulates the hues of the rainbow, and one respires an atmosphere elastic and buoyant. The thermometer sinks below sixty degrees, the most life-giving air rocks the lithe limbs of the coco-palms, and the inhabitants tremble under heavy wraps and proclaim their winter. Of the town one can say little in praise. It is a collection of frame houses, comfortable in themselves, but assuming a charming appearance when seen from the lookout towers of the ships' agencies, shaded as it is by tropical foliage and lying within gunshot of Fort Taylor. Key West has a large and well-sheltered harbor, and is an army and naval station. The latter is of the first importance, and the barracks of the former are delightfully commodious and peculiarly well adapted to the necessities of a low latitude.

The island is also a point of stoppage for certain of the merchant marine, which buy coal or take in supplies, as the case may be, and lie sheltered from the tempest. The waters adjacent to the neighboring Keys are rich with the sponge, which is among the chief exports, and formerly the manufacture of salt was a source of profit to those engaged. It is now suspended, and the ponds are alone troubled by a few screaming snipe, which sedulously avoid the gunner, and seek shelter in the tangled jungle undergrowth beyond.

Apart from the few American residents of refinement and culture, the population may be termed, in the not too literal sense of the word, foreign. The Spanish language is heard more frequently in the streets than English. The majority of the small shops are owned and maintained by Cuban refugees, and the aroma of the accompanying cigarette is borne upon every breeze, profaned, alas! too frequently, by an admixture of garlic and onions from the kitchen chimneys. Yet the hands of these strangers, whose palates are thus sadly misguided, make tender the almost inedible beef, and from their native Cuba have introduced the Spanish wines and the art of making unexceptional bread and chocolate. These are valuable additions to a market where the offerings are limited in variety and of wretched quality.

In connection with the Cuban and chief element of population, which each day becomes more important, a brief account of a visit to the cigar-factory, with which the Cubans are all in some way identified, may not prove uninteresting. The manufacture of the cigar has in the last few years greatly increased and become most flourishing. It is now the island's chief source of wealth, and bids fair to continue profitable till the annexation or purchase of Cuba.

Through a coarse latticed vestibule, screening from view the interior of the building, I entered a room occupying the entire first floor, in which were sixty or seventy operatives. Before each man was a board table, in appearance not unlike the desk of our public schoolroom. A centre and two side aisles admitted intercourse with the distributors of the leaf, which was piled in greater or less quantity to the right of each table, and upon the left were the

CHILD VIOLINISTS.

THERE are innumerable instances of child performers on the violin, though their precocious genius does not always seem to come to maturity, from Mozart, who had a miniature fiddle to indulge his taste before his tiny fingers could scarcely grasp it. Hummel was only four years old when, under his father's tuition, he commenced the study of that instrument, as was also that afterward prince of pianists, as he was called, John Cramer. Dr. Arne was able to win over his father to allow him to cultivate his musical genius by the latter discovering him at a grand musical *soirée*, at a house where he had gone on some business connected with his own trade of upholsterer, playing first fiddle; and Shield, another eminent composer of that time, began when six years old to practice on his violin; and when, on his father's death, it being submitted to him whether he would gain his living by following the trade of a barber, a sailor or a boat-builder, he chose the latter, he took care, while packing up his little stock of goods before entering on his career, not to forget his violin, which had been bequeathed him by his father, and he made such good use of his time, even while serving his apprenticeship to his trade, that at the age of eighteen he was able to act as conductor at concerts and oratorios, and to play the solo parts in high-class concerts.

Instances of precocity in violin-playing are also to be found among juveniles of the softer sex. The once celebrated Madame Mara was taught the violin in early childhood, and when only ten years old played in public in a manner to excite the greatest wonder at her talent, and it has been thought that her early study of the violin tended not a little to the development of that wonderful vocal talent for which she was afterward distinguished, the violin being a rival, but a friendly one, of the human voice divine. Madame Catalani's ambition was to outvie its tones with her notes, and Mrs. Billington, an eminent and highly popular English singer of her day, used to be styled, in allusion to her singularly expressive style, "a breathing violin."

The great violinist Kreutzer is principally known to music-lovers and concert-frequenterers of the present day by his admirable arrangement of one of Beethoven's grand sonatas, which always goes by the name of the "Kreutzer," and the fame of which is world-wide. The son of a humble miller, he displayed from infancy a strong taste for music, and his parents allowed him to be trained in a measure for the art under a choir-master and organist in their neighborhood, but chiefly, it would seem, with a view to his rendering his talents serviceable as a chorister-boy—an office which he held for some years, during which he received from a monk in the convent where he officiated, at Zwyffallen, in Austria, most valuable instructions in the science of music, which young Kreutzer so valued that he used to sit up working at his compositions night after night, with no other light than that afforded by the moon's rays—a practice he continued till his health began to give way, and it was put a stop to by those in authority. Kreutzer's parents also viewed with uneasiness their son's ardor for music, as they intended bringing him up to the law, and at length utterly forbade him, to his great grief, to continue his studies in the art. At the death of his parents he had again to encounter the opposition of his uncle, who was left his guardian, and who, being a chemist, wished to bring his nephew up to his own trade. By dint, however, of great importunity, he consented to his going to Vienna to prosecute for a time

the musical studies in which he took such great delight. He set out for this great capital—the emporium of all that is musical in Europe—under rather discouraging auspices; his whole stock of money amounted to about ninety florins, and he was unprovided with a single letter of recommendation: his whole hopes rested on a cousin who lived there, and with whom he was on rather friendly terms. His journey lasted longer and cost more money than he had anticipated. Arrived at a little village named Nusdorf, a few leagues from Vienna, he found he had but a few florins left. He took a coach, and was driven to his cousin's residence. What were his surprise and mortification on learning that his relative had quitted it, and that his new address was not known! Bitterly disappointed, he wandered hither and thither at random, and was only recalled to himself by the sight of the opera-bills on the walls. From these he learned that Salieri's opera of *Azor* was to be performed. Forgetful of his straits, he hurried at once to the theatre, and for a time care and misfortune were banished from his mind, for *Azor* was the first opera he had ever seen performed, and it produced on him such a profound impression that all his faculties seemed absorbed in the performance.

Unfortunately, an opera, like other mundane pleasures, must come to an end; the illusion was over, and poor Kreutzer felt very sad and forlorn as he quitted the brilliant opera-house with the other spectators. Just as he was pondering whither to turn his footsteps, he saw in the midst of the departing crowd the very cousin whose absence had caused him so much anxiety, and who was so necessary to him at that juncture. Their pleasure at the unexpected meeting was mutual, and from that hour and that incident of his youth was laid the foundation of his future fame.

Sivori, one of the most remarkable violinists of modern times, was a fellow-countryman of the great Paganini, and it is said that his birth was hastened by the profound emotion his mother experienced on hearing that illustrious virtuoso perform at the theatre of Sant' Agostino in Genoa. The day after, the little Camille first saw the light. When he was only five years old, a musician named Restano, who was teaching his sisters the guitar, taught him the scales on a little violin which he presented to him. Struck with the correctness of his ear, the master would often say to the boy's parents, "The world will hear of this child." When he was about six years old, Paganini happened to hear the young violinist, and recognizing his extraordinary talent, not only gave him some lessons, but composed expressly for him six sonatas, the original manuscripts of which Sivori ever preserved with religious care. His enormous success in England, which he gained immediately upon visiting that country, was in a measure due, in the first instance, to the similarity of his style with that of his great model. Sivori, in the exercise of his great and unique talent, travelled half over the world, traversing both continents almost from one end to the other, crossing deserts on horseback, armed with a gun, and accompanied always by his instrument.

His love of travel and adventure sometimes led him into danger. Once, when travelling in Panama, in South America, he had to cross a river in a boat rowed by four negroes; and the idea of trying the effect of his music upon the rowers having occurred to him, he took his violin out of its case and began to improvise. The effect produced upon them was so strong that they uttered savage cries, and taking the great *artiste* for a sorcerer, were preparing to throw him into the river. It was only with much diffi-

culty, and aided by the distribution of cigars and brandy, that he succeeded in calming their fears. More serious was an accident which befell him on a journey between London and Switzerland, which country he was about to visit for the first time; but just as he was on the point of reaching his journey's end, his carriage was overturned on the road to Geneva, and the great player's wrist fractured. The ordinary treatment usual in such cases was resorted to by a skilful physician, although Sivori always persisted in attributing the rapidity of his cure to magnetism. However that may be, in less than a month he had recovered the use of his arm, and the suppleness of his bow, as if by a sort of miracle, never suffered from the consequences of his accident.

THE RUINS OF ANGkor.

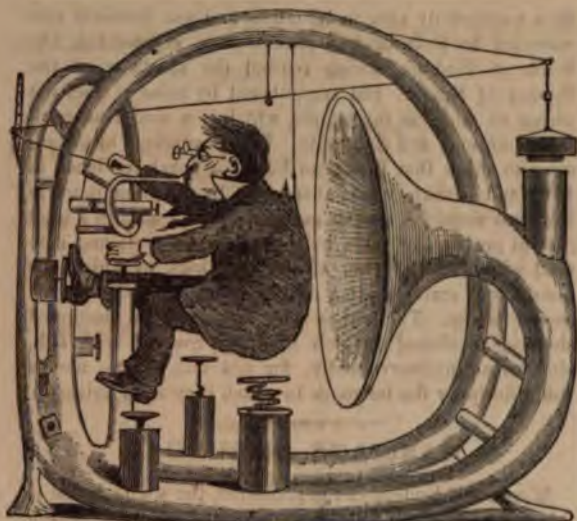
WONDERFUL ruins are to be met with in Laos, in the heart of Asia, testifying to the vestiges of a former civilization. Those of Angkor are situated in the heart of a dense forest. They were known to the Portuguese at the end of the sixteenth century, but have fallen into utter neglect. Proud statues of lions stand at the entrance of a broad way, paved with flat stones, passing over deep ditches, now changed into marshes; this leads to a long gallery, of which three half-ruined towers interrupt the architectural line. Passing through the central pavilion, a second paved avenue of two hundred yards in length opens out on an immense edifice of a wholly different style of architecture to any that is seen in the West. Tower above tower seems to rise in fantastic profile; but when examined, the plan consists of two rectangular and concentric galleries, with pavilions at the corners and four towers in the centre, giving the appearance of an immense tiara. The highest, which rises to the height of sixty yards, dominates over the whole, and is the holy of holies, where the bonzes meet for prayer before a statue of Buddha. Not a stone of this colossal monument is without ornament. The sculptures are marvels due to incomparable artists, whose inspirations are for ever engraved on stone, but whose names are effaced from the memory of man. According to a legendary tradition, it was built by a leprous king of a neighboring city in consequence of a vow he had made, but it is impossible to determine the epoch. It cannot, however, be doubted that the development of architectural art, of which this temple seems to be the highest expression, coincides with the introduction of the Buddhist religion among this people, driven, perhaps, from India at the time of the great religious persecution.

As to the city itself, the walls only are intact; they are nine feet in thickness, formed of cut stones laid together without cement, and have defied the assaults of time and of a most vigorous vegetation. Broad roads over deep moats lead to the gates, guarded by fifty stone giants, enormous sentinels bound together by the folds of a monstrous serpent, which seems to exhaust itself in vain efforts to escape. A sort of triumphal arch leads to the interior; the heads of elephants decorate the summit, and the trunks, unfolded vertically like columns, rest on a cluster of large leaves. Regret is as great as astonishment when, having passed through this magnificent barrier, the thick forest is found to have filled up the vast enclosure surrounded by the walls. The vestiges of a few ruins are met with in solitudes peopled by wild animals, whose fearful cries are repeated by the echoes alone. The king's palace is crumbling under the climbing plants which divide every stone with their roots. It seems to have been conceived

by a wonderfully rich imagination, and was formerly surmounted by forty or fifty towers, some representing the heads of Buddha, which remind the spectator of the Sphinx of Egypt. But encumbered by ruins, it does not please so much as the temple, which is a model of grandeur, harmony and simplicity. The Portuguese historians seem to think that it was no longer a royal residence in 1570, and perhaps it was abandoned by the inhabitants at the same time. A similar sanctuary is met with in a most distant province of Laos, built in the same style and covered with gilding. One of the buildings, to which the bonzes will scarcely allow access, contained a library of sacred books. There they were, arranged on decorated shelves, enveloped in rich bindings covered with silk, slumbering uninterruptedly, for not one of the monks could decipher the language in which they were written.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

WHEN the bridegroom is presented, the whole house is in confusion; all the relations, friends and neighbors on both sides are invited to the house of the bride. When all the expected company are assembled, the match-maker comes in, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and going straight to the head of the house, presents him. The father first, then the mother, kisses him. The bride's father then leads the young man to a table covered with a white cloth; on the table is a silver salver with a loaf of bread on it, and on the bread a salt-cellar with salt. Two rings, one of gold, the other of silver, are placed on a small silver tray before a golden image of the Virgin Mary holding the child Jesus in her arms. With this image they bless the future couple. All the company stand; the mother holds the bride, completely dressed in white, by the hand, surrounded by all her dearest friends and companions. All bow before the image. The father takes the image, the mother the bread and salt; the young couple then kneel under the image, and are first blessed by the father; the latter then takes the bread and salt from the hands of the mother and gives her the image, and the same ceremony is repeated. After this the father and mother of the bridegroom do the like. Then comes the giving of the rings: the bride's father gives the golden ring to the bridegroom, the silver one to the bride. They are now affianced to each other, and give each other the first kiss. When the ceremony is over, the company enjoy themselves; they chat, laugh, eat and drink, and separate after having fixed the day for the marriage. During the interval between this ceremony and the marriage, the bridegroom spends all his evenings with his bride, often *tête-à-tête*. The marriage ceremony follows. It is also called the coronation, because during the ceremony a crown is placed on the heads of the affianced. Then the priest offers them a cup of wine, of which they both drink, as a sign of the union they have contracted. A solemn procession is led by the officiating priest, the bride and bridegroom following him, round the desk placed in the centre of the church, upon which is laid the Bible. This is meant to represent the joys which await them and the eternity of these ties. During the public celebration of the marriage the rings worn by the young people are exchanged, the husband now wearing the silver one, the bride the golden. From the church all the company invited go to the house of the bridegroom's father. A week after, they return to church, when the priest lifts the crown from their heads. This is the final consecration of marriage.



An Idea for the Centennial Concerts—The Star-Spangled Banner as a Solo for the Horn.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A SOLDIER cannot even be half a soldier if he is in quarters.

THE new coiffure is now described as "the knobby head of hair."

It is said that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They are grave Diggers.

THAT was a wise man who cut a big hole in his barn door for his cat and a small one for her kitten.

WHEN a voyager makes his way to the top of the pyramids, we presume he is enjoying the benefits of a foreign climb.

A YOUNG man who blows an organ at church caught a fearful cold in his head the other day, and now he blows an organ at home.

A VIRGINIA paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

THERE is a farmer in Chester county who years ago when a boy blacked boots in Philadelphia for a living. He is now worth \$150 and owns three dogs. Industry brings its own reward.

A VETERINARY surgeon who lives at Wilmington tried to "founder" his mother-in-law by dancing a polka with her until she got warmed up, and then giving her all the iced lemonade she could drink.

THE maddest man in Camden is Smith. He has wound up his clock regularly every night for fifteen years, and only a day or two ago he discovered that it is an eight-day clock. He feels as if he must swear or burst.

A CONNECTICUT sexton prevents the congregation from shifting about and changing seats by dextrously applying a gob of pitch to their persons as they enter the sanctuary. He says, "The church is no place to fool around in."

A LITTLE girl was one day reading the history of England with her governess, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said, "What did he do when he was tickled?"

A COW at Rome, Georgia, lay down in a damp place the other day, and her tail froze firmly to the ground. A Southern paper, in giving a pathetic account of the affair, says that when the cow got up there was another cold snap. The tail actually broke.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO MAKE OLD BLACK SILK LOOK LIKE NEW.—Pick the garment and wash the pieces in hot soapsuds; rinse by dipping up and down in hot water, then dip in second water prepared as follows: Boil two ounces of lap-wood chips in five quarts of water; add a quarter of an ounce of copperas; strain through an old bit of calico, and dip your silk into this dye. Let the silk be pinned as in a line by the corners, and hang until it is nearly dry. Then take it down and iron it between two pieces of old black silk. It will look like new.

CLEANING GLASS.—The lenses of spectacles or eyeglasses that have become scratched or dimmed by age may be cleaned with hydrofluoric acid diluted with four or five times its volume of water. The solution should be dropped on a wad of cotton, and thoroughly rubbed on the glass, which should afterward be well washed in clear water. Great care must be exercised in handling this acid, as it eats quickly into the flesh, often producing painful and obstinate sores.

TO KEEP MEAT.—Meat is much better for family use when at least one week old in cold weather. The English method for keeping meat for some time has great merit. Experts say, Hang up a quarter of meat with the cut end up, being the reverse of the usual way, by the leg, and the juice will remain in the meat, and not run to the cut and dry up by evaporation. It is worth a trial, and when made will be continued.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

AN EXCELLENT PUDDING OF PIECES OF STALE BREAD, ETC.—Soak two pounds of pieces of dry stale bread or toast all night in plenty of water, with a plate laid on the top to keep them under the water. Next morning pour off, and squeeze out all of the superfluous water; then mash fine the pieces of bread, mix with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of cleaned currants, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, four ounces of suet, chopped fine, and two teaspoonfuls of fresh ground allspice; then grease the inside of a baking dish with a bit of suet, put in the pudding and bake for two hours.

MINCEMEAT.—Take two pounds of currants, washed, picked and dried; stone and chop fine two pounds of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of mixed candied peel, one pound of apples, one pound of beef suet, three-quarters of a pound of roast beef, not overdone, or fillet of veal, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons and one Seville orange, a pound and a half of moist sugar, half a nutmeg grated, a little powdered cinnamon, ginger and cloves, and a pint of brandy; mix all well together, and put in stone jars; tie over closely, and keep in a cool, dry place till wanted.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Four heads of lettuce, one large-sized chicken, chopped. Put the lettuce in the bottom of the dish, the chicken upon it. Add one teaspoonful of capers, three hard-boiled eggs, one dozen olives, one raw egg, twelve tablespoonfuls of oil, one or more of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mustard. Mix well together, and season with pepper and salt to suit the taste.

CIDER VINEGAR.—To make good cider vinegar, fill the barrel and let it remain where the sun can shine upon it part of the day. Leave the bung out and insert a bottle reversed into the bung-hole; put in each barrel one sheet of foolscap paper, a half pint of good light emptyings or yeast. If you choose, put in a pint or more of molasses. You will have vinegar in six weeks. Use good cider.

LEMON PIE.—One cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one half cup of milk, one half cup of water; stir well together, and place in a crust; when done, beat the whites of the eggs, and add one teaspoonful of extract of lemon; spread this over your pie, and sprinkle with sugar; bake to a delicate brown.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1873.

No. 18.



"HE PAUSED AND LISTENED."—P. 329.

A ROMANCE OF THE JERSEY COAST.

BY HARRY WARING.

I.

GREAT EGG HARBOR bay is not likely to attract the critical tourist by any sublimity or beauty in its scenery. Yet there must be some charm in its expanse of sedge-bounded waters, for the gravelly bluff rising from either side of the bay is crowned with the prettiest farms and coziest houses one can find throughout the fertile strip of land that belts with its green orchards and cultivated fields the entire mainland of New Jersey.

These farms are the homes of a people half rural, half seafaring, who till the soil during spring and summer, and

in the bleaker seasons of the year plough the Atlantic with those fleets of coasters which have added so greatly to the commercial prosperity of our country.

Between the mainland and the sandy islands along the coast are extensive marshes, several miles in width, permeated by numerous channels, called by the natives *through-fares*, or where they broaden into shallow bays nearly bare at low tide by the more fitting name of *sounds*. These channels run for the most part nearly parallel with the sea, forming the links in a chain of inner navigation stretching from Cape May to Manasquan Inlet.

The particular house meriting our attention stands some distance north of Egg Harbor, on a rise of ground which, overlooking the great marsh between Absecon Island and

the mainland, slopes gradually to a tidal creek at its base.

For a casual observer, the surroundings of the dwelling would imply the poverty of its owner, for outward appearances were suggestive of the most painful economy. The fences in many places bore signs of careful patching; rusty barns and sheds, innocent of paint, compared unfavorably with the whitewashed dwelling; great gaps yawned in the roof of the old wagon-house, and the whole place presented quite a contrast to the well-kept premises of an adjoining farm, where evidences of generous plenty and watchful care were as observable as the lack of them in the view of the other.

But the house itself, in its neat appearance and rustic beauty, was no sharer in the shortcomings of barn and farmyard. The trailing rose, carefully trained over a low portico in front, a clean gravel walk leading in from the road, and trim flower-plots fringed with curved white borders of conch and clam-shells, showed where a woman's dainty hand added those tasteful attractions to the borders of home which are the sure index of domestic comforts within.

In the judgment of his neighbors, its owner, Seth Leeds, had not been a fortunate man. Originally of an easy, confiding disposition, he had been too prone to rely upon the advice of others, especially when that advice disclosed a chance for acquiring riches with but little exertion on his part. The unfortunate event of several speculations, by diminishing his confidence in human nature, had so soured his early good feeling that he was regarded by many of his acquaintances as morose and gloomy, and with the exception of two or three who knew him better than the rest, he had no associates.

Yet a kinder father than Seth Leeds never lived—at least so thought his only child Alice, as she stood in the back doorway of the house and called to her father, who had just landed from his boat at the foot of the hill. A lovely brunette of eighteen years, with dark hair and brown eyes, tender and impassioned in their glances as those of a doe, the last rays of the setting sun tinged her olive cheeks with a dash of rose, rendering her beauty still more striking to Seth, as with a basket of fish in his hand he ascended the hill toward his dwelling.

Shading his brow for a better view, he paused for a minute on his upward path.

"So like her mother," he murmured; "such a sight almost brings back my youth."

"Father, father!" interrupted a sweet, clear voice from the house, "tea is ready; it is sundown, and the Absecon light is shining."

Seth entered his home, and sat down to the plain but plenteous meal. He ate little, and seemed so unusually thoughtful that his quiet mood attracted his daughter's notice; and after ending his repast, he took a seat by the window looking out upon the light streaming from the far-off island. Alice rested upon his knee; and twining her fingers caressingly through the old man's scanty locks, she sought to ascertain his trouble:

"What saddens you, father? You have been absent all day, and haven't told me any news, as you always used to do when you came home. It's often so of late. Dear father, what has gone wrong?"

"It is nothing, Alice. Anyways, nothing that would interest you."

"Father, all your affairs interest me. I have none to love but you, and you must tell me everything that concerns you. You mustn't be like old Captain Higbee," she

added, smiling, "who wouldn't tell his wife something she wished to know, because he said a woman wasn't fit to be trusted with anything important. Come, father, let me unlock your lips;" and she kissed the old man's wrinkled cheek.

"Alice, darling, it is impossible to keep anything from you, though I fear my words will only pain my dear girl. You may remember when your smooth-tongued uncle in Philadelphia induced me to invest the bulk of my savings in the shares of a coal company? The shares rose temporarily; and anxious to obtain more, I raised part of the funds by mortgaging my farm to our neighbor John Shaw. Somehow the company carried too much sail. One day there was a breath against it on the street, and it went over like a cranky boat before a puff of wind. Since then I have scraped and saved in the endeavor to raise the money to meet that mortgage. My efforts have been fruitless. Everywhere the same bad fortune. The cattle have died, crops have failed, even the brig in which I had an interest was lost, uninsured. To-morrow the mortgage is due, and, Alice, I cannot pay it."

"But, father, John Shaw is a kind and generous man. I don't think he would press you for this."

"For that very reason I dislike to ask his forbearance. I fear, too, he needs the money. I heard some one say he has not yet paid in full for the handsome schooner that has just left the stocks at West Creek. It is because he is such an honest, straightforward man that I long to be clear of my indebtedness. He comes here very often, Alice," said Seth, jestingly—"so much so that I have sometimes thought that my daughter might be an offset to the debt."

Alice turned deadly pale, but recovered instantly, and kissing her father's furrowed brow, replied:

"I'm glad you told me your trouble, father. Don't worry; all will yet go well."

"Alice, how cold your lips are!" hastily rejoined Seth; "I fear I have hurt my darling girl, and only made matters worse instead of better."

"No, father, you have no cause to regret the confidence you have given me, for—"

There was a knock at the door, and John Shaw entered. He was a man of medium height, with rather plain features, dark hair and eyes. He might have been about forty years old, though his cheerful, frank countenance, commanding confidence and respect, made him appear several years younger.

Seth greeted him somewhat constrainedly, but Alice extended the cordial welcome she gave to all friends alike.

"I thought I would come over and spend the evening, Captain Seth," he commenced, tacking to his host's Christian name the complimentary title given to every one on the Jersey coast who owns a boat, whether it be a skiff or a ship. "But what's the matter, man? Have the sheepshead failed to take your bait to-day, or has this cool easterly wind brought a return of the ague that troubled you last fall?"

"I'm well enough, John," rejoined Seth, laughing; "a little studious, that's all. The fishing was first rate. I have three as fine fish as I've seen this summer—ten pounders every one of 'em; and that's saying a good deal for sheepshead so early in the season. Besides, I got into a school of weakfish, and hooked 'em till I was tired. There's more than I want myself, and I'll bring you some over in the morning."

"Thank you, captain, but you needn't take the trouble. I'll carry them myself when I go to-night."

ght, John. I'll put your fish in the shed, and as I'll go down to the store and see if any letters to-day."

on his hat and went out, and a silence fell upon in the room.

versation with her father had made a deep impression in the mind of Alice. She saw it was in her relieve the anxiety that was wearing him out, resolved to end his sorrow. John Shaw had secret of his admiration for his neighbor's pretty and many a kind action on his part had awakened gratitude. But he was so much older than her—he had hitherto looked up to him almost as reverently to her father, and had never by word or deed shown other appreciation of the source of his friendliness; thought that on her own course depended the future of her parent unnerved her. There were no fairer faces, she thought. As the belle of the village had no lack of suitors, and memory for a moment regretfully on the light curling locks and the ruddy face of James Hewitt, the youthful owner of Shaw's new schooner. Although he had been generous in his attentions, he had never signified interest to her. A quick pang shot through her as she wondered how he would feel when he learned that she had made her choice, but she conquered her doubts, and with a woman's tact opened the conversation.

"I heard you were in the city yesterday?"

"Alice," he replied, taking a parcel from his pocket and here are the purchases you desired me to

and laid the package on the mantel.

"You, John," said Alice.

"All. It is my greatest pleasure to oblige you," he continued, with softened voice and quiet manner. "I have come to-night to ask that I might care for your life with an affection that shall ward aside anything that could harm you. Alice, darling, will you accept?"

Simple, manly words impressed her more than the passionate utterance, yet she hesitated to reply. Her reluctance and imagined the cause.

"He resumed, 'I know that you think my ways are your ways—that I am older and more sedate than would perhaps like me; but, darling, no sailor would shed himself to his ship as I would to you, and I want to make you feel that there is no difference between us.'"

His admission to his age was unfortunate, for it summed up the image of her young lover, but the thought that she had decided her; and turning toward him, she

"I will be your wife."

He pressed her little hands between his own hard palms, and gently lifted them to his lips.

"Dearest," he said, "if you only knew how happy I made me!"

He made no reply to this, and quickly changed the conversation to every-day matters. Her lover, somewhat startled at the exhibition of so little emotion, rose and moved to the door to deliver an invitation he had just gotten.

"He said, 'I shall try my new schooner next week. I thought a trip to Peck's Beach might please you. I shall make it a picnic and invite a number of friends to the trip. You must see the boat, pet.

She's a beauty, like yourself, and after you, she is my only love. Still, you must not be jealous of her."

"Oh," replied Alice, laughingly, "I could never be jealous of anything you do, so love your vessel as much as you please."

"You have not answered whether you will go with me. Let me see," he continued, "it will be high-water about eight in the morning early next week. We will have to get away before six. The craft draws a good deal of water, but with a flood-tide under her, I think we can clear the shoals in Peck's Bay. Suppose we say next Wednesday?"

"Monday, wash; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday—that will suit very well, John," returned Alice, counting her fingers.

"Well, then, I'll invite a lot of friends, and send over to Seaville for black Tim. A picnic would be a stale affair without his fiddle. Good-night, Alice."

His footsteps died away, and Alice, gazing after the receding figure, muttered to herself,

"Father, father, you will have no more sorrow, but I, alas! have given my hand when my heart has gone elsewhere."

She turned to the mantel and took down the parcel. The package seemed larger and heavier than that which the few articles she had asked John Shaw to purchase would have made. On opening the thick brown paper, the first object that met her view was the dreaded parchment—the fatal mortgage for which she deemed her happiness bartered.

A blush of shame mantled her cheek when she thought how her suitor had repaid her coldness. He had handed her the document before his proposal, so that in any event it would have been hers, and she resolved to make him happy at whatever cost to her own feelings. "I am unworthy of him," she thought; "I wonder what he sees in me to love?" And yet the next minute she shuddered as she looked at the deed. "Ah," she sighed, "could I only retain this fatal paper and be my own mistress!"

The door opened, and her father entered. She silently placed the mortgage in his hands.

"My darling child," said Seth, a glow of surprise animating his countenance, "what is the meaning of this?"

Alice informed him that she had received the parcel.

"Ah, I see it all," he exclaimed, intently regarding her. "My dearest wish is realized. I am glad you love him, Alice, for now I can feel that when my gray hairs are laid in the grave, my child will have a strong arm to lean upon. How like him it was to hand you his generous gift before he knew his fate! Most men would have kept it to pocket with their rejection."

His daughter kissed him, and retired to her room. The events of the evening had passed in such bewildering succession, and had so confused her, that she could hardly trust herself to reply to her father, lest he should see the real condition of affairs and learn how she had sacrificed herself to save him.

Besides, she was displeased with herself for her ready acceptance of Shaw's offer. She wished she had left him in more suspense as to the result. Our heroine had, not without reason, earned the title of a thorough coquette among the village swains. With all the youth of the neighboring country at her feet, it is no wonder that she sighed for her lost empire, and almost grieved to think that henceforth she would have no more hearts to break.

His wiser friends had cautioned John Shaw of this one defect, and had predicted all manner of trouble from it.

But he had always replied, "Alice loves her father, and cares for him as only a good daughter could. I have no fear that such a girl will not make the best of wives."

How true it is that a noble-hearted man has implicit faith in the woman of his choice, even after her faults have been disclosed to him!

II.

THE dawn of the picnic morn was red and glowing as a June sun could possibly paint it, yet the orb had hardly peeped above the horizon ere the merry-makers were astir and wending their way to the shore of the bay.

How shall I describe the bevy of bright, rosy-cheeked lasses thronging to the water's edge—blondes and brunettes of Nature's own rearing, glowing with the health that pure salt air and a regular amount of home exercise secured them?

Each attendant swain gallantly carried the basket his fair partner had provided, which disclosed, whenever white napkins were blown aside by the fresh breeze, appetizing visions of nicely-broiled chickens, luscious jams and jellies and great dishes of mammoth strawberries, with perhaps a bottle of delicious home-made wine displaying its black neck and red seal a head and shoulders above the contents of the hamper. Had it been later in the season, my descriptions of good things would have been yet longer, for probably in no part of our country, California alone excepted, are finer fruits and berries or more melting grapes produced than in the much-decried sandy loam of New Jersey.

As group after group reached the shore, their attention gradually centred on the craft which was to convey them to the scene of expected enjoyment.

A beautiful schooner of one hundred and fifty tons rode at anchor in the roadstead a short distance from shore, slowly rising and falling on the long swell setting in from the sea.

Her graceful lines, new sails and neat appearance warranted the praise of her owner, who stood on deck, stowing away whatever loose odds and ends might interfere with the comfort of his guests.

"I wonder why he has hung all that canvas over her stern and swathed her bow in wrapping?" said an old salt, one of the crew, who had just come from Abecomb. "John is as dainty about his boat as a dandy with his dress."

"It's hard to tell the reason," retorted his companion, a short, cheery-looking tar, who went by the name of Joel Conover; "it's only in keepin' with everything he does, different from other men. Now, would ye believe it, yon schooner left the ways without even the wettin' of a bottle of cider, and she has never been named to this day. I don't say anything agin the boat—as purty a craft as ever broke the waters of Egg Harbor; but depend on't, Miles, she'll come to no good end. There was Cap'n Townsen's schooner sailed her first voyage with no name, 'cause the cap'n wanted to call her after one of his twin darters, and neither would 'low it to be called after t'other. He had settled in his mind to call her the Rebecca Jane for both of 'em, but it was never painted on the schooner's stern, for she went to pieces on Brigantine Shoals that very first voyage. Mark my words, Miles, the schooner will come to no good."

"Clear the way, Joel," roughly shouted James Hewitt, the mate of Shaw's vessel, almost grazing with his wagon-wheels the body of the last speaker, "or I'll run you down."

"Bear a hand, men, and help me unload this carryall; but first I'll take out the most precious freight myself," said he, courteously extending his hand to Alice. Alighting, she rewarded the gallantry with a smile that threatened treason to her older lover, who, busied in preparations, had unwisely deputed his mate to bring her to the bay. All this while several yawls had been conveying the excursionists and their stores to the schooner.

Captain Shaw, who had come from the vessel in his own light skiff, now handed Alice in. She seated herself in the stern and grasped the tiller. Like most shore girls, she was an excellent hand at the helm, and could even row when occasion required.

They soon reached the vessel, where they were heartily greeted. Now ensued a scene of bustle and exertion. Some of the men, seizing handspikes, slowly winched in the anchor, while the blue veins swelled in the brawny arms of others as they strained and hoisted at the snail.

At last all was ready; and as the anchor swung dripping from her bow, the vessel paid off beautifully to the southerly breeze, but as the increased momentum gave her steerage-way, she came up stiffly and steadily, and was soon dashing swiftly through the water.

When all things worked smoothly, John Shaw relinquished his post at the wheel to his mate and disappeared in the cabin, but soon returned with a bottle of wine, which he handed to Alice, at the same time asking her to step forward with him to the bow of the schooner.

"My friends," he said, in a clear, manly voice, "I have departed from our usual shore custom of naming a vessel when she is launched. It is my fancy to wed my craft to salt water decked in all her bunting and new finery of sails and rigging, when she looks more like a bride than the forlorn and sparless hull that first glides into the brine. So, Alice, take the bottle, and with the wine your own fair hands have pressed from the grape give her your own fair name."

The glass shivered on the bow, and the amber fluid, wetting the deck, ran in thick streams to the lee scupper. A broad white flag, bearing the name of Alice in crimson letters, flapped upward to the peak. Two of the crew pulled the canvas from the bowsprit, revealing a carved figure-head, that looked wondrously like the dark brunette standing in clear relief against the glowing east, resembling another Cleopatra on her voyage down the Cydnus.

Shaw had superintended the carving himself, even going so far as to carry a photograph of his beloved to the carver in the city; and as this workman was skilled in his craft, the result was a much finer carving than usually decorated the stems of vessels, and one that bore a striking likeness to the fair original.

At the unveiling of the figure-head, all the party save one hailed its appearance with a hearty cheer. This exception was the mate, to whom the discovery of his captain's affection was a revelation. He had been on leave of absence several days beforehand some miles up the coast, and had not witnessed the fitting of the figure-head or the vessel's name painted on her stern. A suitor for the hand of Alice Leeds! He flattered himself that he was not regarded unfavorably by her, and now experienced all the pangs a man feels on discovering an obstacle to his dearest hopes, where he has had no doubt of their successful termination.

As the applause rose from his comrades, he fixed his gaze steadfastly on Alice, whose crimson cheeks showed that she understood the cause of his silence. Though not aware of the complete success of Shaw, he knew that the

captain would not have named his vessel in so public a manner unless well assured of his standing with the maiden, and at heart he bitterly cursed the coquetry and fickleness of the sex.

Only an hour ago, when at Shaw's request he had driven Alice to the shore, he thought the latter had never seemed more kindly toward him, or had given him greater reason to hope that he would ultimately win her, and now—

The young man grasped the wheel firmly, giving it a sudden turn that made the vessel yaw several points from her course.

"Hard a-lee!" shouted Shaw, "or you will run into the bank! Where's your wits, Hewitt?" he added, smilingly, as, obedient to the order, the schooner came up into the wind preparatory to standing off on the other tack. "You must not strand us on our first trip."

The mate was in a frame of mind to take umbrage at any trifle; and though conscious that the momentary peril was owing to his neglect, still he did not relish the public rebuke, though kindly given.

"Let him laugh who wins," he muttered, so low that his captain did not hear him. "Alice shall be mine yet. I know I have some power over her, or she would not have blushed when our eyes met, and that power I will use to your defeat."

Yet he thought Shaw must be pretty sure of his case, or he would not have thus publicly named his schooner after a woman who might jilt him. There was something in this he could not comprehend, and he resolved to know more before the day was over.

Hitherto the schooner had been beating down the bay against a strong flood-tide, and gradually working her way past the low marshy banks on the north side, but now she had nearly reached the lower point of Absecom Island, opposite the mouth of the inlet. Here her course was changed. Heading to the other shore, and passing the low sedgy isles at the entrance of the harbor, assisted by a full flood-tide, she was soon in an outer bight of Peck's Bay, a broad though shallow estuary debouching into the inlet. A suitable anchorage was found. Sails were lowered and furled by willing hands, and in a short time the boats were transporting many of the passengers to a beach, whence a short walk over the sand hills and through cedars brought them in full view of the ocean.

Dancing held a conspicuous place among the amusements of the day, and for this the smooth deck of the vessel offered a better floor than the yielding sand, so the younger portion of the excursionists generally remained on board.

John Shaw, knowing that Alice was passionately fond of the diversion, did not ask her to go ashore with him, but left her on the vessel in charge of the mate, having previously arranged that all should land before noon and dine in the cedar grove.

After landing and directing the crew to bring ashore some planking for the purpose of erecting temporary tables in a place he pointed out, he strolled over to the low range of hills separating the bay shore from the sea-beach. Ascending there, he paused on their summit. Before him was the blue Atlantic, its waves dancing in the sunlight. A few miles out a score of coasters were running before the fresh southerly wind, their white sails wing and wing like the pinions of gigantic birds. In the wind-lulls and between the intervals of heavy surf-thuds, sounds of music from the vessel in the bay reached his ear, mingled with the dancers' voices. He even thought that he could dis-

tinguish the raven tresses and white garments of his betrothed.

"Laugh on, dear one," he murmured; "far be it from me to interpose an obstacle to your joy. You have crowned my life and fulfilled its only desire. Henceforth it shall be my care to make your heart beat time only to happiness, as your steps now do to music. You have given me yourself, and life can have no greater blessing in store."

Reclining in the warm sand, he again looked seaward, and watched with the eye of an experienced sailor the evolutions of the vessels before him. So long was he absorbed in this occupation, that he found, on consulting his watch, it was near the time fixed for the noonday meal. Having first satisfied himself, from the deserted appearance of the schooner, that the balance of the party had landed, he rose and retraced his steps. The way to the grove led through the dense cedar thicket. He had not gone far when he fancied he heard the voice of Alice. Thinking she had noticed his absence and was searching for him, he hurried forward to meet the dear girl who seemed thus impatient of his delay. Not knowing her exact whereabouts, he paused and listened. Again he heard her voice, but this time the clear tones were mingled with the deep bass of his mate, pleading with the eloquence of one who has an object at heart he is determined to accomplish. Shaw had hitherto trusted Alice with the simple, confiding faith of a child; and however much he was astonished at the discovery, he had no fear of the result. He felt neither indignation nor curiosity. He had but one impression in regard to the interview—that Alice would scornfully thrust aside anything conflicting with her devotion and loyalty to himself. Knowing that no temptation could for a moment cause him to swerve from his allegiance, he looked for like conduct on her part.

The plain seaman, with all his ocean lore, knew but little of the shifting intricacies of a woman's heart. He was to be bitterly undeceived. Who can imagine his agony when he saw that the hand which Hewitt had taken was not instantly wrenched from the profaning clasp? Involuntarily he moved nearer, for he now felt that his own fate was intimately concerned in what he was about to hear.

"Oh, Alice," cried the young sailor, "you must have known how passionately I loved you; until this morning I was fool enough to think you returned my regard, for I think you love me," he continued, steadily regarding her face.

That face, unmoved and cold, betrayed no feeling, and yet at times the concealed listener thought he detected a latent tenderness in the gaze that rested on the agonized countenance at her feet.

"James," she answered, carelessly, "you have been mistaken. You are altogether too confident. I don't know that I have ever given you encouragement to act as you have done this day. I won't deny that I always liked you—perhaps danced with you oftener than with any other man. I did not expect matters to go this far," she concluded, nervously picking to pieces a yellow flower which sprang from the sod by her side.

The listener in the foliage took heart.

"Alice," angrily replied the young man, "my friends all told me that you were a heartless coquette, who loved nothing better than to tear a man's best feelings to pieces as you have destroyed that poor flower. Now I believe it. Well," he continued, sadly, "I suppose my turn has come too, and the poor sailor must give place to the

rich Captain Shaw. Alice, my remembrance of you henceforth will be the memory of one heartless, designing and untrue. Good-bye." He started to go.

"Stay!"

It was but a word; and incensed as he was, James Hewitt would not have heeded the call, but it was uttered in an unlooked-for tone of tenderness that made him pause. He turned. Alice's face was buried in her hands, the hot tears trickling over them.

Hewitt's anger was over. In a moment he was kneeling by the side of Alice, asking forgiveness for the rudeness which had grieved her. Kissing the forehead of the unresisting girl, he drew her head toward his shoulder.

Shuddering, she shrank from him: "No, no, James, indulge in no hope, for it can never be realized; but don't be angry with me. I did love you, but now I dare not, for I am the promised wife of John Shaw."

Hewitt's countenance became pale as death.

"Oh, Alice," he cried, reproachfully, "why have you thus sacrificed yourself and me?"

"James, spare me; do not speak so angrily. I did it to save my father;" and she related the occurrence of the preceding week.

"You must not marry him," said Hewitt, impetuously. "You do not love him; besides, I know Shaw well enough to believe that he would never insist on the fulfilment of your promise if he thought you loved another."

"That would not be right," rejoined Alice. "I must not break my word to him or renew my father's trouble. John has been so noble, so good, I think it would break his heart were I to fail him."

"You haven't much charity for my heart," sneered Hewitt, piqued at hearing consideration shown to his rival when he deemed it due to himself.

"James, you can't understand me," sobbed the girl. "So give me one kiss—the last; and now, good-bye. I shall henceforth do my duty to my future husband as a true wife should."

They were gone, unaware of the misery they had left behind them.

John Shaw stood for some time after their departure like one in a dream. He saw it all now: she had accepted him to save her father. Her heart could never be his, and so ended his romance.

Totally unnerved, he tottered slowly from the cedar clump toward the beach, and fell down on a low sand hummock overlooking the sea. The cool wind revived him, and he leaned on his elbow. Again he looked at the sea, but the tide was going out. All around the mouth of the inlet great patches of sand showed themselves, with fierce breakers tumbling and crashing over them. On the largest of these bars the receding sea had bared the hull of a huge wreck, hideous, green and slimy, foul and loathsome as his life now seemed. He remembered how, years before, two hundred souls had parted one by one from that black hulk, drifting out to sea and to eternity.

"O God," he prayed, "could I but sink calmly beneath these waters and forget—could I only forget! Oh, Alice, darling, how I have loved you!—fool that I was to think that I could win you from the young and gay!—and I love you yet. I will not give you up to Hewitt; his selfish nature will never watch over and care for you!"

He thought when she knew the mate better she would see this, and he determined to wait. He would bide his time; and if her love did not come to him, he would relinquish all claim to her hand, for he desired not his own happiness in union with her misery.

With this resolve he grew more composed; and by the time he rejoined his fellow-excursionists in the grove, ~~was~~ imagined that John Shaw had that day been subjected to a mental torture only to be experienced by a man who has staked his all upon the hazard of a die, and lost.

He strove to shake off his sorrow, and succeeded. His laugh and his jokes were the inspiration of the table; and when at the close of the repast a village friend rose and proposed for a toast "The Alice, prosperous voyages to her and long life to her master," coupled with a wish that the captain might soon voyage in company with another Alice, he returned thanks in his own cordial manner, hiding his mortal wound with the stoicism of a Spartan.

His treatment of his betrothed was kind and courteous—no abruptness of manner, no mysterious inference or suspicious glances, to lead her to imagine that her secret was no longer her own. He acted on the old knightly resolve, "Where I have placed my faith I'll keep it unto death."

He linked her hand within his own. "Alice," he said, gayly, "if you would like some fine shells, come with me."

He handed her into his skiff, and taking the scull, rowed rapidly away, with the slackening tide now at its lowest ebb.

The bar—a long, bare strip of sand—stood like a sentinel guarding the inlet's mouth—a strip of sand, however, only when the tide is out and all its mysteries are disclosed to the wondering eye. Then, though broken crash and thunder on its seaward slope, you can row your boat in still water under its lee, and stepping out upon the hard sand, be repaid for your curiosity by the acquisition of quaint marine relics that are rarely washed beyond its barriers to the main beach—great conchs and periwinkles, the fragile sea-horn and frailer prickly clam, crumbling with so slight a pressure that it is marvellous how its paper-like convolutions have resisted the battering of surge and sand. Stranded medusae and sea-nettles lie flabby and jelly-like until the rising water carries them into protecting depths, or a hot sun destroys the little life left in their low organisms. Interspersed with these are vertebrated strings looking like the backbones of diminutive sea-serpents, but which, when opened, disclose myriads of tiny conch shells.

The breeze, and with it the sea, had gradually gone down, but a long swell, setting in from the ocean, toppled over upon the outer extremity of the bar. A school of menhaden, bronzing the light green of the waves, circled slowly just beyond the breakers. A hungry gull swooped down upon the sportive fish. A sudden splash, a sweep of many fins, and they vanished, while the disappointed bird, uttering a harsh cry, soared away to search elsewhere for his dinner. But now the tide was coming in, bringing with it the wind, and the narrow strip of sand shrunk to still narrower dimensions.

"Up killock and away," shouted Shaw to Alice, "or the rough surf will soon be here and give us wet jackets."

She did not seem to hear his call, but continued gazing inland, watching the graceful movements of the Alice, as she stood off and on at the mouth of the inlet, waiting the coming of her master.

Shaw signalled the schooner to beat over toward the sand-spit, and lifting Alice into the skiff, rowed to meet the approaching vessel.

The party was soon on board, and with the bow of the schooner heading up the bay, a lively breeze aft, and a

rushing tide beneath, the excursionists reached Somers' Point ere the sun had gone down behind the distant pines.

John Shaw accompanied his affianced home, and was conscious that her manner was kinder to him than it had previously been. She felt that the expedition had been got up for her enjoyment, and now that she had resolved to be his wife, was inclined to let him see that his efforts to please were appreciated. Though she believed her heart had been given to James Hewitt, yet she had discovered a lack of honorable feeling in her ideal that had repelled her, and given her a more favorable estimate of his opposite—at any rate, thought the wilful beauty, "John is a right good fellow, and lets me enjoy myself. I really begin to like him."

Little did she imagine that her lover knew her secret, nor could she read what passed through his mind when she suddenly raised her face and kissed him good-night ere they parted. Shaw wondered at the change in her manner, and marvelled still more at this unsolicited evidence of regard. "It is but gratitude," he murmured, as he wended his way homeward. "Ah, Alice, will it ever be love?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN A SALOON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I DON'T know how you feel about it," said a gentleman, speaking to his neighbor, "but I am troubled at this multiplication of saloons. They are coming up to our very doors—intruding themselves into our best neighborhoods. That property over the way has just been sold for twenty-five thousand dollars, and is to be fitted up in the most attractive style as a drinking-saloon. It will be the fashionable place, and draw into its dangerous precincts many of our most promising young men. Neither your sons nor mine will be as safe as they are to-day."

"When is it opened?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

The name of the first speaker was Cleaves, that of his neighbor Alburdis. They were engaged in business, and were living in good style in a fashionable part of the city. Both had sons just approaching manhood.

The countenance of Mr. Alburdis grew troubled.

"The public indifference to this thing is marvellous," continued Mr. Cleaves. "Just think of it! We have in our city over five thousand places where liquor is sold under the sanction of the law! And there is not a man in this community who does not know that nine-tenths of the pauperism, crime and suffering with which we are cursed springs from their existence."

"I am more afraid of private saloons than these," said Mr. Alburdis.

"Private saloons?" returned the neighbor, manifesting a little surprise. "These must be something new. I have not heard of them."

"It is in these private saloons that the appetite is usually first formed," said Mr. Alburdis. "There are a great many of them, and they are working a vast amount of harm."

"You mean what are called sample-rooms?"

"No; their keepers do not hang out any signs. They are not open to the public. Only a select few can gain access to any one of them."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Cleaves. "Are you sure about this?"

"Very sure. They have the choicest of liquors, and are usually fitted up in the most elegant manner. Refined and cultivated people of both sexes—chiefly young men and women from eighteen to twenty-five or thirty years of age—are always to be met there. It is the æsthetic and luxurious side of drinking—fascinating and dangerous beyond anything to be found in the most attractive public saloons of our city."

"Are they licensed?"

"No. Our commonwealth gets no revenue from these saloons, many of which dispense liquor in a single night to the value of several hundred dollars. They used to be open only in the evenings, but now many of them are to be found open all the afternoon. I saw your son Edwin coming away from one of these private saloons only yesterday."

"My son Edwin!" exclaimed Mr. Cleaves, with a marked change of countenance.

"Yes. I spoke to him as he was leaving the house. He was in company with an elegantly-dressed young lady, who had also been visiting this saloon. Her color was too high, and her eyes too moist and bright. She had been taking more champagne than was good for her. I know her father and mother very well. It made me feel sorry."

"You astound me more and more. Who was she?"

Mr. Alburdis shook his head. "It would not be right for me to mention names."

"Where is this saloon?"

"I would rather not say. I might get myself into trouble."

"If they are selling liquor without a license," said Mr. Cleaves, "the danger of trouble would be with them, not you."

"I do not mean legal trouble."

"What kind?"

"Social. The people who are engaged in this thing are people of standing and great social influence. Some of them are among my most intimate and valued friends."

"There is some catch in all this. You are playing on my credulity."

"Would to Heaven it were all a mere fiction!" answered Mr. Alburdis, with great seriousness of manner. "But it is not so. These are the places we have the most to dread. Here it is that our sons learn first to drink—here they acquire the appetite that leads them captive at last. I am not half so much in fear of a public drinking-house as I am of a private saloon. You may guard your sons against the former, but not against the latter. An open enemy is always less to be dreaded than a secret foe."

A mutual friend coming by at the moment interrupted their conversation.

"I would like to talk with you again about this," said Mr. Cleaves, as they parted.

It so happened that the two gentlemen did not meet again for several weeks. Then it was at a social entertainment given by a wealthy citizen, who stood high in the community as a man of great public spirit and enlarged Christian benevolence. His personal character was held as above reproach. The company assembled in his elegant rooms was made up largely of young people.

As Mr. Alburdis, who had two sons present—one eighteen and the other twenty—was passing to the supper-room, he encountered Mr. Cleaves, who said, in an undertone,

"Just the man I've been wanting to see. Haven't forgotten that talk—you remember?"

"Oh yes!"

The crowd pressed them asunder. Ten minutes later they found themselves side by side again. They were in a large dining-room, in the centre of which was a table covered with the choicest wines and every delicacy the season afforded. Around this table a portion of the company, mostly young men and women, had gathered, and laughing voices mingled with the sound of popping corks and the bell-like tinkle of glasses. Freely as water the wine was flowing. Fair maidens smiled sweetly on their young attendants as they received from their hands the foaming champagne. Gray-haired men drank with youths not out of their teens, and mothers with grown-up sons took wine with the fathers of grown-up daughters. It was a "free and easy" in good society—enjoyable in the highest degree, countenanced and encouraged by the "best people" in the city.

There was no restraint upon any. The boy of eighteen filled and refilled his glass as freely and as unquestioned as the man of fifty. The tender young girl, just blushing into womanhood, challenged her companion again and again, and drank with him until both were merry.

All this was passing when Mr. Cleaves and Mr. Alburdis found themselves side by side, each in the act of discussing the good things provided by their liberal host, and each with the flavor of a glass of fine old sherry on his lips.

"Things are getting lively," remarked Mr. Cleaves, with a smile. He liked terrapin and oysters, and he liked especially a good glass of wine. He was enjoying himself.

"They generally do," answered Mr. Alburdis.

"On these occasions?"

"Yes. Good wine and good eating are apt to make things lively—a little too lively sometimes."

Mr. Cleaves gave a shrug, and slightly lifted his brows.

Just then a voice was heard pitched to a higher key, followed by a merry peal of laughter from a group of girls. Mr. Cleaves changed countenance. He recognized the voice of his son, and looked toward that part of the room from which the sound came. He did not feel pleased at what he saw. A young lady was holding a glass of wine to his son's lips, and the young man was pretending to refuse it.

"I'm for local option," he heard him say, in a loud tone of voice and with mock seriousness. Then came another shout of laughter.

"Don't believe it," cried the fair temptress. "Saw you with a glass of champagne in your hand not three minutes ago. Come, drink it!"

"If I must, I must," answered the young man, with pretended reluctance; and taking the glass, he drank the wine with an evident relish.

A woman past middle life was standing a little way off looking at the gay group. Mr. Alburdis knew her, and was pained by the expression of her face. It was anxious. She was bending forward unconsciously, and her eyes were wistful and troubled.

"Poor mothers!" sighed Mr. Alburdis, speaking to himself. "They are not always happy on these occasions."

Turning to make some further remark to Mr. Cleaves, he found the spot vacant where he had been standing. A little while afterward he was by the side of Mrs. Cleaves. It was into her troubled face that he had looked a few minutes before. He did not find it easy to draw her into conversation. She replied to his remarks briefly, and in an absent kind of way. Every few moments he saw her eyes wander off to some other part of the room, as if in

search of somebody. The plate of refreshments she held in her hand was scarcely touched.

"Will you have a glass of wine?" asked Mr. Alburdis.

"No, I thank you. No," she replied, with an instinct of rejection in her manner, and a change of countenance that indicated some unhappy associations in her mind.

The loud voice of her son again filled the room, and Mr. Alburdis saw lines of pain and humiliation cut themselves into her face. Considerately, he turned from her. As he did so, he met another lady who had a son present. She was the wife of a successful banker—a highly-educated and accomplished woman, and a leader in society. He had been more than once at her house on similar occasions. Her eldest son, a young man who had been carefully trained at home, and educated at one of our best colleges, had recently been admitted to the Bar. He was beginning life with unusual promise of success. His mother was justly proud of him.

But Mr. Alburdis had only passed a few words with this lady when he discovered that something was wrong with her also, and that her eyes, the moment she had answered to some remark, would go off, half by stealth, as if she did not wish her pre-absorption of interest to be noticed, to another part of the room. Following the direction of her eyes, Mr. Alburdis soon discovered what all this meant. Her son was near the lower end of the table, busy with the wine, not attending on any of the young ladies and sipping with them, but in a cluster of young men, drinking champagne with an unseemly relish and abandon that indicated appetite more than sociability.

"Too much wine here," said Mr. Alburdis.

The lady turned to him quickly, her face flushing.

"I agree with you," she answered, manifesting an unexpected degree of feeling.

"Is all this right?" he asked.

"No; it is all wrong," replied the lady. She spoke in an undertone, as if not wishing others to hear what she said.

"I have seen the same at your house."

"You will never see it again," was answered—"never, never! I did not understand what I was doing." Then, after a moment's pause, and in a voice dropped to a sad undertone, "The son of a dear friend came to my last entertainment sober, and went home to his mother drunk. I use plain, hard, homely words. A veil fell from my eyes when I saw that almost heartbroken friend next day, and looked into her desolate face."

"More dangerous to our sons than public drinking places?" said Mr. Alburdis.

"A thousand times more dangerous, in my estimation. When my son leaves me in the morning to go to his office, I feel no concern for him because of the drinking-saloon that crowd nearly all the blocks of your city, but I have learned to dread a fashionable party. Not that he shows any special fondness for wine, but I know the danger. Hundreds of our most promising young men drift every year away from safe moorings; and what is to save him more than the rest? I find myself asking with a shiver of pain."

They were too closely surrounded for farther conversation on this theme, as they were admonished by the fact that some of their nearest neighbors were beginning to assume a listening attitude.

For over an hour the tide set toward the supper-room. The crush was great in the beginning, but that portion of the company which cared least for eating and drinking soon came back to the parlors, and left those more inter-

ested in the pleasures of appetite than in social intercourse to indulge themselves at will. Most of these were young men and women; a few were past middle-life—gray-haired tipplers and gourmands whose capacity for eating and drinking was marvellous.

Mr. Alburdis and Mr. Cleaves had both returned to the parlors. It was near twelve o'clock when they found themselves standing together in a bay-window.

"Our friends are having a great time up stairs," remarked the former.

"One would think so by the noise they make," answered Mr. Cleaves. "Just listen to that!"

A loud discord of voices came ringing down the wide staircase and along the halls.

"I don't call that respectable," said Mr. Alburdis, knitting his brow.

"Nor I. I wonder how men and women who claim to be gentlemen and ladies can act in so disgraceful a manner. It is an insult to their host. It is turning his elegant mansion into a hall of revelry."

"Wine and strong drink are great levellers," was replied; "and they always level down—never up. Education, culture, taste, morality, religion, are agencies that continually level upward, but drink and sensual indulgences level the other way. Their action is always unseemly, and their bearing always downward. Make a man half drunk, and you excite his lower nature. It matters little to what class he belongs, his latent coarseness and brutality will reveal themselves."

"It is mortifying to think of it," said Mr. Cleaves, "and humiliating to know that our own sons take part in these orgies."

"There is an evil sadder than all this," remarked Mr. Alburdis. "The temporary forgetfulness of propriety, the brief exposure of hidden coarseness, are little things compared to the deeper effects that are produced. The down level of the external life is of small moment compared to the down level of instinct and feeling that must surely follow such degradation of conduct as we have to-night—as we so often have in these fashionable gatherings."

A sudden movement at one of the parlor doors, and the startled question, "What's the matter?" made by a lady near them, brought the two gentlemen from their retreat in the bay-window. As they came forward, they heard some one say in a repressed voice, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Harry."

Then followed a slight scuffle, and then a stern ejaculation, as of some one who had the right to speak with authority. The crowd that pressed to the door was too great for them to get near.

"What is it? What's the trouble?" they asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied a gentleman—"nothing of any consequence. Harry Bowen has been taking too much champagne, and lost his head. But his father has settled him. I wonder at any one inviting him now; he always loses his head."

Down from the supper-room came louder and more confused the sounds of revelry—voices of men and women pitched to a high key, bursts of merriment and snatches of song.

"Come," said Mr. Alburdis to his companion, "let us look around;" and the two men left the parlors and went again to the supper-room.

"What's going on here?" asked one of them, pausing at the door of a small ante-room, into which some of the guests were looking curiously. A young man was sitting on the end of a sofa, or rather crouching down into it, with

his chin on his breast. He had been tempted to take more wine than he could bear—tempted under repeated challenges to drink from fair young lips.

A glance told the sad story to Mr. Cleaves, and it told him more. He looked upon his own son. His ejaculation of surprise and grief touched the group that had gathered about the entrance of the room, and with an instinct of pity and respect they moved away and shut the door upon father and son. Mr. Alburdis did not see his friend again that night.

It was after two o'clock before the last of the revellers went home. The condition of most of these was no better than the condition of those who are last to draw themselves away from the public-houses in the small hours of morning. There is no difference in the effect of deep potations, whether taken in a gentleman's supper-room or in a public drinking-saloon. The question of respectability is another thing, which each will settle for himself, though in the abstract it is difficult to associate respectability with tippling, no matter where it is done.

A few weeks later, Mr. Alburdis and Mr. Cleaves were standing at the corner of a street where their ways to business parted, talking earnestly, when a gentleman well known to both came up. He was rich, and had just built for himself a costly residence. It was to be thrown open to his friends on the following night, and the invitations were out. The company was to be very large, and rumor, helped by sundry hints from caterer and wine-merchant, gave many intimations touching the lavish style in which the evening's entertainment was to be served. The wine and liquor bill, it was said, would exceed two thousand dollars.

"You will be at my house-warming to-morrow night?" said the gentleman, in a pleasant, familiar way, addressing Mr. Alburdis and Mr. Cleaves, who were old and intimate friends.

The latter, in whose mind the humiliation and sorrow he had experienced but a little while before were still poignant, answered quickly, and in an almost offensive manner,

"No, sir. I've done going to drinking-saloons."

"I don't understand you," said the gentleman, his face slightly coloring and his eyes flashing a little.

"You will pardon my free speech, but I can't help it," returned Mr. Cleaves. "The great curse of our city is its drinking-saloons."

"I am aware of that. But I don't propose going into that business. What are you driving after?"

"Is the temptation to young men less where the best of liquors are served in elegant supper-rooms, for nothing, than it is in bars and saloons where every glass has to be paid for?"

There came into the gentleman's face a slight expression of surprise.

"Less," continued Mr. Cleaves, "when surrounded by beauty and fashion? Less when eminent bankers and merchants and men in the learned and sacred professions entice them by word and example to drink?"

The slight expression of surprise which had come into the gentleman's countenance gave place to one of doubt and perplexity. The sharply-put questions had awakened in his mind some troubling convictions.

"Is a gentleman's dining-room, where he dispenses wines and liquors to his guests, practically less a drinking-saloon than the 'Shades' over at the next corner? We had better look this thing squarely in the face—better call things by their right names. It doesn't alter the quality

of a lie to call it a fib, or a bit of romance, or any other fancy name; and so it doesn't make your house nor mine less a drinking-saloon for the time being if we dispense liquor to our guests. The free dispensation is only an incident in the case. The hard, bad, demoralising fact lies back of it all. Forgive this plain speaking. I do not mean you more than others—more than myself; for I am far from blameless in this thing. But I shall be blameless hereafter."

"Good-morning, sir," said the gentleman, turning off with the air of one who had taken offence.

"He will never forgive you for that," remarked Mr. Albutis.

"Maybe not, but I think better of him. If I had taken a moment for reflection, I might have spoken with less freedom. But what is said is said, and cannot be recalled. It will not be wholly lost on him, you may be sure. Ah! if he only had the courage to act on convictions that I saw revealed in his face, he would recall his orders to the wine-merchant, and say to the elegant company that will gather at his house to-morrow night—a company made up of our most prominent and influential citizens and their families—

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-citizens and friends, I cannot turn my house into a drinking-saloon to entice and hurt your sons and daughters. But I give you a hearty welcome, and set before you the best of God's good gifts that I can find in the market."

Mr. Albutis shook his head: "He will never do that. He hasn't the moral courage."

"I'm afraid not. But if he had, what a splendid example he would set! All true men would honor him. It would be a public benefaction beyond estimate."

The grand house-warming came off. Anticipation was not at fault. It was the costliest and most lavish entertainment of the season. Wine was as free as water. But it was noticed by some that the host was not altogether at ease in his mind. He did not invite any one to drink with him, and was not seen to taste wine during the evening.

A few days afterward, meeting with Mr. Cleaves, he extended his hand in a friendly way, saying as he did so, while a grave, faint smile played for a moment about his lips and then faded off,

"I have made up my mind to go out of the business."

"What business?" asked Mr. Cleaves, not understanding him.

"The business of saloon-keeping."

"Oh!"

"Thank you for knocking the scales from my eyes. But for this I should not have seen the half of what passed in my house last week. There were sad and disgraceful things that have troubled my peace ever since."

"Could it be otherwise? Ah, sir, if we put the cup of confusion to the lips of our young men and maidens, what good can we expect to come of it? Do we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? As is the sowing, so shall be the reaping. If we tempt our young men with wine, and encourage them to drink both by word and example—if we crowd our tables with choicest liquors and invite them to take of it freely—is it any cause of surprise that so many of them become intemperate? Will your son or mine be the exception? Does station in life give any sure barrier to the encroachments of appetite? These are questions that should be laid to heart."

"The evil looms up before me with a magnitude never seen before," returned the other. "What is to be done?"

"Remedies that are of much account are radical," was

replied. "The home drinking-saloons must be closed, and this can only be done by public sentiment. We need a few independent men and women of high social position who are brave enough to lead off by the exclusion of all intoxicating drinks from their entertainments. You lost a grand opportunity last week."

The gentleman was silent. Then, with a deeply-drawn sigh, he answered, "I see it; but I was not brave enough."

Ah, this lack of courage to do right! This slavery to social custom! Who will rise above them, and take the post of honor?

THE TRUE STORY OF JUGGERNAUT.

FOR two thousand years Orissa has been the Holy Land of the Hindoos, and its Sanscrit name, *Utkaladéa*—literally, "The glorious country"—has crystallized the devotional regard of forty generations. From end to end it is one vast region of pilgrimage. One of its sages, held by Hindoos to be inspired, says of the glorious country: "Its happy inhabitants live secure of a reception into the world of spirits, and even those who visit it and bathe in its sacred rivers obtain remission of their sins, though they may weigh like mountains. Who shall adequately describe its sacred streams, its temples, its holy places, its fragrant flowers and exquisite fruits?" Probably no portion of the world presents so extraordinary a picture as the beautiful, luxuriant Indian province, full of wonder and enchantment to the native imagination, and in which even foreigners feel that they are treading on hallowed ground, while the villagers still tell how the image-breaking Mussulmans retired abashed before the sanctity of Orissa. In every fiscal division in Orissa there is a community of cenobites; scarcely a village is without its fertile abbey lands, and every ancient family, without exception, has devoted its best acres to the gods. The province is divided into four great regions of pilgrimage, as follows: "From the moment the pilgrim passes the Baitaram river, on the high road north-east of Cuttack, he treads on holy ground. Behind him lies the secular world, before him is the promised land which he regards as a place of preparation for heaven. On the southern side of the river rises shrine after shrine to Siva, the All-destroyer. On its very banks he beholds the house of Yama, the king of the dead; and as he crosses over, the priest whispers into his ear the last text which is breathed over the dying Hindoo at the moment the spirit takes its flight: 'In the dread gloom of Yama's halls is the tepid Baitaram river.' On leaving the stream he enters Jájpur—literally, 'The city of sacrifice'—the headquarters of the region of pilgrimage, sacred to Parvati, the wife of the All-destroyer. To the south-east is the region of pilgrimage sacred to the sun, now scarcely visited, with its matchless ruins looking down in desolate beauty across the Bay of Bengal. To the south-west is the region of pilgrimage dedicated to Siva, with its city of temples, which once clustered, according to native tradition, to the number of seven thousand, around the sacred lake. Beyond this, nearly due south, is the region of pilgrimage beloved of Vishnu, known to every hamlet throughout India, and to every civilized nation on earth, as the abode of Jagannáth, the Lord of the World."

Jagannáth is our old acquaintance Juggernaut, and the title is one of the many under which Vishnu is known. The city of Puri, built upon the extreme south-eastern shore of the province, protected on one side by the surf, and on the other by swamps and inundations, concentrates

within itself the devotion paid to the Lord of the World. Here is the national temple, whither the people flock to worship from every province of India. Here is the Gate of Heaven, whither thousands of pilgrims flock to die, lulled to their last sleep by the roar of the eternal ocean. Twenty generations of Hindoos have gone through life haunted with a perpetual yearning to visit this shrine. On its fever-stricken sand-hills a nation's adoring love has been lavished. They are Puri, "the city" of its religious aspirations; they are Purishottama, the dwelling of Vishnu, "the best of men;" they are the symbolical Blue Mountain; they are the mystic navel of the earth. A vernacular tract, sold to pilgrims at the door of the temple, declares that "even Siva is unable to comprehend the glory of Puri; how feeble, then, the efforts of mortal men!" Lord Jagannáth, who dwells in the awfully sacred temple, is simply a log, rudely fashioned into a sitting figure, with short stumps for arms, and he is essentially the god of the people. Hence his undying hold upon the Hindoo race since he made his first historical appearance, heralded by the wildest legends, all founded upon the longing of the people to find Vishnu actually somewhere in the world—318 A.D.—when the priests fled with the sacred image, and left an empty city to Red Arm and his buccaneers. For one hundred and fifty years the Sacred Log remained buried in the western jungles, till a pious prince drove out the foreigners and brought it back. Three times has it been buried in the Chilka Lake; and whether the invaders were pirates from the sea, or the devouring cavalry of Afghánistán, the first thing that the people saved was their god. Nor was Lord Jagannáth, although hurried away helpless in a covered cart, unable to defend himself by spiritual arms. In 1558 the Mussulman general tracked him to his hiding-place, and digging him up, carried him off on an elephant to the Ganges. There he determined to make an end of the god of Orissa, and threw him on a blazing pile of wood. In the same moment the vaunting Mussulman's limbs dropped off, and he fell dead. A looker-on snatched the image unharmed from the fire and cast it into the river. Holy Mother Ganges knew the god, and floated him safely down her stream, till a priest who had followed Jagannáth into exile rescued him from the river, and extracting the immortal part from his bosom, brought it safely back to Orissa.

Jagannáth receives all men, and accepts every kind of worship. Every form of Indian belief and every Indian conception of the deity find their place in his temple, from the fetichism and bloody rites of the aboriginal races to the mild flower-worship of the Vedas, and every compromise between the two, together with the lofty spiritualities of the great Indian reformers. He is Vishnu under whatever form and by whatever title men call upon his name. The other members of the Indian trinity are also represented in his temple, and the disciple of every Indian sect can find his beloved rites, and some form of his chosen deity, within the sacred precincts.

The wealth of the temple is very great, but it is difficult to form a correct estimate of Lord Jagannáth's income. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year is obtained from fixed sources, but this sum represents only a fraction of the whole. Not a day passes without long trains of footsore travellers arriving at the shrine. At the Car Festival food is cooked in the temple kitchen for ninety thousand devotees, at another festival for seventy thousand; and on the morning of one of their full moons forty thousand pilgrims wash away their sins in the surf. The number that daily flocks in and out of the holy city never falls short of

fifty thousand a year, and sometimes amounts to three hundred thousand. This is the computation of a native gentleman who had spent his life on the spot. No one comes empty-handed. The richer pilgrims heap gold and silver and jewels at the feet of the god, or spread before him charters and title-deeds conveying rich lands in distant provinces. Every one, from the richest to the poorest, gives beyond his ability, and many cripple their fortunes for the rest of their lives in a frenzy of liberality. Thousands die on the way back from not having kept enough to support them on the journey. But even when the unhappy pilgrim has given his last rupee, the priests do not suffer him to depart—some shrine still remains to be visited, some ceremony to be witnessed or some blessing to be obtained. The devotee, in a fever of apprehension lest any of the objects of his pilgrimage should remain unaccomplished, gives a bond to be paid on his return home. An engagement of this kind is so inviolable that the priests do not even think it needful to take it upon stamped paper. The poor pilgrim probably never reaches his native country; but the next time a pilgrim-hunter visits the dead man's village he produces the bond, and it is paid without cavil. The actual income of Jagannáth is believed to be three hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum. There are six thousand male adults, priests, warders and guides, in the immediate service of the temple, and at least twenty thousand men, women and children live by it, directly or indirectly. Within the enclosure are one hundred and twenty temples, but the great pagoda is dedicated to Jagannáth. Its conical tower rises like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf one hundred and ninety-two feet high, black with time, and surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. The pagoda consists of four chambers—the Hall of Offerings, where the bulk of the oblations are made; the Pillared Hall, for the musicians and dancing-girls; the Hall of Audience, in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god; and the Sanctuary, where sits Jagannáth, with his brother and sister, in jewelled state. The images are rude logs, coarsely fashioned into the form of the human bust from the waist up. The idols are bathed, dressed and fed every day. The Sanctuary is cleared four times for their meals, which are enlivened by the airy gyrations of dancing-girls in the Pillared Hall. The offerings are bloodless. No animal dies to do honor to the Lord of the World. Indeed, the spilling of blood would pollute the whole edifice; and yet so deeply rooted is the principle of compromise in this great national temple that the sacred enclosure also contains a shrine to Binsalá, the "stainless," queen of the All-destroyer, who is every year adored with midnight rites and bloody sacrifices.

Of the twenty-four high feasts which enliven the religious year, the Car Festival is the greatest, and is thought to be more ancient than the temple itself, and the ceremonial, exactly resembling that of the procession of the Sacred Tooth, bears the impress of the ancient Buddhistic faith. This festival has been entirely misunderstood. It is not in any way cruel or bloodthirsty, and it has no connection with self-immolation, though it is true that some persons were killed formerly at the annual recurrences of the festival, and that ten thousand peasants annually sacrifice their lives to a pilgrimage to Jagannáth, which is one of the most frightful undertakings possible to humanity, and whose results in pestilence, spreading far and wide, make themselves felt in the inroads of cholera, even in Europe and America. The accounts and the pictures of the Car Festival, familiar to us in former days, are quite imagin-

ary. Here is the certainly absurd but comparatively harmless truth.

For weeks before the Car Festival pilgrims come trooping into Puri by thousands every day. The whole district is in a ferment. By the time the great car has risen to the orthodox height of forty-five feet, the temple-cooks make their calculations for feeding ninety thousand mouths. The vast edifice is supported on sixteen wheels of seven feet diameter, and is thirty-five feet square. The brother and sister of Jagannáth have separate cars a few feet smaller. When the sacred images are at length brought forth and placed upon their chariots, thousands fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. The vast multitude shouts with one throat, and surging backward and forward, drags the wheeled edifices down the broad street toward the country-house of Lord Jagannáth. Music strikes up before and behind, drums beat, cymbals clash, the priests harangue from the cars, or shout a sort of medley enlivened with broad allusions and coarse gestures, which are received with roars of laughter by the crowd. And so the dense mass struggles forward by convulsive jerks, tugging, sweating, shouting, jumping, singing, praying and swearing. The distance from the temple to the country-house is less than a mile, but the wheels sink deep into the sand, and the journey takes several days. After hours of severe toil and wild excitement in the July tropical sun, a reaction necessarily follows. The zeal of the pilgrims flags before the garden-house is reached, and the cars, deserted by the devotees, are dragged along by the professional pullers with deep-drawn grunts and groans. These men, four thousand two hundred in number, are peasants from the neighboring fiscal divisions, who generally manage to live at free quarters in Puri during the festival. Once arrived at the country-house, the enthusiasm subsides. The pilgrims drop exhausted upon the burning sand of the sacred street, or block up the lanes with their prostrate bodies. When they have slept off their excitement, they rise, refreshed and ready for another of the strong religious stimulants of the season. Lord Jagannáth is left to get back to his temple as best he can, and but for the professional car-pullers would infallibly stick at his country-house. In a closely-packed throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labor, and all of them tugging and straining to the uttermost under a blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have doubtless been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such instances were always rare, and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year, but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were for the most part cases of diseased and miserable objects, who took this means to put themselves out of pain. The official returns now place this beyond doubt. Indeed, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu-worship than self-immolation. Accidental death within the temple renders the whole place unclean. The ritual suddenly stops, and the polluted offerings are hurried away from the sight of the offended god. Chaitanga, the apostle of Jagannáth, preached that the destruction of the least of God's creatures was a sin against the Creator. Self-immolation he would have regarded with horror. The copious religious literature of his sect frequently describes the Car Festival, but makes no mention of self-sacrifice, nor does it contain any passage that could be twisted into a sanction for it.

UNENDING.

I SEE that all these things come to an end—
The things we glory in, the things we fear;
Annihilation's shadow still doth lend
Its gloom to every pleasant thing, and dear.
Each heavy burden under which we bend
Will some day from our wearied shoulders move;
One thing alone there is which hath no end—
There is no end to love.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
There is an end to laughter and to tears,
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears,
An end to enmity's foul libelling,
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword—
The empire now is but, like him, a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men, to them we bend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass—
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he?
Gone, and a memory alone remains;
There is no refuge on a mother's knee
For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;
Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend
To Death's dark house from which we shall not rove;
And so we cease: yet one thing hath no end—
There is no end to love.

DESOLATE.

A WOMAN looked forth from her cottage door—
Looked forth as the sun went down,
With a child asleep on her arm, and one
Just toddling to grasp her gown.
Hers was the stillness, the calm, of despair,
The weight of a crushing sorrow:
To-day had been bitter—she did not dare
To hope for a happier morrow.

She gazed on the children, then down the vale,
But never a tear she shed;
She clasped her hands, and her cheek grew pale,
As she cried, "Who will give them bread?
The winter is coming, and who will heed
The wail of the starved, half clad?
Who will succor the soldier's beloved in their need?
From whence can supplies be had?"



"Surely his lot was to work for them,
And not to go forth and fight
For the whims of monarchs, who are but men—
Who as often do wrong as right.
Oh, why must his hand be besmeared with blood
Who wished no ill to his neighbor?
Was not his portion appointed by God,
A lifetime of honest labor?"

"I watched him go forth in the early dawn,
And bade him be brave in the strife,
But prayed for the sake of the wee ones at home
That God would watch over his life.
I asked not for victory—how could I?
The great King of kings will be just:
It may be he will suffer the pale horse
To trample our foe to the dust.

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"I asked it not—could not—nay, would not,
For children's hearts cling to them too,
And women bend low in their anguish:
O kings! do ye know what ye do?
They are loved perhaps better than you are,
With a tenderness gold cannot buy,
The men that are food for your cannon—
Brave men that you call out to die.

"O God! it is hard to be patient,
A difficult task to be still;
To know that this direful confusion
Will work out thy purpose and will.
But oh, be thou merciful, Father,
In this the dark time of distress:
Watch over the desolate children;
The widowed ones comfort and bless."

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. BURTON.

MR. BURTON arrived at night at the George, where he put up. He saw his landlord, and intimated his particular likings and dislikings. Also it came out that he meant to stay a few days, possibly weeks, under his comfortable roof. He inquired about the vicar, to whom he had a letter, and heard that he was well, but that Mrs. Jenner had sprained her ankle the other day in a foolish scramble among the mountains.

Mr. Burton had no servant with him, but the nature and magnificence of his correspondence more than made up for this. He had sat up writing till past eleven, and the letters which he sent down in the morning for the little post-office struck honest Mr. Turnbull with very great respect. There was one to a Sir Somebody Something, Bart.; there were two to noble lords—peers of the realm; and there was one, big enough to require two stamps, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At the same time no person could be more modest in his demeanor, and in all respects less a troublesome inmate, than Mr. Burton.

He was affable, even chatty, with his host, who could not fail to perceive in a little time that Mr. Burton was a man in whose mind religion, though never obtruded, was always present.

He felt a very great respect, under all the circumstances, for Mr. Burton.

Shortly after breakfast the stranger made an early call at the vicar's, being anxious to find him at home. It was a beautiful summer morning, and he stood on the vicar's steps, smiling at the noble mountains on the other side of the lake, as if they had been beloved and long-lost friends.

Mr. Burton was announced. It was a venerable man who entered the vicar's study, rather tall, not infirm, bald, but not very bald, and with the finest silken white hair, rather long, with a ruddy complexion and a smiling countenance, and a manner which appeared very gracious and urbane.

The vicar received him as a hospitable man of God should. They chatted very agreeably on all manner of subjects. The stranger seemed much interested about the state of religion in the region with which the vicar was best acquainted, and asked leave to make a note or two of some facts which he told him.

They then went out and saw the town and the church, about which Mr. Burton, to the great delight of the vicar, became quite enthusiastic:

"It is quite a gem, a treasure, this little church. To think that we should not have known a word about it in London! You are quite right, though; your predecessors have obscured, and even injured, some parts of the building. Do you know Lord Complines?"

No, the vicar had not that honor.

"Oh! Then I must write to him myself. He's one of us. We are a little society of some fifteen people, and in the way of restoration and that sort of thing we have been doing, you'd say, a good deal. I'll write to him to-night, and tell him all about it; and when I get back to town, if you entirely approve, we'll get an architect to run down and look at it; and I can answer for it, if you'll give us

leave, and aid us with advice and direction, it shall be one of the very earliest things we undertake."

The vicar was charmed with his new friend, and soon Miss Mildmay was equally pleased. This old man was so accomplished, and was, in a very pleasant way, able to interest and instruct her so very much, by new lights and curious facts and anecdotes, on the subjects she liked best, that if he had been only some thirty years younger, I think that Charles Shirley and Sir John Mardykes would have suspended their mutual jealousies, and turned their united animosities upon the fortunate Mr. Burton.

The old gentleman did not care very much for dining out, but very often he dropped in to tea. Here Charles Shirley, who lived hardly two miles away from the town, very often made one of the party.

Bitter was the chagrin with which this, among other advantages attendant on the young man's proximity to Golden Friars, inspired the sensitive baronet, who lived in Mardykes Hall, five miles away, and could not, without exciting undue observation, be at all as perpetually as he liked in the purlieus of Golden Friars.

It was rather hard that Mr. Burton, the quietest of mortals, here in the seclusion of his "Happy Valley," should be involved indirectly, but very uncomfortably, in a sort of quarrel.

Mr. Burton was in church on Sunday, a pattern of attention, solemnity and benignity to all good church-goers. After church he walked up to the vicar's with Sir John Mardykes and beautiful Miss Laura Mildmay. On the other side walked Charles Shirley. Two rivals for supporters! The baronet looked very sulky. Did not pretty Miss Laura lean more to the younger man? Heaven send there be not a bloody hand, in earnest, in the matter!

After luncheon, Miss Mildmay went up to sit with good Mrs. Jenner. Mr. Burton and the vicar fell into talk, and the baronet and Charles Shirley, having nothing to say to one another, said good-bye to their host, and departed.

When Mr. Burton left the vicar, a gloom came over him, and he walked silently by the shore, not of the far-resounding deep, but of the stirless lake, in which were reflected the blue sky and purple mountains.

I can understand the strange sense of relief with which an old traveller, into whose pleasant book I lately happened to look, exclaims, on losing sight of the Alps, "Thank Heaven, I have at length quite escaped from those terrible mountains!"

Very distant mountains convey no idea of the peculiar fascination and awe of mountain scenery. You are barred and ribbed in by huge purple ramparts, furrowed by ravines, swelling into rocky curves, or sinking into deep murky shadow. The steep and solitary ascent mounts upward and upward still, until, fainter as it soars, its summits pale into shadows, or show their white pinnacles sheeted in snow faintly against the sky.

Here, at Golden Friars, on a more contracted scale, the same influence is felt. This pretty village of many gables and steep roofs, clumped round with noble trees, among which rises eminent the gray church tower, standing at the margin of the lake, and overtopped nearly on every side by mountains near and high, has an air of solitude that is overpowering.

Those impressions, of course, lose something of their force by habit. But I have never stayed there long enough to impair them; and although the people are not wanting in

s, there is, it always seemed to me, a spirit of solemnity over the people themselves.

his place has always had the glory of a paradise with a sense of imprisonment also. I have lived with the thrill and elevation that bring the eyes, and yet with a heart oppressed with a gloom. The forms and habitations of man seem to nothing in such an amphitheatre, and look—huge and solitary sides, the imagination stills

the effect of the scenery, or was it the shadow of annoyance? Mr. Burton sat down in what usual gloom upon the trunk of a fallen tree, resting his chin upon his hand, looked with sombre eyes, not like that ever cheerful benevolence that had meddled the little circle of Golden Friars, across

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BURTON IN DISHABILLE.

fine moonlight night. The afternoon service over, and what cause on earth could have induced Sir John Mardykes to mount his tax-cart, and drive at a pace of his famous trotter Flying Dutchman, the wager on the Brighton road, back again at all the way from Mardykes Hall to Golden

was glowering and sniffing and purpling in the light, such was his resentment as he flew along the full road that winds by the margin of the

had reached him late that evening. It had been others, and his servant had brought it from the general post-office.

written in a vulgar hand, and ill-spelled, and the message was this: That Charles Shirley had amused Sir John Mardykes less than a week before by telling him that (Sir John) dyed his whiskers, and twisted in his hair so much hair as time had left him; how his face entirely composed of cotton wadding, his feet flat as flounders; how his shoulders were formed of material, Nature having denied him any; how down to rouge at the race and hunt balls, and dancing with old Mrs. Hinchley, his house—a deserted garret at Mardykes Hall, with a great that was ridiculous and insulting; and how all this did in presence of Mr. Burton, who could not

int pot, although it may hold many quarts of secession, cannot hold more than one quart at a measure of the capacity of Sir John Mardykes' represented by one idea. That it could hold, second without displacing the first.

was too full of his one subject to think of artifices—to think of anything else, in fact.

stairs of the George he trotted, hot and serious, the ceremony of a knock, but without waiting for the he opened Mr. Burton's door and walked in,

ye do, Mr. Burton—how do you do, sir? I—

stopped short in the middle of the room.

Mr. Burton's habit to lock his door when he came evening. He could have sworn he had done so occasion. But Homer nods, and Mr. Burton had neglected to turn his key as usual in his door.

He was sitting with his dressing-gown on, in an easy-chair with a bottle of brandy and some water and a glass before him; a half-smoked cigar smouldered between his fingers, and a pair of candles burned on his table. But Sir John was a good deal startled.

Mr. Burton's teeth were gone, and his left eye was out, and a deep, ugly hole was in the place of that organ. He had screwed his mouth into a grim grimace, and his face looked ever so broad and ever so short. It was crimson with the fire of brandy, for the aroma was fiercer than even moderate dilution would account for. His lips were pursed and working, as they will over toothless gums. The blank eye puzzled the baronet, and the other pierced him with a gleam of fire.

On the dressing-table close by were two tumblers of water, in one of which were Mr. Burton's teeth, and in the other his glass eye.

The loss of these unsuspected auxiliaries made a very disconcerting change in Mr. Burton's appearance—a transformation, indeed, that absolutely astounded Sir John Mardykes; and perhaps the discovery a little abashed and irritated the stranger, who, still staring hard at the baronet, rose, and both remained for some seconds silent.

"I'm afraid I've somehow put my foot in it, sir," said Sir John, bluntly; "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Burton, that I should have interrupted you."

"You have interrupted nothing, sir. I don't know what you mean. I intend, if you allow me, to go on with my cigar, and my doctor tells me I must sip a little brandy and water. Will you try a cigar? or will you take a little brandy and water? or may I tell them to bring a little sherry and a biscuit?"

Was it fancy, or was it the loss of Mr. Burton's teeth? It seemed to the baronet that that excellent man was speaking ever so little thickly.

"You're very good, but—no, thank you very much, nothing. I came—I was very anxious to say a few words, but I'm afraid I'm rather in your way; am I?"

"Dear me, Sir John, not in the least. I hope I should be found always ready to confess any infirmity, but personal infirmities I can't conceive any one's being ashamed of. For the sake of articulation I use those things over there, and to prevent my being quite shocking to my friends, I use that glass eye. I lost my eye by a trifling accident in a railway carriage, on my way to our great and interesting meeting about the Jewish mission. Looking out of the window, a particle of iron, hardly so large as the point of a pin, flew into my eye. I neglected it, an ulcer formed, the cornea was perforated, and the thing was done. It is a comfort, Sir John; we know that everything is ordered, and all for the best, for those who rest their hopes where alone is safety and peace and happiness. Won't you sit?"—he placed a chair for his visitor—"and can I be useful in any way?"

Mr. Burton, who had been fidgeting about the room, had by this time got to the door.

"You don't object, Sir John, to my making this a little more—more—" and he bolted the door. "I usually do. I don't care to be surprised in my—ha! ha! ha!—dishabille by the waiters and people of the house."

"You're very good, sir—very kind. I sha'n't detain you long. I—this thing reached me, Mr. Burton, and I don't mind it—not much—but I thought I might as well show it to you."

And he handed him the letter from "Felix Friendly," and Mr. Burton took it, and using his spectacles like an eye-glass, applied a lens to his extant eye, and read the

paper through, his lips pursing and working as he did so, and Sir John watching these indications of feeling as he did so. But he had no indication from the seat of vision. The living eye was turned away from him, and nothing but the sunken crater to speculate upon.

When he had finished the letter, lowering the hand which held it to the table with a little emphasis, and directing a vivid glance, which showed a good deal of the white eyeball, across the bridge of his nose upon Sir John, he said, a little sternly,

"And who the—who on earth can this person be who takes the liberty of mixing my name up in a local affair of this nature? But no, I sha'n't allow myself to be ruffled by it. Naturally a hot-tempered man, Sir John, I am thankful that I have learned to watch over and to resist my impulses."

He returned the letter with a bow. Sir John took it, but did not put it up:

"But, Mr. Burton, you know, sir—don't you see?—I can't let it rest so. I came here, sir, in consequence of it. I came to ask, is it so? I want to know, Mr. Burton, whether the letter says fact or no."

Sir John was excited, red and a little confused, but still his one idea filled his head with great solidity.

"Sir John, you are a man of the world, too sensitive to ridicule, and if you will, contempt. Why not imitate me? My personal infirmities, wherever discovered, have been laughed at. It has troubled me little; my thoughts are elsewhere. Your view is directed too much upon the level of earth. Why not, Sir John, look a little more on and up—and up?"

"But, a—aw, that's all very well about a fellow's religion or his soul, but this, don't you see? is about my person; and wounds—I beg your pardon, but really it is, you know, a sort of thing a fellow can't allow to—to—and, in short, I have a right to know—"

"Dear me, how unfortunate! Don't you see, my dear Sir John, how likely such a thing is to produce ill-feeling? Why should you ask me?"

"Why—haw—haw—aw—eh, don't you see? Because you happen to know, and I don't see why you should be ashamed or afraid to say the truth."

"The truth? Ha, yes, you have me there, Sir John. Ay, you have. Dear, dear, dear! I do so wish I had my dear friend Manvell here, he always takes so clear, simple, decided a view of duty. He is such a guide. But I think I know what he would say. He'd say, as he always does, 'Truth first, consequences afterward,' especially where, as here, worse consequences would probably follow upon silence. But oh, shame that such things should be!"

"Whaw—aw—what things?" demanded the baronet.

"Anonymous informers, spies, traitors. Sir, you must kindly promise that you will not mention my name, should you ever speak upon this subject to any one."

"Certainly not, Mr. Burton, not the least occasion. But is that—that tissue"—and he knocked the back of his disengaged fingers upon the letter with a reddening face—"that—that, is it true, sir—is it true, Mr. Burton?"

"Well, Sir John, as you put it to me that way—and most distressing it is—I'll tell you. It is true—the statement is true; but it was most unjustifiable, and it must have come from some extremely low person; and great allowances are to be made for a young man so much in love and so much alarmed at rivalry, and so anxious to enlist the young lady's feeling of elegance and sense of ridicule in his favor. They all do it. Pray, let there be no more said about it."

The baronet was staring at him with very goggle eyes and a purpling face, and before he could speak seemed to swallow down two large bits of hot bread. He cleared his voice, and said,

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's all plain sailing now."

"And it is a foolish affair," said Mr. Burton. "You'll not think of it—I may tell him so?"

"You may tell him, with my compliments, he's a black-guard and a liar!"

"Sir!"

"That is, of course, I mean any one may tell him, and I shall be very much obliged."

"But, dear Sir John Mardykes, surely you'll modify these dreadful terms, which include everything? You will withdraw them, I am sure, if necessary," pleaded Mr. Burton.

"I think he's all that, sir. Mr. Burton, I hold to it; and I think he's a coward, sir, besides—a nasty dog, sir—a sneak and a coward, Mr. Burton, and—and I shouldn't the least wonder if he had prejudiced me."

"Oh, you'll sleep on it, Sir John. Do you stay here?"

"No, sir; I'm going home."

"You'll look in at the vicar's house?"

"Straight home—certainly not. I'm going home, sir. I—I know what I think. Good-night, Mr. Burton," he added, stopping suddenly at the door—he had nearly omitted that courtesy. "I may have a talk with the vicar to-morrow—a shabby scoundrel! I'm off, Mr. Burton. Good-night, sir."

"And you kindly don't mention my name, Sir John?"

"Certainly not. Farewell, Mr. Burton."

"Heaven bless you!" said Mr. Burton, very kindly; and bolting his door again, he swallowed what remained of the brandy he had been sipping, and looked from his window and saw the baronet drive away at a very hard pace back again toward Mardykes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POPULAR SCIENCE.

NEW PROCESS OF BLEACHING ANIMAL TEXTILE FABRICS.—M.M. Samal and Berouson have recently patented a new method of bleaching animal textile fabrics by means of a feeble solution of the sulphurets of sodium and potassium. These products act in a remarkable manner in removing the gum in preparing silk and in scouring wool. In practice, in the first case, the bath should be boiling; in the second, the temperature of the alkaline sulphuret should not exceed fifty degrees Centigrade. The more difficult it may be to remove the gum and prepare the silk, the less the solution should be sulphuretted; in some instances the proto-sulphuret may be employed. The inventors have also used in the same manner the aluminates of soda and potash.

OBSERVATION OF THE SUN.—There is a growing tendency among scientific men to trace a connection between the spots on the sun and various earthly phenomena, such as excessive disturbances of climate, volcanic outbursts, earthquakes, and the prevalence of epidemic diseases. The maximum frequency of sun-spots occurs at regular periods, between eleven and twelve years apart. Thus it fell in the years 1848 and 1860, and fell also in the year just closed. A writer in *Nature* calls attention to the fact that great national epidemics occurred in the two former years, and that the potato disease in Ireland and the vine disease in France and Portugal are now devastating those countries respectively.

It may be laid down as a general principle that a larger proportion of white flowers are fragrant than those of any other color; yellow come next, then red, and lastly blue.

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 4.

MY DEAR MIDGET: I am so glad to hear from you all, but I think when your mother was writing you might have written me at least "How'dy." And I writing you all the time such long letters! But then, I suppose, you think I have the most to write about.

If you were to leave home, though, for a long time, and visit foreign lands, you would know how good it is to hear from the people you leave. I do so want to see you all. Even Cely must be sorry by this time that I am away. Poor old pony Racket! I wonder what he thinks? His old bones must be stiff, unless the little negroes catch him out and ride him bareback over the plantation. They will be quick enough to do so now I am out of sight. And my banties—have the minks caught any more of them? Poor little chicks! they don't even know I am in France.

Well, Midget, this brings me back to what I must write about. You don't want to hear about the plantation. I don't like Paris at all. It is very pretty—I must say that—but then it is so French. Not a bit like London. I believe I like New York better. There the people can talk English. We are staying at the hotel just opposite the Grand Opera-house. I wish you could see this street. It is wide, with stone houses on each side, and iron balconies to them all. I often go on the balcony to see the crowd. Not so many people at once as you could see on Broadway, but different looking. So many women without any bonnets, only white caps of all sorts. They are servants.

And the soldiers are so queerly dressed. Not like ours, nor like the English. How you would stare at the zouaves, with their baggy breeches—they look at first like red petticoats—and caps like Uncle Will's smoking-cap, with a long, sharp point and a little tassell! They are such funny-looking little men, with long moustaches that stick out on each side like quills.

There are plenty of soldiers always in the streets, but I don't wonder now the Prussians whipped them, they are all so little. I don't think it was at all fair, though.

We have been to the theatre several times. One play they called "King Carrot." It was so ridiculous. There was a fairy who was all the time changing and changing people into all kinds of vegetables. I don't think it was very nice, for there were some women with almost no clothes at all on, only little sham wings. I should think angels' wings would have to be very long and feathery to look decent, if they don't wear any more clothes than these fairies wear. And, Midget, I can't tell you what one old woman had on her head, for I know you will show my letters to Cousin Nelson; but if King Carrot comes to Memphis, don't go to see it. It's no place for well-brought-up children. I wonder how you would like the opera? I didn't much at first. It's like the theatre, only they don't talk the story—they sing it. I suppose it would be very funny if they didn't sing it in Italian, but that "takes the edge off," as Mr. Bob says. Now that I am getting used to opera, I like it very much. I think it's like oysters—you never do like them at first, but after you eat a hundred or so you never get enough. I am getting a little used to hearing French, but it's not the same kind of French we used to say in Mississippi. I think the kind they have here would puzzle Miss Mary herself.

There is one such beautiful street here. They call it the Champs Elysées. It commences at the Tuileries palace, and goes a long ways up hill to the Arc de Triomphe. I will send you a picture of it in this letter.

It is on a hill, and the streets and avenues all come together there into one round open place. At night the gas-lights stretch out like the spokes of a big wheel of fire. There are beautiful open gardens and places with fountains each side of the Champs Elysées, and you pay a sou (that's a cent) for a chair, and sit there to see the people going to drive in the Bois de Boulogne. I think the Champs Elysées must be the most beautiful street in the world, but then I have not seen St. Petersburg or Constantinople, and maybe the farther you go, the prettier it is.

I did intend to write you all about what we saw in the Bois de Boulogne and the ruins of the palace of St. Cloud, but I am so tired I will save that for next mail.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRIET HASSLE.

A WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To make thoroughly good, easy and graceful housekeepers, it is absolutely necessary that you should be systematic. It is just as important for you to have a time for everything, and do each particular thing in its proper time, as it is to have a place for everything and everything in its place. In that way only will you get the advantage of your work, and hurry it instead of letting it continually hurry you. Every housekeeper knows how inconvenient it is to have half a dozen things that ought to be done at one time, and how utterly impossible it is to do more than one at a time. Now, to remedy this, commence on Monday morning, and go through the day, doing just what you can do with ease. Now, call that your Monday's work, and do that work every Monday—don't let anything ordinary keep you from doing it; and so on through the week, giving each day its work, and after a little while you will find how easily your work can be done, without any hurry or drag. If you get new servants, make them understand that certain things must be done at certain times, and see that they are done at that time, and you will be surprised to see how readily they will fall in with your plans. On the other hand, if you let them do everything in their own time, they will never know when to do it, and you will never know when it is done. Mothers should more generally teach their daughters to be systematic housekeepers. When there are more daughters than one, let them take turns at housekeeping, and positively insist upon their having a time for everything, and doing that thing in no other time. In that way you will make housekeepers of them that will grace either a cottage or a palace. Even if they will not be obliged to do their own work, the knowledge thus gained will be invaluable to them in the direction and management of their servants.

There is another thing to be considered, of vastly more importance to them. They cannot make their homes truly pleasant and happy, and free from discord and jar, if they have not been taught the art of housekeeping. They thereby lose the sweetest and purest blessing that belongs to a wife, the perfect love and whole admiration of her husband. Husbands may love and pity a poor housekeeper, but we want love and admiration.

THINK you that words can save? that even thought,
Knowledge or theoretic faith does aught?

Truth into character by act is wrought.

Your life, the life that you have lived, not sham'm'd,
Is you; in that alone you're saved or damn'd.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 1, 1873.

**CHATS WITH LAZY PEOPLE ON THE
SUBJECT OF HEALTH.**

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME of the newspapers fear that I shall exaggerate the importance of *health*. One editor, my neighbor, says: "Is there nothing in this world, then, worth our thought but health? Let us hear of something else for a while." I would answer the question in the words of a distinguished author, who, by the way, was not a health reformer, but who says, "Of the hundred good things in this life, ninety-nine are health."

The editor who wrote the above fault-finding is a perfect victim of tobacco. His life will be a good deal shortened by it, while his brain is kept constantly in a muddle and his spirits depressed. He keeps very bad hours, and indulges preposterous table habits. The only obstacle to a really great and happy life in my editorial friend is bad digestion and crazy nerves. Out of this feverish unhealth came the above grumbling.

You need not fear, at least for the present, any excess of zeal in health questions. Look about you. How much attention is given to health? There are very few persons who deny their appetites with reference to their health.

I know a middle-aged gentleman in this neighborhood who has the management of one of our railroads. He came about four years ago to get some advice about his health. Late hours, tobacco, rich food and overwork had nearly wrecked him. Our interview lasted several hours, and he went home resolved. Now he is one of the *happiest*, because one of the *healthiest*, of men. If the entire stock of his railway had been presented to him, it would have been nothing compared with the few simple ideas about his health. Do you suppose he is the only person in the country who could be enriched in this simple way? To a greater or less extent, three-fourths of the population between six years and forty years of age are waiting to re-

ceive the greatest of earthly blessings—a *clear conception of the sources of health*.

Extract of the speech of Lord Derby, at Liverpool, April 10, 1872:

"I am deeply convinced that no sanitary improvement worth the name will be effected, whatever acts you pass, or whatever powers you confer upon public officers, unless they can create a real and intelligent interest in the matter among the people at large. In the first place, you can't get laws effectually put in force where they interfere with the profits or convenience of individuals, unless they are supported by opinion. In the next place, whatever administrative measures can do for the public health—and they can do a great deal—they can never supersede the necessity for personal and private care. It is no good providing pure water for drinking, if those who are meant to consume it prefer less innocent fluids, and a good deal of them. It is no good purifying the atmosphere from smoke and foul vapors, though that is one of the objects which in these parts we ought to keep most steadily in view, if when people have got clean air they won't let it into their houses. The State may issue directions, municipal authorities may execute them to the best of their power, inspectors may travel about, medical authorities may draw up reports, but you can't make a population cleanly or healthy against their will, or without their intelligent co-operation."

Extract from the speech of the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli, at Manchester, April 3, 1872:

"After all, the first consideration of a minister should be the health of the people. A land may be covered with historic trophies, with museums of science and galleries of art, with universities and with libraries, the people may be civilized and ingenious, the country may be even famous in the annals and action of the world; but if the population every ten years decreases, and the stature of the race every ten years diminishes, the history of that country will soon be the history of the past."

**AFFECTING CASE OF SUICIDE BY
STARVATION.**

HUFELAND, who records a case of suicide by starvation, says that "after an abstinence of eighteen days the man still breathed, but expired immediately after a little soup had been forced down his throat." On his person they found a diary, written in pencil, from which the following are extracts:

"Sept. 16th.—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury it, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation because bad men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since I have said I die of starvation.

"Sept. 17th.—What a night I have passed! It has rained. I am wet through. I have been so cold.

"Sept. 18th.—The cold rain forced me to get up and walk. My walk was very feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms. How nasty that water was!

"Sept. 19th.—The cold, the length of the nights, the slowness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering.

"Sept. 20th.—In my stomach there is terrible commotion—hunger and, above all, thirst become more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. Would that I could lick up the water from the mushrooms now!

"Sept. 21st.—Unable to endure the tortures of thirst, I crawled with great labor to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump near the inn where I bought the beer.

"Sept. 23d.—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. To-day thirst made me go to the pump. The water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions until evening; nevertheless, I returned to the pump.

"Sept. 26th.—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could scarcely trace these lines to-day.

"Sept. 29th.—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me. I bowed to him. He returned my salutation. It is with great regret that I die. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time." . . .

This pathetic case illustrates, as indeed all other cases do, the truth that *thirst* is far more terrible than *hunger*. The man's resolution was not strong enough to resist the desire for drink, yet he never seems to have faltered in his determination to refrain from food. It will be further noticed that he ceased to complain of the cold when thirst set in fiercely, because then fever had also supervened.

DO YOU THINK IT FAIR?

I KNOW a young man, a noble fellow, who carries on a successful manufacturing business. Although possessed of an abundant competence, he devotes himself with untiring assiduity to the interests of his factory ten hours every day. His eyes and hands are everywhere.

Half a year ago he married a beautiful, accomplished girl, who is said to speak four of the continental languages with the fluency of natives, while she touches the keys with infinite skill.

Four months ago they began housekeeping. A week since they gave it up in utter disgust.

Three servants figured conspicuously in their griefs. The coffee was execrable, the steak abominable, the cruet-stand and silver not fit to be seen, and the whole house in confusion.

The husband bore it as long as pride and patience could endure, and then, sacrificing everything at auction, returned to boarding, resolved never to suffer the miseries of housekeeping again.

I was never more indignant than when I heard of it. If that beautiful bride had learned one less language, and devoted the year to the mysteries of housekeeping, she might have made my friend's home a paradise.

Suppose her husband's management of his business had been like her management of the house, what would have become of them?

I don't think the match a fair one. On one side it was a cheat. A young lady of the same ornamental class, in discussing the case, exclaimed, "She did not agree in the marriage contract to play the part of a household drudge!"

Did the husband agree to play the part of a factory drudge?

CHANGING your stockings seven times a week will cost something extra, but not much, as stockings wear much longer if worn only while they are fresh. We know of no small investment which will pay so large a return. The feet are kept warm, and many troublesome colds are prevented.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

S. W. A., PHILA., asks, "What can I do to recover good digestion; I having ruined it by restaurant meals?" Eat but two meals a day, if this can be made convenient. If it cannot, then let the third be very light and very plain. Eschew pastry always, eating only plain food, as beef, mutton, bread and the like, the bread home-made Graham, if possible. Masticate every mouthful thoroughly; be not less than half an hour at each meal. Drink moderately of water or weak tea or coffee, but never sip of either when food is in the mouth. Bathe quickly the skin all over in the morning three or four times in the week, rubbing the skin vigorously. Exercise abundantly in the open air.

JAMES T., ELMIRA, N. Y.—Your inquiry about oysters strikes me as very curious, considering how long and immensely they have been used. And although there can be no doubt that during the hot season oysters frequently undergo changes that make them poisonous, still, they are, during a greater part of the year, digestible, healthful and nutritious food, of special value to persons with overworked brains and unsteady nerves. They are good raw, if perfectly fresh and sweet, but generally speaking the stewed oyster is not only particularly palatable, but more healthful than in any other form.

J. P., CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—Not only should young children not sleep with old people, but there is no bed big enough for two persons, without any reference to their age or state of health. But of all the stupidities in this regard, I know of nothing equal to the father and mother sleeping in one bed, leaving a little opening between them as a sort of pipe through which the gases constantly emanating from their persons may escape, and then chucking a tender young babe into the pipe-hole to inhale said gases as they escape. Every human being should sleep by himself or herself.

COOK, NEW YORK.—Onions are no doubt healthful food, but the odor through the house and in the breath is such an abomination that I should as soon think of keeping a polecat in the house for fun as to eat onions for health.



THE PORTESS
As we find her and as we imagine her to be.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

MAY not a hermit call his cave a man-shun?

LIKE a beech tree, Esquimaux dogs have a very thin bark.

A PENNSYLVANIA lady, hooked by a neighbor's bull for wearing a red dress, now bemoans that she has no redress.

A KANGAROO is a curious chap: when it's wide awake, it's leaping.

A WISCONSIN man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because "the blasted book hadn't got an index."

A CONNECTICUT man wears a ten-cent silver piece on his shirt-bosom, and calls it a dime and pin, which it certainly is.

ONLY three wives were thrashed by their husbands in St. Paul last Sunday, and yet we are told that Minnesota is the place where men enjoy the comforts of life.

THE Minnesota beau who lent his girl his false teeth to crack hickory-nuts with was a cousin to the man who unscrewed his old-fashioned wooden peg of a leg, and handed it to his intended to poke the fire before which they were sparking.

AN Indiana convict who was hung three months ago has just been granted a new trial. He does not appear to take a great deal of interest in it himself; and when the decision of the court was announced, he behaved exactly as if it made no difference at all to him. Some men are very unexcitable.

THERE is a dentist in Harrisburg who has a daughter who is loved by a young man, but he is bashful, and don't like to go to the house to see her unless he has an excuse. So every Tuesday and Friday he calls and gets the old man to pull a tooth for him, and then he goes into the back parlor and sparks the girl under the pretence of trying to find his hat. He has only six teeth left now, and what worries him is to know what he is going to do when they are all out and his new set is made and put in. He is all the more anxious about it because the fair maid doesn't seem as if she was going to respond to his heartfelt sighs, and there is room for suspicion that she has been playing the coquette so as to rope in a good customer for her fond parent. The young man's confidential friends state that he has intimated his intention either to have that girl or to jerk the whole skeleton out of her father.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO WASH LACE.—Fold the lace two or three times, and tack it on a piece of clean white flannel. Wash it carefully in warm water and with soap, not rubbing, but dipping it up and down in the water and patting it between your hands. Change the water once. Then dip it into very hot water, roll it up—flannel outside—and squeeze it as dry as possible. Then remove the tacking thread and dip the lace into cold water into which a little pearl-starch has been dissolved. Take it out and roll it up in a large cambric handkerchief, squeeze it dry, and again fold it up in a dry handkerchief. Let it remain for an hour, then fold a linen sheet four times, spread upon it a fine piece of linen or an old fine cambric handkerchief. Lay your lace upon it, carefully smooth out with your hand all folds or creases, and gently pull each pattern into proper shape; then spread over it another fine handkerchief, folded double, and iron with a hot iron. Remove the upper cloth from the lace, but do not touch the lace until it is perfectly dry. It dries in its impression on the cambric, and perfectly retains the beauty of its pattern. When quite dry, fold it in tissue-paper, and it will look like new lace.

HOW TO KNOW GOOD MEAT.—When poultry or other meat is fresh and good, it has a firm, hard feel and is elastic; tainted meat feels soft, and returns to its shape slowly when indented, like dough when pressed with the finger. Fresh meat well killed does not moisten the finger; tainted meat does, and has a slimy feel. Keeping meats until they are about to turn makes them tender to eat, but they are harder to digest than fresh meat.

RECIPE FOR CLEANING BLACK MARBLE.—Equal parts of soft-soap and pearlsh; rub it over the marble with soft flannel, and let it remain a few minutes. Then wash off with warm water, and a second time with cold spring water; when quite dry, polish with paraffine oil.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER.—Spots of grease may be first removed by spirits of turpentine; then immerse the article in water, rub it with a painter's brush, dry it, and finish by rubbing it with a soft brush dipped in finely-powdered plaster of Paris.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

PICKLED POTATOES.—Wash and peel some potatoes, cut them into long thin strips and pass them through two or three waters; drain them upon a cloth, and then sprinkle them with fine salt. Let them remain for an hour, rub them dry in the cloth, and put them into a cold pickle of spiced vinegar, to which a clove of garlic bruised or a sliced onion has been added. If well done, and the potatoes be of the proper kind, this pickle is beautifully crisp, and will take any flavor communicated to it in the vinegar, such as that derived from a mushroom or two. A few slices of boiled beet root will give it a fine red color.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel and core eight large juicy apples, and boil them till tender in clear water. Take them out and pulp them smooth through a sieve; add a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar and the grated rind of two lemons. Put the mixture into a deep dish, about half filling it. Beat the yolks of four eggs light, and add half a tencupful of white sugar and stir it into a quart of sweet milk. Stir this over the fire until it is quite thick, and let it cool. When cold, pour it over the apples. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and pour over the top.

NOYEAU.—Blanch and pound a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, and sift in, pounding all the time, one pound of loaf sugar. Boil one ounce of blanched sweet almonds in half a pint of new milk, and let the mixture get cold. Pour it into a stone jug, add the bitter almonds and sugar, the rinds of three lemons, one quart of Irish whisky or French brandy, and one gill of honey. Let the jug stand ten days in a cool place, shaking it twice a day. Filter the noyau, and make it up in bottles, sealing the corks. For a beverage, put a spoonful in a tumbler of iced water.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8, 1873.

No. 19.



"HERE, THEN; GOOD-BYE."—P. 348.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.

BY G. DE B.

JOSEPHINE sat in the faint moonlight, playing. One of Chopin's waltzes stole out on the silent summer air, and through the moonbeams the flashing fingers flew like white fairies, keeping time to its perfect music. Then followed a few chords and prelude, and there glided out the delicious "allegro" movement in the "Sonata Pathétique." The tender pleading of the melody rose and fell with the expressive playing of the fair musician. It was indeed

a "song without words." Suddenly Josephine felt two hands clasp her head and draw it back, and there fell on lip and brow warm, passionate kisses. As suddenly she was released, and turning round, found herself again alone. Frightened and bewildered at what had occurred, she immediately left the room, and passing through the window out to the piazza, where the soft moonbeams were filtered through the vines in dancing flakes of light over its broad floor, never paused until she reached the farthest corner, where she sank trembling into the camp-chair.

"Did Beethoven's ghost rise at your vandalism, Jo-

sephine?" cried Fanny, from the other side, where we all sat enjoying the cool half gloom.

Tom broke her silence by exclaiming, "And well you might be struck dumb for taking such liberties, mutilating the great master's choicest works, an arm here, a head there. Why don't you play the perfect statue?"

Then, half in the doorway, Josephine saw the blonde moustache and tall form of Wayne appear, and by the unsteady gait, together with the faint odor of cigars and wine still upon her face and lips, she knew it could have been none but he who had put so abrupt a finale to her music. Indignantly she turned away her head, and hoped he would not see her in the shadowy corner she had chosen.

All grew still when Wayne came out, for they saw at once, before he mentioned it, that he had "just come from the pavilion." This was the skeleton in the closet. The eldest son and brother, of whom they were all once so proud, an honored graduate of one of the universities only five years ago, had fallen so low in the social scale since, that all of the class at which he then stood head were now above him in the world. But they all owned "Wayne Brent had the best 'head,' nevertheless." We never looked for Wayne to join our evening group on the piazza, for the pavilion held forth charms, in the way of billiards and bar, that were not on our quiet programme. His presence was a shadow, although to-night he shone with brilliancy as he dashed into the topics of the day with a vim and sparkle unusual to him. Ordinarily, Wayne was a reticent talker, but wine loosed both his wit and his tongue.

Josephine sat in the gloom, still silent, only her white dress betraying her whereabouts. Her brain was puzzled with many thoughts. What could Cousin Wayne mean? Did he mistake her for Fanny? But then Fan didn't play Beethoven, and that "allegro" was his favorite. He knew she alone played it. Ever since she was a girl of fourteen, and he then a young man of twenty-five, Wayne had been to her a sort of seer, knowing everything, teaching her so much. But for him she would never have been what she was, for Josephine passed for a "blue," and was a little vain of the title. He had superintended all her studies. When a student himself, he had attended college in her own city, and she saw him every day. He was kind and good to her, and she loved him like a brother, but never before had he taken such a liberty. On the contrary, he had always appeared to dislike her greetings, as she kissed him with the "other boys" when she came to spend her summer vacations with Fanny. But to-night! Of his own accord—such passionate kisses! What could it mean? And a half-indignant flush mounted her brow as she wondered "what Hamilton would think of it." For two years Josephine had worn a "solitaire" on the third finger of her left hand; and although her lover was across the ocean, she was as true to him even in thought as if he stood beside her, and she blushed and felt dishonored.

As the conversation grew general, she arose and came down among the group, and Fanny cried, "I believe you have been fast asleep, Josephine. What did you dream? Tell us."

She answered slowly, looking toward Wayne, who sat on the steps smoking, "I dreamed I lost a friend."

Tom roared, and said, "Oh what a doleful sound! Was it 'the nearer one still and the dearer one'?"

"No," she replied, "it was an old friend."

Wayne rose, and stood unsteadily, looking right in her face, and asked, "Did he die, Josey?" and waited with his cigar in his hand for her answer.

The fumes of the tobacco and their association made her half sick and angry, and she replied, warmly, her face aglow in the moonlight, "He did—a dishonorable death."

Wayne threw his cigar off into the grass, where it made fireflies for a minute, and answered, "If he deserved it, all right;" and turning on his heel, he went off to bed.

The next morning Josephine awoke with a vague feeling of something wrong in the atmosphere; and when the last night's scene in the parlor rushed upon her, she involuntarily rubbed her lips, as though to erase the hot kisses she still felt burning there. At the breakfast-table

Wayne spoke to no one, and swallowed his coffee in sullen silence. Josephine never looked once toward him; but when she arose from the table and went out on the piazza to wave adieu to the boys as the train passed by, and they went down to the bulls and bears that prowl in the city, he followed her; and throwing himself upon the lounge that always stood there through the summer months, he called, "Josey, come here, won't you?" No one ever dared abbreviate her name but Wayne, for Josephine was as proud as an empress, and demanded every syllable. She felt her color rise as she obeyed him. "Sit down," and he pointed to the little stool beside him. Without raising her eyes she sat, as he bade her, at his feet, and felt his searching gaze. He was silent for a moment; then a sigh escaped him as he asked, half pleading, "Will you not look at me, Josey?" Then slowly raising her great dark eyes until they met his, he saw in their depths all the indignation she was smothering. "I beg your pardon. I know I was a fool last night," he went on humbly, and looking at her askance. "I was mad. It was the wine and liquor; and, Josey, won't you forgive me? Don't let me die a dishonorable death."

With a half laugh, Josephine put out her hand, and, smiling, said, "*Noblesse oblige*; but don't repeat the offence, Wayne, or it will be a bullet at twenty paces."

"Nearer than that, maybe," he muttered, under his breath, and biting the ends of his moustache.

Josephine, not catching his words, went on: "Wayne, now that you are in a repentant mood, I am going to talk to you as Aunt Rachel does to me. May I?" she asked, half afraid withal.

"Go on," he answered, with his dreamy eyes away off on the blue mountain-tops melting shadowy into the morning sky.

"But you must pay attention or I won't preach," said Josephine, impatiently. Then he brought his eyes back to fall full on the pleasing figure at his feet.

Josephine was one of the old-fashioned girls who look as pretty for the breakfast-as for the tea-table; and the *tableau vivant* was a charming one to me from the window in the distance where I sat sewing—Josephine, her dark braids hanging loosely in her net over her pink morning dress, her lithe figure all action, while Wayne was a striking contrast, his lazy limbs and blonde head thrown out in strong relief on the blue-striped cover of the lounge.

Josephine went on: "You know, Wayne, I have always looked up to you, but I fear you are leading such a life as will cause me, as well as others, to look down upon you, if you do not soon put a bar in the path that is leading you to destruction."

Stopping to see the effect of her words, she continued, as he did not answer, "With all the talent and genius you possess, why do you lead the aimless, purposeless life you are dragging out day after day, and dragging out night after night? Is all your pride dead, that you let your inferiors rise above you in the world, while you lie still, drifting with the tide like a weed, careless whether it carries you to the ocean or to the mire of the stagnant pool? Your father—we all have centred such hopes in you! I, too, have been so proud of you, Wayne."

Here his eyes met hers, and his breast heaved; he seemed about to speak, but no sound escaped his lips.

"And you are wasting this noble, God-given life, half spent already, and what gain? Will you go on for ever leading this aimless life? Do you know where it will end?" and she paused breathless, half in fear at her own temerity, and wholly in earnest in her good work.

Wayne arose, and with his hands in his pockets walked up and down the long piazza; then, coming back, stood looking down tenderly on his little teacher:

"What use, Josey? What use? My life is wrecked. Let the debris float where it will."

"No," she cried, springing up and clasping her hands over his arm and walking with him—"no, Wayne, even the pieces of a rare ship are worth the saving; but you shall not lie so low, even in your own eyes. Raise yourself from this lethargy and mount upward, until, like those distant mountain-tops, you touch the heavens."

Looking down into her dark eyes, that burned with in-

tense enthusiasm, he smiled sadly, and said, "Child, they only touch the shadowy clouds. The heavens lie beyond—as far as my heaven from my hopes."

"You only laugh at me," she sighed. Then taking her two hands in his, he bent down and said in a low, tremulous voice, "Josey, I wish I could weep at your truths, but I am past saving; give up hoping for me. You are too good. Mine is an aimless life, but it sha'n't be one long." Then dropping her hands, he went down the steps and through the gate without a word or a look more.

She stood there, pained and bewildered, her hands hanging listlessly at her side, as he had left them. And so I found her, when I came out to call her to her morning's tasks. Although only staying the summer with us, a half guest, I made her come under the rule of the house, and obey my mandates with the rest of my subjects. I, Aunt Rachel, occupied the position of aunt, housekeeper and mother in my little kingdom, Tom being my own boy, while Wayne and Fanny and Bert and Ned were my brother's children, and all cousins to Josephine. Wayne and Fanny and the boys were the heirs expectant to all the broad beautiful lands that sloped down to the river's bank far as eye could reach. When they lost their mother, ten years ago, little girl and boys then, I came to them; and staying ever since, I loved them as my own. This summer, Josephine, my only sister's only child, had been left by her mother in our joint care, while she, with her invalid husband, sought the flitting shadow health, which the doctor had said lay for him under the soft Italian sky over the sea. I little dreamed I was accepting so painful a duty when I welcomed Josephine to our happy home only a month before.

I began to discover, after she came, a vague unrest in Wayne. It was true he had for a year or more been "going wrong," but we all still held our breaths, and waited to see if he would not yet take a fresh start and win the day. But the spring melted into summer, and the summer verged into fall, and still he smoked and lounged and went to "the pavilion," coming home unsteady in gait and feverish in eye and tongue, and his father's heart sank within him when he beheld his first-born fallen so low. Since Josephine had been with us, he was more at home. He loved music with an artist's soul, and she played exquisitely, and always "felt Cousin Wayne's presence," as she explained, and played to him. And this summer, for the first time in many months, I had found him studying at his books as of old, and I felt a hope born again, and thought he might yet "fulfil the promise of the bud." Then again he would "go wrong," and so all summer I grew hot and cold in my hope and despair over my favorite, for with all his faults he was my favorite still.

That evening Wayne came home like himself, sober and still. He looked so pale and haggard, I asked him if he was sick. "No, he had been up the mountain, and was tired; he wasn't used to climbing." As he passed Josephine, he threw into her lap a foreign post-marked letter. She caught it with a happy, joyous laugh, and coming into the room where I sat, knelt beside me, and a rosy flush flamed into her lips and cheeks, and her whole face was filled with happiness, as she seemed to hear the warm tones of her lover's voice as she read his burning words. I heard a heavy, labored breathing, and turning, saw behind the vines Wayne's eyes—only his eyes, but they told me what I scarce dared put into a thought. Feigning ignorance of my discovery, I asked, in as calm a voice as I could command, "Well, what does he say?" And Fanny came rushing in from the piazza, where she and Josephine had been watching the sunset. "When, and oh when is the wedding-day to be?" she sang, and Josephine, radiant and blushing, answered, turning to me, "I am so surprised, auntie. Hamilton says I must be ready in October. He is coming for me then, and papa and mamma will wait in Naples for us," and she colored at the words. Fanny hugged and cried over her as though she was to go the next day, and called Hamilton "wicked," and Tom and the boys gave three cheers for the "bride elect." I felt something like tears in my throat, for I could not speak for a moment; then putting my arms round her, I said, "God bless you, my child!"

I heard the vines pushed hurriedly aside, and Wayne stepped in among us. He was pale as death. Coming straight to Josephine, he said in an unnatural tone—it sounded away, far off, like one in a dream—"Do you love him, Josey?"

She looked up amazed; but seeing the earnestness in his face, answered him as earnestly—and she looked like an angel—"With my whole heart, Wayne."

"Amen!" he said, ringing out the word as though pronouncing a benediction, and walked away.

Fanny and the boys and Josephine all looked pained; then I heard Tom say, "Over to the pavilion," in Wayne's unsteady voice, and I saw they believed him what he often had been. Only I knew his secret, and I rejoiced in my heart then that only a few more weeks would my boy be tortured by the sound of the "one voice he loved" and could never possess; and I made up my mind that, hard as it would be, I still would hurry the preparations for Josephine's departure. I knew she never suspected the secret, and it should be kept from her for ever, if possible.

The days following were busy ones. From morn till eve the rattle of the sewing-machine kept time to merry voices as they laughed and sang "marriage bells" and "bridal choruses," and all were—save Wayne and me—happy enough over the making of Josephine's hurried trousseau. As the coming winter had, before this peremptory summons came, been settled upon as the time to give up our girl, we had necessarily to "stitch, stitch, stitch," in order to be ready so much earlier. Wayne seldom came into the room where we were so busily sewing, but sometimes he would wheel the lounge up to the window and lie smoking lazily without, watching our nimble fingers.

One day he said, suddenly, "Josey, is this all your 'aim' in life?" and she answered, laughing, "I fill a purpose, don't I? Will not mine be a 'higher life,' that of an honored wife?"

He turned away, and I heard him mutter something from "Locksley Hall," a poem he was fond of quoting—"I had loved thee more than wife was ever loved," but Josephine and Fanny, who were whispering and laughing together over the matronly title, did not hear him.

And so the long summer days went on, and I longed for October and Hamilton to come. As the time drew near for Hamilton's return, I watched Wayne closely. He grew more restless, and slept little. Half the time I would find his bed untouched, and I could hear him on the piazza under my window, pacing like some wild animal all night. At last the steamer was expected in, and Josephine, all nervously anxious to hear of it, telegraphed below, for we were all to go down to the city to meet Hamilton upon his arrival.

When the telegram came telling us that the Russia would be in next day, Wayne brought it to her, saying, "Read the death-warrant." "Oh, Wayne!" she exclaimed, turning pale; but he laughed, and said, "I didn't say yours, Josey."

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful. A soft mist hung over the river, and clinging to the trees and faintly outlined banks, it made them seem shadowy ghosts which had forgotten to vanish with the night. We were all down to an early breakfast. Wayne came in last in his hunting-dress, his gun slung over his shoulder. Tom whistled an air from "Fra Diavolo," and Wayne scowled, and explained, "You'll all be gone, so I'll off for a day's sport in the woods. I'll aim high, Josey, and maybe bring you home a 'feather for your cap.' Will you prize it among all your glittering gewgaws?"

"More than all if you accomplish your purpose, Wayne," she said, with an expression he understood.

He looked so pallid that I came to him, and said in a low tone, "I don't believe you are well enough to go on such a tramp, Wayne. You had better stay at home and meet us to-night at the cars."

"Pshaw, auntie!" he said, irritably; "who ever heard of me being sick? I do things by wholes. I'll live or die; no halfway station for me any more," and he laughed a nervous, short laugh.

We all hurried through breakfast in order to be in time

for the early train, as we were to go down with brother and the boys that morning.

As Josephine left the table, Wayne followed her to the hall, and pausing at the parlor door, said, "Come, Josey, play 'my piece' once more. I won't ever have you again so."

"And why not?" she asked, stopping and looking half angry. "Hamilton is not a selfish lover. He is perfect, and I won't allow even an inference to the contrary."

"Well," he sighed, "won't you do what I ask you this last time?"

Then she went in, and pulled off her gloves, half impetuously in her haste to be gone, and the soft morning light fell on her fair girlish figure as she sat there and played the exquisite "allegro."

Wayne stood over her, leaning on his gun, still as some carved statue. Then, as the strain died away, he sighed, and said in a low tone, as if to himself, "It is a requiem! Like my life, it is in the minor key, and ended." Then bending down, he looked into her eyes, saying, "Kiss me good-bye, Josey."

But she turned away, exclaiming, "Why, Wayne, I'm not going away for ever!" Then wheeling around again on the stool, "Here, then; good-bye;" and putting up her pure lips, she kissed him—a soft, tender, clinging kiss, like a baby's—and he was gone.

We saw him from the car window tramping over the meadows, his gun over his shoulder, his handsome tall figure a pleasant picture on the bright background of blue sky, gleaming river and dark wood.

The steamer came in on time, but long before she landed her passengers, Josephine discovered Hamilton's bronze beard and dark eyes over the vessel's side, and telegraphed her welcome to him. When at last he came down the plank, she flew into his arms like a bird to its nest, and I was glad Wayne did not come.

We dined at the hotel in town, and went out home in the early evening train. Wayne was not at the cars to meet us, and I felt an indefinable pain when I could not discover him among the crowd. The servants said he had not been home since breakfast, and so we waited tea for him, and still he did not come. I felt an anxious dread of something—I knew not what—all the long evening, and tried to laugh off my superstitious fears. The girls were happy enough singing and playing, and with merry laughter "rehearsing the ceremony," for Josephine was to be married and sail the following week. No one missed my poor boy.

When at last one of the farm-hands called me to the door, I trembled with a premonition of something dreadful, and heard my superstitious fears confirmed: "Mr. Wayne had been found in the western woods, miles away, badly hurt—shot; his gun must have accidentally discharged—and they were bringing him home."

I sent the girls to bed. It was late, and they kissed me good-night, unsuspecting of the shadow that hovered over the house, which I wished to spare their bright memory of the day. While the servants were making ready the room, and the man sent for the nearest surgeon, I told brother and Hamilton what the man told me, and we waited with anxious hearts.

They brought him, all bleeding and pale, his closed eyelids sunken and blue-veined, and the blood gushing from his breast. They laid him down tenderly, and we waited. He lay so still, like one dead, no sign of a breath, no shadow of life on his face. When the surgeon came and dressed the wound—it was near the heart—he asked us how it happened; and brother told him Wayne had gone off in the morning for a day's sport, and his gun must have accidentally discharged. He looked grave, but said no more. All through the long night my boy lay so still and white till dawn, then opening his eyes, he muttered, "Did I aim high enough? It was my heart I brought you, Josey. You said you would prize it 'more than' all. It is shattered, you see. Better dead than alive. Eh?" and he laughed a bitter laugh. Alone, then, with my poor boy, I knew what he had done. How I prayed that he might live—not die a death like this!

When the morning came, and the household were told

of the accident, all the merrymaking was stilled, and there seemed more funeral knells than marriage-bells in the air. When the doctor came again he looked serious, and shook his head in answer to my pleading looks; and then I knew that Wayne would die. What should I do? What could I do? I sat beside him, and thought and prayed, and still was powerless to act.

He had lain still and sleeping for hours; then, as the sun crept round to his window, he unclosed his eyes, and motioned me to open the blinds, which I did, letting in a stream of sunshine. Turning his face toward the light, he whispered, "Send them all away, auntie," and they left us alone. Then, taking my hand, he said, brokenly, "Auntie, I see by your face you know what I have done. It was cowardly, and it is a 'dishonorable death.' There was courage in it too. Better end an aimless life than live one any longer. You know I loved her. I have loved her ever since she was a little girl, but I knew even then that she deserved one better and braver than I. She has got him too. Hamilton is a good fellow, and she will be an honored wife. But I loved her better than wife was loved. I knew I could not marry her. My cousin! I wouldn't aim beneath my honor and rival him, even if I could; but she said she loved him; so I— Auntie, don't tell her; let me have her respect at least, and God forgive me."

Worn out with the struggle it cost him to speak, he fell into a doze. When the sun was half sunk to rest, he started and called "Josey!" and his eloquent eyes told me he wanted to see her once more. I went down stairs for her. She sat in the parlor by her lover, and looked so joyous and happy, for a moment I felt half angry toward her; then, calling her to the door, I said, "Josephine, I fear Wayne's wound is mortal. He has asked for you. Go to him; and oh, my child, be tender and good."

She looked at me half frightened, and seeing something in my face, cried, "Oh, auntie, not that! He will not die!" and I could not answer her, but led her to the room.

He opened his eyes, and smiled with ineffable love upon her, and groping for her hand like one in darkness, said in a breathless, broken voice, "I was a poor shot, Josey—aimless, you see, in all. I've brought you a sorry present—one you won't prize; more than all, as you promised;" and she sank trembling and speechless beside him.

"Josey," he cried, "do you despise me? Forgive—Auntie, you didn't?" Then she arose, and drawing his head to her bosom, she took him in her arms and kissed him tenderly. And we all three understood one another.

With the sun his life went down. Whether it rose on the other world, bright and beautiful, or whether it sank down and down and down—he asked God to forgive him—God knows. We buried him the day before Josephine sailed. She and her husband stood over his grave together, and it was she who put on it the cross and crown of immortelles.

And the aimless life was ended.

LOVE'S DOGMATISM.

HEART, beat no answer to the beating brain:
There is none valid for thy need, sweet heart;
Thy high conviction is not thine to impart,
Nor canst thou prove thy gain to be a gain.

Let be; for poem never yet made plain
A logic for its mystery of deep joy,
Nor music sad or glad would e'er deploy
Its dark relationships with joy and pain.

Wilt thou be less than these are who art more
Than they as comprehending strain and song?
Throb on, my heart, unenvious to explore
The logic of thy love so strong and long.
Love, song and music fly their flight above
Reason. Go reasonless. Love out thy love.

THOSE eyes alone are beautiful which are luminous and not sparkling.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 5.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY.

It is a very common and very erroneous idea that there is an antagonism between beauty and utility. People think that if a house is well located, is well built, is conveniently arranged—that if the carpets, the furniture, the household utensils, are well made, durable and adapted to the purpose for which they are used—every end is served, and that beauty means merely an added expense, which only those who have abundant wealth have a right to think of. This idea has arisen from the hard struggle which many of our people have had, in a new and unimproved country, in surrounding themselves with the most necessary comforts of life, from the absence of artistic influences and surroundings, and from the lack of facilities for procuring handsome things except by lavish outlay. It is also a legacy from our English ancestors, for it is certain that the English, of all the nations of Europe, are the most obtuse on the subject of beauty, and the least capable of any broad and true artistic cultivation. The American people of the present day, made up as they are of many heterogeneous materials, are very much more open to the influences of beauty, and attentive observers can plainly see indications of a rapid development of a love for art, in the widest sense of the term, which promise well for the future.

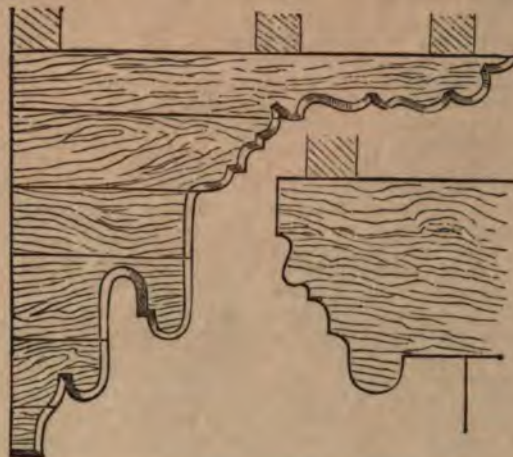
The present age, however, is essentially utilitarian, but there is no reason why our splendid achievements in the useful arts should blind us to the attractions of those which appeal in a stronger manner to the finer instincts of our nature. The old Greek and mediæval housekeepers did not think that ugliness was essential to comfort, but, on the contrary, they were prompted to add a touch of beauty wherever it was possible. We have abundant relics of the best periods of Greek and Roman civilization which prove conclusively that even the commonest objects of household utility—the pots and pans of the kitchen, and similar objects—were almost universally decorated with graceful designs or were fashioned into beautiful forms. This custom was so common that an unornamented article was the rare exception, and the ornaments—except in the days of the decline of art, when a taste for the meretricious novelties became prevalent—were almost always so beautiful and appropriate that modern designers have never been able to surpass them with original efforts of their own, and are satisfied if they can but imitate them successfully.

The only school of decorative art which rivals the Greek in the extent of its influence upon modern European and American ideas is the Gothic, and this owes its excellence to the fact that it was an independent growth, and arose out of the necessities of the people and out of their desire to relieve the hardness of their daily lives by cultivating a taste for the beautiful. The most characteristic features of both Greek and Gothic art owe their existence to an endeavor to render interesting certain necessary things which, without ornamentation, would have at least been uninteresting, if not positively ugly.

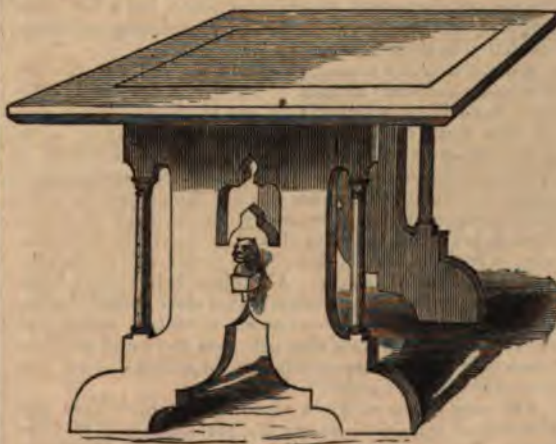
From this desire to render beautiful useful things not in themselves at all attractive arose the habit of filling in the pediment of a temple with statuary, the ornamentation of the frieze under the cornice with bas-reliefs, the fluting of columns and the decoration of their capitals. The only specimens of the sculpture of Phidias and other of the most famous artists of antiquity which have come down to us are those introduced as architectural ornaments.

The Gothic architect found himself compelled to invent the flying buttress as a support to his building, but his artistic instincts equally compelled him to make it a thing of beauty instead of an excrescence; he wanted a spout at the corner of his roof to carry off the rain-water, and he accordingly put it on, taking care first to sculpture it in the shape of a grotesque figure expressive of some idea in keeping with the purpose for which his building was to be used. The brackets under a cornice in Gothic buildings are for the support of the roof; but instead of making them

mere plain pieces of wood or stone, the artistic builder at least shaped them with curving outlines, and wherever he had a chance covered them with fanciful ornaments. Our modern architects imitate these features constantly, but too often without any regard to their appropriateness. The object of the ancient was to beautify the useful, whereas that of the modern is in many cases to ornament at all hazards, whether ornament is needed or whether the ornamental features used are such as the occasion calls for.



The Swiss are a poor people, and yet they have succeeded in developing a most picturesque and characteristic style of cottage architecture and home decoration which it would be well worth while for us Americans to study attentively, not necessarily for the purpose of imitating it, but to gather some hints with regard to the right way to set about making our homes attractive. The above are specimens of Swiss brackets, and we particularly wish to point out that they are of solid timber, and are a genuine support to the projecting eaves of the house. The ornamentation is merely accessory, and is not an essential.



As an example of the Gothic manner of applying ornament, take this table. The maker needed the piece of wood connecting the two ends in order to give his table strength and to hold it together. Fortunately for the usefulness as well as the beauty of the piece of furniture upon which he was working, a glue-pot did not form one of the fixtures of his shop. So he had no other way of fastening his tie-piece than by making its ends project, and then inserting a wooden pin. This pin was a necessity if his table was to be a good specimen of workmanship, but it was certainly not ornamental in itself. It will be seen, however, that he made it so by sculpturing it in the form

of a lion's head.* In building and furnishing a house, utility is the first thing to be considered, and it is the worst kind of folly to sacrifice it in the least to ornament, for ornament introduced at the expense of utility is tolerably sure to be in bad taste. We have frequently seen houses most inconveniently arranged, with windows and doors and chimneys just where they ought not to have been, and every requirement for comfort sacrificed to crude and ill-regulated desire for architectural effect.

The British Parliament building is a notable instance of this kind of bad taste. The architect had the Gothic fever very badly, and all his efforts were directed to producing a splendid piece of Gothic architecture. He scarcely succeeded in this, but he did succeed in erecting a building which, if all accounts of it be true, is as badly adapted for the purposes to which it is devoted as it well could be. The rooms, without exception, are said to be small, badly arranged, badly ventilated, badly lighted, and bad in every way. The Middle Age architect went to work in a very different manner. He put a door or window just where it was needed, and otherwise attended to the practical requirements of those who were to use his structure. This being done, he ornamented to the best of his ability.

The doge's palace at Venice is one of the most remarkable and most beautiful edifices in Europe. Let any one take a photograph or authentic picture of it, and he will note that one of the large windows on the principal front facing the canal is much lower than the others. The reason for this is that a lower window was required for the particular room to be lighted, and it was placed lower, as a matter of course. A modern architect would of a certainty have made his windows all on the same level, no matter how much his rooms might have suffered.

One of the first things to be done, if we are to have beautiful homes, is to get people to consider the relations of utility and beauty from a practical common-sense point of view, and it is a chief duty which persons of real culture and good taste owe to themselves and to the community to discourage the taste for bad ornamentation which prevails in too many households, especially in those where wealth has made its appearance in advance of good taste. Unostentatious plainness is always respectable, and is always preferable to meretricious decoration, and it is one of the most promising signs of growing good taste that many people are covering their walls with plain tints instead of the elaborately figured papers so common but a few years ago, and that in other ways they are abandoning bad ornamentation in their homes.

Except in a few houses, chiefly in the cities, stoves are absolutely necessary articles of household furniture. We must have them, whether they are handsome or not, and we must have them constructed in such a manner as to throw out as great an amount of heat as possible with a given quantity of fuel. In designing a stove, heating capacity and economy of fuel are the two things mainly to be considered; and if it is necessary that in order to obtain these in perfection the stove should be unartistic in design, why, so let it be, and let there be no pretence of converting it into a thing of beauty. All things being equal, however, there is surely no reason why a stove should not be, in some degree at least, ornamental as well as useful, and yet who ever saw a stove that left upon the mind any impression of elegant appropriateness, or which was not the personification of ugliness?

The only stoves we know anything of which have any elements of attractiveness are the porcelain ones of Germany. These are not intrinsically handsome, but they have a certain quaint picturesqueness that amid appropriate surroundings gives them value as ornamental pieces of furniture. On this side of the Atlantic the only approaches to artistic treatment is seen in some of the small stoves for burning wood. The Corinthian pilasters, the shields, the wreaths and other gim-crackery, borrowed from everywhere and anywhere, are very far from being in the best taste, but the general effect is approximately good, and gives an indication of what may be done when our manu-

*This table is a fair specimen of artistic furniture, and it should not, if the bit of sculpture is omitted, cost a great deal to reproduce in almost any of the ordinary woods. It is certainly much handsomer than most of the furniture purchasable in the shops.

facturers learn how to treat cast iron in artistic fashion. That our stoves are not handsome is not for lack of ornament, for there is scarcely one of any description made that, independently of the designs on the castings, does not have pinned on to the sheet iron portion a few monstrosities which are at once superfluous and hideous. All of this bad decoration costs money, for it has to be designed by somebody; elaborate patterns have to be made for it, and the moulding is more expensive than it would otherwise be. The result is that the purchasers of stoves are compelled to pay for tasteless performances in the artistic line that they do not want, and which, if they have any refined tastes, they would much prefer to dispense with. This will always be the case, however, with regard to all kinds of household furniture, until people begin seriously to give some thought to the decoration of their homes, and demand that even in the commonest articles of utility some regard shall be paid to artistic fitness. When this demand is made by a sufficient number of people, it will certainly meet with a proper response from manufacturers, who are always eager to cater to the prevailing public taste, and who have no object in using bad ornaments on their wares, except to give their patrons what they want.

What we have said with regard to the ugliness of stoves applies with almost equal force to the ordinary oil-lamps. From a purely utilitarian point of view our lamps are usually all that could be desired, but, with few exceptions, they are far from being ornamental in any proper sense of the word. In the designing of some of the moderate-priced gas-fixtures, however, much excellent taste is shown at the present day; and although plenty of articles of this kind can be found which are spoiled by over-ornamentation and bad designs, still, persons who are fastidious about such things can readily find something tasteful, if they will take the trouble to look for it, and will probably have to pay less for it than for some elaborate specimen of ugliness. This improvement in gas-fixtures, as well as the improvement in the designs for other articles of furniture, is partly due to an improvement in public taste, but more largely to the establishment of schools of industrial art in England within the past twenty years, and to the improvement of those of France and other European countries. Efforts are now being made to establish such schools in this country as auxiliaries to our common schools, and it cannot be doubted that they will have a very great effect, not only in giving us educated designers of our own, but in educating the public up to the point of desiring good designs and of knowing them when they are produced.

PLEADING.

Give me thy faith, that, looking down
The misty vale of years,
I, too, may see our dear life's crown
Repaying present tears.
Give me thy faith so firm and strong,
Thy trust so large and free,
To feel the years that roll along
But bring me nearer thee.

Give me thy hope to charm away
My life's untold regret,
And whisper to my heart it may
Know love's own gladness yet.
Give me thy hope, so warm, so dear,
So sunny and so sweet,
To teach my heart with olden cheer
And new-born life to beat.

Give me thy patience, dear, to wait
Till from time's hand nath flown
The crowning hour designed by Fate
To blend our lives in one.
Give me thy patience, hope and faith—
I need them, thou art strong;
But I am weary unto death:
This waiting is so long!



"A TOWERING BREAKER THUNDERED OVER THE DOOMED CRAFT."—P. 352.

A ROMANCE OF THE JERSEY COAST.

BY HARRY WARING.

III.

ERE another week had elapsed, the Alice sailed on her first voyage to Boston. The trip was a pleasant one, and she more than equalled the expectations of her owner in regard to speed and seaworthiness. It was not until her return that she was called upon to undergo any severe trial of staunchness. Her captain decided to take the outward passage instead of the usual inner route of coasters, by way of Long Island Sound. At the close of the second afternoon out a leaden haze in the south-west betokened rising wind and a probable storm; but as the vessel was running with a fair breeze, Shaw calculated to make Egg Harbor before the next morning, and be safe in the roadstead ere the storm could attain any headway. He was mistaken. When he came on deck at dawn and relieved Hewitt from his duty at the wheel, the whole air was thick with stinging particles of spray whipped by a fierce gale from the crests of driving waves. The storm was on them—one of those brief easterly gales that suddenly rise in the mild summer-time, but which, short as they are, leave death and devastation in their track. To add to their danger, a dense fog hid all knowledge of their whereabouts from them. Shaw saw that they were in a trying situation, and knew that every minute was bringing them nearer a shore that is the dread of mariners in fair weather, but their terror when they are driven near it before the pitiless peltings of a north-easter.

He eagerly inquired of Hewitt whether he had seen any lights before daybreak.

"A little before dawn, just before the fog came up, I thought I sighted a light over the lee bow."

"Fixed or flashing?" anxiously demanded the captain.

"The light seemed steady for two or three minutes, and then disappeared altogether. It must have been hidden by the mist."

"It was Barnegat," replied Shaw; "we could not have sighted Absecon light so soon. How the schooner pitches! I am glad to see you carrying such short sail. She can hardly stand the little now out, close-reefed as it is. Hark! that sounded like breakers, though a good way off."

"Joel!" he shouted to a sailor who was holding on by the shrouds. "Quick, heave the lead! How much water have you?"

"Two fathoms," replied the seaman.

"Are you sure? Sound again!"

"Two, less a foot."

Quick as lightning Shaw drove the rudder hard up, but under such light canvas the schooner refused to go about.

"All hands unreef foresail and mainsail!" shouted the captain. "It is our only hope."

But it was too late. The schooner was lifted on the top of a giant wave; then sinking into the abyss, her keel grated on the bottom. A deluge of water flooded her from stem to stern, sweeping off both boats, and leaving only the small skiff that Shaw kept on board as more convenient for constant use than the larger yawls. Under the fierce momentum of the waves the vessel dragged, thumping along, until she finally remained nearly immovable, the sea making a complete breach over her. As she settled in the sand, her taper masts broke short off above the deck.

and with their rigging were at once swept to leeward by the heavy billows.

Hewitt had managed to lash himself to a stanchion immediately under the windward bulwarks of the schooner, and was in a measure protected from the rush of water that threatened to sweep everything before it. Shaw followed his example, as likewise did the three seamen.

"James," said the captain, sadly, "the Alice will soon break up. I can see into the cabin, and the water even now flows through her loose planking. There is a chance of escape in that frail boat, but I fear," he added, slowly, "she will not hold more than three. Perhaps that is too many in this sea, and she must carry four."

"Five, Captain Shaw," interrupted the mate; "you forget yourself."

"Four, James Hewitt, for I shall not leave the schooner." "You don't intend to stay?" said the mate, in amazement.

"I do," quietly answered the other. "My extra weight would sink the boat; and now, Hewitt, a few words before we part. Tell Alice"—he breathed her name tenderly and reverently—"tell her that I thought of her and loved her to the last. Hewitt, I have sometimes fancied that you loved her. If she is ever more to you than she is now, promise me that you will be good to her. It is all I ask in exchange for my chance of life. Give me your hand on it."

Their hands clasped over a promise ratified amidst the terrific roar of the elements, and in the grim presence of death. Yet Hewitt, though doubtless affected by the resolve of his officer to remain by the vessel, did not refuse the place thus proffered him.

Not so Joel Conover when informed of his captain's determination.

"Cap'n Shaw," he exclaimed, "it's ag'in human nater. As for me, I'm not sich a coward as to desert the schooner, leaving the best man aboard her. No, cap'n, take your chance. There are those who will grieve for you; but as for me, I've neither kin nor sweetheart, and won't be missed."

"Joel, it shall not be, old fellow. You can't have less to leave than I have," returned Shaw, in a voice filled with emotion, "and nothing can part me from the Alice. You will have to make speed," he continued, "for the vessel is fast going to pieces. Launch the boat on the leeward side of the schooner, and the moment a wave surges over the deck pull before it for dear life."

The men did as their captain ordered; yet even when all were in the boat, they paused for him to take his place with them.

"Thank you, boys," he replied, "but she couldn't float with another man in her. God help you safe to land!"

A towering breaker thundered over the doomed craft, and lifting the skiff on its crest, bore it far from the vessel's side. In another moment they were in the trough of the sea, with a wall of water hissing and tumbling around them. In that wild turmoil much depended on the skill of the helmsman.

The mate rowed, and to Joel was confided the task of steering. They had but slight hope of successfully running the terrific surf they were rapidly approaching, whose incessant roar, growing louder as they neared it, sounded like a death-knell in their ears.

Hewitt, from his position, faced the vessel they had left, but so high was the veil of waters between that, though he eagerly scanned the sea whenever the boat was on the summit of a wave, he could discern nothing. At last there was a rift in the fog, and for a moment he saw the wreck—a black speck in a seething white cauldron. He looked again—it was gone.

An exclamation from one of the sailors caused all hands to glance toward the land. The mist had raised, and the cedar-crowned sand-hills of Peck's Beach and the waters of Great Egg Harbor Bay were before them, hardly a mile away. But between them and safety rose the awful bar, the deadly surges crashing over it with the roar of a hundred Niagaras.

The Alice had gone to pieces on its outer edge, and each man felt how impossible it would be for their deeply-

laden skiff to pass through that angry barrier, and for any of its occupants to live to tell the tale. They could not hope to row away from the danger. In that driving tempest it would have been a waste of labor to attempt such a course.

By tacit consent Joel had assumed the direction of affairs, and he now carefully reconnoitred their position. He saw there was one thing in their favor. The tide was making into the inlet, and had already carried them more than half the distance, parallel with the bar, toward the entrance. Could they only pass the lower end of the bar to the channel beyond without entering the surf, they would have some chance, for there the waves, though rolling high, were free from breakers, and once around the point of the bar and under its lee, they were safe.

"At any rate, we can try for it," said Joel. "While there's life there's hope."

A fresh hand took Hewitt's place at the oars, while the mate occupied himself in baling out the water, which constantly combed over the gunwale, for rowing parallel with the seas, an occasional wave would break over despite Joel's utmost care and foresight. They had gradually crept toward the lower edge of the bar, but were also fearfully near the line of white water; a few minutes, and they would be in the vortex. Joel saw that unless the boat had more leeway it could not escape destruction.

"Pull, Frank, pull, if you would ever again see your wife and child!" he shouted to the sailor at the oars, at the same time abruptly heading the boat toward wind and sea, so as to keep her from approaching nearer to the surf, trusting that if they could only hold their own at the oars the suction of the tide would drift them past the bar.

The young man thus powerfully appealed to braced himself like an athlete to his work. Down into the valley of the sea, then on a towering hill of water, went the boat, the tempest howling and shrieking as to the anxious men it had never seemed to rage before. Through all Joel's features were immovable. As they rose on every wave, he quietly scanned the boiling surges not many yards in their rear. At length he spoke:

"Frank, can you pull as steadily five minutes longer? If not, Miles shall take your place. If you can hold out, so much the better, for in changing we would lose four or five boat lengths, and that is everything just now."

"I'll try," rejoined Frank; and held steady by the strong arm of the seaman, and impelled by the friendly current, the boat drifted slowly by the yawning death in its rear. Yet there was scant room to spare. As the skiff glided slowly by the tail of the bar, a hungry wave, angry to see its prey escape so easily, curled high above the bow and broke in a deluge over them. For a moment Joel held his breath. He thought they were among the breakers; but as no more waves followed, he looked around, and a cry of joy escaped him. The boat was heading toward the breakers, yet every second increased the distance between it and the cruel surf. The tide had swept them by the bar into the channel, and they were now running on the young flood up the bay. The danger was passed, and they were saved. Swiftly the boat's head came round and pointed toward Somers' Point.

Another hour and they were at home, thrilling their listeners' ears with the details of the schooner's wreck, the loss of its generous owner, and their own hairbreadth escape.

IV.

ALICE sat by her window looking out over the marsh, with its winding thoroughfares and broad sounds—over the sand dunes of the distant Absecon Island to the storm-tossed billows of the Atlantic.

"I wonder if he is in this gale?" she said to herself. "He told me that he would be back this afternoon, and John always keeps his word."

Oh strange inconsistency! The man to whom she had confessed her love only the week before was in the same vessel, sharing the same peril, and she had forgotten him. But in that week Alice had thought much. Hewitt had several times essayed to address her on the subject of their former conversation, but she had refused to listen to him,

and invariably cut short the talk when it trespassed on forbidden ground.

Shaw, on the contrary, had not intruded himself on her notice—in fact, he had rather avoided her, and so appealed to one of woman's weak points—her curiosity. She wondered why he kept away. Curiosity begets interest, interest pity, and pity is near akin to love. She was sorry that she had treated him so coldly.

When Alice told the mate that she had loved him, she did not know her own mind. His fine person and expressive eyes captivated her fancy, and she imagined his heart and inclinations corresponded to the beauty of his outward appearance. She was undeceived. She had found Hewitt all for self, like a tempting apple, hollow and mildewed at the core. Her mind naturally reverted to his contrast—John Shaw; and the verdict of her unbiased judgment was in favor of the latter. She would have given half her life to ask his pardon for her coldness, and to tell him all. And now she feared he was in danger.

The front gate opened, and Hewitt came briskly along the gravel walk. She thought the Alice had returned, and felt piqued to think that Shaw had not announced the arrival himself, considering her of so little account that he must send the tidings by his mate. The appearance of the latter mystified her. He seemed so unusually elated that her heart sank within her, for she knew what enlivened him would make her miserable. He entered the house with a confident bearing altogether foreign to him.

"Alice," he exclaimed, "I bring you good news—our union is now possible! The Alice was wrecked this morning."

"And John?" faintly gasped his auditor, her dark eyes imploring her informant, eager for his reply, but dreading its nature.

"Was lost with his vessel," coolly answered Hewitt; "and there is now no obstacle to our marriage."

Alice, on the announcement of her lover's loss, sat like one stupefied, but the thought of Hewitt's merciless answer aroused her indignation. She began to hate him. "He has not a regret for the brave man who perished," she thought. "Could I ever be happy with one whose ideas centre so entirely in himself?"

Hewitt's mind misgave him when no expression of relief fell from her lips, but he was not prepared for the abrupt answer he heard:

"James Hewitt, there is an obstacle to our union, and that hindrance is yourself. A little more than a week ago I thought I loved you. I have awakened from that dream. My own heart was unknown to me. I now see that we never can be mated. I have learned to love John Shaw because I saw he possessed the qualities you lacked—a thorough abnegation of self, and a care and forethought for the woman he loved, that have won her affection. You have no thought, no regret, for the man who faced his fate bravely on his vessel's deck. You even exult in his death. Could his murderer do worse? Oh, John, John!" she cried, "now do I know what I have lost. As for you, James Hewitt," she continued, turning to the astonished mate, "I have no more to say to you. You know my mind now. You know I would never consent to be your wife. Go!" she said, pointing to the door, her dark eyes flashing with a light that prevented any appeal.

Hewitt, astounded at the sudden aspect of affairs, knew not what to say. He had imagined that he had plain sailing before him, and the declaration that he no longer shared in Alice's regard was a blow the suddenness of which appalled him. He felt, moreover, that she had read his true nature. When she therefore motioned him to the door, "he stood not on the order of his going," but went at once, his only response being an almost inaudible obfuscation relative to the fickleness of women.

Alice had borne herself proudly and defiantly, but as the door closed on the baffled mate, the tears streamed down her cheeks. Too late was the burden of her cry: "Oh that John had known how I loved him before he found a watery grave!"

Slowly the summer passed by, but its wealth of flowers and balmy winds brought no comfort to the maiden. She had

discovered too late where her happiness would have been. She was comparatively free from all other care, for on opening Shaw's will, it was found that he had left his entire property to the woman who had won his heart. It brought no consolation for his loss. She felt that she had no right to it—that she had been at heart untrue to her betrothed, and that he had thus remembered her when she was unworthy of his lightest thought. Yet she could hardly realize that he was gone; everywhere there was something to bring him back to her memory. Could she have forgotten him, of all men so tender and true?

The little plank wharf he had built for the light shallop in which, with the skill that is a second nature to all shore girls, she skimmed over the dancing waters of thoroughfare and bay; the graceful boat, with its white sail and tapering lines, designed by John himself, looking as if a puff would upset it, but standing up to the steady sea-breeze stiff and dry as its larger sisters of the bay,—all these things reminded her of the great error of her life—of the loss that could never be replaced.

And yet she began to love these reminders. She longed to tread among the scenes where he had once lingered, to read his books, to search for his marks and annotations at their most notable passages, and to learn how all these things evidenced that the most prominent thought of his life and living had been herself. In all this a new existence opened before her.

Her lover had received a better education than the generality of his neighbors, and his library contained many works that were a mine of delight to the wondering girl. She grew familiar with the lore of past ages. The rhymes of poets and the eloquence of scholars possessed a new charm, for they had imparted to his nature the knightly qualities that animated it.

One sultry afternoon toward the close of August she had been reading Tennyson's Idylls, and came across the plaintive song of Elaine. The words, "Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me," were underscored, and opposite was a date that at once caught her eye. It was the day of the picnic and trial trip of the Alice. "What could he mean by this?" she thought. "Could he have suspected that I did not love him?" She rapidly recalled the scenes of that eventful day. She recollected, for she remembered everything now, how her lover had come from the cedar thicket to the feast. Could he have overheard her shameful confession to Hewitt? It must have been.

And he had gone to his ocean grave and given place to his rival that she might be happy! Joel had told her how the captain had steadfastly refused to quit the wreck. She remembered, too, how he had replied to Joel when the latter besought him to take his place:

"You can't have less to leave than I have." He would not have made that answer had he been sure of her affection.

The discovery filled her with a sense of shame and mortification she had never before experienced. Her ears tingled to their very tips, as if she looked into the eyes of John Shaw, and there read her reproach.

The hot air of the house was close and suffocating. She looked out on the marsh. The tide was falling; yet though the breeze blew warm from the land, there was a sensation of coolness in the rippling waters of the thoroughfares she could find nowhere in-doors. Donning her hat, she ran to the creek, and hoisting the sail of her little craft, was wafted down the channel, floating by the tall marsh grass, and by black oozy banks round which the current foamed and whirled, scaring from their honey-combed recesses myriads of small crabs, that made the inclined shore seem like the camping-ground of a vast Lilliputian army. The tide was already leaving the sandy flats where snow-breasted snipe waded for their meal of snails and shell-fish in the shadows. Tall cranes stood sentinel-like on the wet sand; curlew and martin flapped their wings ready for flight, but resumed their foraging when the boat skimmed quietly by, as if aware that it carried no murderous fowler to mar their peace.

Over depth and shallow the light craft glided, her thin centre-board sliding upon its pivot when it grated over an unusually shoal spot, stirring up and leaving in its wake

the green paper-like growth that carpets with emerald the bed of the sounds. A brown heron, startled by the sail appearing around a bend of the channel, with hoarse, sullen cry spread his broad wings and sailed away over the marsh, rousing in his flight a flock of plover which were feeding at some tidal pool, and which added their shrill cry to his din. But nature in its quiet or animated aspect, had no charms for the sorrowing figure in the tiny yacht, mechanically controlling the helm, or jibing the light sail when the course of the numerous bends brought the boat off or on the wind. For her at all other times the water had a soothing influence, and the merry song of the ripple at the bow was a lullaby to unquiet thoughts. But now she felt all the agony that had tortured the soul of her lover. She could not flee from herself nor from him. The dead, kind face seemed to look in pity from out the blue waters, and once, while running between the high banks of a narrow part of the stream, she fancied she heard herself called by him, and so clearly did the sound come over the waters that she involuntarily brought her boat to in the hope of hearing it again. A solitary loon rising from his dive repeated the cry, and apprised her how her restless mind had confounded the material with the supernatural.

Through Broad Channel into Sod Thoroughfare, out of the latter into the bay. The mouth of the inlet and the dark ocean lay before her; before her also was the treacherous bar where her lover had so kindly gathered shells on that fatal day, and on whose outer edge he had bravely met his death.

The hot western land-breeze gradually died away, but there was quite enough left to drift the boat over the long sea-swell until it touched the hard sand on the inner side of the bar. She stepped out, and, after anchoring the little craft, walked across the flat to its ocean front. A light surf swashed mournfully through the moss-hung timbers of the old emigrant ship, and some distance beyond. She saw a portion of another wreck appearing above the shoal water, and recognized it as the stern post and knees of the Alice, which Joel had shown her one day from the main with his glass when there had been an extremely low tide. As she viewed it again, the whole scene seemed vividly portrayed before her—the howling of the tempest, the wild sweep of the waves, the despairing seamen and their self-denying captain. She thought of him after the crew had left the vessel, and imagined his agony as the wreck gradually broke up, piece after piece floating away until nothing remained between him and the terrible surges that swept him to his doom, and she felt that he must have welcomed his fate, knowing that he had lost what was more than life itself—the love that he thought won.

"Oh, John," she cried, "could I but have shared your fate! Oh that I could have entreated you to live and hope, to tell you that you were the only one who in life or death I ever could love!"

"Alice, my pet, my darling!"

With a wild cry of joy she nestled like a scared dove to the breast of the bronzed and bearded man who stood beside her—her old lover, John Shaw.

She thought it at first a vision—that his ghost had risen from the wreck at her call; but was soon convinced that he was mortal by the shower of kisses she received when she lifted her brown eyes to his face.

"Has the sea given up its dead?" were her first words.

"No, but it has spared the living," returned her lover; "though had I been dead, the confession you made to the sea when I stood behind you would have brought me to life again."

"It is not often listeners hear so much good of themselves," laughed Alice, through the tears that in a sudden revulsion of feeling were coursing down her flushed cheeks. "John," she added, eagerly, the old coldness and reserve entirely broken down, "to-day I was reading your Tennyson, and learned that you were aware of my preference for Hewitt even when I was your betrothed, but I didn't know my own mind, John." He reassuringly clasped the little hand that trembled in his own. "I loved you even then," she continued, "and have since found out that I love you better than any one in the world. John, I have been

miserable flirt. Won't you forgive me? I know I don't deserve it for making you suffer so terribly, but—"

"Say nothing about it, Alice. What have I to forgive you? For making me the happiest man in the world, I suppose."

"Oh, John," suddenly cried Alice, "I have been so selfish that I haven't thought of asking you how you were saved. How came you here?—so long too after the wreck of the Alice."

"After the crew's departure, observing that the bow was higher out of water, and less exposed to the sweeping seas, than any other part of the vessel, I managed to crawl there and lash myself securely, hoping the schooner might hold together until the gale abated. A mighty wave tore my refuge from the vessel's hull, and tossed me with the broken bowsprit and stem into the boiling sea. I remember, darling, fancying that I saw your face as I rose to the surface. It was the figure-head at the stem, which had withstood the power of the billows. It was the last thing I saw, for soon afterward I was stunned by a fragment of the wreck. On regaining consciousness I found myself in a ship's cabin, with a surgeon's hand on my wrist. 'Thank God he lives!' I heard him exclaim, and again I relapsed into insensibility. At length I recovered, to hear that I was on a ship bound from New York to Para. They had picked me up lashed to the piece of wreck more than twenty miles from the coast, on the afternoon of the disaster. The captain and officers were very kind, and furnished me with all I required, but the voyage was unusually protracted; and passing outside the usual track of vessels, we did not meet a returning sail until near the coast of Brazil, where I bade adieu to my preservers, and exchanged into a homeward-bound bark, arriving in Philadelphia early this morning. I hurried at once to the shore, intending to see you unobserved, determined, if my forebodings were realized, like Enoch Arden, to cast no shadow on your path. On inquiry I found that Hewitt had not been near you since the day of the wreck. I then saw your father, who told me of your grief for my loss, and a new hope sprang up in my heart. I looked for you down by the water, but was only in time to see the streamer of your little yacht disappear behind the banks of the thoroughfare. Unmooring your father's boat, I started in pursuit, but the clumsy craft was no match for your agile Waterwitch, and I soon found the race was hopeless. I then called aloud, thinking you might hear my voice."

"I did hear a call, and brought my boat to," interrupted Alice, "but seeing only a loon, and hearing his cry, imagined I had been thus deceived."

"I kept on, though it was a stern chase, and did not expect that you would see me, separated as we were by the tortuous bends of the thoroughfares; but at last, on emerging into the bay, I saw your boat anchored on the bar. You were so absorbed by the view or your thoughts that you never once looked behind, and I landed in time to hear words that repaid me for all past sufferings, and for which I would undergo another shipwreck. Still," he added, playfully, tapping her cheek, "if you don't know your own mind—"

"John, we will never part again," quietly returned Alice, taking her lover's hand and walking with him toward the bay.

The declining sun shed its lustre on the waters, laying a golden path to their home. They saw in each other's eyes the deathless trust that is born of sorrow; and as the incoming sea-breeze scattered the fleecy mists impeding its way, it seemed to the lovers an augury of a future that would banish the trials of their past, leaving all fair before them, as the blue ether which, like a fathomless sea, stretched into space above the bar.

READING maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; writing, an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he need have a great memory, if he confer little, have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need to have great tact to seem to know what he doth not. Histories wise, poetry witty, the mathematics subtle, naturally deep, morals grave.



THEY CALLED HER COLD.

THEY called her cold,
Because the world's conventional displays
Lived not upon her lip in polished phrase.
E'en as the gold,
That crops not to the surface, jealously
Conceals, from all but one deep-searching eye,
Its wealth untold.

They used to say
Her heart was passionless, because her glance
For passers-by wore no significance,
But, veiled and gray,
Reserved its hidden fires, so chastely prond,
E'en as the sun his light will often shroud
Some autumn day.

She was not cold
When once I conquered all her maiden fears,
And, fountain-like, the stifled love of years
Was all out-told.

That eye, unveiled, flashed with such lustrous hue
As meretricious beauty never knew,
Serenely bold.

Cold now she lies,
E'en as the marble cross that crowns her grave;
Not even guardian love availed to save
My new-found prize.
And yet, though death hath rent our paths apart,
Strong cords of sympathy still reach my heart
From those bright skies

Where, cold no more,
Out-gazing from her seraph's home above,
She sees that my too short-lived earthly love
Lives as of yore,
Waiting the blissful call that soon shall come
And bear me gently to our common home
On that bright shore.

AMBERGRIS.

AMBERGRIS, to look at and handle, is a light, inflammable, grayish, variegated substance, fusible and fragrant when gently heated. It is lighter than water. Its gray color varies from yellowish to brown. It is tasteless and odorless when cold, and is something like wax in its consistency. It is soluble in many acid and alkaline liquids, and it imparts, by distillation, many of its properties to tinctures, balsams and other medicinal preparations. The substance itself was known long before its history. People found it, but they did not know how it got to the spots where it was found. On the northern and eastern coasts of Africa, on some parts of the Mediterranean shore, in the East Indies and the West Indies, occasionally on the west coast of Ireland, ambergris is met with, floating on the surface of the sea, adhering to rocks or thrown upon the beach. One celebrated piece was bought by the Dutch East India Company, in 1693, from the king of Tidore, to whom they gave eleven thousand thalers for it. It was almost spherical, measured two feet in diameter and weighed a hundred and eighty-two pounds. The grand duke of Tuscany offered fifty thousand crowns for it, with what result we know not. Another famous piece, found off the Cape of Good Hope, is said to have weighed no less than three hundred pounds.

Renaudot, in a translation of an Arab book of travels, notices the occurrence of ambergris on the African coast, and then says: The inhabitants of this country have camels trained up to the business, which they mount and go in search of ambergris by moonlight, riding for that purpose along the shore. The camels are broken into this; and as they perceive a piece of ambergris, they bend their knees and their rider picks it up. But then comes a strange story—very like a whale: "There is another sort, which swims in great lumps upon the surface of the sea, like the body of an ox, or a little less, and weighs a great deal. When a certain fish of the whale kind, called Tal, sees these floating lumps, he swallows the same, and is killed thereby. Then the whale is seen floating on the surface, and instantly the men, who are accustomed to this kind of fish and know when these whales have swallowed ambergris, go out to him in their boats; and darting him with iron harpoons, they tow him to shore, where they split him down the back and take out the ambergris."

Now, this account, suggesting a connection between ambergris and the whale, was corroborated to some extent by the testimony of Kampfer, who, in his voyage to Japan, said that a good deal of ambergris was found on that coast, chiefly within the bodies of whales. Hence arose many theories to account for the origin of this singular substance. The theories were in answer to such questions as the following: Is ambergris formed on the shore, melted by the heat of the sun, floated out into the sea, swallowed by whales, and again returned by them? Does it spring from the bottom of the sea in the form of a bitumen, which gradually rises to the surface and hardens in the sunshine? Is it a kind of sea mushroom, torn up from the bottom by the violence of tempests? Is it a vegetable production issuing out of the root of some tree whose roots always shoot toward the sea? Is it a species of wax or gum which distils from trees, drops into the sea and congeals into a solid form? Is it a spongy kind of earth, washed off the rocks by the action of sea waves, and left floating on the surface? Is it mainly composed of honeycomb which falls into the sea from overhanging rocks where bees have taken up their abode? Is it a bituminous substance which flows to the sea from the shore in a liquid form, and is there hardened and solidified? There was thus, it will be seen, no lack of ingenuity in the speculations concerning the origin of ambergris or the theories based upon them. The bituminous hypothesis was believed to receive some support from the fact that at Madagascar, where much ambergris is found, the soil under the sea-coast and under the adjacent bed of the sea is believed to be more or less impregnated with bitumen. Any true theory of ambergris, it was admitted, must account for the fact that the pieces are frequently composed of many strata, with pebbles and other bodies enclosed between them, and the

strata sometimes full of little shells. A safe conclusion, under any hypothesis, was that ambergris is originally in a fluid state, or at any rate sufficiently soft to envelop such small substances as fall in its way.

One by one numerous ingenious theories fell to the ground; it was seen that they would not suffice to account for the appearances presented. The whale, it was evident, must be associated with ambergris very intimately in any explanation suited for the phenomena. When a whaling captain came from the South Sea, and brought home three hundred and sixty ounces of ambergris, which had been taken out of the body of a whale, this fact led to further inquiry, from which it appeared that the substance was contained in a little bag in the interior of the huge leviathan, lending probability to a supposition that ambergris is in some way or other produced within the whale. About a century and a half ago, Dr. Boylston of Boston wrote thus: "Our whale fishers of Nantucket in New England give me the following account. On cutting up a sperm whale, they found in him about twenty pounds' weight, more or less, of ambergris, after which they and other such fishermen became very curious in searching all such whales as they killed; and it has since been found in lesser quantities in several whales of that kind, and in no other. They add further that it is contained in a cyst or bag, without any inlet or outlet to it, and that they have sometimes found the bag empty, and yet entire."

These American fishermen were on the right track. The experiments and observations of naturalists have led to a pretty general opinion that ambergris, although it has its origin within the body of the whale, is not produced by the animal from any foreign source. One circumstance seems to show that it is probably the result of disease. The number of whales which contain ambergris bears but a small proportion to the whole number caught; and, moreover, the whales which contain this peculiar secretion appear more weak and sickly than the generality of those captured. There are several species of whale, but it is the sperm whale kind which, so far as is known, alone yields ambergris. Nearly always small remains of whole food, hard and undigested, are found in the concretion, and no doubt is now entertained that ambergris is connected with the digestive apparatus of the sperm whale, perhaps a penalty for eating his dinner too heedlessly.

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 6.

MILL GLEN.

MY DEAR BOB: Last year some of the Mill Glen people made up their minds that a course of lectures would be beneficial to the intellectual interests of the town, and would also effect some missionary work among that estimable portion of the community which has a clearer idea of daily labor than of English grammar. So a few of us pledged ourselves to make up the deficit, should any exist after paying the expense of the enterprise, and then we employed the most noted lecturers of the day. They came, and acquitted themselves with great credit, but their most brilliant efforts failed to awaken a responsive chord in the pockets of Mill Glen. In fact, the remembrance of that course always brings a sigh from the breast of your old uncle, and Deacon Steady's face grows as sharp as one of his own hatchets whenever one of those lectures is referred to. The head clerk in Oatmeal's grocery kindly suggested that the course would have been a success if we had sandwiched Dan Rice's circus between Beecher and Phillips, and had followed Anna Dickinson with Wicked Ben, the educated pig.

This season we tried the co-operation plan, and called for volunteers from our own townsmen to lecture on subjects best understood. The Reverend Lugubrious Choker lectured on "Medieval Architecture," Captain Bagnet gave us a merry talk on "Army-life in War-time," Dr. Genial discoursed delightfully on "Good Temper," Tom Pestle, our worthy physician, gave us an hour on "Medicines not to be had at my office" (air, light, water, warmth, exer-

cise, etc., my dear boy), and Mrs. Judge Brown vindicated the right of women to the rostrum by an excellent lecture on the "Tyrants of the Stomach." Finally, old Captain Bowline, who can't open his mouth without being funny, volunteered a lecture on "Chinese Morality." As the captain is not known to have studied ethics or theology, we were a little startled, but the funny old dog proved himself master of the situation. He began by gravely stating that in China—of course no nearer home—he had met large bodies of people who elaborated exquisite codes of morals, and who met together once a week to reaffirm their belief and to question each other very closely and suspiciously, and compel each other to prove their faith. The practice of their faith, the captain continued, isn't of the slightest consequence, and the deacons of the same pagoda blandly swindle each other in the most frightful manner, while the deaconesses malign each other's pig-tails most unblushingly. The captain was reminded of so many incidents, and such funny ones, that he made by far the most interesting lecture of the season, and we dispersed with the old sailor in greater favor than ever.

But somehow, dear Bob, as we walked home and laughed over the jolly captain's drollness, we did very little of pointing the moral of his lecture. Very brisk discussions have followed the able lectures we have heard on Civil Service Reform, the Lost Arts, Joan of Arc, and other interesting subjects; but when it came to Chinese Morality, there seemed abroad a horrible suspicion that the captain's mind had not wandered to China even once in the whole course of his lecture. I even fancied that his merry old eye paused for an instant on President Fishplate, of our new railroad, and that the remembrance of his peculiar real estate and right-of-way transactions, compared with his Sunday code of rectitude, was what made him drop his head so quickly and as nearly succeed in blushing as a railroad president can be expected to do. Then his eye lingered an instant on Major Lights, the sash-factory proprietor, and I promptly assigned as cause of his confusion the recollection of the spruce sash he sent me after I had paid him for pine ones. The village grocer wriggled uneasily under the captain's glance—sanded sugar and sassafras nutmegs, thought I. He gazed kindly at Counsellor Brief, who is always retained by notorious criminals, and who generally gets his clients clear, and the counsellor's glasses only made his perturbation more plainly visible. And while I was smiling inwardly and wondering who would be convicted next, the sly old dog caught my eye and went squarely into it. I may have been unduly nervous, dear Bob, but it seemed to me that all the audience stared too, and that suddenly the walls, as well as those of all the residences in Mill Glen, became transparent, and that countless fingers reproached me for passing the slate in church on Sunday and mixing poor flour with good all the rest of the week.

Can it be, my dear boy, that our morality is like that described by the captain?—that our principles are to us only as stones to the ostrich, mere somethings to blind our own eyes to our follies and sins, yet leave these visible to all the world and the great hereafter? Let us think gravely about it, my dear boy, and for dreadful examples look to ourselves instead of our neighbors.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

A FLORENCE LEGEND.—The following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State: The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge.

LABOR is a mortal enemy to love and a deadly foe to fancy.

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANU.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BURTON MEDIATES.

IN five minutes more, good Mr. Burton, having quite recovered his eye and his teeth, and looking very much as usual, only a little more florid, was walking in the moonlight by the margin of the lake, smiling in a luxury of contemplation across its luminous surface, toward those sublime headlands that rise like phantoms, built up of aerial shadow and light, into the sky.

He paused now and then, with his hands raised a little in a sort of silent worship.

The vicar's windows were open, and from the drawing-room faintly came voices and laughter pleasant to hear.

The edge of the lake is not many yards away from the road that passes the front of the vicar's house, and from the window the vicar's voice called to him, and the maid came running down with a message asking him to join their little tea-party.

Mr. Burton complied. Candles were lighted there, and the moon shone in at the open windows, through which the glorious prospect showed like the unsubstantial scenery of an enchanted land. Quaint and clumsy as was this old stone house, the drawing-room looked positively elegant; such is the effect of a profusion of flowers, and the presence of so beautiful a girl as Laura Mildmay, who sat in the window, oddly lighted in part by the moon, in part by the candles—a study for a portrait-painter. Charles Shirley was there, chatting very gayly, and supremely happy. Mrs. Jenner was not down. She was better, and old Mrs. Twiss was paying her a visit in her bedroom.

The conversation was, I suppose, about as clever as other conversations in like circumstances, and I never heard more of it than this, that Mr. Burton said,

"To-day, Miss Mildmay, walking on that ridge that you see in that direction, I discovered several specimens of the beautiful little flower"—and he named its name, which I forget—"that you so wished to light upon; and I, old as I am, climbed a little critical bit and got one, which, however, was afterward spoiled in my hand, as I got over a fence. I intended it for your book; but you are such an enthusiastic botanist, and know what the mountains are so well, that perhaps you would like to make that your to-morrow's ramble, and permit an old fellow, but a good pedestrian, to act as your guide. It is very rare, as you know. I have not found six specimens in all my mountain rambles in England."

Miss Laura's pretty face lighted up so at the news that the sight was more than sufficient reward for Mr. Burton's little gallantry.

Certainly she would go—delighted, and so very much obliged.

Handsome Charles Shirley looked at the vicar. That good man, but prudent, knew what was in his mind; but, like a wise man, the vicar leaned to Sir John Mardykes, who could not be old, of course, for did not the vicar remember him in short frocks, and trousers made of pea-green jean—a hideous costume, which had impressed his memory—and in all other respects was he not immensely to be preferred? The vicar, therefore, looked a little sternly at the mountain at the other side of the lake, and Charles knew that there would be danger in his proposing to be of the party.

And now the hour had come for "prayers," and that worthy man assembled his little household, and opened the ponderous Bible and the little book of "family prayer." Mr. Burton closed his lids devoutly over his live eye and his glass one, of which latter no soul at Golden Friars suspected anything, except Sir John Mardykes, who had by chance seen the ugly abyss behind it.

And when they had risen, the benignant, florid old man smiled till his teeth, that Sir John had seen in the tumbler, glimmered in the moonlight, as he arranged an hour with Miss Mildmay for their next day's floral ramble; and the

he prayed "Heaven bless her!" and kindly shook the vicar's hand, and smiled round the room, and begged to be remembered to Mrs. Jenner; "though that is a little unreasonable, I fear, as I have not yet had the honor of being introduced," he added.

He and Charles Shirley passed down the steps together, and paused for a moment at the piers of the outer gate, looking at the sublime picture before them, and each thinking of something totally different.

The young man stole a glance over his shoulder at the house he was leaving. His heart was heavy with an untold care, and the vagueness and darkness of the future made him sigh.

"Too early for you to sigh, and so deeply, my young friend," said the old man, kindly, with an old man's privilege. "I had something on my mind—shall we walk this way?—but I hesitated to say it. Somehow, that sigh has decided me. It is only a word of caution. You ought—let us get a little nearer to the lake: how beautiful it is!—you ought to apologize to Sir John Mardykes—you ought indeed."

"Apologize! I don't know what you mean," said Charles, with a start, a little sharply.

"What I mean is to prevent unpleasantness."

"There is none whatever, sir," said the young man.

"Believe me it is coming, though, unless you do as I say."

"This is certainly something new," said Charles, with a slight uncomfortable laugh.

They were walking now very slowly on the margin of the lake, over which the moonlight was trembling.

"You have enemies in this part of the world, I'm afraid, Mr. Shirley. Some mischievous person overheard, and has reported to Sir John Mardykes, some inconsiderate expressions you employed one evening when you and I and Miss Mildmay were sitting at the drawing-room window up there; and there were some fellows, I quite forget whom, talking to Mr. Jenner—a clerk and some else—and two servants bringing in tea and things. I remember, for I ventured once or twice to talk about something else; but unfortunately, as it now seems, you went on—some fun about his dyeing his whiskers, and I don't know what else; and his informant was good enough to refer him to me for confirmation of his story—the whole thing is so low and disgusting! But he put it on me as a matter for truth—and, in fact, he got me into a corner, for I found that my silence was confirming him in the belief that every syllable he had recounted had been literally uttered by you, while in reality what you said was comparatively harmless. So as he was extremely angry, I thought it best to be frank. I could not help admitting what was true; but the greater part of his information, I assured him, was utterly false."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged, and very sorry you should have had any trouble on my account. But I'll tell you frankly, I don't care one farthing what Sir John Mardykes thinks about me, and I should not myself have walked from this to the lake there to undeceive him. I think him a stupid old ridiculous fool. I really forget what I said of him, but I'll say that, and everything else I believe of him, with pleasure, and fifty times more, so that he need not employ spies to listen, if he wants to hear all I think of him."

"Come, come, my dear Mr. Shirley, surely you can't think this either wise or Christian? Oh, my dear young friend, let me entreat! don't you know to what a situation you may be reduced? Sir John can look back thirty years to his early manhood; in those days I can tell you gentlemen were only too ready to appeal to the pistol, and I never saw a man more angry. I assure you the language he used is still painfully ringing in my ears."

"He spoke of me, did he?"

"Why, to be sure he did."

"Not in a very complimentary way, I suppose?"

Mr. Burton shrugged, and then sighed with a "Heigh-ho!" as if he were tired of the world.

"I suppose he said I did not speak truth?" said Charles.

"I should have no hesitation in telling you what he

said, because it would show you how very seriously he felt, and on what uncomfortable ground you stand; but I should insist on your giving me your word of honor that my name should not be mentioned in the matter, nor any allusion made to the circumstance."

"Oh, sir, I should not dream of such a thing."

"Well, sir, he did say something to that effect, and a great deal more that it pained me to hear, and which I mention only to show you that the matter is becoming serious, and to support my entreaty that you will, just like a frank Christian gentleman, beg his pardon, for he has termed you, among other things, a liar, a blackguard and a fool, from which you will gather how transported he is with anger, and how likely this miserable misunderstanding is to be carried into consequences that are direful and sinful; and I may add that he is likely to repeat those phrases, or their equivalents, where you would least like to have them heard. Now do, I implore, my dear young friend, do humble your proud heart a little—ask his forgiveness, and allow me to enjoy the happiness and the blessing of the peacemaker."

"Did he ask you to tell me all that?" said the young man.

"I can't say that he did; but I may tell you that I think he would wish you to know exactly how he feels."

"I see," said the young man, with a little laugh, and throwing a pebble that was in his fingers a yard or two into the water. "Thank you very much. I think I must get home. Shall I walk with you to your hotel?"

"You are very good. No, thanks. I'll say good-night, and all will be well and happy, I hope. Good-night."

And so they parted. And there hung over that quiet scene the clouds of coming battle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PETROLEUM.

PETROLEUM or rock-oil had been known from very ancient times, but it is only for the last ten years that it has been brought before public attention. Everything has combined to procure it a great and terrible success. The light it gives out is truly democratic, for it furnishes a splendid flame at a very low price. The introduction it had to the public was accompanied by scenes which were sure to give it an unusual notoriety. Princely fortunes were made in a day, as in the times of the South Sea scheme; tracts of country were in flames with it for whole weeks; ships were blown up at sea; cargoes were burnt in the docks, and the flames were communicated to the buildings and ships lying alongside; explosions in the heart of large cities, and, still more recently, the finest capital of Europe half burnt to the ground,—have stirred the imagination of the people in both hemispheres.

The oil, such as it is found under ground, is a liquid, generally black, but often with a greenish hue; it is by distillation that the colorless product used for lighting purposes is separated. In Italy, in the Caucasus and in Ohio, it is met with of an amber color, sometimes almost white, but the most abundant, and the only one which can be distilled with advantage, is the black.

In order to refine the petroleum—that is to say, to extract from it the oil for lighting—the same process is used as that for making spirits of wine. The petroleum is heated in a vessel similar to the alembic in which the liquid of fermented grapes is placed; the oil vapor is condensed, like the vapor of alcohol, by cooling as it passes through a winding tube surrounded by cold water. Those who have to do with these petroleum vapors must necessarily use the greatest precaution. In the great distillery of Pittsburg each department is under special regulations, and occupies a separate building; that for distilling is built entirely of iron. There are ten alembics, each capable of holding three thousand five hundred barrels at once. Instead of being exposed to the direct action of fire, they are warmed by a current of dry vapor, which has previously circulated in the pipes of three or four hundred feet in length, and these are surrounded on all sides by the flames of three stoves. During the earlier stages of the

work they are heated to a low temperature only, so that the lighter gases alone escape. These, which are well known by the odor of ether which they evolve, are the only explosive element in petroleum, and are altogether different from the oil of lighting, properly so called. Under the name of benzole, they are used, in addition to that extracted from coal, for dissolving resinous substances and fat bodies. The lighting oil is distilled when the temperature is higher; the vapor produced during this second period also passes through the winding pipe of the alembic, and is condensed in a refrigerator, from which the liquid is sent to be washed.

At this time the refining process may be said to commence; it consists in purifying the oil by submitting it to a treatment of sulphuric acid, and then to another of some alkali. During this operation the mixture is powerfully worked together for a long time by means of a sort of battle-door moved by steam. Thus is obtained a beautiful colorless fluid, which acquires a slightly opal tint under reflected rays of light. Before sending this out into the market, it is submitted in the workshop to the "trial by fire;" in other words, the makers assure themselves that, when warmed to a degree of heat required by law, it emits no inflammable vapor. For this purpose the bulb of a thermometer is plunged into a porcelain or glass vessel containing the oil, above which a small spirit-lamp is lighted. As soon as the thermometer marks that the temperature has reached the limit—that of a hundred and ten degrees of Fahrenheit—a light is passed over the surface of the liquid; if it has allowed any vapor to escape, this immediately takes fire, in which case the oil is returned to the alembics, to submit to a new distillation.

After this oil has been finally removed, that substance which still remains in the alembics has to be acted upon; the temperature is again raised, and a heavy common oil is collected, which is generally employed to lubricate many kinds of machines. It is during this time that the paraffine is distilled. Great care is taken that the temperature of the refrigerator should not descend to so low a degree as that this production should coagulate in the pipe, as it would cause a sudden stoppage in the circulation of the vapors, and the iron alembic would burst. The paraffine, still fluid, is directed into large cellars, where it coagulates after a certain time. Once congealed, it is placed under a hydraulic press. The liquid which runs from the paraffine during this operation is still an oily matter; it lies under the press in a flat rectangular mass, dry and white, recalling the white part of the whale. It is sold for the most part in Kentucky, where some manufactories of wax-lights are established. The last of the products contained in the raw petroleum is a kind of coke, heavier than that made from coal, and of a bright shining black color; it attaches itself to the bottom of the alembics, and burns very well in the stoves, like charcoal.

In those manufactories where the distillation is carried on by the direct action of fire, the most frequent accidents arise from the escape of the vapor from the petroleum. By covering the tubes with a thick layer of bricks, the chances of a rupture of the metallic pipes are much diminished; but it is important to be ready to extinguish in an instant any conflagration that may occur. For this purpose each of the furnaces has a large room in front of it, which can be hermetically closed by an arrangement of thick iron doors: two large pipes issuing from the stoves permit those outside to extinguish the flames by inundating this room, the stove, the conduits and the chimney with steam. The effect of the vapor is instantaneous, but safety lies in the promptitude of the application; the men must be ready in a few seconds to flee out of the room, close the doors and turn the taps.

There have been many hypotheses advanced as to the origin of petroleum. Most American savants believe its origin to be organic. The decomposition of marine plants or gelatinous animals which lived in early times on the shores of primitive seas would produce mineral oil by a process of distillation, when excluded from the air, just as inflammable gas is found in marshes. This would explain the presence of salt water, which is in all the American

oil-wells; the cavities of the rocks which have served as a tomb for these rudimentary organisms imprisoned the waters of the sea as well. In Europe, a country much shaken by eruptive forces, illustrious geologists and chemists attribute a volcanic origin to petroleum, as it generally rests on or near strata impregnated with salt, sulphur and bitumen. At present no alarm need be felt at the exhaustion of the stores of petroleum, the quantity extracted each year being small indeed compared even with the springs already known, and others will doubtless be discovered.

SERENADE.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

OPEN thy window a little space;
Ah, sweet! in thy pity look down on me
Till the moon is eclipsed with thy beaming face.
I lie here fainting for thee,
Sick for a glance from those blue bright stars,
Hid by thy envious latticed bars.

Love, there is nothing on earth so fair
As thou art—nothing so sad as I.
Have pity, darling, on my despair,
Let me not of the bane of thy beauty die.
Goddess, out of thy heaven shine
Down on this sorrowful world of mine.

Is it thy warm white hand I see?—
That ivory chalice, brimmed with love?
Rose-like, thy sweet face tenderly
Has blossomed out of the gloom above.
I bend in homage to this rare shrine
Of love that has made the night divine.

Thou art so bright, and weird, and fair,
All loveliest things in thee rejoice.
But say "I love," and the summer air
Will change to the music of thy voice.
Ah, speak! for my whole soul burns to be
Locked in thy love's captivity.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

A TOUCH of romance may be permitted to enliven the sober pages of medical record. The brilliant hues of poesy gather round the story of a princess' gratitude to her physician, which has been awakening the gossip of London and Paris to sympathetic enthusiasm.

A young lady of rank—a Russian princess—who had become suddenly blind from the effect of exposure to the sunlight upon the snow, had been sent to Dusseldorf to consult Dr. Holrath, whose reputation as an oculist was so widely spread. She was promised recovery in a milder climate, and was sent to Palermo, where she improved for some time; but undergoing a relapse, a young physician was despatched by the great oculist to take charge of the case for him, and report progress.

His attention was unremitting, and the result so far successful that finally the lady was ordered to return to Dusseldorf under his care, her eyes being bandaged permanently until her arrival there.

At the consultation her eyes were unbandaged. Delighted with the improvement in her sight, the princess glanced wildly around the assembly, and in one moment, despite her still weakened sight, seemed to scan every countenance; and as if impelled by magnetic power stronger than herself, she walked across the room toward the young doctor, her friend and companion, stood silent and trembling, and taking his hand, pressed it to her lips, and forgetting all but gratitude, gazed upon him and burst into a passion of tears.

It is pleasant to hear occasionally of grateful princesses, and the story is, of course, likely to stimulate young physicians to the most devoted attention—not attentions—to all their patients.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 8, 1873.

CHATS WITH SEDENTARY PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN SMITH, a book-keeper, asks what he shall do. Dyspepsia, nervousness and all that sort of thing have got hold of him. He has no time to get the fresh air, no time to exercise—no time for anything, in fact; and would I advise him to change his occupation?

"John Smith, what time are you due in the counting-room in the morning?"

"About half-past eight."

"Could you put it off till nine?"

"Well, perhaps so, if I didn't let my work get behind-hand."

And you want to know whether you had better change your business? I advise you against a change. A man should not change his occupation lightly, and you, John Smith, need not change yours on account of your health. If your counting-room is light, the business is a healthy one. Book-keepers may be as healthy as cartmen, if they are willing to embrace their opportunities. Now, listen to me. You are occupied, say, eight hours a day as a book-keeper. More? Well, say nine hours. This leaves fifteen hours. You are in bed eight hours. Now, you have seven left for meals and recreation. Let us take only two for meals, and that is abundant. Now, there are five hours left for recreation, and yet, John Smith, you think you have no time for exercise and healthful amusements. Two hours are quite enough for the exercise and out-door life which will keep you in high health, and then you will have three hours left for social enjoyment, saying nothing of the entire day, Sunday. Let me tell you how to manage it, and I will premise that the advice I am about to give you is exactly adapted to half the population of this city.

1st. You must retire at nine o'clock every night.

2d. During the spring, summer and autumn you must rise at five o'clock. During the winter, at six o'clock.

3d. Beginning moderately, you will soon enjoy two hours of out-door walking and recreation before breakfast. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred, including both sexes, between ten and sixty years of age, will, if they begin the early morning exercise gently and prudently,

within three months rejoice over a happy change in their health and spirits, and they will mourn over the great loss for so many years of those precious hours of the early morning.

This is the only door of escape for that host of in-door workers who lament so constantly over their unhappy choice of occupation. As civilization progresses, the proportion of our population that can follow out-door occupations must become smaller and smaller. But if the rooms in which they work can be well lighted and ventilated, this need not be, especially if they can have two hours of the early morning for out-door recreation and exercise. The proportion of persons who cannot enjoy this privilege is very small, always provided that during the first few weeks there is great prudence. Then the stomach will begin to perform its functions in a new and happy way, and the spirits will rise.

Of course, if you prefer to dawdle about in the sickening atmosphere of a theatre till nearly midnight, you can't rise early in the morning. But I was not speaking to such. I was addressing persons who have in-door occupations, and who would really like to enjoy good health, and who are willing to sacrifice even the luxury of sitting up till midnight, lounging and loafing about here and there.

PELEG STANDISH.

THIS gentleman was born of parents in New Hampshire, and came to the city to seek his fortune twenty years ago. Peleg was then twenty years old. He prospered. At forty he was rich. He retired. I don't speak of his going to bed. He retired from business. Then he went to Europe. Five years was the time named when he left—one year in Great Britain, one in France, one in Rome and two in Germany to finish the education of his daughters. After four months they returned, and Mr. Standish called upon me with reference to his health.

"I have caught the dyspepsia," was his opinion. Mr. Standish is a particularly bright man, and seems to know when he is comfortable. In the course of a long conversation he gives me his opinion of going to Europe.

"Oh, it's jolly," he said. "It's delightful. There is nothing like it. In the first place, you gasp for two weeks in a dry-goods box without any hole in it, miserably sick, your wife sick, your daughter sick, vomiting, retching, groaning. Your wife cries out, 'Peleg, oh, Peleg, can't you do something for Mary? Oh dear me! that poor child will die, I am sure. Oh mercy, do hear her!' Such are the delights of a trip across the ocean. You go to France. Now, the French jabber is all very well, I have no doubt, to those who get the hang of it. My girls thought they had caught it, and I have heard them say to their teachers here, 'Will you give me my good uncle's hat?' first rate, but good gracious! you ought to have seen their eyes stick out when those coach-drivers went into their powwow. Well, I stood that sort of thing till I came near dying with what the girls call the onweeg, and I just took my crowd and made a rush for the sauer-kraut chaps. Well, sir, we tried their guzzle and chokers till we couldn't swallow, and then I just went for England, where I could live without the onweeg, or whatever you call it. I wanted to come home then, but the girls declared they should not be able to look anybody in the face after being gone only six weeks; and so I waited till I began to get the dyspepsia, and then we vomited our way back home. Now, if you can get this iron wedge out of my stomach, I propose to go at something, if it's nothing but running a peanut stand."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

CONSIDER it your religious duty to take out-door exercise without fail each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. Oh, I know all about Lucy's gown that is not finished, and Tommy's jacket, and even his coat—his buttonless coat thrown into your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say, Up and out. Is it not more important that your children in their tender years should not be left motherless, and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every blessing? Let buttons and strings go. You will take hold of them with more vigor and patience when you return, bright and refreshed; and if every stitch is not finished at such a moment—and it is discouraging not to be able to sympathize in your best effort—still remember that "she who hath done what she could" is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly the best of men, though there are malicious people who might answer that that was not saying much for him. Still, he would never, to the end of time, dream of what you are dying of. So accept my advice and take the matter in hand yourself.

OUR SKULLS.

HERODOTUS visited a battle-field where the dead bodies of the Egyptians on one side and the Persians on the other were collected in separate heaps, and he was struck with the difference between the skulls of the two nations. While the skull of an Egyptian was so thick and strong as to be fractured with difficulty, the skull of the Persian was so thin and frail that it was broken by a small pebble.

Herodotus thought that this remarkable difference was owing to the fact that the Egyptians went with bare heads, while the Persians wore enormous turbans.

The head has an abundant protection in the hair. If this be removed by close hot caps and hats, a serious harm may be done to the brain in depriving it of one of the most important of its protections. The Persian and Turkish turban and our fur caps and close hats seriously affect the strength and protecting power of the skull, leading to those impressions on the brain from external heat and cold which result, in advanced life, when the powers run low, in congestions of the head, and not unfrequently in fatal apoplexy.

CHILLING HOSPITALITY.

FOR instance, I go to visit my good cousin the deacon in an adjoining State. The deacon is a farmer, and takes great pride and pleasure in bestowing generous hospitality. But he is a little obstinate in his methods. The last time I visited him it was cold weather. I found them all in the warm kitchen, as cosy and snug as possible. Soon after, I noticed that the deacon went out as if he meant something, and soon I heard the noise of building a fire in the parlor stove. Of course I like, as every man who lives in a city does, to sit in the kitchen—a privilege we city folks rarely enjoy. I begged that we might stay where we were. The deacon only said, "You must excuse us, but we did not know you were coming, or we should have had a fire in the parlor."

They seemed so sorry and nervous about it that I thought it better to say no more, and we soon adjourned to the parlor.

What with the cold air and the abundant dampness of carpet, curtains and walls, the atmosphere of the room was most uncomfortably chilly, to say nothing of that stiffness which suddenly comes over the manners of many a family in the country when they enter the parlor. When bedtime came, I was escorted to the spare bed, or *bed of state*, which, I presume, had not been slept in in three months; the sheets were so damp that they stuck to my skin. Colds, and even consumption, come from this kind of hospitality.

A. is worth about two hundred thousand dollars. He is dyspeptic and nervous. A. is a poor man. He is a wretchedly poor man. B. is not worth a thousand dollars. He has fine digestion and nerves like steel. B. is a rich man.

It is easy to acquire good digestion and good nerves. It is very difficult with the great mass of men to get two hundred thousand dollars. It is a hundred times as wise to seek health as to seek a fortune.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

WORKINGMAN, HARRISBURG.—The best supper for a tired workingman is oatmeal porridge with a little warm milk. A carpenter who worked for me frequently talked in a very unhappy way about his stomach. He could digest nothing, his food all turned sour, wind came up in torrents, "there was a big stone right here in the pit of my stomach," and so on. It was a dose to hear him go over it. I inquired very particularly about his table habits, and learned that he filled his stomach at supper, when, like other parts of his body, it was tired, with hot biscuit and butter and preserves, and generally added just a little fried pork. I said to him, "I will cure you in a month if you will follow my prescription faithfully."

John replied: "I will swallow three cats every day if it will cure me."

I proposed economy in cats, and that instead he should make his supper every night a pint of oatmeal porridge and hot milk. Within a month the other men said John was perfectly crazy about oatmeal and hot milk—that he thought these for supper would take a man straight to heaven. It will certainly cure many dyspeptics among workingmen.

AN INHERITOR, SANDY BAR.—It is not true, for consumption is found in every climate. Inhabitants of the frozen regions and those who live under the equator die of consumption. As to the United States, there is no doubt whatever that New England has the largest ratio of mortality from consumption, but the difference is but slight, and is probably accounted for on the ground of her immense cotton, woollen and other great factories, and her very close houses. A person who lives much in the open air, and when at home sits by an open fire and sleeps with an open window, is rather safer from consumption than the inhabitants of Florida. A person born in New Hampshire is a trifle safer staying at home and pursuing a hygienic life than he can be by going to Florida.

MISS S. R. L., NEW YORK.—The way to cure chapped lips is to keep the chaps away from them, is the first answer that occurs to me; but to be serious, the best treatment is to pay unusual attention to your health—I mean to your diet—and several times a day apply a little mutton tallow to the lips. Mutton tallow is better than any of the wonderful lip salves which are so much vaunted, except in one particular—viz., the tallow does not pay so large a profit to the druggist as do the little boxes at twenty-five cents each.

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

THE idea generally entertained of the tropics is that they are Eden-like regions abounding in the most brilliant flowers, the most magnificent birds, as well as the most varied and abundant animal life. To compare them with the temperate regions in these particulars, to declare that the temperate zones are, in fact, the true lands of floral and animal abundance, would have sounded to our ancestors like the language of madmen. Yet the voice of modern discovery has dispelled this ideal, as it has destroyed a dozen other strongholds of ancient belief, and our fancies must veer to a new conception of the realms of perpetual summer.

We are now assured that there is no special abundance of flowers in the tropics. Wallace tells us that equatorial landscapes are marked by fine foliage and by rarity of flowers. The large and magnificent flowers which we know to be of tropical origin are rare, and are gathered from widely-separated districts. The short period of bloom usual in these regions also causes a paucity of floral adornment, and as a rule temperate landscapes far exceed tropical in variety and abundance of flowers.

The same may be said in regard to bird and animal life, the tropics in this particular also falling far below the temperates.

Strain wandered for weeks through the woods of Central America without seeing an animal, and rarely a bird, and as far as he could judge, the rivers contained no fish.

Even the frigid zones appear to surpass the tropics in this respect. Thus in Alaska animal life is abundant in summer, and the rivers swarm with fish; the white hare, the moose, the beaver, abound. The Kamchatdales have thousands of reindeer, and as a rule the short summer of the extreme north is marked by a great animal abundance.

So in regard to the song of birds. It is almost entirely a temperate phenomenon. Song is indeed rather an exceptional feature than an attribute of birds. The singers are comparatively few, and these few dwell chiefly outside the tropics. Why these few sweet-voiced tribes have been so far favored above their contemporaries is one of the questions in natural science which yet await a solution.

Yet in the tropics are found the largest and fiercest beasts, the most poisonous reptiles and insects, the most brilliant birds and flowers. This carnivorous fierceness may be one principal reason of the paucity of life, as it needs a wide district to support each of these rapacious animals.

So there may be a lack of the food necessary to support other more gentle creatures. We have an instance of this in the temperate zones in the absence of bird life in the pine forests. The great woods of Russia are strangely silent from this cause, the pines seeming incapable of sustaining the smaller animal life.

The character of life in the tropics is in remarkable accordance with the intensity of solar light and heat to which they are subjected. The fire of the sun seems to impart fierceness to the mammals, its rich hues to give intense brilliancy to birds and flowers, its production of malaria to fill with venom the insects and reptiles.

The equatorial regions are thus truly the lands of the sun, whose warmth and brilliance is typified throughout the tropics in a thousand symbols, even the human race there exhibiting an impulsive and passionate character which is foreign to the cooler yet more enduring dwellers within the temperate zone.

GLORY of life—deep tenderness—

Enigma of the human soul!

Set in this wondrous world whose dress

Is beauty, while the heav'n doth roll

Its myriad suns around; where love

Spurns in the constant shade of death,

Fond memory sighs, hope looks above,

And sorrow clings to faith;

Life, all made up of hints and moods and
Great secrets murmured low, pure joy

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE DETERMINATION OF HIGH TEMPERATURES BY SOUND.—At a recent meeting of the Lyceum of Natural History in London Professor Mayer delivered an interesting discourse upon the determination of high temperatures in furnaces by sounds, describing some original researches of his own and illustrating his remarks by several effective experiments. In order to understand Professor Mayer's conclusions, it is necessary to briefly review the laws of vibrations in elastic media. If a tuning-fork be set in motion, its vibrations are transmitted to the air, and the latter vibrates in unison, making the same number of movements per second, whether five hundred or fifty thousand. To comprehend the reason, said the speaker, imagine a sphere of delicate membrane containing air of the same elasticity as that which surrounds it. Suppose this sphere to contract and expand, say, one hundred times per second; for each expansion there will be a corresponding condensation of the shell of air next to the surface of the globe; the air being elastic, this condensation is transmitted to the shell of air which envelops the first shell, thence to another beyond, and so on. Conversely, if the sphere contract, a rarefaction of its immediate envelope of air takes place, which rarefaction is also transmitted outward, each succeeding shell diminishing in density in turn. These motions of course are mere undulations, similar to waves of water or of light in its passage through ether, the air taking up the form of the vibrations, transmitting it to the ear, whence it passes to the brain, and is perceived. A tuning-fork when vibrated in regular motion leaves, when its point is drawn over the surface of smoked glass, a sinuous curve. This curve is a symbol of the condition of the air, and from it, if highly magnified and suitably divided, formulae can be deduced.

INOCULATION WITH DEAD BLOOD.—It is well known that surgeons are often seriously injured by accidentally cutting themselves with instruments that have been recently used for dissecting purposes. The wounded part swells, and mortification often ensues, necessitating amputation and sometimes causing death. In order to determine the poisonous properties of this putrid blood, M. Davaine has published the result of several experiments made upon rabbits. The liquid used was the blood of an ox that had been ten days slaughtered. This, by subcutaneous injection, he administered to his subjects in varying quantities, obtaining by successive dilutions with water the most infinitesimal attenuations. Killing one animal, he would take its infected blood and force the same into the veins of another, and so on, until he reached what he terms the twenty-fifth generation. On this last experiment he says: "Four rabbits received respectively one trillionth, one ten-trillionth, one hundred trillionth, and one quadrillionth of a drop of blood from a rabbit belonging to the preceding generation that had died from the effects of a one-trillionth dose. Of the four but one animal died—that which received the one ten-trillionth. It appears, then, that the limit of the transmissibility of the poison in the rabbit reaches the one-trillionth part of a drop of decayed (septic) blood."

How complicated soever the motions of animals may be, whatever may be the changes which the molecules of our food undergo within our bodies, the whole energy of animal life consists in the falling of the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen from the high level which they occupy in the food to the low level which they occupy when they quit the body. But what has enabled the carbon and the hydrogen to fall? What first raised them to the level which rendered the fall possible? We have already learned that it is the sun. It is at his cost that animal heat is produced and animal motion accomplished.

PECULIAR among the fruits of the species is the flat peach of China. It is as if pressed in from the top and the bottom, so that the eye and the stalk come close together, the whole having the appearance of a ring of flesh with a stone in the middle. The color of the skin is pale yellow, mottled with red on the side next the sun.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 8, 1873.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

OUR NEW STORY.

WE will shortly commence a brilliant new serial story, entitled "Carmen's Inheritance," from the pen of Christian Reid, author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Ross Beverley's Pledge," "One Too Many," etc. With regard to the abilities of Christian Reid, it is not necessary that we should speak: she is recognized as the most talented American novelist of the day. "Carmen's Inheritance" is, in our opinion, the finest story she has yet produced, and we anticipate that it will be received with great favor by the readers of TO-DAY.

UPON the cover of a recent number of TO-DAY appeared two advertisements of a very objectionable character, for the publication of which we owe an apology to our readers. They were inserted without the knowledge of the proprietors of the paper, and in consequence of an accident that seems to have been beyond their control. We deeply regret the appearance of these advertisements, and promise distinctly that under no circumstances in the future shall anything of a questionable description be permitted to appear upon the advertising pages of a journal which makes absolute purity its principal characteristic.

WE would be pleased to hear from our readers criticisms of our paper and chromo, and also suggestions with regard to special features which it may be desirable to introduce. We wish to make TO-DAY a necessity with the public, and our friends can aid us materially by giving us the benefit of any ideas they may have with regard to the kind of reading matter they may wish set before them. We do not promise to adopt all the ideas that may be offered, but we will give all careful consideration, and we shall spare no pains to make our paper both interesting and useful to as large a number as possible. We have had a remarkable success thus far, and all our efforts shall in the future be directed to maintaining and extending our popularity.

A NUMBER of our contemporaries make a practice of copying from TO-DAY without giving credit. This is a violation of journalistic courtesy, and also of the copyright laws, and we are determined to appeal to the courts for redress if the practice is continued. Our exchanges are at liberty to copy from our pages if they give credit, but we cannot longer submit to having the matter for which we pay large sums transferred to the columns of newspapers that are unwilling to state where they obtained it from. We have submitted patiently under this grievance for a long time, but patience has at length ceased to be a virtue, and we will be compelled to commence suit against any paper that hereafter offends.

WE have just prepared a very neat and tasteful binder, in which the numbers of TO-DAY can be conveniently preserved. We will send this binder by mail, post-paid, for seventy-five cents, which is lower than anything of the same kind in the market.

OUR agents for the Pacific coast are Messrs. F. Dewing & Co., No. 542 California Street, San Francisco, California, to whom subscriptions should be sent, and to whom agents wishing local territory should apply. Messrs. F. Dewing & Co. are energetic business-men, and they have given us

most efficient aid in extending the circulation of TO-DAY upon the Pacific coast.

COL. A. D. BAILIE, whose stories in TO-DAY have been received with so much favor, has an admirable article in the January number of *The American Exchange and Review*, entitled "Man's Work, and Teaching and Learning Thereof," in which a number of practical questions of especial interest and importance to the young businessmen of America are discussed in such a manner as to command the attention of all thinking persons. This article proves that Col. Bailie, in addition to being a story writer of unusual talent, is a social scientist of great ability, and we hope to have the pleasure of laying before our readers some essays on general topics from his pen, which we are certain will be appreciated.

MESSRS. J. T. and M. V. WILCOX, Providence, R. I., and Mr. J. B. Stewart, New Castle, Pennsylvania, are our agents for their respective neighborhoods, and they have also aided greatly in adding to our subscription list. These gentlemen have already secured for TO-DAY a larger number of subscribers than has ever before been obtained in the same space of time for any other periodical in their districts.

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals, by Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc., illustrates the famous "development theory" by a new and very curious method. The expression of the emotions, both in man and the lower animals, by means of certain muscular actions, has been a favorite study with artists and others for centuries, but Mr. Darwin is, we believe, the first to investigate this subject with anything like scientific thoroughness, or to propose any well-considered theory with regard to the why and wherefore of the phenomena of expression. In brief, his idea is that expression has its foundation in certain utilitarian provisions of nature, the arching of a cat's back and the expansion of her tail in anger, for instance, being intended to increase her size suddenly, and thus inspire terror in an assailant. There is much that appears to us to be fanciful in Mr. Darwin's argument, but he has collected such an abundant array of facts to illustrate it that, apart from the theories of the book altogether, it is a most interesting production, which we have no doubt will be even more popular than some of its predecessors from the same hand. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Hurd & Houghton have published *A Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary*, by Mary Clemmer Ames, which the numerous admirers of the gifted sisters will read with pleasure. Alice Cary, although she did not gain a position in the first rank of poetry, did what was perhaps better—she won her way to the hearts of thousands of readers, who learned to love her as a personal friend. That she was a true poet and a true-hearted woman no one will dispute, and Mrs. Ames' memorial is a tribute of respect and esteem at once to the poet and the woman, which ought to find its way into many of the households where the name of Alice Cary is revered. The book is embellished with fine steel-plate portraits of the sisters, and is elegantly gotten up.

Young people who have a taste for theatricals, and who delight in getting up parlor plays, will be relieved of much trouble in the selection of pieces for performance if they will consult a couple of clever little works which have just been issued by Dick & Fitzgerald. These are *The Drawing-Room Stage*, by George M. Baker, and *Social Charades and Parlor Operas*, by M. Cadot. The pieces, some of which are really very pretty and very entertaining, have been written with a special regard to the requirements of drawing-room actors: they are not difficult to produce, and they at the same time afford opportunities for the display of real histrionic ability on the part of those who are endowed with it.



SOMETHING WRONG.

LEARNER.—There's somethin' the matter with these yer skeets.

EXPERT.—I know what it is.

LEARNER.—What?

EXPERT.—Why, there's a boy on 'em dunno how.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

ODD-FELLOWS' haul—A rich wife.

DISCIPLES of Knox—Prize-fighters.

WHEN a man's necktie is untied, how untidy he looks!

THE man who carries everything before him—The waiter.

How to turn people's heads—Come into a concert late with creaking boots.

WHY do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their little bills.

MELANCHOLY suicide—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

AN Iowa paper boasts of weather "cold enough to make an Arctic bear wear pulse-warmers."

A LADY calls the little memoranda her butcher sends in with the meat "pencilings by the weigh."

THERE is a man in Camden who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank-account.

THE most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

A LANCASTER girl snored so loud at the opera that the man at the bass viol was discharged for sawing too heavy at the guttural cord.

THE married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has a brush at the end of it.

ST. LOUIS is rather proud of a young man who stole the Bibles from three churches, and sold them to get a Christmas bonnet for his poor old mother.

"I NOW pronounce you man and—hand over the ten dollars before I go any further," is a way Connecticut clergymen have of securing their fee.

A MAN advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

THE reason an urchin gave for being late at school was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

A CHEMIST announces his ability and readiness to convert the remains of any dear departed at once into a powder which may be used to dry up ink in *writings*. Droll idea, to be able to dredge away a mother's correspondence!

THE HOUSEWIFE.

CLEANING BLANKETS.—It is quite as important to have the blankets on our beds clean as to have the sheets pure and white. The foul emanations which they absorb in time make the bed anything but sweet. The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* gives the following method of cleaning blankets: Put two large tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint bowl of soft soap into a tub of cold water. When dissolved, put in a pair of blankets, and let them remain over night. Next day rub and drain them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters, and hang to dry. Do not wring them.

But this is not the only domestic use to which borax may be put. Says the same journal: Borax is the best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. This troublesome insect has a peculiar aversion to it, and will never return where it has once been scattered. As the salt is perfectly harmless to human beings, it is much to be preferred for this purpose to the poisonous substances commonly used. Borax is also valuable for laundry use. To about ten gallons of boiling water add a handful of borax, and you need use only half the ordinary allowance of soap. For laces, cambrics, etc., use an extra quantity of this powder. It will not injure the texture of the cloth in the least.

For cleansing the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax water. Wash afterward with pure water if it leaves the hair too stiff. Borax dissolved in water is also an excellent dentifrice, or tooth-wash.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

RUSKS.—One pint of warm milk, one teacup of yeast or one yeast cake, half a cupful of butter, one of white sugar, flour enough to make the dough of the consistency of biscuit. After the sponge of milk, yeast and flour is light, add the other ingredients. Let it rise again, then mould into small round cakes; put in buttered tins, and bake half an hour. Beat the yolk of an egg in milk, and rub over the top of each rusk as soon as baked.

COUNTRY PUDDING.—Mix the yolks of three eggs smoothly with three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour; thin the batter with new milk till it is of the consistency of cream; whisk the whites of the eggs separately, stir them into the batter, and boil the pudding in a floured cloth or basin for an hour. Before it is served, cut the top quickly in cross bars, pour over it a small pot of raspberry or strawberry jelly or jam, and send quickly to table.

CHICKEN AND HAM PIE.—Cut two chickens into joints, season them with salt, black and Cayenne pepper, a little powdered mace and a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms. Then make balls of forcemeat and the hard-boiled yolks of eggs, and lay them in the dish between the joints of chicken, with a few slices of lean ham in between, and add a little water with a mushroom boiled in it; cover it with puff-paste, and bake.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Take the yolks of ten eggs beaten, strain them, and whip them with a pint of cream; boil the juice of two lemons, sweetened, with the rind of one; when cold, strain it to the cream and eggs; when almost boiling, put into a dish, grate over the rind of a lemon, and brown.

CREAM TOAST.—Boil the milk in the tea-kettle boiler; when hot, mix the flour in cold milk, strain through a sieve, and stir in rapidly; add the butter and salt to taste; let it boil five minutes. Toast any bread, pour the cream over it, and serve.

HOMINY PLAIN BOILED.—Soak a quart; boil in the tea-kettle boiler until soft; eat with syrup, milk, sugar or butter. Salt to taste.

HOMINY BREAD.—Beat the eggs well; stir the hominy and meal well together; add the eggs; salt, and make a thin batter; bake.

HOMINY GRUEL.—Mix the hominy in the milk; boil in the tea-kettle boiler; salt to taste. Good for invalids and children.

\$300,000,000

UNITED STATES FIVE PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN.

PRINCIPAL, REDEEMABLE AT PAR,
After 1st May, 1881, in U. S. Gold Coin of the Present Standard.

INTEREST PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN,

And Both Principal and Interest Exempt from Taxation, whether under Federal, State, Municipal, or Local Authority.

AS AUTHORIZED BY ACTS OF CONGRESS, APPROVED JULY 14th, 1870. AND JANUARY 20th, 1871.

The proceeds of these Bonds are to be applied to the redemption and cancellation of the United States Five-twenty Bonds, as provided in said acts.

New York, February 1st, 1873.

The Secretary of the Treasury having concluded with Messrs. JAY COOKE & CO., representing Messrs. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS, JAY COOKE, McCULLOCH & CO., and themselves, and Messrs. MORTON, BLISS & CO., DREXEL, MORGAN & CO., representing Messrs. BARING BROTHERS & CO., J. S. MORGAN & CO., MORTON, ROSE & CO., and themselves, a contract for the negotiation of the remaining Five Per Cent. Bonds of the Funded Loan of the United States, the undersigned are prepared to receive applications at par and accrued interest for any part of \$300,000,000 United States Fives of 1881, issued under the Acts of Congress above mentioned. Applications may be made payable either in cash (in gold) or in Five-twenty Bonds of any issue.

First. The Bonds now offered are all that remain of the \$500,000,000 Five Per Cents authorized by Congress, and it is hardly necessary to say that the combination entrusted with the management of this negotiation embraces connections in Europe and America, which practically insure the placing of the entire amount and the redemption of \$300,000,000 of Five-twenty Bonds, after which only Four and one-half and Four Per Cent. Bonds will remain for holders of Five-twenties declining this last opportunity to exchange for Five Per Cents. The Coupon Bonds are in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000 and \$10,000.

The Registered Bonds are in like amounts, with the addition of denominations of \$20,000 and \$50,000. Interest, payable quarterly, will commence from 1st of February, the first interest payment being May 1st, 1873. The Bonds may, at the option of the holder, be registered and United States Treasury Checks, for interest thereon, will be sent from Washington to the Post Office address of the holder in any part of America or Europe. Applications will be received at the Office of either of the undersigned, and must be accompanied by the required deposit.

Payment, in gold, will be made as follows:—

FIVE PER CENT., ON APPLICATION.

FIVE PER CENT., ON ALLOTMENT.

FORTY PER CENT., MAY 1st.

FIFTY PER CENT., JUNE 1st.

When preferred, the deposit, upon application, may be made in Currency or any United States Bonds. Interest at Five Per Cent., gold, per annum, will be added from February 1st, to the date of the several payments. Payments in Five-twenties will be made by exchanging Bond for Bond, interest being adjusted to February 1st. The preliminary deposit of Five Per Cent. in such case will be returned upon the receipt of the Five-twenties, the class of which must be specified in the application. The books for application will be opened simultaneously in Europe and America on the FOURTH INST., and REMAIN OPEN until THE EVENING OF THE SEVENTH INST., and the allotment will be made as soon as possible thereafter. Provisional receipts of Script will be given for the deposit.

The Bonds will be furnished at as early date as practicable against corresponding amounts of Five-twenty Bonds, or payment in full. Should the allotment of Bonds not equal the subscription, the preliminary deposit in each case will be returned forthwith to the extent of the excess. When desired, we will furnish the coin without commission, and make settlement in currency, and will also receive at current market price any Bonds of United States other than Five-twenties.

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LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT

Vol. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 15, 1873.

No. 20.



"I GUESS, THIS 'ERE LAND BEIN' SO NEAR THE CITY, IT MUST BE WALLEABIL."—P. 366.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY COL. A. D. BAILIE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a nursery garden in one of the suburban districts of Philadelphia, and contiguous to this bed of budding sweets was a very cosy detached cottage, which had been purchased about two years before our sketch commences by a Mr. Grey, who became the master of it on

the positive assurance of the then proprietor that there was not the smallest chance of any other residence being erected in its vicinity; it was at least two hundred yards from any habitation, and the nearest one was a tumble-down old farmhouse.

"I won't move into the city—that's flat," Mr. Grey would say; "and I hate country villages, for in a country village every one knows his neighbors' concerns."

"But if we have nothing to conceal, papa?" questioned Grey's fair daughter.

A cloud—not an unfrequent one—passed over Grey's face.

"Of course we have nothing to conceal, child," he responded, hastily; "but when you have nothing to conceal is the very time that people invent something to say about you. Now, here we enjoy the gaiety of town and the delights of the country in that lovely garden beside us. Can't you be content, child?"

But such is the disobedience of children, that Lily Grey could not feel content, for she was now seventeen, and, if not positively handsome, quite pretty enough to wish others to form a correct judgment of her, and not, like many a sweet flower in the florist's garden, to wither unseen.

In honest truth the place was dull; now and then a carriage drove by, or a mill-wagon going to and from the city; but that was not much to break the monotony of the long day, and Lily was never permitted to go out alone, because one day that she had done so some stray youth, like a lost pigeon seeking a mate and a roosting-place, followed her home, and ringing shortly afterward at the door, made so many strange inquiries about Mr. Grey, that for some unexplained cause that gentleman was thrown into a state of fermentation which caused his temper, never overplacid, to become as the strongest vinegar to all around.

"Was it Mr. Grey of Philadelphia, or Mr. Grey of Germantown, or Mr. Grey the ale man?" inquired this stray young man.

"I think I know the gentleman's face; I saw him a moment ago at the window," added this impertinent youth.

And from the unfortunate day when these words were spoken to Mr. Grey's only servant—one who had accompanied him to that spot—the door of the house was kept chained, bolted and locked for weeks, and all comers re-nitred before admission.

For a day or two the stray pigeon, otherwise the impertinent youth, hovered about the cottage, and then disappeared for ever. Either it had found its way home again or been carried off by a hawk—we mean a policeman. Be it as it may, it disappeared for ever; and then Lily's temporary excitement cooled down into greater dulness than before, just because she had had a little experience of what a lover might do for her sake. She felt like the plants in the garden, which, the moment they began to grow beautiful, were shut up, like herself, in a green-house.

Lily had a piano, which she seldom touched—her mind was not tuned to harmony; so seeing how dull she was, her father, who truly loved her, sent off old Martha, bright and early one morning, on some mysterious mission, and so pleased was the old gentleman, and so many his hints about "his dear child not being dull any more," that visions floated through Lily's brain, in whirling confusion, of visitors coming, or a grand party with a regiment of young men, all of whom should fall dead in love with her on sight.

Yet what most puzzled her was that there were no preparations making. Her father had been amusing himself at the end of their small garden for days past, doing some harmless carpentering, such as country people often beguile their leisure hours with; but as no visitors could be connected with these proceedings, Lily heeded them not.

At last there was a sudden bustle down stairs—her father calling to Martha, Martha directing some man, and then rose the words in Mr. Grey's voice of—

"Now, my man, this way. Show him in, Martha."

Who was to be shown in? A man it was, evidently, but Miss Lily felt disposed to pout, despite her curiosity, for why had all been kept a secret from her? She would let them see she didn't care. Then she blushed, and she thought, "Was it that stray-pigeon stranger? Had he proposed by letter to her father—been accepted? Was he now in the house? Was that the surprise?"

And as she thought this, involuntarily she went to the glass and commenced fixing her curls. While she was thus occupied, her father called out joyfully,

"Now, Lily, my dear, come and see what I've got to amuse you."

"To amuse her?" she thought; "what would the young man think of her papa talking of him in that way?" But her curiosity could bear no more. She hastened down stairs and into the parlor. No one was there.

"Papa, dear papa, where are you?" she called, in her sweetest voice.

"Come out into the garden," was the answer.

With heightened color the young lady ran into the garden—eagerly she glanced around. Her ears were saluted by the loud distracting cries of poultry being forcibly dragged forth from a basket. No young man met her gaze. A huge Shanghai rooster flew at her; as she realized the truth, she fainted.

Her father (good-meaning man) had sent Martha five miles into the country to buy his Lily something to amuse her in the way of poultry, to inhabit the house he had been busily preparing for their reception. And this same Shanghai family were destined to play an important part in the hitherto quiet domicile of the Greys.

Now their shrill cries greeted poor Lily just when she fancied the interesting stranger would be bending over her hand in ecstasy at the meeting. No wonder she fainted.

We will draw a veil over this picture, and turn to another.

With all his care and attention, there was one spot of ground which the florist in the next garden could make nothing grow in. In vain he tried everything—all failed.

"Bad business here, Mr. Flood?" said Grey one day, as he strolled into the garden; "you'll never make a penny off this end of the lot."

"That's a fact, sir," answered Flood; "this bit here's a dead loss to me, an' a aggravashun besides. Still, I guess, this 'ere land bein' so near the city, it must be waleabil'."

"I suppose it is," remarked Grey.

"I'm thinkin'," continued Flood, "that as this 'ere bit of land jist jines yours, sir, that must be why they took in your bit an' built yer cottage on't."

"Very likely," quoth Grey, "for nothing will grow in my garden, so I've turned my chickens in just to amuse my daughter."

"So I hears," responded Flood, "for I can't see 'em, sir; but he's a precious chap for crowin', that rooster of yours. Durned if he don't crow 'bout four times a minute."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Grey, for he felt unusually cheerful that morning; we sometimes do before misfortune.

"I'll jist step over to the surveyor an' ask him what he thinks 'bout that patch of groun'," said Flood to himself, pondering upon something, as he took leave of Grey at his own gate, and both went different ways.

And from that day their ways never lay together in peace again.

A month passed away, and other things occupied Mr. Grey's mind; he had not returned into his neighbor's garden.

Now, what the surveyor of the first part had said to Flood of the second part, on the day we have recorded the intended visit to that busy functionary, was something after the fashion of an old song, that every man had a right

"Of building a house upon his own ground."

Thereupon Flood acted, and in an incredibly short space of time up rose a house, the walls of which were as thin as a lady's slice of bread and butter.

In vain old Grey stormed. His first intimation of anything of the kind was a cartload of bricks entering Flood's premises.

"Green-houses that means, I suppose," soliloquized Grey.

Alas, it was something nearly as brittle, but to contain human plants and offshoots.

Must we record the fact that the undutiful Lily rejoiced? Alas, it is too true, for some one would surely inhabit the quickly uprising house, and any one would be better than this dreadful solitude.

Grey could not leave his house. He had purchased it; and if he let it, where would he go to be in quiet? And so there he was, forced to remain and see his house forcibly united to another, which, like a second Eve, grew out of its side.

Attached he was, a Siamese twin, to a mass containing, in due season, a bachelor of the name of White, with a full-grown nephew, a man-servant who answered every purpose in that masculine household, and a large Newfoundland dog.

Grey went nearly mad for a week; and one day having had a perfect view of White in the strip called a garden, it had such an effect upon him that he nearly lost his eyesight, and driving to town in haste to consult an oculist, came home with half of his face covered up by a green shade, as the man of vision told him he dreaded his attack was ophthalmia, with other unpronounceable complications.

Never was a man better disguised than poor Grey. His own child scarcely knew him, for the ugly shade came down either side of the cheek, like blinders for a horse given to shying; and then, as daylight was strictly forbidden him, he never left home except after dusk.

The newcomers seemed disposed to be friendly at first, for several little advances to civility had taken place on the part of the man-servant, who came in a sociable way to borrow, as "they were only just gettin' to rights; an' bein' all men folks, it was awkerd." Saying which, he smiled at Martha, who was fat, fair and forty. But the uncivil spinster shut the door in his face, saying, "They'd nothing to lend."

This was not exactly the way to commence a nice neighborly intercourse.

However, Mr. White fancied it was only a little skirmishing, and consequently every day he sent for something or other—mere excuses, for he was of a sociable disposition, and felt disposed to become acquainted with his neighbors. The last essay at companionship was made one day when he called in person to ask permission "just to look at a directory, if Mr. Grey had one."

"Tell him I've got a double-barrelled gun and the *Police Gazette*, if he wants me to empty the one or help fill the other!" roared old Grey from the top of the stairs.

White stayed to hear no more, but with one stride he gained his own door, and closed it with a bang. That bang was like the first gun discharged before a besieged fort, for from that hour hostilities commenced between all parties. It was a general *mélée*. All took part in it, from the servants upward. Even the ungallant nephew made a point of playing his cornet out of his window whenever Lily opened her piano, until, unable to contend against an instrument which played sharps whenever she was disposed to try flats, and always a totally different air, the persecuted musician removed her instrument to another apartment, but still, back or front of the house, the pertinacious nephew followed her, until the sound of music became unknown at Mr. Grey's, and then at Mr. White's there arose a hallelujah of rejoicing.

All this was the more painful to poor little Lily, because the strangers had not been many days their neighbors before she discovered, from a peep into the next-door garden, from behind the blinds, that this said nephew, Norman White, was a very good-looking young man; and as her father's conduct respecting them was a perfect enigma to the girl, she naturally grew very sad and desponding, for, after all, what is a little rosebud of a heart to do without the dew of love to make it expand in the fulness of its beauty?

And whilst the hallelujahs on the cornet still continued their notes of triumph, the others were not idle. Every day Martha had some fresh insult to recount against "that wretch Joseph," next door, whilst Joseph amused his master with his accounts of "how mad he had made that crabbed old gal in the next house." Even the very animals were at war; for whenever the Shanghai rooster crowed, and that was four times a minute, as Flood said, on a moderate calculation, the Newfoundland dog barked, so that peaceful meditation was out of the question. It was a dreadful dog, that Neptune, for he barked all day and howled all night. He howled whenever he saw the moon,

and he howled when he was in the dark, so, as a matter of course, he was never silent.

Amidst all these turmoils the poor Greys were the sufferers, for the other party seemed to care nothing about anything, but to go cheerfully on their own way. But from the day he had put on the green shade, old Grey never once entered his garden. Martha had no time for the cultivation of flowers, and poor Lily had no heart to cultivate anything but her melancholy, which grew apace. And so all went quickly and quietly to ruin, whilst their neighbor's garden was expeditiously advancing into something like beauty, from the care and labor expended upon it by both nephew and uncle.

This was a state of things which could not last; a crisis must come in everything, and it did not fail in arriving here, through the medium of sundry sharp messages delivered by the respective servants from their masters on the disquiet occasioned by the animals on their premises, quadruped and feathered biped, for the crowing of the Shanghai gave umbrage to one, the dog's howling to the other, and as a climax, the nephew's cornet. And whilst all these bickerings went on, the hallelujahs loudly persisted in resounding.

One day Grey sent a message to White "that he hoped he might be"—something unpleasant—"if he didn't poison that dog if it persisted in barking and howling;" and White returned for reply, "That he'd be"—ditto, ditto, as aforesaid—"if that rooster didn't leave off that eternal and infernal crowing, but he'd wring his neck and leave all the Mrs. Shanghais widows."

We repeat, this could not last.

Now, one morning Mr. Grey rose early and went to the nearest alderman's office. In the afternoon to this same functionary went Mr. White, and each to complain of his neighbor; but as White was the last, and a more energetic man than poor blind Grey, and, moreover, feeling indignant at the march stolen upon him by the other, he not only went to the alderman and complained, but he took out a summons against Grey for keeping a nuisance, and it was duly served upon that unfortunate gentleman.

Grey never dreamt of this, for the fact must now be revealed that for some private cause he was most disinclined to meet White face to face. His blindness was only a pretence, that he might have an excuse for wearing a huge shade. His motives must have been urgent, for, unknown to Lily, this, his once pet cottage, was in the agent's hands, for sale.

However, the summons was delivered, and Grey did not appear. Another was sent, with the strong arm of the law shaking its fist threateningly in his face; and then poor persecuted Grey prepared to meet his enemy, but not face him, for his visage was an enigma scarcely to be guessed at by his most intimate friends; but, alas! an enemy's eye is capable of all—it has presentiment and sorcery in it.

Grey went; he couldn't help going. White and his nephew were there. The case commenced; and under his supposed disguise Grey felt strong to defend his Shanghai's neck, and still more energetic in ending Neptune's career by demanding an order for his destruction from the court, for only that morning the animal, sympathizing with his master's cause, had jumped upon Martha in the road rather too roughly for affection, and had torn her apron, which was now in court, a mute but telling witness, in that good woman's pocket, as she stood awaiting her turn to be called for.

There was a feeling of compassion in the magistrate's heart when he beheld the wretched blind man he had to deal with, and he commenced by apologizing; to which Grey responded with severity, for he owed the alderman a grudge for bringing him there at all, and he was never sweet-tempered, this Mr. Grey.

At the first sound of Grey's voice White started; his color rose, and then changed to a very pale tint indeed, as he gazed long and anxiously on the blind defendant.

"Your honor," he exclaimed at last, in accents of much agitation, "I—I withdraw my charge. I have nothing more to say against this gentleman."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Norman.

"Mind your own business, sir. I have said it," answered this Mede or Persian, with perfect decision of tone.

"Mr. Grey," he continued, turning to the other, "will you allow me a few moments' conversation with you alone? I dare say we shall arrange this affair amicably."

Grey bowed assent, and all that was visible of his face was of carmine hue, from emotion.

"Call the next case," said the amazed magistrate; "this one is dismissed."

Side by side stood Grey and White; the nephew stood apart with Martha, who still clutched the condemning apron.

"Hudson," whispered White, "I knew you at a glance. And you?"

"Yes, Downie, I knew you the first time I saw you in that accursed cottage. Pardon me, Downie, but of course you must well understand that when a respectable and upright man sees himself forced by contending circumstances to assume a false name, it was not an old acquaintance, a fellow-townsmen, that he wishes to meet."

"Exactly so," responded Downie—as we will now call him—pressing Hudson's hand; "and though my case is as your own, I am still delighted to see you."

There was an embarrassing silence of some moments. Downie broke it first:

"And all this rudeness to a neighbor?"

"Was to force you to remove in disgust from the neighborhood. You were only a tenant; unfortunately, I am my own landlord. I recognized you the first day."

"What the dence can Downie have done?" thought Hudson.

"I cannot imagine what Hudson has been about," soliloquized Downie, as silently they walked home side by side.

"Your sight is bad, is it?" Downie asked at last.

"No," briefly answered Hudson, detaching the green shade and looking upon the other with healthful eyes. "But I candidly own I did it to avoid recognition;" and he sighed.

"Ah!" heavily breathed Downie, "you can never dread the past as much as I do."

Then there was another pause; neither seemed inclined to be communicative.

"Do you ever see the paper from our old town?" asked Downie at last.

"Never," answered Hudson, with a visible shudder. "Never now."

"You have a nephew with you, I see?" he continued, hastily, as if to change the current of the conversation.

"Yes; when I left Milton, I sent for Norman from Frankfort. I thought he had had quite enough of Germany. And your daughter?"

"I thought the same thing, so I brought her home from boarding-school. She is sufficiently well educated."

One sympathetic idea struck both—namely, that the daughter and nephew knew nothing whatever of their respective relatives' source of mystery. And again there was a prolonged silence, during which both ruminated on the same thing, and that was, that as fate had so wilfully cast them together, there was but one thing to be done—namely, to make the best of it, and this could not better be accomplished than by matrimony. The daughter and nephew must marry, and then their secrets would be safe.

Before they reached home as much passed between them, and with a cordial shake of the hand at the gate, the friends (each of whom wished his neighbor at Jericho) agreed to bring the young folks together at Hudson's that evening; it was tacitly understood, also, that secrecy to all was to be the order of the day; and thus they parted, mutually wondering what the other had done.

It is very easy to bring young folks together, but not so easy to make them fall in love. They will and they won't, and most unfortunately, as parents too often find, the will is a headstrong, impulsive thing—a wild colt, which you had better not try to force, but to coax, into good behavior.

"Lily, my love," said her parent, after telling her that, to his surprise, he had met an old acquaintance in White

(White and Grey they were still in name before the public), who had advised him to take off the green shade, which had nearly blinded him, even to an old friend's face—"Lily, my love, have you ever noticed young Norman next door? He seems to be an exceedingly nice young man."

Lily's heart beat; she had a presentiment.

"I haven't noticed him much, papa," she modestly answered, "but I have heard him."

"Yes, oh yes; on that corner. He's just home from college in Germany. All German students play the corner, his uncle tells me."

"Do they, papa? Then there must be a great noise in those German towns;" and she looked demurely down.

"I think him very good-looking," continued her papa, eyeing her closely.

"Possibly so, papa," was the simple reply. "But as I have never seen him except behind that noisy horn, I don't think I could have observed his features unless I had looked down the mouth of it—a rather difficult matter."

Lily had placed a greater mask upon her mind than ever masker did at carnival upon his face. Something then Hudson said about wishing her to like Norman—he was to call that evening.

"I don't think I ever can," said little duplicity, meekly; "but I will try and do anything to please my own dear papa;" and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

It is delightful to see how dutiful and affectionate daughters become when papas propose a charming young man as suitor.

Whatever the mysteries were, evidently the servants, male and female, were parties to them, for they became as gracious to each other in the kitchen as their masters were in the parlor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTESIAN WELLS.

FAMOUS WELLS—THEIR PRINCIPLE AND CONSTRUCTION.

THE province of Artois, France, known in ancient times as Artesium, gave to artesian wells their name. But Artois has not this honor because such wells were first sunk within its borders. They were known in very remote times, and some which are now in active operation date from far back into antiquity. The Chinese claim that they were the first to procure water by this means, and it is true that such wells are to be found in extraordinarily large numbers throughout the Chinese empire. It is said that in the province of Ou Tong Kiao, which is about thirty miles long and twelve wide, tens of thousands of artesian wells exist, some of them reaching to the depth of two thousand feet. They are found now in all parts of the civilized world; and since science has been brought into use for the purpose of determining where they can be sunk with successful results, a vast amount of good has been accomplished through their instrumentality.

The most striking instance of this is supplied by the operations of French engineers in Algeria. Some time after the French government had obtained supremacy in that country, an effort was made to sink wells in the deserts, with the hope that barren land might be made fruitful and the waste places habitable. In 1856 operations were begun in a spot in the Sahara, in the province of Constantine. After a considerable amount of exertion the engineer in charge succeeded in striking water, which came to the surface and overflowed at the rate of one thousand gallons a minute. The natives considered the feat miraculous, and they came in troops of thousands to see the wonderful stream, and to lave in it and drink of it. The Arab priests performed religious ceremonies over it, and blessed it, and it was known among the people as the Fountain of Peace.

Other wells were subsequently sunk at different places with equally satisfactory consequences. One of these, in the oasis of Sidi-Rachid, was put down to the depth of 54 metres, and gave a continual flow of nearly twelve hundred gallons a minute. The inhabitants of the place had suf-

ferred much from want of water, and they were frantic with joy as they beheld the abundant stream. They rolled in the pellucid water, shouting and screaming; mothers dipped their children in it, and the aged sheikh of the tribe fell upon his knees and returned thanks to Allah and to the men who had achieved the work. Around these wells, which were placed in scores of spots in the desert, villages sprang; and the ground having acquired fertility from the abundant moisture, wandering Arabs, who never before tilled the earth, settled down, and became better and more useful men than they had ever been. The artesian well in these cases became a civilizing agent of incalculable importance, and the wise foresight of the French government was richly rewarded.

These wells abound in England, particularly in London and the vicinity. In Trafalgar Square they supply ornamental fountains from borings 393 feet in depth. In 1871 the total quantity of water obtained from these sources in the city amounted to more than fifteen million gallons daily. In the neighborhood of Vienna also wells of this kind are found in large numbers, and some of them have been used for centuries. The most famous one in all Europe is that of Grenelle, in the suburbs of Paris. The water rises from the tubing from a depth of 1798 feet at the rate of 517 gallons every minute, and is expelled from the mouth with such violence that it makes a column thirty-two feet in height. The water, like that in the Trafalgar Square fountain, has a warm temperature. At Grenelle it reaches 82° Fahrenheit. There are other celebrated wells in France, among them one at Lillers, which has been in operation since the year 1126.

Artesian wells are quite common in this country, and there are many even in the city of Philadelphia, where the water is used almost exclusively for manufacturing purposes. There is one at the Continental Hotel in this city which furnishes a constant supply for the boilers, and in various factories and mills others give to the proprietors as much water as is needed in their establishments. The deepest well in the world is in St. Louis. It was sunk by the owners of a large sugar refinery at an enormous cost, and after several years of labor. The work was begun in 1849 and completed in 1854, when water was reached at a depth of 2199 feet. The supply is about seventy-five gallons a minute, and the temperature is 73°. This water, however, is hardly fit for use, as it is so strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen as to be extremely offensive.

In years past an impression prevailed very generally that water could be procured by sinking a shaft in the earth at almost any point. A vast amount of fruitless labor and useless expense was the result of this belief. But now science has advanced so far that men are able to tell with almost unerring certainty whether water can be obtained in any given place by such agencies. A peculiar geological formation and a certain relative position for the well are the prerequisites of success. Water finds its way from the surface of the earth to the interior through crevices and chasms in the rocks, and through the rocks themselves when they are porous. In nearly all geological formations there are certain strata, often far down, which are watertight, and these form the beds of the subterranean streams. As the water presses down from above, it forces the streams along, and they either burst forth in springs or remain locked in huge reservoirs. When a well is sunk until it strikes one of these or hits a rapid current, the pressure drives the water to the surface, exactly as in our cities the fluid in the storage reservoirs is forced into our bath-rooms and bed-chambers. The geysers of Iceland and of the Yellowstone Valley are attributable in part to the same agencies. They come from natural artesian wells, probably of vast depth, for the water in many cases is ejected at boiling heat. Steam, as well as hydrostatic pressure, is often the power that operates these extraordinary fountains. The oil wells in the north-western portion of this State are artesian wells sunk into the subterranean chambers in which the petroleum has collected.

An artesian well, to be successful, must be placed in a spot lower than the surrounding country. The elevation may be distant many miles; but if the strata of rocks tend from the higher point to the lower level, water almost cer-

tainly will be obtained. The supply comes from the upland, and finds its channel between the strata, pouring down until it reaches the aperture through which it again rises to the surface.

There are very considerable differences in the dimensions of the bores of artesian wells. The diameter of the hole varies in different cases from four inches to twenty. The mode of boring is peculiar and interesting. The process is conducted with augers or drills attached to the end of an iron rod, and this connects with screws to another rod, and so on to any length required. To the upper end of the rod a transverse handle is attached, by which the instrument is partly turned round by two men each time it is raised and dropped. The cutting edge of the auger or drill thus chips a fresh line across the bottom of the hole at each blow. The blow is given by the rod falling by its own weight after it is lifted a few inches. The lifting is done by the men at the transverse bar, helped by another man at a higher point, who moves a long horizontal pole, one end of which is secured in a heap of stones, while the rod is coupled to the centre of the pole by a stout rope or a chain. The elastic up-spring of the pole lifts the boring rod, the latter is turned half round by the men at the handle, the pole is pulled down, and the rod strikes again into the hole.

The borer, of course, increases in weight as additions are made to its length, and so, eventually, other machinery is used to lift it. Sometimes there is a windlass with a rope coiled around it. When the rod is lifted in this manner, the rope is suddenly loosened, and the borer descends. But even this will not do when great depths are reached, and machinery is worked by horse-power for the purpose. At the well of Grenelle eight horses were hardly able to pull out the rod when the well was sunk far down into the earth. As the boring proceeds, it is generally necessary to protect the sides of the well from caving in with iron tubes, which are sent down one on another in lengths of half a dozen feet, one screwing to another, or attached together by a kind of a collar. If it is required to use a second set of these tubes at a lower depth, they must be of smaller diameter, so that they may go through the first set. There is a vast variety of instruments for enlarging the hole, lifting out the material accumulated by the cuttings and removing broken drills, tubes, etc., and for breaking up the instruments themselves when they become loose and drop in; but these are much too great in number and too complicated to be explained here.

The very slow progress of the work is attributable to the time required for drawing out the whole length of the rods to discharge the ground-up fragments which collect in the bottom of the well. This must be done every few inches sunk; and as the work was formerly conducted, it was necessary, after drawing out all the rods, to send them down again with a cylindrical spoon to gather up the fine fragments. The Chinese have improved upon this, and their more simple and easy process has been adopted to some extent in other countries. Instead of using rods to sink the wells, the Chinese suspend the cutting-drill, which is attached to a heavy metallic rod, by a chain that passes over a wheel. Around the drill is a cylindrical chamber, which, by means of simple valves, takes up and holds the broken fragments. As the chain is raised or dropped, it gives by its tension a turn to the drill, causing it to vary its position at every stroke. When the cylinder requires to be discharged, it is readily wound up by a windlass. With large drills, eighteen inches in diameter, a hole of this size has been carried down by the Chinese method several hundred feet deep.

H. C. C.

A LETTER from Jerusalem says: "Laborers working under the direction of a distinguished French lady, the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, have just discovered on the Mount of Olives, near the Church of the Pater, a splendid specimen of ancient mosaic in four colors—white, red, black and yellow. It is sixteen feet long, but as yet only six feet of its width have been uncovered. This relic, it is believed, belonged to some sumptuous Roman habitation."

MARK SHIPLEY'S ATONEMENT.

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

"HALLO, Shipley! good evening, old fellow! We've stopped in to carry you off with us. You know you promised long ago to take a look in at Maason's, and we won't let you off. So put on your hat and come along."

Mark Shipley turned with a start of surprise. He had not been aware of the entrance of his two friends, so intently had he been gazing upon a delicate little note which he held in his hand.

"Welcome, Burton, welcome, Hawar; I am glad to see you in my humble lodgings. Sit down, help yourselves to cigars, and spend the evening with me."

"Not a bit of it," cried Burton. "The cigars we'll accept with thanks, and we will smoke them in your company, but it must be on the way to Maason's. So come along; it is late now."

Mark shook his head: "You must excuse me. It was, as you say, long ago when I made that promise, and my opinions have changed somewhat; moreover, Maason's was not then the regular gambling-house it is now. Be generous and give me back my promise, boys. I don't want it said that I ever entered such a place."

For reply, his friends burst into uproarious laughter, and Burton exclaimed:

"Hear you, Hawar! The sinner has turned saint, and what, forsooth, has converted him? Ah, Shipley, Shipley, I fear you are lost—irrecoverably tied to a certain fair lady's apron-strings. You are soon to become a Benedict, we know, and so it is all the more our bounden duty to see that you make use of the little liberty you still have left."

"Indeed," exclaimed the young man, earnestly, "you will oblige me greatly if you will let me off. You have heard of my poor father's fate; it was a gambling-house that ruined him and embittered his last days. I would never have made the promise I did if Maason's had been then the place it is now."

"But still a promise is a promise, and must be kept," replied Hawar. "So put on your hat at once, for we will grant no release. We won't ask you to play—only to look on a while and see how things are done. Why, Shipley, you ought to be ashamed in these days to confess to ignorance about such places—it's part of a man's education. So, come."

After some further remonstrance, Mark suffered himself to be persuaded to accompany his friends, feeling in honor bound to do so, since they would not release him from his promise, for it had always been his pride that his word, once passed, had never been broken.

Maason's was a so-called private gambling-house, and open only to the upper-classes. Several gentlemen were gathered about one of the numerous tables, deeply absorbed in the game of *Rouge-et-Noir*.

Our three friends looked on for a while in silence, and then Burton and Hawar drew nearer, and each staked a small sum. They won, and again risked a larger sum—again fortune favored them; and then—alas for human nature and human resolution!—Mark Shipley, carried away by the excitement of the moment, forgot the lessons of his father's past, and threw down upon the table a golden coin.

"Hurrah, Shipley!" cried Burton. "Well done! You are a true man, for all your squeamishness. You see these things don't look so bad when you are right close to them. These *Rouge-et-Noir* tables are very tasty—not at all repulsive."

But Mark already regretted his impulsive act. "Ah, Burton," he said, "there is the whole trouble in a nutshell. It is because gambling looks so harmless at first that so many noble-hearted fellows are ruined by it."

This he spoke in all earnestness; and yet a few moments later, when his gold returned to him doubled in amount, he staked it again; and yet again it came back to him, four times the amount it first started—forty dollars instead of ten.

"Try it again, Shipley!" cried Hawar. "Down with it on the noir."

"No, on the rouge!" and Mark, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, laid down his forty dollars on the spot referred to. Again he won, and eighty dollars were handed him by the banker—a clear gain of seventy.

"What a splendid run of luck, Shipley!" cried Burton. "Double, triple the amount; you're sure to win!"

Mark hesitated, but the reckless fascination of the game was in the ascendant, and he risked the larger sum suggested by his friend, placing it this time on the "inverse," and then he waited with breathless eagerness for the result. It was against him; but so far from checking his wild career, it seemed rather to incite him to further risks.

"Two hundred dollars on the noir!" A moment's suspense, and again he lost.

As this result was announced, Mark's face grew pale, and with a shock he awakened to a full appreciation, not only of the debt he had incurred, but of the sin he had committed—of the self-imposed vow he had broken. Faint and sick at heart, he gave his note for the sum due Maason, and then bidding his friends a brief good-night, hastened homeward.

As may be readily imagined, his reflections were far from pleasant. Aside from the reproaches of his conscience, the sum he had lost was by no means an inconsiderable one, and his salary as private secretary to a wealthy banker (no other than his intended father-in-law) could ill withstand this heavy draft upon it. Moreover, his next quarterly payment would not be due for a month to come, and he had but very little money on hand.

"If Maason will only wait till this month is out," he thought, "I can weather the storm I have brought on myself, and then"—he raised his hand solemnly toward heaven—"I will never again enter a gambling-house or engage in any game of chance, so help me God!"

"If Maason will wait," Mark had said to himself, but Maason would not wait. No promise, no security, would satisfy this man, who, destitute of honor himself, could not believe its existence in others. Money in good solid coin—this alone would content him. Day after day he intruded himself into young Shipley's apartments; and at length one day grew so violent that Mark, to get rid of him for the time, told him to come on the morrow, and he would endeavor by all possible means to have the money ready for him.

"Very well, sir," said the man, as he turned toward the door, "I'll come to-morrow, as you say; but if that money is not forthcoming, I will go straight to Mr. Morton, and tell him what a nice son-in-law he's going to have. You know him as well as I do, and I am more mistaken than I ever was in my life if he don't cut you adrift for this business the moment he hears of it, so you'd better get the money ready and keep it all from him."

This was early in the morning; and soon after, Mark walked down to the bank, thinking it all over with a sinking heart. He could not raise the required sum. Burton and Hawar were unable to lend it, and to no other friends could he apply.

So, on the morrow, all would be over, and his brief, bright dream of love at an end, and in its place sorrow and disgrace.

He had brought it all on himself, too, and this knowledge made his thoughts all the more bitter, for he felt that he deserved the misfortunes which were thronging about him—he was not worthy to call sweet Jennie Morton by the sacred name of wife.

The day wore on; and as the hour for closing the bank drew near, Mr. Morton rose from his chair to depart, but at the office door he suddenly paused:

"I had nearly forgotten, Mark. Just look in my desk—here is the key—and you will find four hundred dollars in cash that I wish you would lock up in my private vault. You will be up this evening, of course? Jennie expects you; so good-bye for the present."

Left alone, Mark opened the banker's desk and gazed intently on the coarse bag which contained the gold. His cheeks grew deathly white, and his frame shook like an aspen leaf. He put forth his hand and touched the coin, then drew back as though stung by a scorpion. Once more he advanced his hand, and this time he clutched the bag; then taking down his overcoat from the nail upon

which it hung, he threw it over his arm in such a manner as to conceal the gold, the latter being too heavy to place in his pocket, and hurriedly left the bank.

"This will save me," he muttered; "and before Mr. Morton can miss it I shall have replaced it from my salary—only one week to wait for it now. Oh how low I have fallen—a gambler and a thief—I, Mark Shipley!"

"Well, sir," said Maason, "here I am. Can you say the same of that money you owe me?"

"Here it is," replied Mark, hoarsely. "Count it, to make sure it is right, and then begone, and never dare to cross my threshold again."

"Not unless you cross mine first, never fear. Well, it's all right, sir. There is your receipt, that I've carried in my pocket these three weeks. I'm thankful to give it to you at last."

Maason moved toward the door with a sneering laugh; and Mark, excited beyond control, advanced toward him with uplifted hand, a silent threat that was not lost on its object, who quickly vanished.

It was not quite time to go to the bank, and Mark spent the interval in walking up and down his room. At length he threw himself into a chair and bent his head upon his hands. Directly he looked up, with a brighter glance in his eyes, a firmer expression on his face.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed. "Irresolution has been my bane through life; but for that I should never have fallen thus low. Oh, Jennie, my beloved, Heaven grant that you care not for me as I had once hoped and believed! I would fain that this sorrow should fall upon me alone, who have deserved it all."

He walked rapidly to the bank, and entering Mr. Morton's private office, found that gentleman seated at his desk. Pressing his hand over his fast-throbbing heart, Mark advanced, and stood in silence until his employer looked up.

"Why, Mark, you look ill!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? Sit down, sit down!"

"I am ill, sir," answered the young man, slowly—"ill in mind. I have committed a great sin, and have come to you to confess it."

And then, in brief, clear words, he told it all—his first false step and its consequences, his temptation and his fall.

Mr. Morton listened in silence. He was a kind-hearted, upright man; and while his sense of honor was shocked at the story of Mark's wrong-doing, his heart recognized the inherent nobleness in the young man's character which had led him to confess his crime. He longed to speak to him words of comfort, but nevertheless he deemed it best that he should suffer yet a while longer, in order that the remembrance of those dark hours of sorrow and humiliation might never fade away.

"Mark," he said, "I need not say how shocked and grieved I am—you know all that. You have sinned; but you have proved your repentance, for you know as well as I that in all probability I should never have discovered the absence of the money. For this reason I shall retain you in your position here. I trust you still, you see. But, Mark, tell me, on your sacred honor and conscience, do you think I would do right to confide the happiness of my child to one who has sinned as you have? Are you worthy of her?"

He waited for an answer, and it came in low, gasping tones:

"No, sir, I am all unworthy. You would do wrong to give her to me now. I will not seek her—you may trust me for that. Tell her—yes, tell her what I have done, and then she will cease to love me, and not suffer as I shall. Would I might die; but I must live to work out my atonement."

"Be it so, Mark," answered Mr. Morton; and then he hastily went out from the office that the young man might not see the tears in his eyes. But Mark could not have seen them had he stayed, because of the scalding drops which blinded his own sight.

Time passed on. Two months had gone by, and Mark, a wiser and a nobler man, was steadily working out his atonement. Not once had he looked upon her who had so nearly been his bride, nor had her name once been mentioned between him and her father.

The bank closed at three o'clock, its officers and clerks having generally all departed by four; and then, from this latter period until five o'clock—the hour of the night watchman's arrival—the building was entirely deserted. Mark had had some extra work to do, and not having completed it when his friends left the bank, remained in Mr. Morton's office for that purpose.

His pen ran steadily over the paper before him, but suddenly he laid it down and bent his head as if to listen. His quick ear had caught the sound of stealthy footsteps in the passage leading to the office in which he sat. A moment's attention convinced him that he was not mistaken. The steps paused at the door, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Come, hurry along, Bill; this job's got to be done quick. The watchman'll be here before long, and we'll find ourselves in a pretty muss if we're not off first. There's a door in this here office leading to the vaults, and I've got keys that'll open all ahead of us. These here skeletons are precious nice things."

Quick as lightning Mark comprehended it all. These men had concealed themselves in the bank to await the departure of its officers, and now were prepared to break into the vaults.

Grasping the high stool on which he ordinarily sat, Mark glided across the room and stationed himself on one side of the office door. Scarcely had he done so when it was opened, and the foremost burglar entered, to receive a heavy blow from the stool, which sent him reeling back into the passage-way.

His astonished comrades looked cautiously in through the open door:

"Hurrah! only one man! We'll soon finish him. Come on, down with him!"

Five men rushed into the apartment, but Mark had been too quick for them. With a sudden bound he crossed the room, and placed his back against the iron door opening into the passage to the vaults below.

Fast and furious were the blows aimed at him, but his long-legged stool proved an admirable weapon of defence, not alone repelling the attacks of his assailants, but laying one of them insensible on the floor.

"Hang it, we'll have to use powder, after all, and risk the noise," exclaimed one of the robbers; and as he spoke, he presented a pistol at Mark and fired.

The stool dropped with a crash from the latter's powerless hands, and he fell heavily to the floor, the blood flowing from a wound in his side. The robbers pushed him aside, and he saw one of their number draw a bunch of skeleton-keys from his pocket and fit one to the door, then all grew dim before him, and he knew no more until he opened his eyes to find himself in a darkened room.

"Where am I?" he asked, and the sound of his voice startled him, so weak and low was it.

No answer was made him, but a slight, graceful figure started up from his side and sped from the room. A moment later Mr. Morton entered and stood at the bedside. Mark repeated his question.

"You are in my house, my dear boy," was the reply. "You have been very ill for weeks, and must not attempt to talk, though you are better now. Hush, not a word."

The young man was too weak to oppose the mandate, so he closed his eyes and soon sank into a peaceful slumber.

A few days subsequently, when Mark was stronger, Mr. Morton told him how the watchman, entering the bank in company with a friend, had been startled by a pistol-shot, and hastening in the direction of the sound, had discovered the robbers in the act of opening the iron door which Mark had so ably defended. The men had fled, all save one, who lay on the floor insensible. Him they gave into the charge of a policeman whom they summoned; and he had since recovered and turned State's evidence, so that the whole party had been captured.

As for Mark, they had thought him dead at first, but Mr. Morton, sent for in all haste, had conveyed him to his own house, and called his wavering spirit back to life again.

Mark's eyes brightened as he heard this story.

"Then the robbers got nothing?" he asked.

"Not a dollar, thanks to your bravery."

"Thank Heaven for that! I have atoned my sin."

"You have, indeed, my dear boy," was the earnest reply; "and here is your reward. Take it, for now you are worthy of it."

He drew his blushing daughter from behind the curtains which had up to this moment concealed her from Mark's view, and placed her hand in the thin, emaciated one of her lover.

"I told her all, Mark, but she never faltered in her love. Take her; you are worthy of each other. You have

each passed through the furnace of affliction, and have come forth purer and nobler."

A sweet, happy smile played over the young man's wasted features as he clasped the hand of her he loved in his own.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured; "my atonement is in truth accepted, for man has forgiven my sin, and God is yet more forgiving than he. I have found peace again once more."

And Mark was right, as his subsequent life of joy, prosperity and usefulness amply testified.



ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

AROUND FLORIDA.

No. 2.

FROM KEY WEST TO CEDAR KEYS, JACKSONVILLE
AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

CEDAR KEYS, on the Gulf coast of Florida, is three hundred and sixty miles distant from Key West. The steamers which ply between New Orleans and Havana, and to avoid the severity of a direct passage hug the shores of the peninsula, call here to land and receive the passengers and freight of the Florida Railroad, of which the town of Cedar Keys is the south-western terminus.

It was a glorious day toward the close of February, cloudless and balmy, and with the thermometer marking a temperature of seventy-five degrees, that saw us stand out from the harbor of Key West in a comfortable side-wheel steamer—a delightful contrast to the terrible screw of the propeller, which seems to bore in at the feet and out at the head of the landsman unaccustomed to its gyrations, as he lies ill in his berth. Late at night we passed Romano, keeping well to the west of the land, and the next day, about two P. M., Tampa Light, at the entrance to the bay of the same name. It is proposed to connect the town of Tampa by a branch road to the Florida Railway. I say it is *proposed*; but it is one thing for the Floridians to pro-



WRECKS ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

pose and another to do. Doubtless the scheme will one day be realized, and that at no very distant period, when Tampa, which has an unexceptionable harbor, will of necessity become one of the most flourishing and important ports on the Gulf.

The evening of the second day proved charming, and the many passengers lingered late on deck to enjoy it. The moon was full. A light haze lay out seaward, and the soothing air and slight but not disagreeable roll of the vessel produced a pleasant effect.

The gentlemen smoked, the ladies chatted, and general sociability prevailed. We congratulated ourselves on the state of the weather, paid a compliment to old ocean, and retired self-satisfied, to awake a half hour later in a very different mood, owing to the increased motion of the steamer. The treacherous norther had arisen, and in consequence, early the next morning, when we entered the harbor of Cedar Keys—if in truth it can be said to have a harbor—we were unable to approach within ten miles of the land. The norther, which has its source in high latitudes, and shrieking in tempestuous fury traverses the icy regions of the pole, here tempered to a chill and bracing air, sweeps over Florida, to meet with no obstacle till it encounters and is broken by the mountains of Cuba; meanwhile materially reducing the draught of water at certain points on the Gulf coast. Cedar Keys at such times suffers severely. The tortuous channel threads innumerable sunken bars and keys, and requires the most careful pilotage and intimate acquaintance with its diverse windings. In consequence of the unusually light draught of water produced by the adverse wind, we had recourse to a small sloop, which was made to serve as lighter to passengers and luggage, and in which, for lack of space, we were packed like dates in a pannier.

Cedar Keys has a delicious climate, with a mean tem-

perature of sixty degrees during the year. Its oranges are probably the finest in the world, and the oysters and shell-fish of the vicinity are excellent; but it bears, I regret to say, a bad name for fair and hospitable treatment of the stranger. It was with some anxiety, therefore, that we turned our eyes in the direction of the town, as our lighter glided forward under the capricious and failing breeze, scarce disturbing the myriad of water-fowl on either hand sunning themselves in the early morning sunlight, which made beautiful and gladsome the distant and picturesque prospect.

But for the beauties of nature we had no eyes. It was the daily train at the dépôt that engrossed the whole of our attention. Drawn out on the pier or trestle-work at one end of the town, it was enveloped in ominous smoke from the locomotive, as the hour for its departure passed. Many were the congratulations exchanged when we safely set foot on terra firma, and passing that ordeal trying to the guilty conscience—the examination of the vigilant custom-house officer—were speedily transferred to the impatient train.

The monotony of the journey and of the slow speed of travel is here broken by an occasional halt. We were thus enabled to observe the character of the country to advantage, and when the stay was protracted, to get out and walk. The scenic beauties of this region, if few, are strangely weird and never to be forgotten. Some charming specimens of the cabbage-palm gave place to sparse pine barrens, relieved by the low brush palmetto, which disappeared before miles of cypress swamp, sinister and forbidding. Gnarled and twisted roots arose from the turbid and fever-breeding waters toward boughs which bent to them in turn, fantastically festooned with the exquisite and funereal moss of the South. Leafless, each tree seemed to hug its scanty and parasitic robes, and amid long and

gloomy vistas fain might one believe skulked the genius of desolation in haunts congenial.

Baldwin, a village on the direct line of the road, and forty-seven miles from Fernandina, is the northern terminus of the Jacksonville branch of the Florida Railway, and possesses a hotel of characteristic appearance. Here the passenger is loudly invited by a negro, whose skin would put to shame the polish on the finest patent-leather, to take meals and lodging. If it should be his pleasure so to do, he may have the satisfaction of settling at rates little lower than those of the most aristocratic Northern hotel.

At Jacksonville we strike refinement and civilization. Here the tourist may find substantial accommodations, the invalid luxuries rare in Florida, and peculiar to a city, and the pleasure-seeker an equipment for following the alligator on the upper waters of the St. John's. The hotels are exceedingly comfortable, the climate is charming, though by no means dry, and at seasons malarious, and an air of thrift and progress, to be met with nowhere else in the State, pervades the city. A good shell road, five miles in length, offers a drive to those fond of the distraction, but there is no special beauty of scene as an earnest of what one is led to expect of the far-famed river which it borders. A level and wooded shore, where struggles the cypress, the pine, the wild orange, the magnolia, the palmetto and live-oak, for place and precedent, is met with on either hand, and becomes, as an ever-recurring prospect, wearisome to the eye, which vainly seeks an opening in the too luxuriant foliage bordering the wide and majestic waters.

Among the unexplored Everglades of the south, the St. John's, fed by hundreds of petty streams and shallow lagoons, has its source; and flowing north three hundred and fifty miles, zigzag, capricious and coquettish in its course, discharges into the Atlantic at Fernandina, where those who have occasion to cross the bar in rough weather will be forcibly reminded of the discomforts of the far-famed "Channel passage."

Space will not permit me to linger at points intermediate (many of which are sought for the sake of their mild and healing climate), as the stream sweeps from Jacksonville to Palatka, a distance of seventy-five miles. I will mention, however, that at Doctor's Lake, about twenty-five miles from Jacksonville, was a rebel outpost during the war. A number of torpedoes were planted in the river at this point, and two fine steamboats, the Maple Leaf and General Hunter, employed as army transports, were blown up by them. The wrecks of these vessels have now disappeared, but for a long time they obstructed the channel. The engraving is from a sketch made by an officer of the navy, and represents the vessels as they appeared a short time after coming to grief. Of these resorts, perhaps the most attractive is Green Cove Spring and Magnolia. The hotel of the last named is charmingly situated, and as seen from the river, of most picturesque appearance. At the former the visitor may obtain for souvenir, as it comes roughly trimmed from the swamp, the brier-wood from which tough and serviceable canes are readily fashioned. Palatka is the *point d'appui* for those who follow the upper waters of the St. John's and its tributaries to hunt the alligators and the birds of gorgeous plumage which there abound, among which the white egret and pink curlew are the most exquisite. The feathers of the latter cause a thrill of rapture within the feminine heart.

Midway between Palatka and Jacksonville, on the left bank of the river in descending, is Tocol. "And here God can alone assist you," as an appreciative gentleman once said to his wife at Madrid on her departure for St. Augustine, the most venerable and time-honored of American cities. Tocol, though Florida were a trackless wilderness, would richly repay all ills encountered on the wayside.

At the time of this compliment to the merits, or more properly demerits, of Tocol, the transit was worse than it now is; and now it is simply execrable. The cars, of strange and antique pattern, are dragged by mules over a wooden railroad by no means smooth, and consume from three to five hours in making the insignificant distance of fifteen miles. They are fortunate who obtain a seat in the

"palace car," which, I may add for the enlightenment of the reader, is similar to those employed on our street rail ways, and so superior to the other means of conveyance that it was thus dignified by a passenger satirically inclined.

But it would require many pages to do justice to this unique mode of travel, which, apart from the vexation and tediousness, afforded constant merriment and diversion. A railroad direct from Jacksonville to St. Augustine is now in progress of construction, to disturb with its attendant bustle and confusion the quiet reveries of "the ever faithful city." It is a spot which offers to the antiquary and student of history a field for research and study, and to the strolling artist fit scenes for the pencil. But I pass before thy Moorish gates, thou Eldorado of the dreams and romance-seeker, and leave to the future of To-Day thy eventful past and placid present.

GARRICK WHYTE.

ASTERS.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

FROM the book whereon I muse and ponder
In the twilight of this wintry day,
Turning dreamily the pleasant pages,
Flutters down a faded aster-spray.

Was it yesterday I plucked these blossoms?
Or, mayhap, a hundred years ago?
Now the last green leaf has faded, fallen,
And no flower smiles above the snow.

All the darlings of the year have perished,
Miracles of color and perfume,
But of all which blest us and departed,
Most I mourn the faithful aster-bloom.

Though so delicate their fringy petals,
They defy October's cruel frost,
Smiling bravely in the face of winter
After all the frailer flowers are lost.

And methinks, when I behold their beauty—
Softest purple, most ethereal blue—
Gentleness is not akin to weakness,
Tenderest hearts are strongest and most true.

In the spring-days, when the blackberry brambles
Hung their long white garlands far and wide,
When the dandelions paved the roadsides,
And the clover bloomed and multiplied,

Violets huddled in the wet green hollows,
Ox-eye daisies crowded all the leas,
But I thought, despite their varied brightness,
"Aster-blossoms are dearer far than these."

When I broke this spray of silky tassels,
Autumn's smile still kept its kindest glow—
Was it only yesterday I found them?
Or, mayhap, a hundred years ago?

All the sky was tender as in summer—
Blue, alluring, vast, the dimpled sea
Told to restless souls the same old story
Of escape and boundless liberty.

Ah, that rare delicious time in autumn!
Ah, the golden woods, the violet haze!
Only these dry shreds of purple petals
Know the secret of those royal days.

Autumn asters! doubly dear and welcome,
That they bloom where summer hopes are past,
Like a blessing that is long in coming,
But how bright it makes the world at last!

MARRIAGE is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

A GREAT PLACE FOR FISHERMEN.

THE SALMON STREAMS OF OREGON.

THE efforts now making in various States, under legislative authority, to introduce fish spawn, and particularly the spawn of that splendid fish the salmon, to the rivers of the eastern part of the country, give a special interest at this moment to everything that relates to the subject of the habits and peculiarities of the salmon. This fish is found in its greatest perfection in the waters of Oregon, and the stories told of its abundance and of the quantities caught by the Indians and whites of the country would be almost incredible were they not well authenticated. It is doubtful indeed if the Columbia River is not the greatest salmon fishing-ground in the world, and it is quite certain that there the salmon attains a delicacy of flavor which is not found elsewhere.

There are several varieties in the Oregon waters, the chief of them being known to the Indians of Oregon as the "quinnet," which often reaches to seventy pounds in weight. Its back is of a light-blue color, with a lighter tint at the sides, changing to a pinkish-white upon the belly. The whole body of the fish is frequently sprinkled thickly with stars of a blackish hue. When the spawning season comes, these salmon ascend the Columbia and other rivers in incalculable numbers, even going so far up the Columbia as one thousand miles from the sea. An eminent naturalist, who recently traversed the region and bestowed much attention upon this subject, says that the fish penetrate every little stream and rivulet, even filling the pools left upon the flats by the receding floods. In some of the shallow streams there are often such swarms that the fish push one another high and dry out of the water. A man with his hands or with a crooked stick can easily procure at these places hundreds of salmon by the simple process of jerking them out. Thousands of the salmon in these streams are unable to spawn for sheer want of room. The writer referred to above says he has seen them dying by scores at the base of a waterfall which they could not leap, but where, however, they persisted in remaining until they died of inanition, fresh fish coming up as the dead ones floated down. A fearful stench arises from the multitudes of dead salmon carried away by the current. All the salmon of this species that come up to spawn are believed to die in the rivers, none of them ever reaching the sea again. Apparently they eat nothing when in the fresh water, and it is impossible to tempt them with bait of any kind. No food is to be found in their stomachs, although in the stomachs of those taken in the salt water the remains of small fish and marine animals are sometimes discovered.

The quinnet salmon ascend the streams in June and July. They are accompanied by another and smaller variety, weighing from eight to twelve pounds, but with the flesh fat, pink and delicious, having a fine flavor. Farther on in the summer, still another kind fill the rivers, but these are of an inferior quality. In the fall the famous hook-nosed salmon take their turn. The males of these are distinguished by a peculiar hooked snout. These fish are to be found in the fall season in every rill and brook where they can by any possibility work a passage, and they often remain in the fresh water, far from the sea, for four or five months, all of them becoming emaciated and many of them dying, while the snout of the male becomes greatly elongated and the teeth also increased into tusks. Some idea may be formed of the vastness of the multitudes of these fish which occupy the rivers, from the remark of a traveller, who, speaking of his experience at Fort Hope, on the Frazer River, said that while riding along upon horseback he came to a stream which thunders down cold and clear as crystal from the Cascade Mountains. In this water the salmon were toiling upward in thousands, and were so thick at the ford that the rider had great difficulty to force his horse through. The salmon swarmed so about the legs of the animal as to impede his progress, and they frightened him so that he plunged violently and nearly threw the rider from the saddle. In many instances the fish become entangled in the rocks in the beds of the streams and perish there, and some are

worn almost smooth by their constant attrition with the stones and with each other.

As the salmon ascend the streams, they grow whiter, probably because they do not eat. It is said that no Oregon man will eat a salmon caught above the mouth of the Willamette River. When the fish first come into the Columbia River from the sea, the flesh is of a bright red color; when they reach the Willamette, the meat is of a pale red, and higher up it becomes almost white. The spawning is done among the pebbles, in water only two or three inches in depth. In the year succeeding the spawning the young ones come down, and go out to the ocean in schools of millions. Sometimes a few of these are caught with a hook, but such cases are very rare indeed.

The white fishermen of the region do an immense business in salmon-catching, but the Indians are far more expert. They have various contrivances for capturing the fish as the latter ascend the rivers. They construct weirs reaching from one side of a stream to the other, with openings through which the fish pass into large lateral prisons of closely-woven wicker. They use nets in the bays and harbors, where the salmon, pursuing herrings and smaller fish, run into the nets and are caught. Thus immense numbers are taken. They construct also rude scaffolds or stages of wood among the large rocks upon the sides of the rivers, on each of which several Indians await the salmon with small nets fastened to handles forty or fifty feet in length. Thirty salmon an hour is not an unusual take for an Indian to land upon the scaffold.

Another and more curious method, practiced where there are falls, is by means of great willow baskets about thirty feet in circumference and twelve feet in depth. To make these available, huge trees are cut down, lopped clear of their branches and brought to the edge of the river, where they are fastened so that the smaller ends overhang the foaming water. To these trees the baskets are suspended, where the salmon generally leap in their efforts to clear the falls; in each basket two naked Indians are stationed all day, frequent relays being required, as they are deluged with heavy volumes of water. As the salmon fall into the basket, the Indians catch them by the gills, kill them with clubs and throw them out upon the rocks. As many as three hundred salmon have been landed in this manner from a single basket between sunrise and sunset, the fish varying in weight from twenty to seventy pounds.

THE MIGRATIONS OF USEFUL PLANTS.

LITTLE is known of the travels of the first plants of cultivation until at length we trace the fruits and cereals in Egypt, Carthage, Greece and Italy, spots surrounded with a halo which time has not dimmed—visible landmarks in the history of man and of useful plants.

Noah "planted a vineyard;" and no doubt the vine, with the olive and other fruits, had crossed the fertile wilderness from Armenia and the shores of the Caspian, for it was only in the far East that the vine, the peach and the fig, the apricot and the pistachio-nut, sprang unbidden from the fruitful earth. Other countries obtained them second-hand. Osiris presented the vine to the Egyptians, and Bacchus distributed the grape in those warm countries which a nude deity found it agreeable to visit, while other kind gods fetched the orange from the garden of the Hesperides, and planted it on the shores of the Levant. It seems that the Greeks obtained most of their fruits from the gods. The olive, for instance, was produced by Minerva on some unknown spot, where Hercules found it, and carried it to Greece on returning from one of his expeditions. This may have been about the time that the golden implements of husbandry fell down from heaven on the banks of the Borysthenes.

The practical Romans acquired their vegetables with the sword and spear, as Lucullus did the cherry, which he conquered with Mithridates in Pontus; and whatever the Greeks had gained, supernaturally or otherwise, came to Rome like the cherry, by gravitation of conquest.

Italy was poor in indigenous fruits, and probably had at first only the wild mulberry, the apple, pear and plum; but she afterward covered her slopes and plains with

olives, oranges, figs and vines by energy and enterprise such as the following lines display:

"My wealth is here, the sword, the spear, the breast-defending shield:
With this I plough, with this I sow, with this I reap the field;
With this I tread the luscious grape and drink the blood-red wine,
And slaves around in order wait, and all are counted mine;
But he that will not rear the lance upon the battle-field,
Nor sway the sword nor stand behind the breast-defending shield,
On lowly knee must worship me with servile kiss adored,
And peal the cry of honor high and hail me mighty lord."

We learn little of plants until long after the Greek Rhizotome or collectors of medicinal roots, Aristotle the Pharmacopoliast, and his pupil Theophrastus. Mago, the Carthaginian general, was an early authority, who wrote the first great work on agriculture, and Mago and Carthage were conquered, and his twenty-eight books carried to Rome, B. C. 146. At the same period stern Cato wrote only of useful plants, while Columella at a later date included a little fancy farming in his long discourse, and Dioscorides and Pliny treated of all known plants.

The colonists and civilizers of the earth have been the distributors of its fruits. Even the commercial Phœnicians were among the early carriers, and advanced the mulberry and silkworm from the farthest shores of the Mediterranean along the coasts they visited, by the same route over which so many plants have been conveyed from nature's gardens in the East. The indigenous fruits of Europe were crabs, nuts, berries, masts and sorbs; the rest she obtained from their Asiatic birthplace, and in most instances *via* Rome, their great rendezvous in historic times. Of the cherry we have spoken. The apricot arrived there from Epirus, apples, pears and plums from Armenia, the damson (damascene) from Damascus, the peach and walnut from Persia, the chestnut from Castanea in Asia Minor and the pomegranate from Africa. The fig tree, which sheltered the founders of Rome when they were suckled by the wolf, had crossed with some early travellers from Syria or from its halting-place in Greece. Honored in the future city, it was carried next the vine in the processions of Bacchus; and modern abstainers from the worship of that god are no doubt aware that the corpulent deity derived his vigor from the sugared and succulent fig, not from the vine. The jealousy of the Athenians, which vainly forbade the exportation of the fig, produced the economists or informers, called *sukophantai*, or discoverers of figs, and gave us the word sycophant.

A tree still more revered by Pagan, Jew and Christian was the pomegranate, whose fruit was embroidered on the ephod and carved on the porch of the temple. Bacchus is said to have first twisted the dry, hard calyx adhering to the fruit into "the likeness of a kingly crown," thereby ambiguously keeping faith with a girl whose confidence he had won by promising her the crown which a diviner had said she was destined to wear. When at last she died from grief and hope delayed, the betrayer metamorphosed her into a pomegranate tree, and affixed the crown to its fruit for ever. The device of Queen Anne of Austria was a pomegranate, with the motto, "My worth is not in my crown;" and the French had a witticism, "Quelle est la reine qui porte son royaume dans son sein?" The pomegranate migrated to Europe with the first flight of plants, and crossed to the West Indies and South America with the earliest explorers. It reached its farthest limits in high latitudes when monks conveyed it to a distant island in the northern seas, where it still ripens fruit of small size around London and under the shelter of the South downs. But in England the juice of this famous fruit of the desert has no attraction except to curious schoolboys, and its thousand pips make the pomegranate merely a fit repast for blackbirds. It is in Egypt and Syria that its delicious acid can be fully enjoyed.

Man, especially the Roman, has been the distributor of plants, but climate governs their distribution, arranges their divisions and sets limits to their migrations. The Romans could not borrow from the flora of the south so freely as we have borrowed from them, since the arborescent and evergreen character of vegetation toward the tropics renders it liable to be destroyed by a slight degree of frost at any period of the year, whereas the herbaceous plants and deciduous trees and shrubs of temperate zones

escape the winter's cold by retiring from active contention with it. A northern sun seldom scorches the vegetable visitors, unless they come from a land of mist, like the Sikkim rhododendrons; but Italian summers are too hot for some of the plants from the north.

The Romans collected everything that a splendid sky without a tropical sun permitted, and their gardens contained nearly all the vegetables now in use. They had even the cauliflower, a highly artificial modification of the cabbage, which is said to have originated in Cyprus, where luxury kept a good gardener. In the days of primitive virtue, Cato restricted his account of the horticultural art to the cultivation of culinary plants and of those used in chaplets; and the same spirit, dictating the laws of the decemvirs, made *hortus* synonymous with *heredium*, or inheritance (as it was practically to Naboth); and it made the families of the Lactucarii, Valeriani and Fabii proud of their names. Taste became less severe under the Empire, and flower-pots were introduced in windows, and even the houses of the poor in Rome had little gardens in front for ornamental plants—equivalent to our window-gardens—while the villas had highly-decorated gardens attached to them, and there were parks and pleasure-grounds in the heart of the city.

The favorite garden trees were the pine, for its refreshing odor, the bay, for its beauty and fame, and the box, for its shade. Trees were regarded as the temples of the gods. The simple peasants, savoring of antiquity, do still, says Pliny, consecrate to one god or another the fairest trees, and we ourselves worship the same gods in the silent groves with not less devotion than we adore their images of gold and ivory in our stately temples.

TWICE SAVED; OR, LAURA MILDMA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY J. S. LE FANE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING.

NEVER did morning dawn more glorious. There was just cloud enough in the still sky here and there to mottle the steep sides of the towering mountains, and to give to the face of some bold projection a character of gloom and menace.

At the appointed time Mr. Burton stood at the outer gate, raised his hat from his snow-white hair, and smiled at the young lady in the drawing-room window, who, smiling in return, ran down to join him.

"It is so kind of you, Mr. Burton," she said, as she came down the steps, "to take all this trouble; and the walk will be so tiresome to you, who took it only on Saturday, I am afraid. It's too good-natured of you."

"If I were a younger man, I should now make ever so many pretty speeches," said Mr. Burton; "I shall only answer, however, that it is to me an ever new delight scaling those magnificent hills. I never could tire of them, and I can honestly say, besides, that your society will greatly add to the charm of the walk. Richard Wyke's boat is waiting, and once at the other side the distance is really nothing. By the bye, have you got your little tin case to put the flowers in?"

"Oh yes, thank you, everything."

So they went on their way chatting together very cheerfully, for Laura felt quite at ease in the society of this kind, communicative and accomplished old man.

The row across the lake was delightful, and the village of Golden Friars from this point of view, diminished but distinct in the distance, with its new background of mountain and the lake in front, and its dark elms standing in groups or singly about the old-fashioned gables, forms a singularly picturesque feature in the landscape.

And now, chatting pleasantly, the old man with his stick in his hand, and the young lady listening to his stories about foreign flowers and Alpine, Pyrenean and Himalayan wonders, ascended the foot of the mountain that rises from the very margin of the lake, and they crossed the little shingle road—as old, possibly, as the

of the Picts—that coils its way over the hills; by its side they walked on, and though ascending they kept pretty nearly parallel to the margin of the lake, the mountain grew steeper from that base as they proceeded.

As, in good Mr. Burton's phrase of the evening, on and upward they proceeded at a gentle pace, rising above the sounds of life, its sights also grew perceptibly more remote as they entered a lighter breezier air. The bold mountain side rose steep at right, and with a gentler declivity slanted down to the river.

The old man laughed at himself and shook his head, confessed that for the first time since his arrival at Friars he began to feel the mountains a little too far for him, and now and then, asking Laura Mildmay's help, he sat down for a minute or two on the roadside to rest.

The old fellows—we find it out sometimes suddenly—it is quite what we were. On Saturday—it seems so soon—I should be so easily exhausted now—I could walk to the very top of the mountain and over it with more ease than I have accomplished this little walk. I'm quite ashamed; but now I'm in command again. Suppose we go on."

When they went down a hundred yards below the point at which they crossed this old road—if anything so narrow and inadequate deserved to be called so—the hill, shelving a little, formed a level platform, in diameter about a hundred feet.

With no floral purposes, and by no means in search of picturesque, five gentlemen were assembled, and a little encampment of traps—three of these—and one vehicle, nondescript, with C. springs, which conveyed the doctor from Dingham. There were serried these horses and vehicles, which were screened by the little green area on which the gentlemen were seated by a projecting bank, overgrown with birch and thorn.

A more convenient or secluded spot for a duel could hardly have been selected; and should a combatant happen to be defeated, there was the very gentle descent of the road by his point, on the level turf, beside which a carriage run as softly as over a pile of half a dozen Turkey turkeys.

Inside this little knot of persons, not a human being was there, except perhaps one, suspected an assemblage of gentlemen for any purpose, much less this, upon the platform I have described, and which, lying in the hollow, was fenced from distant view. This, for its facilities of access and departure, was selected by shrewd old Doctor Jollock, who, when affairs of blood were more frequent, had acquired a serviceable experience.

The reader and I have lighted upon them at a critical moment. That trying interval spent by the seconds in fixing and determining arrangements was passed, and accomplished the process of loading the "saw-eds," which the principals were about to level one another. The empty cases were on the ground—John Mardykes' an heir-loom, made of rosewood, with brass, an extremely pretty article; and in the case we see no reason, observing the amount of decorum expended upon coffins by fashionable undertakers, these other cases of death should not also borrow from our sense of the beautiful and the elegant. The case, just as grizzly, lay also upon the sward, apart. It was that which contained honest Doctor Jollock's surgical instruments. The doctor himself stood with a jolly port-wine complexion bleached to yellow by suspense, for the decisive moment had come. The little baronet, in a green "cut-away" coat, with gilt buttons, a hat exquisitely brushed, and Wellington boots, stood intensely in the sun, was standing in the spot his "friend" had just placed him, with a pistol in his hand, looking very pale and glowering.

At twelve steps away stood Charles Shirley, receiving, for two, spoken low, from his second—a tall, slight, gentleman with a rather red nose and a resolute

and important air, and his coat buttoned across his chest. His nose was near Charles' ear as he whispered, and he held a pistol in each hand with the butt uppermost. And now he retires backward about a dozen steps, and takes his handkerchief from his pocket. The baronet's second, a short, plump man, with a short high nose and a double chin, an eyeglass and a white hat, stood at the other side.

Doctor Jollock, a little in the second's rear, stands motionless, with his lips tightly screwed together and frowning hard, as if he expected a box on the ear, staring breathlessly on the combatants.

"Gentlemen, are you both ready?" cries the second, with the handkerchief in his fingers.

Each adjusts himself and says "yes" or "all right."

"Now, mind, gentlemen, when I drop it."

There ensued one dreadful second of suspense; and blowing his nose violently in the fatal handkerchief, to the surprise of each, the tall thin second steps hurriedly between them, and with the incoherence of a madman, as he stuffs the handkerchief into his pocket, cries across to his brother "second" in a loud voice,

"Now stick your cane in the ground, and mind, the best shooting in six shots wins the hundred, and you begin, Sir John."

And then, waving his hand forward a little, he called, "Please, steady for a moment; only twelve shots and you can pass; but there's a wager here. Will you kindly wait for a very few minutes?"

This last speech was addressed to a tall "scraggy" man with a very long neck, and a black frock-coat on that somehow looked at once new and seedy—dyed, perhaps, and smoothed by some process into an unnatural gloss. This man drew a paper from his pocket, as he rounded the little screen of bushes, and was closely followed by two equally oddly gotten-up gentlemen.

The "friend" with the red nose, who had seen such apparitions before, had no difficulty in recognizing a "detective" and "policemen in plain clothes;" and with excellent presence of mind, he had lied cheerfully, as we have heard.

The tall stranger with the long neck beckoned to him, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir," as he fumbled with his paper and still advanced.

"Well?" said the second, making up his mind and stepping forward to meet him.

The stranger may have had his suspicions, but he was upon quite other game.

"Did you happen to see Mr. Burton, that's stopping down here at the George, sir, going this way?" he asked.

"No."

The detective had a word to say to him aside; and when it was said, the "friend" beckoned to his brother "second," who heard likewise, and called, "Sir John, do come here for a moment;" and to the policemen he added, "Sir John Mardykes is a magistrate of our county."

Sir John arrived, and also heard the murmured words of the detective; and Charles Shirley drew near and heard likewise.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Charles, very pale; "he is gone up the hill with Miss Mildmay."

"This thing's at an end, of course," said the "friend" with the nose, drawing his associate apart by the arm.

"Of course," whispered the fat friend in the white hat energetically, "resting upon such a basis."

They both agreed, as they brought their principals quietly together. Those "principals," at the instance of their friends, shook hands, but, I am bound to say, rather coldly; and instantly the united party moved up the hill, following the line of the road, for Charles, who had seen them set out in the boat, rightly conjectured whereabouts they must be.

CHAPTER XXI.

ENDS ALL.

OLD Mr. Burton, with his companion, had got on, languid and smiling, but very agreeably, notwithstanding his

occasional pauses for rest; and I shall now describe the point at which he said with a smile and a sigh and a little shrug,

"Ha, ha—at last—here we are!"

He looked pallid, tired and in a dark reverie, from which, suddenly awaking, he said,

"You can see the flowers there."

He pointed with his stick; and she answered, delighted,

"Oh dear! how beautiful—how wonderful! But how shall we get them?"

The old road, half hidden, with its close nap of grass, and skirted with the spreading mantle of heath and ferns that cover the steep, that ascend at the right, is traced at the downward side by a half-obliterated fence of peat and here and there of stones, which had in this spot been displaced. With a steep convexity the hill bends downward here. The near horizon, as you look from the road, terminates in a sudden curve not ten steps down the descent.

"I am so unaccountably and absurdly tired out to-day," said he, "that I can do nothing. Do you see just there, not nine feet down the slope, that little ridge? I rested my feet upon that and plucked the flower, and came up again; but to-day I am quite good for nothing, as you see—utterly done up, hardly able to walk; but if you are not afraid to do what an old fellow did only two days ago, you can hold the end of my stick and with your feet reach that little ridge, and so pluck the flowers, as many as you like. It is perfectly easy, or I should not allow you to try."

Laura Mildmay could walk those mountains, to which from her childhood she had been accustomed, like a chamois, but this was an unpleasant venture. Over the brow of the steep you could see, five hundred feet below, the distant village of Golden Friars like a tiny toy beneath them, and part of the lake.

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Burton, that the little ridge there, as you call it, is perfectly firm?"

"As the mountain itself, my dear child. I stood upon it for five minutes on Saturday, of course leaning on the bank at the same time; and I weigh fourteen stone, and you hardly seven."

"Oh, then, there can be no danger," she said. "It would be so cowardly to return without the flowers; and if you kindly hold your stick to me, it will make me feel quite comfortable."

In a moment it was arranged, and kneeling on the slope, and holding fast to the end of the stick, she allowed herself to slide down till her feet rested on the prominence on which she relied for support.

It turned out to be merely a mass of peat, detached from its position at the edge of the road; and it instantly slipped under the pressure of her feet and slid down the smooth turf faster and faster, till it disappeared over the deepening edge.

"Hallo! what's that? Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Burton from above, as in her momentary panic she suddenly endeavored to recover the summit by the aid of his stick, which escaped from his hold, and she found herself lying, without support, upon the smooth declivity, clothed with a short grass which was baked by the sun as brown and shiny as the hair on the back of a trunk.

"Don't be frightened—be steady; it will be all right," cried Mr. Burton. But the young lady was already slipping slowly down the glassy surface.

Her perilous situation was now painfully apparent, and a piercing scream burst from her lips and soared away through the wide vacuity.

She had turned on her side, her shoulder touching the smooth turf, trying vainly to bury her fingers in the hard surface. Thus, inch by inch, slowly she glided by the end of a huge mass of rock which hung close by her, flanking her descent, and then, within a foot, she caught a glimpse of that toward which, a little lower down, she was drifting. She was, as it were, slipping down a steep roof, and near enough to its side edge to measure the fall to which she was hastening. There suddenly opened the sunny landscape beneath, the immense distance and the smooth

stone precipice that, with a slight convexity, curved darkly down five hundred feet to the verge of the lake, like a wall. She shut her eyes and screamed again.

A man passing by, summoned by that cry, ran to the spot, and with a word or two of horror in his queer dialect, ran to his dwelling to fetch a rope.

At every yard the bank was steeper. Little hope there was. She felt herself still slipping. Her hand lighted on a solitary tuft of fern, and she caught it. She opened her eyes.

A crow came sailing slowly by a few yards above the turf, and dived toward her as it passed, curiously, and so swooped over the airy ledge.

And now a frenzy seized Mr. Burton, who, in distraction, threw himself on his knees, crying aloud; and as he stood up and stamped about in his agony, a great stone, dislodged by him, bounded down so close that the earth shook under her as it flew over the ledge.

With white lips, with eyes dimming with terror, she held by the frail stay her hand had encountered. It broke, and with it in her fingers she again slipped downward, a little more and a little more, and now a good deal, and she felt that her feet had actually cleared the edge.

Again her fingers encountered a resisting object: a little angle of rock peeped scarce an inch above the turf. Once more Mr. Burton's stampings and running hither and thither brought down a piece of rock which bounded close by her.

Again she shut her eyes, and wildly she screamed the awful name of her Creator; her fingers scarcely felt the hold on which her next moment's life depended.

But hark! what is this?

Voices are heard above—many; one that she knew. It was Charles Shirley's, approaching lower and lower, nearer and nearer, cheering, exhorting her; and now a strong arm is round her—firmly, convulsively.

A rope with a running knot, sustained by many hands from above, secures him.

At first, little by little, but now with better progress, they are making upward way—and still—and still—and the same powerful arm clasps her like a girdle of iron.

And now—thank Heaven! at last—at top, safe on level ground; and Laura Mildmay knows no more for many minutes. She has fainted.

What has become of Mr. Burton, alias Blinks, alias Amyot, alias and truly Captain Torquil?—alive, and still possessed with his sordid and murderous purpose? While every hand was employed in the rescue of Laura Mildmay, this man, accused of many forgeries and frauds, and crowning his guilt with this ferocious perfidy, has escaped.

Very late three policemen returned to Golden Friars that night, after a fruitless search, embarrassed by a fog. If they had known the truth, it would have saved their chief many troublesome letters, as well as renewed searches and many scourings of those steep and dangerous mountains.

Another week revealed it, and the swollen body of that old villain, drowned in the lake on the night of this attempt, in the endeavor, under cover of the mountain fog, to accomplish his escape, came to the surface, and was floated by the breeze to the shore, not far from Golden Friars.

Need I say what further happened, or how happy Laura and Charles Shirley are in the union that followed?

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it. Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet. True merit, like the pearls inside an oyster, is contented to remain quiet till it finds an opening. Pride sleeps in a gilded crown, contentment in a cotton night-cap.

THE INJURED CLASS.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

I AM not going to enter into the question between capital and labor, still less am I about to take up "the wrongs of my sex."

The injured class of which I would speak has representatives in both genders and in all degrees and shades, social, political and religious. It is in its relations to society at large that I have been most particularly led to observe the manners and customs of its members. I feel a desire to record some of my observations and experiences.

The first and essential mark of the injured class is a genius for being abused. The injured one is in a constant state of resentment and indignation, because he is always fancying that he is either "slighted" or "patronized," and in your dealings with him, while you try to steer clear of one rock, you are sure to run against another.

I have always suspected that the foolish yeoman in Lady Clara Vere de Vere belonged to the injured class, and that he did not miscall himself.

He was very likely a clever young man, son of some old neighbor of Lord Vere de Vere's, and was probably asked to the hall out of kindness and courtesy, or possibly with some regard to the next election. We have a vision of him coming grimly into the drawing-room, his whole being pervaded with an agonizing consciousness of new clothes, and eyes, ears and temper so intensely on the lookout for an injury, that all good-natured attempts to entertain him prove utter failures. We see him sitting in the corner in sulky dignity, feeling himself immensely superior to the other men in the room, deeply affronted because he cannot make the other men see it, and utterly at a loss what to do with his hands and feet.

In the goodness of her heart, and with a sense of her duty as hostess, Lady Clara pities him. She tries to draw him into conversation, and gets in return sulky monosyllables and Byronic sneers. The ever-active conceit of the man suggests to him the notion that her ladyship wishes to set up a flirtation with him, when the poor girl is simply trying to make a guest feel more at ease, and to obey papa, who has perhaps asked her to "pay that young man a little attention, that he may not feel neglected."

The "injured man" never doubts any theory which he builds up on his own idea of his own consequence, and with this notion in his head, he probably so conducts himself that Lady Clara looks polite amazement, and leaves him to himself, making "the foolish yeoman" her implacable enemy for ever.

As for "young Lawrence," we have only one side of the story. Men commit suicide from drink as well as from love, and then, if a man with a widowed mother dependent upon him cuts his throat because a lady refuses his hand, the act reveals a character that justifies her refusal.

All Byron's heroes and their hosts of imitators belong more or less to the injured classes, and all have the class habit of making as much capital as possible out of their wrongs, from Childe Harold down to St. Elmo and the "robber kitten," who

"—once to his mother said,
I'll never more be good,
I'll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreadful wood."

The injured female is perhaps more trying, at least to other women, than the male specimen.

She is perhaps most frequently to be found among those who are yearning to be "fine," and who, owing to previous training, or want of training, have not the faintest idea of the means necessary to compass that end. In these ranks the injured woman finds full opportunities for development.

Take Mrs. Thistleton as an example. At home and abroad she and her family have sustained martyrdom. Her children are always being insulted in schools, in little festivals or in juvenile parties. Some one is always "looking down" on her Anna Maria or "feeling above" her Tom. Anna Maria and Tom are walking in the maternal ways, and when with other girls and boys are always declaring that they won't play.

It is in connection with the church and congregation that Mrs. Thistleton especially shines. It is the end and aim of that body's existence, individually and collectively, to abuse and neglect her and her family. She is always "left out of things;" and though the most polite attempts to get her "into things" have proved fruitless, she bitterly resents her self-exclusion.

She entertains the new pastor on his first call with the catalogue of her injuries—how she went once to the society, and how the ladies "did not entertain her." How were we to entertain her, I should like to know, when she would only sit in the corner and sulk? The woman would not even talk of her baby; and when you asked about that infant, she interpreted it as a hint that she would have done well to remain at home and take care of him.

She tells the much-enduring pastor how Anna Maria's Sunday-school teacher came to her class in her waterproof, "because she thought anything was good enough for her daughter," and how the next Sunday she wore a new silk dress "to show how much she felt above Anna Maria," and how the said teacher's sister wears a gold eye-glass.

The poor lady cannot see an inch without it, but to the day of her death Mrs. Thistleton will resent that eye-glass as a personal affront. Be sure that the pastor, however patient a listener, does not escape from the house without leaving behind him a list of offences.

Of all men the clergy are the most exposed to the annoyances and worries which the injured class inflict on their fellow-creatures. The members of the injured classes are tyrants in all stations, but perhaps nowhere is their power more cruelly exercised than in the kitchen. When one of this race goes out to service, she is a dreadful being, but on this head I forbear to enlarge.

Vain are all attempts to placate Mrs. Thistleton & Co. They are almost always domestic and social tyrants, ruling by virtue of their "wounded feelings," and they are not willing to relinquish their weapons, lest, being reconciled to society, it should cease to hold them in terror. Were you to offer whole hecatombs upon the altar of their self-consciousness, that insatiable deity would still be unappeased. Their choice frame of mind is that of Dolly Dimple, when she exclaims, "Now, Prudy Parlin, don't you try to pacify me."

Sometimes I have thought that the only way to escape from the despotism of the injured was, as nurses say of cross children, "to give them something to cry for."

I once knew a certain person administer a decided snub to Mrs. Thistleton, and for the whole evening afterward she was really quite cheerful and agreeable. But then that person had infinite spirit and resolution, and had been "through the wars;" and, alas! the most of us are rather cowardly. We estimate too highly the value of peace and quietness, and we submit and suffer in silence.

"ONE TOO MANY."

SUGGESTED BY CHRISTIAN REID'S BEAUTIFUL STORY.



"One too many!" Oh tell me where
Does such a thing in life appear?
There's not a murmuring brook that wends
Its silvery path through forest glens,
There's not a bird that tuneful sings,
Nor butterfly with gossamer wings,
Nor violet that modest blows,
There's not a single thing that grows,
There's not a dew-drop on a flower,
There's not a thing that lives an hour,
But has in life its destined sphere.
"One too many!" Oh tell me where? A. S.


AGE is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resigned to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays.

FLYING MACHINES.

ATTEMPTS AT AERIAL NAVIGATION.

BALLOONING and aerial navigation are two very different things. The one we have attained to, but it is, to say the least, most questionable if we shall ever be permitted to accomplish the other. The balloon has apparently reached perfection, but it is, after all, nothing more than a toy—a machine helpless in the midst of the atmosphere. Unlike a ship at sea, it has nothing against which sails or rudder can be made to act. Theorizing men of science, however, have never been satisfied, and new contrivances to guide the machine are constantly attempted.

The first and most successful effort to direct the flight of such an apparatus was made many years ago in England. Using a small hot-air balloon, the inventor suspended a large oblique surface beneath it. When the balloon ascended, it did so in the direction toward which the upper edge of the oblique surface looked, and descended again to the point to which the lower edge was directed. Thus a sort of aerial tacking was attained. The course which a balloon thus fitted would take in its ascent might be described thus ; then, when it reached the highest point, the edge of the plane would be reversed and the balloon would descend thus , or the whole course

 It was proposed that two balloons should be used—a hot-air one below and a gas-balloon at a considerable height above. This was like placing a furnace beneath a powder magazine. It was manifest that aerial voyaging, if only to be accomplished by this means, had little to recommend it to the philosopher, and none to the expeditious traveller. This idea therefore fell to the ground. The motive powers of the steam-engine were then thought of, and it was proposed to place a light engine in the car of a balloon, which should actuate a pair of vanes upon each side. But the weight of the engines, of fuel, water and the necessary attendants, has hitherto been an insurmountable difficulty. Many ingenious plans have been devised for reducing the weight of the engine; and one inventor succeeded in constructing some which with their fuel for one hour did not weigh more than three hundred pounds. But the scheme seemed to be impracticable when brought to the test, and it has finally been abandoned.

Several curious modes of balloon-progression have been advanced by those who discarded the theory of the steam-engine. One method was called "balloon-warping." It requires two balloons, which must be connected with a long rope, and after some perplexing fashion or other it is stated that the aeronauts can by this means wind or warp one another along. Another, equally whimsical and of about equal feasibility, was called "crescenting." Let our readers imagine the strides of a giant pair of compasses in half circles across a country, and they will form some idea of the plan proposed under this head. Two balloons were requisite also in this case. Under the car of one was a long pole with a couple of planes of canvas projecting downward from it. The other balloon was to be made stationary, a brisk breeze was to blow, and the balloon with the pole-planes was to be hauled across the current. Thus it would be made to describe a great semicircle, and in this way we were to fly above the face of the earth.

Wings and oars filled with gas were also tried, but these proved a vanity likewise. It was then thought that these erratic machines—balloons—might be made available for the purposes of traffic by means of "balloon-ways." This contrivance was by fixing a number of posts, like the posts of the telegraph, from one town to another. A long rope was to be sustained by these in a spring-catch, which ran through a ring in the bottom of the car. Thus the balloon was to be guided from place to place.

Perceiving the futility of these schemes, some ingenious men first conceived the idea of forming a machine after the principle of a fish. Their reasoning was clever. They perceived the fallacy of comparing a balloon with a ship, and adopting a juster argument, determined to construct an aerial machine on this novel system. It was first planned in the year 1789. It contained many clever contrivances. Water was used as a ballast; it had wings

worked with cranks, by which its flight was to be secured. But the most curious idea about it was the plan for ascending and descending. The machine, being built upon the model of a fish, was long and sharp-pointed. Underneath it was a weight, which was movable from end to end by a series of ropes and pulleys. When it was desirable to ascend, the weight was pulled down to the tail; this made it heavier, and consequently the prow rose in the air. But if the desire was to descend, the weight was hauled down to the forepart, and it followed, of course, that the direction would be downward. The balloon was of a long, fishlike figure, by which it was hoped the tendency to rotation would be destroyed. The machine was constructed in France; and it is said that Marshal Ney, who took much interest in its construction, spent as much as 100,000 francs upon it. It was launched; it floated, and with feeble powers it flew, but it would turn upon one side. All the ingenuities were in vain; and after a long struggle of patience, talent, hope and money against the difficulties of the subject, it was thrown aside in despair.

The "Ariel" was the famous invention of an Englishman named Henson. It was built in 1843, and was the first modern attempt to construct a machine to fly by mechanical powers alone. There was much enthusiasm over the invention and the project, and the House of Commons even passed a bill for the incorporation of the Ariel Transit Company. Sober expectations of seeing the Ariel sweep on rapid pinion over the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, were raised in the minds even of thinking men, and crowds assembled to witness the performance. The description of the Ariel is as follows:

It consisted of a large, light frame, 150 feet in length, 80 feet in breadth, and containing therefore 4500 square feet. The frame was to be covered with varnished linen or silk. There was also a tail, which, turning upon a joint, was to direct the flight. In the centre of the frame the car was attached. After the requisite arrangements for passengers and the stowage of fuel came the motive power. This is said to have contained some remarkably clever adaptations. It consisted of a light and powerful steam-engine suspended in the middle of the wings. It drove two sets of vanes, each twenty feet in diameter, which were placed at the hinder edges of the wings. The boiler was equally remarkable. It was formed of fifty hollow truncated cones, each one being three feet long and five and a half inches in diameter at the base. These cones were arranged with the blunt ends downward, all round, and above and below the fire, thus presenting a surface of fifty square feet to the action of the flames. The steam thus generated was to supply two cylinders of twenty-horse combined power, and after fulfilling its functions was to be condensed in a number of small tubes, which would be kept sufficiently cool by the rapidity of the flight. Water was thus economized, only twenty gallons being sufficient for the boilers to work with. The whole weight of this engine of twenty-horse power was put at the fabulous figure of 600 pounds.

The Ariel was to start by first running down an inclined plane; the resistance of the air was to carry her off free, and then the vanes were to sustain and propel her on her way. The main reliance of the inventor appears to have been upon the large resisting surface his machine offered to the air in descending. Calculating the load at three thousand pounds, there was provision of a square foot and a half for every pound weight—that is, the area of resistance was forty-five hundred square feet. Now, it is easily ascertained that a weight equal to the above, under the most favorable circumstances, has a gravitating tendency equal to thirteen miles an hour or eighteen feet a second. All that the surface of resistance can do is to retard the fall. To sustain this weight, falling at this rate of speed, the power requisite amounts to that of at least sixty horses; and even then nothing could be gained over an ordinary balloon, if we accept a pretty rapid tumble should the engines stop work. Therefore the engines of the Ariel must have been trebled in power before it could even float; while to fly at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, it would have been necessary to raise their power to that of two or three hundred horses. It need scarcely be added that the Ariel never fulfilled those highly-colored expecta-

ns which were entertained of her. A small model was exhibited, which, working by clock-work and sustained at the end of a balanced arm, certainly flew round; but this was all.

Another and more recent scheme was different from any of its predecessors. The machine was to be composed of a horizontal figure formed of bamboo, containing within itself a long silk balloon tapering to a point at each end. On each side of the frame were two pair of boxes, made of sheet iron, supplied with movable lids, which are connected with the main rods of four wings. The wings were to be made of long and narrow silk frames and feathers, one to be circular in form, twenty feet in diameter, and so connected with the frame by joints and springs as to make the forward movement in an oblique direction, while in the backward action the whole under-surface was to be exposed to the resistance of the air. Beneath was to be a conical sail twenty-five feet long, and at one extremity a conical rudder or tail twenty-seven feet long was to direct the flight. It will be asked, What was the motive power? The answer will be heard with surprise: The successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air in the boxes at the end of the wings, by which means they were to be made flap about twelve times a minute. The balloon, the inventor said, was not to be depended upon for its assistance, was to be a mere reservoir for gas. The explosion was to be effected in the four boxes by means of electricity. The inventor calculated upon obtaining by this means a power to equal about eighty horses. The weight was to be about two thousand pounds, and the expected velocity was to be "a rate of progress almost unknown to earth." The progress was never made, for the whole scheme ended in lamentable failure.

The latest machine was one constructed a year or two since in San Francisco. It attracted a great deal of attention, and very much was promised for it. A trip to Philadelphia in twenty-four hours was to be as easy as a ride half a dozen miles in a railroad car. But, alas! after a while, nothing more was heard of the aerial ship, and it was numbered among the many other failures. There have been countless attempts made by men to fly by attaching artificial wings to their arms and legs, but these have had no remarkable result, excepting when they have hurled the inventor to the ground and dashed his brains out. Navigation of the air may be within the compass of man's ingenuity, but up to the present time the men above and around us have baffled human skill when they have attempted anything more pretentious than mere ascending balloon.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

I KNOW a shady bower,
A sweet secluded nook,
Where many a bright-eyed flower
Bends down to kiss the brook.
My path lies down a hollow,
Where rippling waters run;
I hope no one will follow,
For there's only room for one.

But if a bonnie maiden
(Whose name I dare not tell)
Should, with wild flowers laden,
Draw near my bosky dell,
I, in a voice caressing,
Would tell, and tell her true,
That with a little pressing
There might be room for two.

I'd crown her with wild roses,
I'd throne her on the green,
And whilst she there reposes,
I'd kneel before my queen.
Should any one perceive us,
In this we'd both agree—
We'd tell them to believe us
There was not room for three.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

WHAT IS SLATE, AND HOW WAS IT FORMED?—That slate may have been once mud is made probable by the simple fact that it can be turned into mud again. "If you grind up slate, and then analyze it, you will find its mineral constituents to be exactly those of a very fine, rich and tenacious clay. Wherever the top of the slate beds and the soil upon it are laid bare, the black layers of slate may be seen gradually melting—if I may use the word," says the Rev. Charles Kingsley in *Town Geology*—"under the influence of rain and frost, into a rich tenacious clay, which is now not black, like its parent slate, but red, from the oxidation of the iron which it contains. But, granting this, how did the first change take place? It must be allowed at starting that time enough has elapsed and events enough have happened since our supposed mud began first to become slate to allow of many and strange transformations. For these slates are found in the oldest beds of rock, save one series, in the known world; and it is notorious that the older and lower the beds in which the slates are found, the better—that is, the more perfectly elaborate—is the slate. The best slates of Snowdon (I must confine myself to the districts which I know personally) are found in the so-called Cambrian beds. Below these beds but one series of beds is as yet known in the world, called the Laurentian. They occur to a thickness of some eighty thousand feet in Labrador, Canada and the Adirondack Mountains of New York; but their representatives in Europe are, as far as known, only to be found in the north-west highlands of Scotland and in the island of Lewis, which consists entirely of them; and it is to be remembered, as a proof of their inconceivable antiquity, that they have been upheaved and shifted long before the Cambrian rocks were laid down 'unconformably' on their worn and broken edges."

In early times only seven metals were known—iron, copper, silver, gold, lead, tin and mercury. They were designated by the names of the seven planets then known, and a certain connection was supposed to exist between each planet and its correlative metal. Thus, gold was the sun; silver, the moon; mercury, its namesake; copper, Venus; iron, Mars; tin, Jupiter; lead, Saturn. There is no doubt that besides these seven minerals the ancients were familiar with many others, such as sulphur, calcium, and other simple bodies which modern science has classified as minerals, but they recognized as such only those which bore the outward appearance of metallic bodies, being found in nature in a native and pure state, scarcely wanting any other manipulation than fusion—a very simple process, easily accomplished by the most inexperienced workmen. As to the chemical action of minerals and the part they act in vegetation, they had not the slightest notion. In the Middle Ages, when science had scarcely advanced beyond the stage where the Romans had left it, metals were the object of a strange and mysterious manipulation, which borrowed from its secrecy a degree of awe which exercised a remarkable influence on society. The art of the alchemist, like the kindred one of the astrologer, generated an amount of superstition scarcely credible; but at the same time it must be acknowledged that these follies, ridiculous and contemptible though they may appear to us now, were attended by wholesome discoveries, both in metallurgy and astronomy, which greatly added to the stock of real science.

A BOOK by M. Houzeau gives some striking incidents of the *rapprochement* of some of the lower animals to man. One of the most remarkable is this: Animals, we know, go mad, but we do not remember a recorded case of idiocy among them. M. Houzeau says he had an idiotic dog which could not take care of itself, and which behaved in a strange and silly manner. The most curious thing was that its mother observed its mental incapacity, and from the time she ceased suckling it she took great pains to provide its food, which she had never done with any of her other puppies. As the author points out, on any theory this must be considered reasoning on the part of the mother.

IRON is the strongest of all known substances.

TO - DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 15, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.
No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the destruction of the buildings at Lexington, Massachusetts, and the abandonment of the enterprise, many educators and others have urged me to write the story of the Lexington school.

At this time I propose only a very brief description of its more salient features. The deeper philosophies of that educational experiment must be reserved for the future.

As it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to give a rational account of the Lexington school without some statement of certain personal experiences which led to the establishment of the school, I may be pardoned for a few words of autobiography.

Before I had practiced my profession long, I became dissatisfied with pill-peddling. Mrs. Smith swallowed so much grease and bad air, so neglected exercise and bathing, sat up so late at night and dressed so badly, that she felt sick. Mr. Smith called and requested me to visit his wife. It was typhoid fever. In a week the table was filled with bottles and the air with smells. In a month the patient crawled to the front window, and as I trotted by with my old gray horse, said, faintly, "There goes the man who saved my life." This waiting for people to get sick, this running about from house to house all day, and sometimes all night, trying to relieve the victims of appetite and ignorance, became at length discouraging and disgusting.

We doctors know that a hundredth part of the time and labor we bestow upon the sick would prevent the sickness. We become dissatisfied, and long for some service more genuine and important than trotting about at the tail of ignorance. We long to instruct, guide and elevate. But it is difficult to mix hygiene with pills, so most doctors say little of hygiene and push their pills. I was not dependent upon my profession, so it was comparatively easy for me to follow my convictions. Abandoning pills more than twenty years ago, I began to teach the laws of health. My first step was the publication of the "Journal of Health." This was followed by eight years of public lec-

turing. During the last five of these years, all my spare hours were devoted to inventing a new system of gymnastics. Twelve years since, believing that I had developed a valuable system, I sought advice of several prominent educators about the best method of introducing it. They agreed that the bearer of any important educational communication would find Boston the best platform. So I came to Boston, and established the "Normal Institute for Physical Education." More than three hundred graduates from this institution have gone out as teachers. Three are teaching in Oregon, several in California, and three or four in Kentucky and Tennessee. The rest of them are scattered throughout the Eastern, Middle and Western States. The new system has been adopted in Great Britain, both in the gymnasias and in many colleges and seminaries. Within a year I have received two circulars from towns in Scotland, in which it is stated that the undersigned is the only representative in town of the "Dio Lewis System of Musical Gymnastics." This is the name by which the new system is known in Great Britain. A few years ago the new American method was introduced into the public schools of several German cities and towns, and in some cases with public ceremonies. A gentleman called to tell me that last winter he happened to be present at a public exhibition of a young ladies' seminary in St. Petersburg, and among the exercises in the programme was a performance of the "Dio Lewis Calisthenics." Moses Coit Tyler, after graduating from the "Normal Institute for Physical Education," went out to London some years ago, and gave three years to advocating and teaching the "Musical Gymnastics." Many converts and warm adherents were found among leading educators and other public men. Dr. Garth Wilkinson, I remember, gave in his adhesion and took many private lessons of Prof. Tyler, which were given early in the morning out in the doctor's beautiful garden.

In 1862 I published through Ticknor & Fields a considerable volume, in which the new system was carefully and fully set forth. The work was profusely illustrated, and passed through many editions. In 1868 it was rewritten and re-illustrated. The work has been published with full illustrations in London by William Tweedie, and largely circulated throughout Great Britain and Australia. A small volume might be filled with facts like the above. The new school of physical culture has made its way into all civilized countries, and become everywhere an educational force.

In explanation of the "New School of Physical Training," I take the liberty to publish the subjoined paragraphs from Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's address before the "College of Preceptors" in London, upon "The New Gymnastics as an Instrument in Education," on March 7, 1864:

"Second, concerning the mode of its employment. Under this head there are several particulars to which I wish to direct your attention, and the first has reference to a gymnastic principle interpreted by a law in mechanics. Momentum is made up of two factors, weight and velocity. Allowing momentum to remain the permanent quantity, the greater the weight, the less the velocity, and conversely, the greater the velocity, the less must be the weight. Passing over to the realm of gymnastics, that term which corresponds to momentum is the amount of exertion each one is capable of putting forth with safety, and it is plain that if you have heavy weights, you must have slow movements, and on the contrary, if you would have rapid movements, you must have light weights. It costs as much effort to pass a light body through the air swiftly as it does to pass

a heavy one slowly. Now, the more common idea in modern gymnastics has been to give prominence to weight. How many pounds can you put up? what vast herculean burden can you carry? have been the test questions, and have indicated the direction of the average gymnastic ambition. But the new system inverts this order, and seeks to give prominence to the idea of velocity in gymnastics rather than of weight. It claims that a better muscular result is obtained by this method. It claims that while huge lifting power is quite desirable for one who designs following the profession of a porter, or a hod-carrier, or a coal-heaver, it is not so important for ladies and gentlemen in the more usual avocations of life as flexibility, grace, ease, fineness rather than massiveness, poise, perfect accuracy and rapidity of muscular action and a general diffusion of muscular vigor. Dr. Lewis is fond of illustrating the differentia in the systems—on the one hand, of weight, on the other hand, of velocity—by pointing to the van-horse, with his vast though stiff muscles, with his slow, ponderous, elephantine movements, just fit to draw burdens for the world, and then to the carriage-horse, with his graceful, airy, elastic step, his rapid movement, his vivacity, his fineness of nerve and muscle."

In addition to the annual class in the "Normal Institute for Physical Education," a large hall was opened in this city for the training of persons of both sexes and all ages, which was constantly filled by enthusiastic crowds. A large number of young ladies appeared among the patrons.

At the end of three years I began to think seriously of establishing an institution in which I could have the entire charge of the training of a company of girls—not only of their muscular training, but of their sleep, dress, food, etc., etc. I longed to illustrate the possibilities in the physical development of girls during their school-days. The girls in town came one or two evenings a week to my hall, but I could have nothing to say about the other conditions of health, so that the physical training of three hours a week was overwhelmed by a bad regimen at home. And now I have reached the purchase of the large buildings at Lexington and the establishment of the school, with which I shall open the next chapter.

COLD BATHING.

JUST now I am sorry to see there is a reaction against daily cold bathing. A medical man of my acquaintance cautions his patients against too frequent bathing, for fear the oil may be removed from the skin. He tells them that twice a month during the winter and twice a week during the summer are quite enough for anybody. A well-known writer has recently cautioned the world against the removal of the skin oil by too frequent bathing.

This is an entire misapprehension. In hydropathic establishments the patients are sometimes bathed three or four times a day, yet never lose the oil of the skin in consequence. Pugilists, in preparing for the prize ring, are bathed two or three times a day, and rubbed with rough towels by the strongest arms. Heenan was bathed three or four times a day, and was rubbed by McDonald and Cusick with all the power of their strong arms, fifteen minutes at a time, and with the roughest towels and brushes, and yet the account says that when he appeared in the ring his skin was as beautiful as a baby's.

If cold water were used without soap, a bath every hour, with the hardest friction, would only increase the secretion of oils.

ANOTHER OBJECTION.

A more frequent objection—one urged by the patients themselves—is, that they can't get up a reaction. A lady said to me one morning, "I have tried this cold bathing, but it always gives me a headache; besides, I can't get warm for an hour."

Many others have made the same objection. Now, this is all because you don't manage right. If you will manage as follows, the want of reaction and consequent congestion of the head and chest will never occur again. Purchase a bathing-mat, or make one by sewing into the edge of a large piece of rubber-cloth a half-inch rope; on rising in the morning spring into the middle of it, and with an old rough towel folded eight or ten inches square, apply the water as fast as your hands can fly; then with rough towels rub as hard as you can bear on until the skin is as red as a boiled lobster. This will take one minute, and leave you in a delightful glow.

I have never met any one who, taking the bath in this rapid and vigorous way, was not satisfied with it.

BROADCLOTH AN ENEMY OF HEALTH.

PROFESSOR HAMILTON, in an able address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo medical college, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted, as a national costume, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black. The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic, and even the day-laborer, choose always the same black broadcloth—a style that never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit, because it is a feeble and expensive fabric, because it is at the North no protection against the cold, nor is it any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be warm in winter, and too black to be cool in summer; but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, pitch quoits, or wrestle or tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of their broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithless. So these young men and these older men, these merchants, mechanics and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

D. C. O., PAWTUCKET.—I don't know whether you are serious in writing me about so grave a subject as divorce for discussion in this brief department of our paper, but I can only say that a subject which has engaged so many of our ablest pens is not likely to be very wisely considered in a paragraph. One may, however, express the opinion that the light, flippant, jocose spirit in which divorce is discussed is, to say the least, in shockingly bad taste. If we could have arrayed before us the disappointments, griefs and heartbreakings which precede the divorce, we should be quite as likely to joke over a funeral as over one of these unhappy separations.



"THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR."

YOUTHFUL CUSTOMER—"By George! I've lost my cent."

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A YOUNG man at a party the other evening, being asked if he could play the harpsichord, wanted to know if it was anything like seven-up.

THERE is said to be a man in Cincinnati in possession of such a powerful memory that he is employed by the humane society to remember the poor.

WHAT is the difference between a premier danseuse and a duck? One goes quick on her beautiful legs and the other goes quack on her beautiful eggs.

THE marriage ceremony among the bushmen of Australia is very simple, and don't cost a cent. The man selects his lady-love, knocks her down with a club and drags her to his camp.

A CONNECTICUT woman has been relieved of a live eel which has inhabited her stomach for years. Eels are good, but even Izaak Walton wouldn't have cared to make a fish-pond of himself.

MRS. BROWN, of Burlington, sings her "Hush, my babe," to her infant son William, who measures twelve months one way and one hundred pounds the other. She spansks him with a pile-driver.

A DARBY widow keeps the skull of her deceased husband in a glass case. She once remarked to a friend who was viewing the remains, "Alas, how often have I banged those bones with a broomstick!"

A NATIONAL Convention of Goosepickers is to be held in Chicago next year to devise some way of plucking geese by machinery, and deodorizing the dead goslings that are so often found in boarding-house pillows.

WHAT agonies must that poet have endured who, writing of his love, asserted in his manuscript that he "kissed her under the silent stars," and found the compositor had made him declare that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs"!

A DACOTAH sheriff attached a show the other day, and while tacking up a "sale notice" on the elephant's hind quarters, which the official mistook for a small barn, the animal swung his tail around. There were eight hacks at the funeral.

SOMEBODY, having applied to an editor for a method by which he might cure his daughter of her partiality for young gentlemen, is kindly informed that there are several methods of reform. The best are to put her in a well and drop a few loads of gravel on her head, or to bind her ankles to an anvil and upset her out of a boat.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

CORNERD BEEF.—Corded beef should never be boiled. It should only simmer, being placed on a part of the range or stove where this process may go on uninterruptedly from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece. If it is to be served cold, let the meat remain in the liquor until cold. Tough beef can be made tender by letting it remain in the liquor until the next day, and then bringing it to the boiling-point just before serving.

REMOVAL OF INK SPOTS.—When of long standing, it is difficult to get them out, since the iron has become thoroughly peroxidized, and must be reduced. The following recipe will be found worthy of trial: Water, one pint; hydrochloric acid, seven pennyweights; tin salt, seven pennyweights. Moisten the spot with this solution thoroughly until the color disappears, and rinse with water.

HEAD CHEESE.—Boil in water somewhat salted the ears, skin, feet and a proportion of the sides of the hog, till the meat drops off or the flesh is quite soft. Take out and chop, not so fine as for sausage; season with pepper, salt, cloves and herbs; mix well together, and put in a pot or vessel with a weight on it. When needed, it can be cut in slices and eaten cold.

FOR BURNS.—For burns or scalds apply immediately a soft linen rag or lint saturated with strong spirits of camphor, and keep it wet for an hour. You will be surprised at the relief it affords.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

COLCANNON.—This popular Irish dish is usually made with cabbages and potatoes, but cauliflower will make a more delicate dish. Take half as much cauliflower as potatoes, both of which must have been boiled previously and completely cooled. Chop them separately and very fine. Put a little milk and butter into a saucepan, and when boiling hot, turn in the potatoes and cauliflower well mixed together. Place a flat tin or dish over them, and let them warm through. Then remove the cover, and add salt and pepper to the taste; make the dish boiling hot, and serve. Another way is to prepare it with strips of salt pork. Cut the pork into strips an inch long and as narrow as possible, and fry it to a crisped brown; then turn in the chopped cauliflower and potatoes, and mix well with the pork strips and fat. Heat very hot, and serve on a platter. It is a delicious dish; and a little vinegar is considered an improvement to it.

SALLY LUNN CAKES.—One pint of boiling milk, half a tumbler of yeast, sufficient flour to form a stiff batter, two eggs, two ounces of powdered sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter. Put a pint of boiling milk into a pan, and when it has become lukewarm, pour half a tumbler of yeast upon it, stir it well, and add as much flour as will form a stiff batter. Cover the pan with a cloth, and place it before the fire for two hours; beat up the eggs with the powdered sugar. After the dough has stood to rise the time specified, mix the butter with the sugar and eggs; add it to the dough, knead it, and let it remain in the pan for half an hour; then divide it into cakes, put them on a baking-tin, and bake them twenty minutes in a well-heated oven.

ORANGE JELLY.—Peel of two Seville and two China oranges, two lemons, the juice of three of each, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a quarter of a pint of water and two ounces of isinglass. Grate the rinds of the oranges and lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each, strain it, add the juice to the sugar and the water, and boil until it almost candies. Have ready a quart of isinglass jelly made with two ounces of isinglass, put it to the syrup, and boil it once up. Strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.—Three large apples, one ounce of sugar, half a pint of batter for pudding. Peel the apples and take out all the core; fill them up with sugar, and place them in a pie-dish. Cover them with a light batter, and bake half an hour.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1873.

No. 21.



"THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE SUDDEN START OF SURPRISE WHICH SHE GAVE."—P. 388.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME ALVAREZ.

THE time was seven o'clock in the evening, the place was a glittering Paris café, the parties were three young men, two of whom were Americans and one of whom was French.

"It is useless to ask Bertie whether or not he will go,"

one of the former was saying. "He has bored me to death with raptures over this wonderful Alvarez ever since we have been in Paris, and he will grasp at any opportunity to find that his goddess is, after all, only common clay."

"But that is exactly what he will not find," the young Frenchman said. "Never was there a goddess on all Olympus farther removed from common clay than La Alvarez. She is divine—Lauriston is right about that; and you, *mon cher*, will be convinced of your heresy when you know her."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"You are as deeply infatuated as Bertie himself, Duchesnil," he said. "But when I find a goddess, you may rest assured that it will not be by the glare of the footlights. I scarcely think I could manage to idealize a woman who finds her sweetest music in the applause of the *claqueurs*, and her best employment in turning the heads of journalists for the sake of their paragraphs."

"If you knew Madame Alvarez, you would know that she is far above such commonplace arts," Duchesnil answered, flushing a little, for, as it chanced, he belonged to the latter class, and was, for so young a man, enviably well known among the art-critics of Paris.

But he who was called Bertie—a frank, pleasant young fellow—interposed here:

"There is no use trying to refute St. Julian's cynicism, Duchesnil. He is so very proud of it and so very fond of it—it is becoming to a poet, you know—that he will hold fast to it at any sacrifice. Take my word for it that he admires Madame Alvarez as much as you or I do."

"As an actress, I do assuredly," said St. Julian, coolly. "She is one of the few perfect artists whom I have ever seen on the stage. But I have sense enough, or perhaps I have experience enough, to know that off the stage she is probably a commonplace woman, who thinks as much of *chiffons* and lovers as any other of her sex. Therefore, having seen *Marie Stuart* and *Phèdre* from my place in the stalls, why should I desire to know Madame Alvarez, so that I can never again do other than see her in her most dramatic impersonations? It is a great mistake," pursued this Mentor of twenty-six, gravely, "ever to know personally an actor or a writer, if you can help it. Knowing them, it is impossible to avoid thrusting their individuality before their works; and in proportion as you do this, you wrong them and mar your own pleasure. Hence, my dear Duchesnil, although you have been very kind in honoring me with an invitation to the supper which you and your brother critics give to-night to the famous actress who is just now turning the heads of all Paris, on principle I must say, No."

"And I, Yes," said Bertie Lauriston, eagerly, as Duchesnil looked at him. "I don't share St. Julian's fear of being disillusionized; but if I did, I should run the risk. Such a magnificent creature cannot be other than magnificent, off the stage or on it. By the way, Duchesnil, can you tell me how it is that she who is so great an actress should have reached the boundaries of middle life before fame overtook her?"

"There is something of a romance in her life," said the young critic. "It is not all art, that tone of pathos in her voice, that look of sadness in her beautiful Spanish eyes. She has a story."

"May we hear it?" suggested St. Julian. "It is not time for either of you to be thinking of making your way to the theatre yet; and as for me, I am not going, so I shall take Madame Alvarez' history, instead of herself, to season my evening."

"Not going?" repeated Duchesnil. "*Mon ami*, are you dreaming? The Alvarez plays Adrienne Lecouvreur to-night."

"It will be a representation worth witnessing, I am sure, but, unluckily, I have another engagement. Therefore let us hear about the tone of pathos in her voice and the look of sadness in her beautiful Spanish eyes. They are beautiful, certainly; and when everything else matched them, she must have been altogether of rare beauty."

"She was," said Duchesnil, as he rolled up a cigarette and lighted it. "I cannot remember her myself, but there are many whose memories go back so far, and who will tell you that for abstract beauty Carmen Alvarez had not a rival on the stage when she came from Madrid to Paris, twenty years ago. She had been a reigning favorite there—in Madrid, I mean—for some time, but the reputation she brought with her did not avail very much here. All the world looks to Paris, but Paris, as we know, does not look beyond itself, and accepts no reputation which it has not made."

"And like all Parisians, you are absolutely proud of such unparalleled egotism," said St. Julian, dryly.

"I merely state a fact, *mon ami*," said the other, good-

naturedly. "Think what you will of it, Paris is Paris all the same. Well, as I have said, the reputation which the young actress brought with her did not do very much for her; but she had that which is greater than reputation. She possessed a force of genius which carried all things before it, and almost in a night Paris was at her feet. I have heard Janin say that even within his experience he has never known such a storm of enthusiasm as carried her to the very apex of professional renown. She was young, she was beautiful and she was famous; you can judge, therefore, whether or not she soon had admirers and lovers by the score. Among the rest was a young Englishman, who was of gentle birth, but of socialistic politics, and of whom it was asserted, though no one could vouch for the fact, that he had given up a fair fortune and estates to serve 'the people' as one of them. Of course, like all the rest of his school, he was a wild theorist and red-hot revolutionist, but he was a man of more than ordinary intellectual power and much more than ordinary fascination. Those who have been awayed by the eloquence of his written or spoken words say that he might have gained any eminence to which he had chosen to aspire, if he had been anything but a socialist, anything but a sworn enemy of government and society. Such as he was, however, he gained the heart of the beautiful actress so completely that, although the most splendid establishments in Paris were just then lying at her feet, she turned from them all to marry a man who had already espoused 'humanity' and taken poverty as his birth-right."

"By Jove!" said Bertie. "I always knew there was something grand about her."

"Something absurd, you mean," said St. Julian; but despite the sneer, he was a poet in soul, and a new light of interest came into his eyes as Duchesnil went on.

"Call it what you please, *mes amis*," the young Frenchman said. "You cannot find anything to say of it which Paris did not say when it was known that the popular idol had stepped from her pedestal and resigned all the brilliant honors of her profession to marry a disciple of Fourier and Comte—a tribune of the people, a man whose revolutionary schemes were likely any day to put him in the galleys for life."

"But of course she remained on the stage?" said St. Julian.

"No," the other answered; "that is precisely what she did not do. She never appeared again in public while her husband lived. As I said, he was a gentleman by birth, and he seemed to retain the instincts of his class in this particular at least. When he married, he took his wife as absolutely from the stage as if he had been a duke. After that she lived his life, shared his visions, it is to be supposed, worked with him and for him certainly, until he ended a career of singular adventure and vicissitude by dying in prison, fifteen years after their marriage."

"But I thought socialists abolished marriage?" said St. Julian.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't pretend to know how far the Englishman accepted socialistic teaching in that respect," he said; "but there can be no scandal about their marriage, for all Paris went to see its favorite commit professional suicide."

"And after the death of the Fourierist?"

"Then she returned to the stage. Of course grief and destitution had sadly changed the woman who dazzled Madrid and Paris in her youth, but tears had not washed all the fire of genius from her eyes, and before long she had won again her old position—won it despite the ravages of time, the coldness of friends, the jealousy of enemies—won it, indeed, more securely and triumphantly than before, since the adventitious aids of youth and beauty are gone, and it is genius and art alone which have borne down opposition, and placed her where she is—in the front rank of her profession."

"So that is her story," said Lauriston, after the pause of a few minutes. "Thank you, Duchesnil. It tells me exactly what her face told me long ago—that, apart from the actress, the woman is well worth knowing."

"For once I agree with you, Bertie," said St. Julian,

"The woman who could make such a sacrifice as which Duchesnil has spoken is worth knowing and studying. Hence," turning to the latter, "if you allow me to change my resolution, I accept your invitation to meet her to-night."

is a resolution well changed, *mon ami*," said the journalist, gayly. "Madame Alvarez will be the star of our party, but you will meet many other stars of dramatic and literary world, some of whom are well known. Now, change your resolution still further and come with us to see the great actress in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*."

"I think I will."

was a variable man in his moods and resolutions at times, as he had a right to be, perhaps, on account of his poetic temperament which has been already noticed. His point-blank change of intention and opinion did not surprise Lauriston, who had been his friend and comrade for many a long day. They had not much in common these two, yet they held together with a curious force of adhesive force which puzzled people who only knew them on the surface—knew Bertie Lauriston as the quiet, good fellow who represented one of the oldest families, and had inherited as sole heir one of the finest estates, between Maryland and Texas; knew Basil St. Julian as a clever, supercilious dabbler in literature, who had sufficiently independent fortune to amuse himself squandering money on publishers. Not a popular man, this St. Julian—rather the reverse, since his tastes were fanciful and his tongue often caustic. But his handsome and intellectual head were not likely to be forgotten by any one who had ever seen them once; and not only his feminine hearts had tumbled unawares into the net of his limpid gray eyes, and been heard of no more. Lauriston, on the other hand, was cordially and heartily liked by men wherever he went—liked too, after a fashion, by women, though the victims of his fascinations, if he ever made any, must certainly have died and made a grave. "Bertie Lauriston?" his friends would say, when about him. "Oh, yes, I know him very well—a quiet fellow. Not quite as steady as a rock, perhaps, but likely to set the world on fire with his talents; but ways know where to find Lauriston. He is a man who never does a shabby thing, and who never goes back on his word." This was not very exalted praise, perhaps, but then I make no exalted pretensions for Bertie. He is a young fellow very much like many others in the world—pleasant, good-looking, sufficiently amiable, high-spirited, generous to a fault, keenly sensitive on any point of honor, and full enough, no doubt, of conceit, only he is wise enough to avoid any offensive display of it.

represent a philosopher might have defined him chiefly as an animal capable of enthusiasm." He was almost always in the excess of eagerness with which he hurried his companions toward the theatre, which they found always packed, although they were in time to hear the first strains of the overture, in time to join in the tumultuous cry of applause which greeted the appearance of the beautiful woman whose beautiful magnetic face and Spanish eyes seemed to send a thrill through the audience as soon as she appeared, in time to catch the first notes of that marvellous chest-voice in which she

wonderful woman, truly, this Madame Alvarez—a great actress in that power of sinking her own individuality in the impersonation of the moment which is the one test of dramatic genius. When she came before the stage with that thrilling face and voice, the coldest and most austere of critics could not but be struck with the richness of her elocution or the grace of her gestures—could not have done other than let himself be charmed by the self-abandonment with which she threw all her magnificent wealth of art, of tenderness and of pathos into the dry bones of another's ideal. In truth, it was as if she had secret of her triumph that she brought before the public no thought of herself, no single connecting link between the woman who was Carmen Alvarez and the woman who was a queen of Scotland or of Greece. Even her intimate friend would have needed to look long be-

fore he could have discovered one trick of manner, one accent of voice, to break the charm of perfect idealism and thrust the artist before the art. To-night she was even more than usually successful in thus binding her audience with a spell which few would have cared to break, for the character in which she appeared—that tender, passionate, beautiful character of Adrienne Lecouvreur—suited her in especial degree. Never had she so wrought upon the magnetic sympathy of those who followed her—now with quivering lip, now with brimming eyes, then in deathlike silence, broken only by low, choking sobs—through the culminating scenes of this most touching tragedy.

"She is a woman of genius," St. Julian said, when it was all over, the death-scene acted, the curtain down, the house rapidly emptying, "and women of genius are rare. That was one of Rachel's greatest triumphs—that character of Adrienne; and Madame Alvarez must possess not only great dramatic power, but great moral courage, to make a triumph of it before Rachel's own public—the most cultured and critical public in the world."

"Thanks, *mon ami*," said Duchesnil, smiling. "Thanks for Madame Alvarez and for Paris. She is indeed a wonderful woman. And now we will go to meet her. Adieu."

An hour later it was a very brilliant and notable company among whom the two young Americans found themselves. As Duchesnil had said, there were many stars of the literary and dramatic firmaments present, though the queen-planet, the Venus whose radiance somewhat paled all the rest, was assuredly Madame Alvarez, but they were very pleasant and companionable stars, full of ease and wit and individuality, not a set of well-dressed, well-bred nonentities, as the men and women of purely "society" gatherings too often are. Each one had gained for himself or herself the honorable place which he or she held in that great professional world which is the only true republic man has ever made, and hence they had each some special gift which rendered them well worth knowing, apart from the halo of reputation encircling their brows. Bertie was a little dazzled by the number of famous people around him. St. Julian knew more of such gatherings, and was much more at ease with the pretty actresses and celebrated writers—far more at ease, far more genial and brilliant, than at the fashionable dinners and balls where people called him "that handsome, disagreeable Mr. St. Julian, who is said to be so clever." Handsome he certainly was, as we have said before—so handsome that he frankly acknowledged the fact himself, and bewailed his "unfortunate appearance" as if he had been a satyr,—so handsome, that before long his face attracted the attention of the famous actress herself.

"Who is he—that man with such clear eyes, and the brow of a poet or musician?" she asked of those around her. "He was speaking to Mdlle. Janvette a moment ago. Who is he?"

"His name is St. Julian," a distinguished playwright near her answered. "I have met him several times lately. He is an American, I think, and literary. Some day he will be famous. He has not much absolute genius, but cleverness enough to take him to the top of the ladder at once. Cleverness mounts over men's heads more readily than genius, you know."

"Does that account for your reputation, *mon ami*?" La Alvarez asked, with a laugh whose melody robbed the words of their sharpness. "But unless I am mistaken, there is genius in those eyes. *Ma foi!* they are as limpid as lake-water. What has he done?"

"Nothing as yet, I believe," was the dry response. "He is only going to do something."

"Ah!" said she. "Then, pray, do you, M. Ledrue, or some one who knows him better, present him to me. I like people who are going to do things better than those who have done them."

"Will madame suffer us to ask why?" said a young artist who had himself done so many things that his name had gone, with the designs of his facile pencil, to every quarter of the civilized world.

"Do you need to ask, monsieur?" said the actress, smiling. "Does not your own experience tell you that:

you and I were better worth knowing when we were younger, more full of high aims, bright hopes and warm desires, than we are to-night? Alas!" added she, with a slight tone of pathos in her voice, "who would ever strive for fame if he did not hope to win happiness with it? But we know that the two are not only often separable, but in truth are rarely united. Our poet yonder has not learned this lesson yet, however. Who are these, also English or American, to whom he is speaking now?"

"They are friends of Duchesnil's," was the reply. And just then Duchesnil came forward to beg that Madame Alvarez would suffer him to present two warm admirers to her.

This was accordingly done; and even St. Julian was fascinated by the beautiful eyes which glanced at him with very kindly interest when his name was pronounced. "I am happy to know you, monsieur," the actress said, with the soft Spanish accent which she had never wholly laid aside. But when Lauriston's name was spoken, there was no mistaking the sudden start of surprise which she gave—the sudden look of something almost like astonished recognition which came into her face.

"Lauriston!" she repeated, as if she doubted the evidence of her ears. "Lauriston! Is that your name, monsieur?"

"That is my name, madame," answered Bertie, not a little surprised on his part, but bowing with a sufficient degree of graceful acknowledgment.

"And you—you are from America?"

"I am from America," he replied, so much puzzled by the tone of her question that he could do no more than merely assent to it.

"Pardon me," she said, observing his surprise; "I have been abrupt, have I not? But your name struck an old chord of remembrance; and if you will forgive my interest, I should like to ask if it is common—that name—in your country?"

"Your interest does me great honor, madame," said Bertie, making a bold grasp at the self-possession which was escaping him. "My name is not at all common—so far from it, indeed, that I know of no family besides my own which bears it."

"And your own—you will be good enough to pardon me again—but to what part of America does your own belong?"

"Is this a dramatic mode of beginning acquaintance?" thought Bertie. "She will probably ask for the certificate of my birth and baptism next." But a Lauriston had no cause to envelop himself or his belongings in mystery, and the young fellow frankly named the State and county in which the noble old Lauriston place had been a landmark for generations. Madame Alvarez listened with an attention which struck him; and when he paused, she smiled a little.

"I have puzzled you, have I not, monsieur?" she said. "Sit down here and let me explain myself." Then, when the young man, half flattered, half bewildered, had obeyed, she went on: "I knew some one of your name once. Indeed, since you tell me where your home lies, I think he must have been of your family. Was there not one of them—a Godfrey Lauriston—who left America many years ago and came abroad?"

"Godfrey Lauriston?" repeated Bertie, quickly, astonished in his turn. "Is it possible you knew him, madame? Certainly he was one of us, and his story has always puzzled and perplexed all who were connected with him. If you can throw any light on his fate, you will do us—you will do me especially—a great service."

"And why you especially?" asked the actress, fastening her dark, brilliant eyes on him. "You cannot mean that you, who could scarcely have been born when Godfrey Lauriston left his home, feel anything more than the interest of curiosity in his fate?"

"I mean that I feel much more than the interest of curiosity," he answered. "It is something of a story, but since you knew him, you may feel an interest in him, and—"

"Pardon me," she interrupted, "but you can tell me nothing new with regard to Godfrey Lauriston. I heard

his story from his own lips, for I"—she paused a moment—"I knew him well. Do you know," she went on, a little wistfully, "that there is a slight resemblance to him in your face? It is not a resemblance, but a—a suggestion of resemblance."

"You flatter me," said Bertie, flushing a little. "Godfrey Lauriston was the most brilliant and intellectual of our family. Young as he was, he had shown that before he left home, although his mind had run wild over socialistic and inf—"

Here the young fellow stopped short as if he had been shot, but the actress reassured him by taking up his words quietly and gravely.

"Yes, he was a socialist and a born revolutionist, but as you say, monsieur, one of the most brilliant and intellectual of men. Ah," said she, sighing slightly, "what he might have been if he had not taken up the cause of those whose ranks he had no place! He was mad, monsieur—no one knows that better than I; but do you not think there is grandeur in some forms of madness?"

"There may be," said Bertie, hesitatingly. In truth, he did not think so at all; but how could he say what he honestly thought to a woman whose husband had died for "humanity"?

Perhaps it was fortunate that just then there came a diversion which ended the conversation—that folding-doors at the end of the apartment were thrown open and a glittering table displayed, to which the most distinguished member of the party advanced to lead Madame Alvarez. All the silvery ripple of talk and laughter ceased. There fell that awed hush common to human nature before it dines or sups; and as the actress swept down the brilliant *salon* with the same magnificent bearing which always brought forth tumults of applause from a crowded theatre, Bertie found time to realize that he had not discovered how or when or where she had known this Godfrey Lauriston of whom she had spoken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S REASONS.

WHY do I love my darling so?
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,
I have such store of reasons:
'Twould take me all a summer day—
Nay, saying half that I could say
Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,
My dove, who quietly hath flown
To me as to her haven?
Because her hair is soft, and laid
Madonna-wise in simple braid,
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,
But softly warm as roses—
Dear lips that chasten while they move,
Lips that a man may dare to love,
Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so tender and so light,
That where her slender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"
Beneath its spell might linger?

Ah, me! what know or what care I?
Or what hath love to do with "why"?
How simple is the reason!
I love her, for she is my love,
And shall while stars shall shine above,
And season follow season.

THERE is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

THE FORMS OF WATER.

WITHOUT air to breathe when brought into the world, we could only continue to live a few seconds; but without water, we could not even come to life—we could not be organized, nor grow up to the point at which breathing becomes necessary. Water we are and to water we return, quite as much as dust we are and to dust return. Water is, therefore, even a more primary and indispensable element of our existence than air, if it were possible to make a comparison between two absolute indispensabilities.

We know air in one form only. It is more or less dense or rare; more or less devoid of color, according to its slight or considerable depth; more or less laden with foreign substances, as smoke, dust, invisible vapor, visible fogs; more or less perceptible to our senses, through its variations of heat or cold, unfelt calm, or destructive and irresistible motion. But it is always the same light, transparent, elastic fluid, and it defies us to change it into anything else. If we decompose air into the elements of which it is a mixture, they still remain, like itself, aeriform, gaseous or air-like.

Water, on the contrary (besides being compounded of elements which, unlike itself, are never either liquid or solid), puts on more dissimilar shapes than were ever attributed to the fabled Proteus. A fall in temperature of only half a degree will change the yielding liquid into a rigid solid. Nor are its diverse forms cosmopolitan in their assumption and appearance. Not everybody has the privilege of beholding them.

Millions of our fellow-creatures live and die without ever having seen hail, snow or ice. Millions more never gaze on a glacier during their whole allowance of three-score years and ten. If, by good luck, they catch sight of one, it impresses them with a new sensation, and if they be not "duller than the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf," inspires them with new ideas.

There are whole tribes and nations of men to whom the ocean is a thing unknown. Dwellers on extensive alluvial plains have to take their notions of a waterfall from a lock or a mill weir.

There are regions where the form which water takes when we witness its balloon performances, in the shape of a passing cloud, is a marvel and a rarity. Rain is most partially and unequally distributed. There is a spot near Bangor, in Wales, where it rains more or less every day in the year. Another, in Borrowdale, competes with its rainfall. At Perpignan, chief town of the Oriental Pyrenees, France, it rains so seldom that when the phenomenon does occur, little boys and girls call each other out to see it, and catch the drops on their inquisitive tongues.

In the Pampas there occur long droughts which, Mr. Darwin was told, are almost periodical, the interval being about fifteen years. The periodicity of wet seasons in Great Britain has also been noted. In 1865 the fact was pointed out that, of the fifty years between 1815 and 1864, the wettest were '36, '41, '48, '52 and '60, and that, out of these, three were equidistant, giving what looked like a twelve-year period. Now, '72 is just twelve years after '60, and during the present season raining steadily, with plenty of inundations in plenty of quarters.

In contrast with this, during the "gran seco" in the Pampas, between the years 1827 and 1830, the vegetation, even to the thistles, failed. The brooks were dried up, all the small rivers became highly saline, causing the death of vast numbers of animals. The whole country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road. In fact, such quantities of dust were blown about that, in that open country, the landmarks became obliterated, and people could not tell the limits of their estates. Disputes arose in consequence. Multitudes of birds and wild and domestic animals perished for want of food and water. The deer came into a court-yard to a well which a man had been obliged to dig to supply his own family with water.

More than this, there are localities, as in the Great Desert, where it never rains at all; also within the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, where the deposition of water on the earth occurs only in the shape of snow (and that the very finest) and frozen vapor, or minute particles of ice

floating in the air. Neither does it hail there, hail being frozen rain.

Water has even an invisible state, in which it increases the clearness of the atmosphere. Among the traditional signs of rain are:

"Along the stream the swallows fly;
The distant hills are looking nigh."

There is no better example of invisible water than that given by Professor Tyndall. At every puff of a railway locomotive a cloud is projected into the air. Watch it sharply: you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention, and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud? It is the steam or vapor of water from the boiler. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of water-dust of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a cloud.

And not only is it called, but it is, a cloud. On a chain of mountains you often see a bit of cloud fastened, like a flag, to the summit of every peak, while the intervals between them remain perfectly clear. The fact is so familiar as to have given rise to popular names. The Wrekin has his nightcap, the Table Mountain his table-cloth. Professor Tyndall figures and describes the cloud-banner of the Aiguille du Dru: "I have seen a cloud-flag hang to Mont Ventoux for hours and days together, apparently unaltered and unmoved. But its fixity is only apparent. When the streamer of cloud drawn out from an Alpine peak is many hundred yards in length, we wonder at its obstinate persistence in spite of a high wind which may be blowing all the while. But in reality its substance is ever changing. The invisible vapor, forced up the mountain side, is chilled and condensed into fog at the top. The banner, which is incessantly dissolved at the farther end, is incessantly renewed at its points of contact with the peak. In consequence of this equalization of consumption and supply, the cloud appears as changeless as the mountain to which it clings. When the red evening sun shines upon these cloud-streamers, they resemble vast torches with their flames blown through the air."

Air, at a certain temperature, can hold only a certain quantity of invisible watery vapor—that is, the quantity of moisture contained by air when saturated with it is constant and fixed for every degree of temperature. The drier the air and the hotter the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can thus be dissolved in it. Consequently, the invisible water-vapor in air becomes visible when a lowering of temperature, or an increase of moisture, brings it to the point of saturation. What we call a cloud, therefore, is water-vapor, which the air cannot absorb when it is saturated, and which differs from the vapor already absorbed by passing into the state called water-dust, consisting, according to recent investigations, of minute vesicles or bladders. By watching a small cloud which hangs low in the air, we may often make a good guess at the weather. If it grows smaller, melts away and is dissolved in the air, we may expect a dry day, or at least a few dry hours. If it grows heavier and amplifies its proportions, we may take our umbrella under our arm, with the likelihood of having to hold it over head.

This change of water from the gaseous to the molecular state can take place at any altitude. When it occurs at the ground level, we call it fog, but there is no essential difference between a cloud and a fog. While traversing clouds in a balloon, no resistance is felt. The air is simply more or less opaque, chilly and moist, exactly as happens on the ground, according to the nature of the fog or mist. The same with clouds encountered on mountains. But although there is no essential difference between clouds and fogs, there really is one of fact or circumstance. A fog is the produce of a place or locality in which water-vapor passes from the invisible to the visible state. A cloud is a free individual object, an unattached grouping of vapors

into forms so determinate that clouds are classified according to their shapes. The one is fixed, local and uniform, the other is movable and of variable aspect.

Examined with a magnifying glass, fog is composed of tiny bodies which are found to consist of water obeying the laws of universal gravitation. The water-molecules are little balls, like shot or melted lead fallen from a height, or mercury spilt on a mahogany table. Whether those spherules are hollow or not is a question on which meteorologists are not agreed. Halley, with apparent reason, maintained that they are. The deadening of sound by fog confirms the idea. Gas bubbles in water have the same effect. Probably in mists the vesicles are mingled with a considerable quantity of minute droplets of water.

STARCH AND STARCHING.

THE Dutch are said to have first made and used starch. Previous to and in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, kerchiefs, ruffs and cuffs were worn, made of fine linen brought from Holland which required but little stiffening. With the introduction of cambrics and fabrics containing less body, the necessity for some substance which would give firmness and keep the plaits of the ruffs in place led to the use of starch. A writer, describing these times, speaks of the perplexity of the queen as to how she would have her ruffs starched, there being no one in England who understood the art. At length the wife of her coachman undertook to prepare this part of the royal wardrobe, having in some manner learned how it was done.

This is not the only instance on record of the art of stiffening mystifying royalty. It is related of the celebrated Beau Brummel that he directed all his genius to the invention of some article for the neck which would supersede and do away with the padded and wadded abominations which the gentlemen of his day wore about their throats. He closeted himself with his valet, whom he swore to secrecy, locked his doors and denied himself to his friends. At length, one evening he appeared resplendent in a white cravat, without spot, blemish or wrinkle. Pale with envy, the fops crowded around him, eyeing his choker and begging to know how it was done, but he was deaf even to the entreaties of "the first gentlemen in Europe." He kept his secret for some time by preparing his own cravats, and shutting himself in when he did so. Obligated to leave London, he relented, and in contemptuous disdain wrote upon the door, "Starch is the man."

The same writer quoted above informs us that Frow Plasse, in the year 1564, came to London from Flanders, and for some £6 a lesson instructed ladies and ladies' maids in the mystery of clear-starching and preparing the starch.

Later, in the reign of James I., the art was pretty well understood. The French had improved on the white starch, and ladies appeared in ruffs of all colors, but yellow was the favorite and fashionable hue.

This continued in vogue until it was made odious by Mrs. Turner, who, being convicted of poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, mounted the scaffold and was beheaded dressed in black satin and wearing "yellow starched tiffany ruff and cuff." From that time yellow starch went out of fashion, and it has never since come in.

British gum, or dextrine, which is largely used for stiffening cotton goods, is starch brought to a high degree of heat. The discovery that dextrine could be so produced was made by accident. A starch factory was burned down. A workman observed this new substance among the ruins, and being impressed with the idea that it was valuable and would supply a large want, tried it.

It proved the new agent he hoped it would be. He communicated his discovery to a friend, and the two proceeded to manufacture the gum. They were successful, and had many applications from manufacturers for the secret, but refused to tell. They, however, fell upon evil times. They had no capital, and either guarded their secret ill, or were forced to sell it for an insignificant sum.

As in most instances of great discoveries, they reaped but little benefit from it, while others made fortunes.

This is the age of starch. Everything is stiff. The graceful flowing India muslins of our great-grandmothers, which fell in wavy lines about their figures, are no longer seen. Nothing falls, everything protrudes. One of the slang sayings of the day, like most such in use more expressive than elegant, "Take the starch out of him," is happily descriptive of moral or other limpness.

WITCHCRAFT.

It was in Germany that the belief in witchcraft seems to have first taken that dark, systematical form which held so fearful a sway over men's minds in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There the wilder superstitions of the ancient Teutonic creed have been preserved in greater force than in any other part of Europe. The pious legends of Casarius of Heisterbach, who flourished in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, are little better than a mass of stories of magic and sorcery. The imaginative feelings of the people, and the wild character of many parts of the country, were peculiarly calculated to foster superstitions of this character.

In fact, we may there trace back distinctly most of the circumstances of the earlier belief relating to witchcraft to the mythology of the ante-Christian period. The grand night of meeting of the German witches was the night of St. Walpurgis, which answered to one of the religious festivals of the Teutonic tribes before their conversion. In after times two other nights of annual assembly were added—those of the feasts of St. John and St. Bartholomew. It is probable that, as Christianity gained ground and became established as the religion of the state, the old religious festivals, to which the lower and more ignorant part of the people, and particularly the weaker sex (more susceptible of superstitious feelings), were still attached, were celebrated in solitary places and in private, and those who frequented them were branded as witches and sorcerers, who met together to hold communion with demons, for as such the earlier Christians looked upon all the heathen gods. This gives us an easy explanation of the manner in which the heathen worship became transformed into the witchcraft of the Middle Ages.

At an early period it was commonly believed that the witches rode through the air to the place of rendezvous on reeds and sticks, or on besoms, which latter were the articles readiest at hand to women of this classic society. The chief place of meeting at the great annual witch-festivals in Germany appears to have been, from an earlier period, the Brocken Mountain, the highest part of the wild Hartz chain, but there were several other places of resort. The persons believed to have been initiated at their assemblies were looked upon with dread, for they were supposed to be capable of injuring people in various ways, both in their persons and their possessions, and their malice was especially directed against little children.

One of the earliest trials for witchcraft, unconnected with other offences, on the Continent, is that of a woman in the bishopric of Novara, on the northern borders of Italy, about the middle of the fourteenth century; and it illustrates the general belief which also prevailed in Germany at that period. It appears, from the slight account which remains of this trial, that the belief then held by the Church was that women of this class could by their touch or look fascinate men, or children, or beasts, so as to produce sickness and death; and they believed farther that they had devoted their own souls to the demon, to whom also they had done personal homage, after having trampled under foot the figure of the cross. For these offences they were judged by the most learned theologians to be worthy of being burnt at the stake.

TIMES of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunder-bolt is elicited from the darkest cloud.



FROM DAWN TO DARK.

I.

Of mornings when I draw my blind,
 And fill the chamber with the sky,
 Through welcoming roses comes a wind
 I've known for many a year gone by.
 "Up and away!" it seems to say,
 "This world is full of joy and light;
 And I'll attend you all the day,
 Till night."

II.

Of evenings, when the new moon beams
 Above the garden's sycamore tree,
 A bird, awaked from leafy dreams,
 Begins its whispering song to me.

Notes that, like a crystal bell
 Beating in the airy deep,
 Seem to say, "Sleep," 'tis well,
 Sleep—sleep.

III.

Such are the muses who inspire
 The happiest hours existence brings;
 The wind of morning wakes my lyre,
 The bird of evening stills its strings.
 Brief is the hour we have to live,
 Soothing our cares on Nature's breast
 With song, and waiting death to give
 Us rest.

CERTAIN FAMOUS MAGICIANS.

INGENIOUS INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is probable that all readers of the current literature of the day have been entertained by the accounts, frequently published, of the curious and ingenious mechanical contrivances with which the French conjurer Robert Houdin and the magician Hermann filled their houses, to the infinite delight and astonishment of all visitors. The taste for such entertaining and surprising follies is not of modern origin. If we turn to the records of the seventeenth century, for instance, we will find that many learned and able men devoted attention to the invention of such curious devices for no other reason than to gratify their own eccentric fancy and to excite the wonder of their contemporaries. The century referred to was very prolific of such men, among whom Kircher and Porta were pre-eminent. They esteemed it perfectly congruous to unite mathematics with magic, and natural philosophy with feats of jugglery and trickings of the senses. The learned of that day thus became the wonder-working magicians, who, with an enthusiasm worthy of a nobler end, delighted a select circle of friends and philosophers with the illusions which the present age consigns to the mere conjurer for the delectation of children. The truth is that philosophy at that period was in its infancy, and had not yet learned to put away childish things.

The learned Jesuit Kircher, just mentioned, was born in 1602 and died in 1680. He spent much of his life at Würzburg and at Rome. He has left an account in his writings of his museum, which contained many devices with which he amused and terrified his acquaintances. His machines performed many marvellous feats of the explanation of which we are wholly ignorant. Among his automatic instruments was one in which he appears to have taken great delight. It was a kind of a turreted castle. Down the towers a couple of brass balls were wont to be rolled, and surprising to say, in some mysterious manner they reappeared on the summit again. The same apparatus then exhibited a scene representing a large number of female heads in succession, each displaying a different mode of *coiffure*. While the spectators were wondering when this marvellous development of female ingenuity would have an end, suddenly a gate would burst open and reveal a dismal cave, in which a horrid monster, bound with a massive chain, lay bellowing and vainly endeavoring to tear from his throat the glittering serpent which had coiled itself around him. A hissing dragon and a savage-looking witch made tremendous grimaces at one another out of little windows at opposite sides of the cave, after which fearful performances the cave closed up.

The philosopher would then further amuse his visitors by a representation of Jonah swallowed by the whale. This he succeeded in effecting by constructing a small figure of the prophet, having a magnet concealed in one leg, and putting a more powerful one in the interior of the fish. Things were all ready for the swallowing of the prophet, and he and the whale were sent to swim in a basin of water, and presently, before the eyes of the wondering visitors, poor Jonah would disappear in a twinkling down the fish's throat.

Among the other remarkable things in his museum were little ships which set out from port, performed a miniature voyage, tacked, and returned to the harbor again. There were divers other hydraulic toys, motions and mechanisms in which the philosopher took delight, and among these was the magic-lantern, of which he was the inventor. He constructed the first one about the middle of the seventeenth century, and it became a formidable addition to the supernatural capabilities of this marvel-working man. His optical illusions were really of a high order, and there may be reason to doubt whether some of them were not used for a less legitimate purpose than the amusement of his friends. He contrived an apparatus for the production of aerial figures, and on one occasion represented the ascension of our Saviour in a manner so life-like as to strike all who beheld it with awe, and they could

not be dissuaded from the belief that it was real until they attempted to grasp the figure. Another of his marvels was to put his friends in a darkened room, and suddenly to cast a blaze of light upon the wall, in the midst of which would be seen the mysterious word "Beware!"

Italy at that period teemed with similar collections of curiosities. Cardinal Aldobrandini was almost as great a magician as Kircher. He lived in Rome between 1571 and 1621, and he had in that city a villa, which was a second fairy-land, possessing beauties natural, artistic and magical in no common degree. In a grotto in the garden the cardinal had constructed all manner of curious rocks, hydraulic organs and automatic birds. The birds sang and chirped; the organs played sweet music, and the rocks moved and melted into fountains of water. To these were added several other pageants and scenes, in which thunder and lightning and wind and rain were miraculously represented. In one of the rooms of this villa was a copper ball, which was for ever suspended in the air about one yard from the ground, to the great astonishment and bewilderment of the spectator. The secret of it was that beneath the ball was a hole through which rushed a strong blast of air, which buoyed up the ball upon its bosom. At the Borghese Palace the visitor was shown to a chair, in which he was politely requested to seat himself, and instantly, upon doing so, he found himself tightly embraced by the springing up of the arms, other pieces starting forward and pinioning his legs, so that he could not release himself until some one came to his assistance. In the palace was also a statue of a satyr, which mimicked the human voice and rolled its head and eyes in a manner very terrible to behold. The museum of Settala, at Milan, was widely celebrated during the epoch in question for divers kinds of marvellous things, in which objects of natural history took an inferior rank to some of the useless automatic ingenuities of the day.

If ever a man deserved the name of a wizard, that man was J. Baptist Porta, a genius who was born in Naples in 1550, and lived and died in that city. His work on natural magic is an extraordinary instance of the prostitution of an acute and penetrating intellect to the mere purpose of exciting popular wonder. He was the inventor of the camera-obscura, and with this, by constructing figures of wood, etc., and placing them in a chamber highly illuminated, he filled the side of the apartment in which his friends were with spectres, battle-scenes and hunting representations. These he accompanied by collusive agency with all the life of real scenes. Horns were heard, men and horses dashed across the field, the sun shone, the very clouds moved onward, and the branches of the trees bent before the passing wind. Everything in Porta's house partook of a magical character. The drinking-vessels were most mysterious. If a person ventured to raise one of those dreadful glasses to his lips, suddenly a shower of the liquid would burst upon his face and drench his clothes. Another wonderful glass would yield its contents to none but him who knew the secret of its construction. When his friends drank out of the same cup which he used, they were filled with wonder, for he drank wine, and they only water. Or when on a summer's day all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or on a sudden let off a flying dragon, to sail along with a cracker in its tail and a cat tied on its back, so that it required strong nerves in an age of apparitions and devils to meet this philosopher when in his best humor. In another apartment an air-drawn dagger would seem to strike at one's heart, or one's limbs would seem to be distorted, swollen, or contracted or multiplied. Moreover, it was alleged that Porta knew the secret of making a man believe himself a bird, and attempt to fly, or a fish, and attempt to swim, which was by dosing him with certain medicines. He could also make a man drunk or sober at pleasure. When these varied attainments are reflected on, it will not be surprising that his visitors were almost exclusively his philosophic contemporaries, whose moral courage was equal to the contemplation of his supernatural performances.

Winstanley, the unfortunate architect of the celebrated Eddystone lighthouse, was the English counter-part of

Porta. He had a house in Littleburg, Essex, which was very much like Porta's in character. A slipper lying carelessly on the floor, if kicked aside, would suddenly give birth to a ghastly phantom which would start up to scare the intruder. His arm-chair was, if possible, even a more alarming piece of furniture; it played the same trick of holding one fast previously alluded to. If one sat down in a certain arbor by the side of the canal, he was forthwith sent out afloat into the middle of the canal, from whence it was impossible to escape until the manager drew him back again. It is stated that he subsequently formed a public exhibition in London of some curious water-works mentioned in the *Tatler* for September, 1709. The display seems to have consisted principally of curious jets of water.

Another Englishman, Sir Samuel Morland, was a virtuoso of the same species. He used to give dinners where large fountains were made suddenly to play in the rooms and upon the tables, and the drinking-glasses each stood under little streams of water. This was long before public waterworks made such things easy in dwelling-houses. The house was filled with curious contrivances. The windows, doors, hinges and chimneys all were out of the common way, and did surprising things. A wonderful contrivance of his was a clock-work cooking apparatus, which contained a fireplace and a grate, and would broil a cutlet or make a stew or cook an egg to a nicety. He carried this mechanism with him when he travelled, and at inns always did his own cooking.

Let it not be imagined that in the age in which these wonder-exciting things and men flourished the marvels were regarded, as now, as mere efforts of philosophy in her playful moods. Far from it. There is abundant evidence to show that they occupied far too high and important a station in the minds of the philosophers. To these ingenious men, however, we owe much instructive and delightful recreation, and in several instances the first idea of implements and apparatus which are now applied to purposes the most useful and important.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY COL. A. D. BAILIE.

CHAPTER II.

LILY looked grave when Norman was presented to her; she had not quite forgiven the offending cornet's master, nor forgotten its sharps and flats. And yet it too was a visitor, and after tea very little persuasion induced Lily to open the piano, and in the last of several pieces played thereon she was accompanied by Norman.

"Then you really can play?" she said, at the termination, looking up in his face.

"Yes; who would not try to harmonize with you?" (Tenderly spoken.)

"You didn't always do so, Mr. Norman."

"Because you would not look at me, Miss Lily, and so I resolved you should detest me. I like extremes, they so often meet."

We must inform our readers that before this conversation took place, both, as they fancied unnoticed by the other, had looked round and seen that father and uncle were engaged in the next room at chess. Good old folks! Lily was not a foolish girl, like many, and she did not exactly like the tone Norman had so quickly assumed to her—it was a "courting to order" not quite consonant with her feelings.

"Do you know what you have come here for?" she said, bravely but yet timidly.

"Yes, to make love to you."

"Just so; and you have made a beginning to order."

"I beg your pardon—you are wrong; the beginning was made long ago, contrary to order."

"How so?"

"Through the medium of my cornet. Did you not hear its tones?"

"I should think I did; they were sadly inharmonious. Is that the beginning of love?"

"No, it was my despair; it jarred all melody, and only spoke my agony."

Lily laughed.

"So you see," continued Norman, "the beginning has long been made. When will the ending be?"

She did not reply, neither smile; she felt rather annoyed at his cavalier manner.

"Listen to me, dear Miss Grey," he said, in a serious tone; "I feel that you misunderstand my meaning and myself. It is not for the first time to-day that I have seen you. I will not repeat the old hackneyed phrase that 'to see was to love,' but I felt a strong desire to be better acquainted, and discover whether the mind and heart corresponded with the person. Now, will you permit me to make the essay? Will you let me try to win your love?"

Our readers, who have peeped into poor Lily's heart, and know how long she had been pining in that worst of all solitude—loneliness of heart—will perfectly well understand how hers yearned to bid the handsome youth beside her to hope, but above even her own inclination was the pride which every girl ought to have—the pride born of a fear of too soon giving, and only half sought being won; and so the dimpling mouth, which longed to smile, looked very grave, and the pretty little head shook its curls sadly.

"Surely, surely," exclaimed Norman, in sudden alarm—for it must be admitted he had felt very self-secure—"you do not mean to bid me despair?"

"I must," fell from her lips.

"Must? Why?"

"My heart is not quite free," she uttered.

"You love another? Where? how? I thought no one ever entered these doors."

Foolish Norman, does not Love often come in at the window, and as often fly out of it too?

"Do not question me; be generous. I can scarcely reply to you now. Leave all to time," murmured Lily.

"Time!" he wildly ejaculated, and whatever else he was going to add was lost for ever, for at that moment Downie uttered a loud cry of so much joy that Hudson, in alarm, upset the chessboard, and knights, kings, queens and pawns lay in confusion on the floor.

Norman seized his cornet and blew so discordant a blast, voice of his despair, that Lily involuntarily stopped her ears.

We will now look in on the chess-players. From the moment when they had withdrawn into the inner room, for some time they sat engrossed by the interest of the game, perfectly aware, nevertheless, of the sudden silence of the piano and cornet, and conjecturing its cause, until at last Downie won the game, and then arose the usual retrospective view of their play, with all the various chances for each, if he had done exactly the contrary to what he had put in practice. This little friendly chat drew them nearer to one another than had been the case ever since their meeting that morning.

Both were wearied out with conjectures about his neighbor, when suddenly Downie, who had gained courage from the circumstances of the game of chess, of which he was the conqueror, laid a hand on Hudson's, and asked, in the name of their old acquaintanceship, which would soon be cemented by a nearer tie, why Hudson had changed his name and quitted Millton so suddenly.

Hudson grew pale, trembled, and clutching the other's hand, said,

"You know all about that dreadful affair of the insurance company?"

"Oh, ay, I remember," answered Downie, carelessly; "about that foolish mistake they made—that absurd trial, out of which you came with flying colors."

"Flying colors, do you call it, when my house was burnt to the ground, my property lost, and far worse, that vile accusation of arson to defraud the insurance company?"

"But you were acquitted," persisted Downie.

"True, but an eternal blot was left upon my name—tried for arson and fraud. Acquitted, 'tis true, but what said all the papers? Was I not vilified by them every



"NORMAN SEIZED HIS CORNET."—P. 393.

one, until in despair I fled, changed my name, left my insurance unclaimed, and came here for oblivion, if possible?"—and the wretched man clasped his hands tightly together.

"No paper but that malignant *Gazette* abused you, and it was the first to rejoice in your triumph."

"My triumph! what triumph?" whispered the excited man beneath his breath.

"Why, where have you been that you have not seen the papers, Hudson?"

"I would not look at one for the world. I closed my eyes and ears to all, and lived in peace, and unknown."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Downie, in real pleasure, clasping Hudson's hands warmly, "I heartily congratulate you. Why, that wretched man, Dibblet, whom I always suspected—your clerk—was taken up afterward and tried for embezzlement. After his conviction he confessed that he alone had set fire to your premises to be revenged on you for some supposed wrong. He expressed great contrition, and then all the papers teemed with your praises. Every one sought for you; even I advertised you in the papers in a notice to 'W. H. of M—', the maligned individual who had absconded in the innocence of his heart. You never answered it, but of course I attributed your change of name to some other cause."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" Hudson uttered, in al-

most speechless rapture; "my dear child will now never hear her father's name dishonored."

There was a silence of some moments, for Hudson had covered his face with his hands, like some one in silent prayer, and Downie respected that mute gratitude.

Meanwhile, the young people were whispering at the piano, and neither saw nor heard anything of all this.

"And now, my friend," Hudson said, taking the other's hand, whilst his own countenance beamed with a pure, calm delight—he was no more Grey of the green shade—"tell me with the same candor which I have exercised why I find you here under the name of White—you, the calmest, most matter-of-fact man in the world. What can have occurred to you?"

It was now Downie's turn to change countenance, but, unlike Hudson, he colored the tint of a peony, as with shame.

"You tell me," he said at last, "that you have never seen any paper?"

"None whatever for the last two years," was the reply.

"Then what did you mean by calling out that day that you had a *Police Gazette*?"

"Nothing, upon my honor—mere chance," Hudson said, earnestly, whilst his voice trembled with alarm, caused by his questioner's gravity of manner.

"Hudson, you see a great criminal before you, though, thank God! an involuntary one," Downie replied.

ten," he continued, after a pause; "I—I—" He blushed, as if ashamed to pursue his history, whilst almost blushing dyed the bachelor's cheek. "I," he at last said with an effort, "fell in love. The object of my affection was all that man could desire. This was more than a year ago. My suit was favorably received, and I, who had never dreamt of any woman before, found my mind engrossed by this one. It was a state of mind as it was pleasing.

At last my Matilda assented to my earnest prayer, and I was fixed for our union. By her desire it was to be a quiet, but, as you know, in Millton one can do nothing in secret. The affair became known. I will not go to the painful conclusion. I received, only a few days before the one appointed for our marriage, a letter from the most heartrending particulars about Matilda: she had been deceived, duped and laughed at. Chapter and verse given for all. I flew to her—showed her the letter. Her guilty countenance betrayed her. I found out that she was but too well grounded.

Nevertheless, she commenced an action against me for breach of promise, and won it. As you may imagine, I was a butt for all the ill-natured remarks and would-be jests of the town. I was almost mad; and as a matter of fact, one day I received a letter from Matilda, written in New York, stating her intention of committing suicide.

"It was a mere threat, be assured," Hudson said, "feeling for the little man's agitation."

"I was inclined to hope," Downie continued, in great confusion of mind, "despite the tone of despair of the letter a few days afterward I saw that the body of an English lady, completely answering her description, had been found in the East River, having on velvet-top shoes—shoes which she always wore in winter—and I went to New York to see the shoes and the clothes—the body had been found—and could have sworn to them. From that time, Hudson, my peace has been destroyed. I am an avowed murderer."

"I ask the lady's name, Downie?"

"You knew her too, Hudson—Mrs. Silky."

"Mrs. Silky!" almost shouted Hudson; "why, she's been re-married."

"It was that Downie sprang up in wild delight and ran to the chessboard. Then it was that Hudson told how the person he had ever met from Millton was the said Silky, some four months before, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, whom she introduced to Hudson—deeply and at the meeting—as her husband."

"It was that the happy father and uncle rushed into the room to explain all these mysteries to the young people, calling upon them for sympathy in their rejoicing, offering congratulations on their mutual liking. But they were warmly met in their joy by the youth and maiden, and the young ones soon perceived that something was wrong; and then it was that Lily bitterly regretted the little she had told, as incapacitating her from frankly giving her hand in hope, if not actual promise, to Norman, as she was pleased all."

"The fib had been told, and she had to pay the penalty. Hudson saw something was wrong, and when she had parted for the night, by adroitly questioning she suspected the truth."

"The next day he whispered his suspicions to Downie, and, with his recent experience of love's pains and sorrows, suggested that a little *finesse* might accomplish the object."

"A few days saw a complete rupture between the old friends. Their doors were shut in each other's faces, all intercourse ceased, and the young people were forbidden to look at one another. As a matter of course, they were the more to do so, and resolved to lose no chance of accomplishing their object."

"He then once again took to his cornet, and breathed forth tones of despair which drew tears from Lily's eyes. On his return, sang only the songs which could unmistakably convey her regret to Norman, the anxious listener. Two weeks did they endure this misery. Then Norman, in desperation decided that such a state of affairs

should not continue. So one evening he took a long garden ladder, and carrying a dark lantern, scaled the walls of the respective gardens. By the same means he successfully reached the window of the little boudoir where Lily sat pensively, her head upon her hand, much wondering why the accustomed airs on the cornet at that soft hour were silent, little dreaming how near he was to her. And oh, far better to have a living lover to speak to you than a mere brass cornet to become a medium spirit to spirit. Of course she gave a little shriek, and then trembled.

"Lily!"

"Oh, Norman, go away! Oh, please go away," she faintly begged. "What if some one were to come and find you here?"

"I care not," replied the daring Norman, "so that you, Lily—would I could say 'my Lily!'—will only forgive this intrusion;" and by this time the young fellow was in the room and had the hand of the little lady close in his own, while he continued, passionately,

"Dear Lily, every moment since I have been denied the happiness of meeting you have I spent in watching your house, to catch but one glimpse of your loved face. I know that never for an instant have you passed the door. I know—for in my jealousy I have played the spy—that no one has entered it to see you. Trust me, dearest Lily; even though it should break my heart, I will aid you, will do anything, everything, to banish the unhappiness I see in your pale countenance, for you are unhappy. I have seen it in your face and movements every time you have appeared at your window, and nothing, alas!—I know it too well by my own sad experience—nothing but absence from or of one beloved can occasion such unhappy looks. Of my own feelings I consider nothing. Tell me who he is; give me but a note or message to the beloved one, and I will fly like a carrier-dove to bid him come and rescue you, even though I sign and seal my own death-warrant in so doing."

Now, whilst this was going on above, in the little parlor below sat Hudson and Downie, chatting cozily in the dark, and enjoying very quietly a bottle of remarkably fine old pale sherry. The latter had slipped in unknown to any but the servants, who might be trusted to keep any secret.

"What's that?" exclaimed Hudson, starting, as the latter suddenly appeared before the window.

"That's Norman, by Cupid!" ejaculated Downie, as both drew farther into the shade. "I think we have caught the wild birds now; leave them alone a while."

"I feel truly grateful for this kind interest, Mr. Norman," Lily replied, tremblingly. "It is so generous, after what took place at our last meeting."

"I pray you, do not allude to that, Miss Lily," he said, sadly. "I know it was very presuming in me to say so much."

"Oh no, not at all. I feel quite flattered by it, believe me."

"You but say this to comfort me; you cannot mean it. You must think me a bold, presuming fellow, for I am sure the man you love must be superior to me in all things."

"Oh no, he is not; indeed he is not."

"It is your kindness makes you say so; but I am sure he must be, and I was a presuming wretch that evening."

"Indeed! Believe me, I do not think so," Lily very earnestly said.

"Then give me a proof of your forgiveness; pray, entrust me with any message or letter. I will be faithful even unto death."

"I have none—nobody to write to," said poor Lily, almost crying.

"Your father must be a hard-hearted wretch," he cried, "to grieve so gentle a heart by such tyrannical control."

"Oh no, no!" she exclaimed, now fairly crying. "He is the best of fathers; if I had only known my own happiness, and not played the silly girl."

"Your kind heart makes you excuse him," he answered, resolved to contradict all she said; "for I am sure he must be a tyrant, or you would not be shut up here alone."

Then there was a pause, wherein only her tears were the response.

"Then you have no commands for me? I can do nothing to aid you?" he sadly said, turning as if to go. "There is nothing you will permit me to do?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Wretch of a father!" he ejaculated, with one leg swinging out of the window, seeking the top of the ladder.

"Stop, Norman," she cried, hurriedly. Filial affection was of course the only thought in her heart.

Norman drew back the leg, and stood before her.

"Stop," she hastily continued; "do not accuse my kind, dear father of a wrong of which he is most innocent. He never thwarted me in anything."

"Then it must be the HE. Lives there a man with soul so dead that he could be loved by Lily, and give her cause for sorrow?"

"Oh no, it's no one. Do I not tell you it was all my own fault?"

"Some love quarrel. May I not mediate between you? Let me serve you in some way. Let me seek him and bring him to your feet. Even that will be a pleasure, Lily, for you will rejoice."

Here he again took her hand; she did not withdraw it. Seeing this, he placed the other over it, and then, by the dim light of the dark lantern, which stood upon the floor looking winkingly up into their faces, he perceived how deeply her cheeks were dyed with blushes. From the first he had suspected the truth; now he felt assured of it.

"Happy man!" he whispered, stooping down and just touching her cheek with his lip; "tell me who he is, and I will bear this kiss to him on a rose-leaf."

"There is no one!" she exclaimed, energetically, driven to despair. "Indeed, indeed, there is no one."

"Then I'll place the kiss where I found it," he said, slyly, "for I'm certain you would never allow me to keep it; would you, Lily?"

"If—you—wanted—it—very—much,—Norman."

He restored the kiss to her lips, as he drew the trembling girl to his bosom. The door suddenly opened, and Hudson and Downie came in with lights, and laughing. Lily uttered a cry and sprang aside, covering her face with both hands.

"Ah, you rogues!" exclaimed Downie; "this is it, is it? You wouldn't when you could, and when you shouldn't, you would."

"The way of the world, Downie," said Hudson, in delight. "Never mind the means, so the youngsters are happy. If they have cheated us, we have tricked them. Come, children, down to the parlor with you. Joseph and Martha are courting in the kitchen, and the house is transformed into a Cupid's bower. We old fellows will adjourn to the dining-room and have another bottle of sherry. Yes, we'll have a dozen bottles. By George, Downie, we'll make a night of it!"

And so all went down, and Hudson and Downie, and Lily and Norman, and Joseph and Martha, all "had it out" in their own peculiar way. And love, unity, peace and happiness came that evening, and has since remained in those twin suburban cottages.

Martha took "that ugly cretur, Joseph," for better or worse soon after Lily's marriage. The Newfoundland wanders at liberty from one house to the other, but the Shanghai and his family are banished, being replaced by a happy little canary for Lily, who hears in his songs the glad tidings of happiness present and to come.

MAN is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the establishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

MESSAGES FROM THE PHARAONS.

THE STORY OF EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS AND MUMMIES.

It is probable that most of the readers of *To-Day* have heard of the Rosetta stone. Previous to its discovery by a French officer of engineers in Egypt in 1799, the hieroglyphics or sacred characters of the Egyptians were a mystical scrawl—the unknown signs of an unknown tongue—which the learned gazed at with unavailable longings. This stone, however, afforded a clue to the mystery. It is now in the British Museum, and a plaster cast of it is in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, in this city. It is a fragment of black basalt, three feet in length, and originally two feet five inches in breadth and from ten to twelve inches in thickness. The sculpture itself is not of very great antiquity, dating 196 years before the Christian era. It contains two inscriptions—one in Greek and one in the popular Egyptian character called Demotic, afterward discovered not to have been much used before 700 years B.C. But there is likewise a third, in hieroglyphics, and it may be supposed with what interest it was discovered that these three were identical in substance.

They were an edict chiseled at Memphis in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes. The inscriptions, being identical, would of course repeat the name the same number of times; and the word Ptolemy in its various inflections being found in the Greek eleven times, the first business was to look for a corresponding word in the Demotic character. In this inscription a group of seven letters was found repeated eleven times, and these were discovered to compose the word Ptolmis, thus giving seven letters of the alphabet, from which the whole was afterward deduced. In the hieroglyphic inscription the name was traced out in the same manner, and thus, when seven letters were mastered, the others were read with comparative ease. Thus the world was admitted to the secrets contained in the myriads of hieroglyphic inscriptions which cover the land of Egypt, and the revelations thus made have released Egypt from the plague of darkness. She is no longer a country of sorcery and mysticism such as she appeared to the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans; but thousands of years ago her every-day life appears but a prototype of our own.

The hieroglyphics are at once manuscripts and pictures—illustrated books, speaking to the eye and to the mind; and the genius of the people seems to have delighted in perpetuating themselves in their records. In the tombs the deceased can be seen surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. The name, the profession, the rank, the blood relationship, of each member of the family are written against him or her. The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened his labor in the field; the anthem that when living he offered to the Creator, and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade, figures in this picturesque encyclopædia, from the monarch, priest and warrior to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs were really museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, inkstands, pens, books, the incense-bearer and smelling-bottle were, and are now, found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his desert-table, peas, beans and barley, which germinate still, when planted, are also discovered. The eggs, the desiccated remains of the very milk he had once used for his breakfast, even the trussed and roasted goose of which the guests at his funeral had partaken, all of these evidences of his humanity exist in kind in the tombs and in the museums of Europe and America to attest their former owner's declaration to us that he was a man with tastes and habits like our own. And not only do the scenes sculptured or painted on the temples or in the sepulchres furnish every detail concerning the Egyptians, but they give us the portraits, history, geographical names and characteristics of

an infinitude of Asiatic and African nations existing in days long anterior to the Exodus, many of whom have left no other record of their presence on earth, and others again whose names are preserved in the Hebrew Scriptures.

Not the least curious and important of the hieroglyphical revelations is the synchronism which exists between the scriptural annals and the monuments of Egypt. The names of some of the Pharaohs are not only the same, but they are identified in particulars of their history, and authenticated portraits of sovereigns incidentally referred to in the Bible are now exhibited in engravings throughout the Christian world. These portraits are carried back to 3500 years ago, about the time of Joseph, but the synchronism cannot be traced earlier than 971 B. C. This is unfortunate, as it would be very interesting to identify in their monuments the Pharaohs who were contemporary with Solomon, Moses, Joseph and Abraham. The earliest, however, as yet revealed, is Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam, son of Solomon; and indeed, as the Bible does not mention by name the earlier sovereigns of Egypt, there is little probability of farther advance in this interesting study.

As for the supposed death of the Mosaic Pharaoh in the Red Sea, it is neither countenanced by the text of the Pentateuch, which merely relates the destruction of Pharaoh's host, chariots and chosen captains, nor by the traditions of the Talmud, which expressly state that the king returned and reported the loss of his army. The hieroglyphics, however, are silent on both points. Neither has any trace at all been found in them of the patriarchal relations with Egypt. It has been well said that if the validity of hieroglyphical history be proved from the Scriptures for the times succeeding Moses, in all those cases where either record refers to the events mentioned by the other, the authenticity of hieroglyphical monuments in affairs whereon the Bible is silent, and which antedate Moses twenty centuries, cannot fairly be called in question.

While mentioning Egyptian portraits, it may be said, descending to later times, that the portrait of Cleopatra, taken from the temple of Dendera, by no means establishes the popular belief and the Shakespearean authority with regard to the extraordinary personal beauty of that famous woman. It is tolerably certain that the Cleopatra of history was remarkable not so much for her loveliness as for her powers of fascination, and for the lavish splendor of her court.

The earliest date of the sacred language of Egypt is not known; but if the antiquaries are correct, there must be an error in the commonly received interpretation of Bible chronology, the original fifteen hieroglyphic letters having been in common use only 250 years after Menes, the first Pharaoh. This would carry back the origin of the hieroglyphics to near the time commonly assigned to Cain and Abel. The emblem of the scribe's palette, reed pen and ink-bottle, is found about 3400 years B. C., and books, indicated by the sign of the papyrus or scroll, are long antecedent to the time of Abraham. This language afterward received some change, and in that form became more current as the sacerdotal. About 700 years B. C. there was introduced an alphabetic kind of writing, called the Demotic, and this remained in popular use till it was suppressed by Roman imperial authority and replaced by the Coptic alphabet, formed of Greek and Egyptian letters intermixed.

The prayer-book of the Egyptians, called the Book of the Dead, is traced as far back as 3200 years B. C. It was a collection of hymns and liturgical prayers, offered by and for the departed, and extracts from it are met with on mummy cases and every other object connected with death and religion. In this antique ritual are taught the doctrines of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body; but instead of the Jewish commandments and the Christian petitions for divine aid to observe them, they present only a series of self-righteous assertions of innocence supposed to be made by the departed spirit. In these, however, which are forty-two in number, is found the whole, and more than the whole, decalogue.

It is impossible to ascend to the origin of the mummies that are covered with extracts from the ritual. Mummifi-

cation, as the science is now called, is supposed to have been earlier than the pyramids or tombs, the first mummies having been buried in the sand. The necropolis at Memphis is twenty-two miles in length by about half a mile in breadth, and here it is supposed one-fourth of the population of Egypt was buried. The great pyramid was built four thousand years ago; but supposing the period of mummification to be only three thousand years, it is calculated that the number of mummies in Egypt is about five hundred million. A Cairo journal, a few years ago, counted up the quantity of cloth in the wrappers, and came to the conclusion that if the linen were manufactured into paper, it would bring into the public treasury more than twenty millions of dollars. The objection as to the vast space so many mummies would fill is met by a calculation which shows that they could be contained in a cube half a mile in length, breadth and height; although, so far from being cramped for room, the tombs of a single individual sometimes cover several acres of subterranean ground.

Under the fourth dynasty the bodies were prepared by saturation with natron, and were baked in ovens and wrapped in woollen cloth. The sarcophagus of Cheops was a plain monolithic bin, and that of Mycerinus a rectangular chest, with an inscription in which the dead king is saluted with a sublime simplicity: "Live for ever."

Under the twelfth dynasty linen is found in use. The bodies are partially gilded, and the luxury in coffins had commenced which from the eighteenth dynasty down to the time of the Romans remained at a great pitch of extravagance. Under the eleventh dynasty around the sides are usually painted the whole sepulchral equipments of the dead—his bow, arrows, quivers, shirts, wigs, mirrors, sandals and cosmetics. They are in fact the pictorial portmanteau of an Egyptian gentleman twenty centuries before our era, as well as his bill of fare: his ducks, geese, chops, bread, cakes, biscuit, flour, his drinks, water, beer, wine, his salt and pastiles, are detailed at the head of these coffins.

The eighteenth dynasty is the era of the introduction of bitumen, which became known to the Egyptians through their conquests in Assyria; and the new fashion changed the color of the mummies, which, since that epoch, are black, while those earlier embalmed are of the natural hue. By this time the system of idolatry had attained its full development—even the bodies of animals were embalmed as well as those of men; and the religious simplicity of the earlier mummies existed no more. About the Augustan period the shape of the sarcophagus was changed, and the mummies were not wrapped in the human form, but were of an equal thickness all down, and swathed in a coarsely-painted cloth, exhibiting portraits of the deceased.

The cost of these embalmments varied from twenty dollars up to fifteen hundred, according to the rank in life of the deceased and the luxury of the coffin and ornaments. There are specimens still in existence which contain more than one thousand yards of linen, varying in texture from good calico to superfine cambric. The majority, however, belong to the middle classes, and their cost is estimated at three hundred dollars; but calculating them all at the cheapest—namely, twenty dollars—this would give an annual expense for manufacture of about three and a half million dollars. Although negro servants were always numerous in Egypt, only a single negro mummy has been found, so it would appear that a portion of the population was permitted to moulder in the usual manner. The whole of the revenue arising from the embalming process belonged to the priests, who were physicians, apothecaries, mummy makers, undertakers, scribes and sextons, and who, besides, leased out the sepulchral excavations in which the bodies were to repose. They also held the monopoly of the linen cloth used for wrapping the body, the flax for which was grown and manufactured by themselves. The mummies they made, however, were so strictly the property of the purchasers, that a debtor was obliged to give up in pledge to his creditors the remains of his ancestors; and if he died insolvent, his next relations were held bound, both in honor and in law, to redeem them.

In regard to the pyramids used for tombs, it may be said

that the size of the pyramid is in direct proportion to the length of the king's reign in which it was constructed, having been begun at his accession and finished at his death. Large pyramids indicate long reigns, and small pyramids short reigns. The sixty-nine existing pyramids, therefore, represent some seventy or eighty kingly generations (two kings having sometimes been buried in the same pyramid), the last of which race died before Abraham was born. Such is the law of pyramidal construction. Of its importance to chronology the reader can judge.

The private tombs scattered around the regal pyramids are full of interest of the same kind, being covered with paintings of the manners, the customs, genealogies, etc., of the ancient Egyptians to a wonderful extent. The manufacture of glass, we learn from these records, was known in Egypt two thousand years previously to its reported discovery by the Phœnicians, and the decimal system of numeration—units, tens, hundreds, thousands and upward—was current in the days of the pyramids, or four thousand years before the Arabs of Mohammed's era. In the tomb of Eimef, architect of the pyramid of Soophoo of the fourth dynasty, is an inventory of his wealth. There are, amongst other details, 835 oxen, 220 cows with their calves, 2234 goats, 760 asses and 974 rams. The numerals are hieroglyphical ciphers, and the same decimal system is found in the marks of the quarrymen on all the pyramids. The drawings of the trades, as found pictured on the walls in the tombs, show what a practical sort of people the Egyptians were. There are innumerable paintings of carpenters at work, boat-building, musicians, veterinary surgeons, wine-pressing, brickmaking, weaving, ploughing, transporting of columns, etc., etc. All these are illustrated by, and serve as illustrations of, that sacred language which at the end of fifty ages speaks to us from the tombs almost as intelligibly as it did to the priests at a time which could only be known to the Jewish patriarchs as an old-world tradition.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 6.

HOUSES AND GROUNDS.

It was Mr. A. J. Downing who first directed the attention of the general public on this side of the Atlantic to the subject of home decoration, and to him we are indebted for the very great improvement in the style of suburban and country residences that has taken place within the past twenty-five years. Mr. Downing was an artist and a lover of beauty in the truest acceptance of the terms. A house and a bit of ground were to him what canvas and colors are to a painter or a piece of marble to a sculptor, and in the spirit of a genuine artist he took a pleasure in making the most of the most humble and unpromising materials.

Besides being an artist Mr. Downing was a practical man, and it was his keen appreciation of the actual requirements of the average American household that secured such a general acceptance for his ideas. The buildings designed and erected by him, together with his works on cottage architecture and landscape gardening, inaugurated a movement which has completely revolutionized the character of our suburban and rural homes. He planned a style of dwelling exactly suited to our climate and to the actual needs of our people, and proved in the most conclusive manner that beautiful homes could be built as cheaply as ugly ones which could claim as their chief if not only merit the fact that they were water-tight shelters. Mr. Downing's ideas were adopted, and in some cases improved upon, by other architectural writers, but to him is due the credit of having made a beginning and of having pointed the way.

As an example of the result of Mr. Downing's teachings, we only need to point to Central Park, New York, which was planned and executed by his pupils and co-laborers, Messrs. Vaux and Olmstead. This park is a model of the right thing done in exactly the right way; and although it cost a great deal of money, we have never yet heard any

one dispute the fact that it is well worth all that has been paid for it.

The taste for home decoration awakened by Mr. Downing has resulted in a great deal of "gingerbread" work and exceedingly puerile ornamentation, not only on the smaller and cheaper class of houses, but on many which cost enough money to be far better, from an artistic point of view, than they are. This was an inevitable consequence of the circumstances under which Mr. Downing wrote, for people who have never paid any attention to artistic matters are not to be educated in a day or a year, but any set of ideas must be permitted to grow in the public mind before they can be expected to produce perfectly satisfactory results. It was Mr. Downing's great merit that he was not too refined or too cultured for his audience. There is not one of the designs in his book that is not open to adverse criticism; but admitting this, candid critics must acknowledge that he struck the right vein, and that he made a permanent impression, whereas, had he been superfatidious, he would only have achieved failure.

People of moderate means living in our great cities are obliged to put up with the kind of houses builders choose to provide for them, and to trust to their own taste and ingenuity to make them as attractive as possible. In the suburbs of the cities, in the towns and villages, and in the country, however, there is no sufficient reason why every man who builds a house, no matter how small and unpretending it may be, should not try to give it some architectural importance. To those who contemplate building or improving their dwellings, but who have not given much thought to this subject, we earnestly recommend the perusal of Mr. Downing's book, or some other good work on the same subject. We cannot undertake in these articles to discuss domestic architecture and the laying out of grounds with the fulness that they do, and we shall be compelled to limit ourselves to the consideration of a few points.

One of the principal charms of a country residence, whether it be large or small, is, or ought to be, in its grounds. We would much rather have a small house with attractive surroundings than a large one without them. Of course, unless the proprietor of a house can afford to employ help to keep his grounds in order, it is folly to attempt more in the matter of landscape gardening than he and his family can easily attend to in their leisure moments. Those, however, who really become interested in making their homes attractive, will find the care of a bit of ornamented ground only an agreeable and healthful recreation.

It is a very frequent error, especially with owners of small houses, to put them too near the street or road. By this the effect of distance, which, the poet tells us, "lends enchantment to the view," is lost, and a really pretty house often fails to produce anything like the impression it ought. Another mistake is to plant trees and shrubbery so thick that the house cannot properly be seen.

We have in our mind's eye a very handsome house in the suburbs of Philadelphia the architectural effect of which is completely ruined by both of these blunders having been committed. It is only a few feet back from the street, and the intervening space is so filled up with shrubbery that even if it were possible to get far enough away from the house to see it properly, only the upper story and roof would be visible. The blunders in this instance are the less excusable, as the grounds are abundantly ample for an imposing architectural effect to have been secured. Trees and plants should be used to enhance the beauty of a house, and not to hide it; and if they are used with taste and judgment, they contribute as much as anything else to making home attractive.

Climbing vines also play an important part in the same direction, and during a large portion of the year even a homely and uninteresting building can be made to look pretty by means of flowering vines like the clematis, the honeysuckle and the jasmine being trained over its walls. Such care as these plants require ought to be a pleasure to intelligent men and women, and the charming effect that they produce to be a more than sufficient com-

pensation for the little trouble they cost. In arranging the grounds about a house, whether in the city or the country, too much should not be attempted. Many a man has spoiled a nice little plot by endeavoring to carry into execution all the brilliant ideas he has seen set forth in some work on landscape gardening. If the lot upon which a house is built is small, a nice bit of smoothly-shaven turf, discreetly diversified with a few choice evergreens, a tree or two, if there is room for them, and some flowering plants, will have a most pleasing effect in the hands of one who has a true feeling for the picturesque. With a little good management, a constant succession of flowers can be secured from early in the spring to late in the fall, while handsome evergreens, if rightly disposed, will make a very humble place look beautiful all the year round. With more ground, and with plenty of money to secure help, more elaborate effects may with propriety be attempted, but there are few men competent to lay out and plant an extensive piece of ground, and any one who wishes to try something of this kind on a large scale should by all means secure the services of an experienced landscape-gardener if he hopes to achieve satisfactory results.

NAMES, AND THEIR MEANINGS.

In school-lists, on cards of invitation, and wherever else young girls' names are written or printed, we constantly find in what are called pet names new variations from old usage. Mamie, Minnie, Clemmie, Louie, Bertie, Tудie, Lottie, Ettie, Millie, Mollie, Mattie, Hattie, Nettie, Katie, Addie, Lizzie, Effie, Carrie, Gertie, Josie, are to be found, with many more of the like character. The above samples are sufficient both to make the ridiculous nature of the custom apparent, and to show that absurdities grouped together do not support each other, but make each instance more ridiculous by association. The only excuse for misnaming the young ladies is that these titles are supposed to be terms of affection and endearment. This plea is to a degree valid where the use of the pet names is confined to the family or is the privilege of very intimate friends. But to write such names, to sign them to formal letters, to record them in school or other catalogues, and, worse than all, to print them in any connection, is to widen the family circle exceedingly, and to increase intimate friendship indefinitely. A little travesty of fashionable correspondence was published some years ago, which puts in an amusing light the absurdity both of writing of pet names and of fashionable precocity. The writers are supposed to be young ladies of eight years, or thereabouts—such young ladies as were figuring in children's balls at our watering-places last summer, if the correspondents truly report. The first note ran thus: "Miss Minnie Smith's compliments to Miss Maggie Jones, and desires the pleasure of her company this evening. Refreshments at seven." The response was: "Miss Maggie Jones' compliments to Miss Minnie Smith, with regrets that prior engagements preclude the pleasure of acceptance. She is to be whipped at seven and sent to bed without her supper at eight." In order to see what is lost by the defacing of honored names till their origin can scarcely be recognized, it may be interesting to trace the signification of a few of the names, which in one sense—their frequency—may be called common names. Take first Mary, which, in its various legitimate forms, is borne probably by more persons in Christian lands than any other name. Maria, Marion and Miriam have been adopted as English names, and all have the same signification. The first on record who bore the name is Miriam, the sister of Moses and Aaron. The derivation which is most generally accepted is from the word *marah*, bitter; and as Miriam was one of the children of the captivity in Egypt, it is not difficult to imagine reasons why this name was chosen. Whatever was its origin, the first wearer of the name made it a common one in Israel, perhaps from the association of Miriam with the triumph at the Red Sea. The name has always been popular among Christians, and the poet seems to have put in verse a universal sentiment when he wrote,

"I have a passion for the name of Mary."

Elizabeth or Elisheba was the wife of Aaron, the mother of the Jewish priesthood, and Elizabeth, the wife of Zachariah the priest, was the mother of John the Baptist. Thus curiously is the name connected with the beginning of the two dispensations. The meaning of the name is, "God hath sworn," and it is, therefore, an appeal to his covenant. Elissa, the name of the queen who founded Carthage, better known as Dido, is the same as Elizabeth. So are Isabel, Isabella and Eliza other forms of the same name. Esther, Hester, Stella and Estelle mean a star. Laura signifies a laurel; Ann, Anna, Hannah, are all variations of the same name, which means grace; Margaret, a pearl; Martha is from the same root as Mary; Susan and Susannah, a lily; Rachel, a ewe; Lydia is from the name of a province in Asia, said by Josephus to have been found by the children of Lud, fourth son of Shem; Charlotte and Caroline are feminine forms of Charles or Karl, signifying a man or manly; Emily, Amy and Amelia may mean affable or industrious, and Emma, sometimes confounded with them, seems, like mamma, to have come from the first lisping of the child, and is said to mean grandmother; Ellen, Helen and Helena mean light, in the sense of luminous; Catharine or Katherine, pure; Clara, Clarissa and Claribel come from famous or fair; Jane and Joanna mean the grace of the Lord; Abigail, meaning "the father of joy," must be read the *cause* of joy; Deborah is a bee; Dorothea and Dora mean the gift of God; Dorcas is a gazelle; Augusta is venerable—honorable or stately, if young ladies like that better; Agnes is pure; Alice means "noble cheer," good for a housewife; Adelaide has a similar sense; Amanda means worthy to be loved; Phoebe is shining; Bridget means strength; Harriet is a household name, meaning home rule. What the very pleasant name Cecilia may mean is disputed. The Roman Cæcilian family objected to the legend that their ancestor was blind, as the name would import, and invented other legends. The present popularity of the name comes from St. Cecilia the martyr, who sang with her last breath, and is in the calendar as the patroness of music. Matilda should be able to hold her own, her name meaning battle-maid. Sophia is wisdom; Sophronia, of a strong mind. Rebecca or Rebekah comes from a root signifying to blind, and is appropriately introduced in a prayer in the Episcopal marriage service. Louisa means famous holiness; Frances is free; Gertrude means spear-maid; Antoinette is inestimable; Arabella, an eagle heroine. Roxana is the dawn of day; Rhoda, a rose; Milicent means strength; Malvina, a handmaid; Florence, flourishing; Wilhelmina, like Wilhelm and William, helmet of resolution. The list of names, with their significations, might be indefinitely extended, but what are here given will suffice to show how much better the honest old forms are than any travesty. If our ladies were to investigate their own names, and also to seek out the meaning and history of other common things—for words are things, and all things have a history—they would find in such a pursuit both recreation and instruction.

THE origin of the expression, "Man in the moon," is unknown. This name has from time immemorial been applied to the dark lines and spots upon the surface of the moon, which are visible to the naked eye, and which, when viewed through a good telescope, are discovered to be the shadows of lunar mountains. It is one of the most popular and most ancient superstitions of the world that these lines and spots are the figure of a man leaning on a fork on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood, for stealing which on a Sunday he was confined to the moon. The account given in Numbers xv. 32, *et seq.*, of a man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on Sunday, is supposed by some to be the origin of this belief. Dante supposes Cain to have been the offender who was placed eternally in the moon for punishment of his crime. Some of the old poets thought these spots and lines represented the boy Endymion, "whose company the moon loved so well that she carried him constantly with her." Other ancients thought they represented a fox.

AN inch of rain makes 161 tons to the acre.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 22, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.
No. 2.

BY THE EDITOR.

AFTER long consultations with wise friends, I purchased, in May, 1864, the great hotel buildings standing on the famous battle-ground at Lexington, ten miles from Boston. Containing between one and two hundred large, airy rooms, the buildings were substantial and beautiful. The lecture-hall, formerly the ball-room, was remarkably fine.

Lexington is situated upon high ground, singularly healthy, in the midst of a beautiful agricultural district, while the people, who are in considerable part descendants of the revolutionary heroes, constitute one of the most quiet and intelligent communities in New England. With these immediate surroundings, within easy reach of Boston by railway, and in buildings which could not have been better contrived had they been erected for the purpose, I prepared for the opening of my new school.

In the selection of the corps of teachers I was singularly fortunate. The friends and patrons of the Lexington school can never be sufficiently grateful for the co-operation of Theodore D. Weld.

Recently, at a dinner-table, a number of gentlemen were discussing great men. Each of us in turn was called upon to answer the question, "Who among all the men you have ever met impressed you as greatest?"

One man, a native Bostonian, cried out, "Webster! Why, Webster, of course."

Another one, who had lived a good deal abroad, thought "Archbishop Manning carried most brains."

Still another thought that, of all the men he had ever met, Kossuth was the greatest.

And so we went on until it came my turn, and I said that during my time I had seen a hundred persons, more or less, who were considered great, and that of all the men I had ever met I considered Theodore D. Weld the greatest, that his mind was most philosophical and perfectly balanced, that his moral development was most harmonious and complete.

In early life Mr. Weld gave himself to the anti-slavery platform. I heard Wendell Phillips say, in Music Hall,

in speaking of Mr. Weld, "His were the most eloquent lips that have ever addressed the American people on the subject of human liberty."

More than thirty years ago Mr. Weld lost his voice, and was compelled to retire from public life, to the infinite regret of the friends of liberty. Then, accompanied by his remarkable wife, Angelina Grinke, of South Carolina, he retired to a small village in the State of New Jersey, where he established a small private school, which was supported by Gerrit Smith and other leading abolitionists. Mr. and Mrs. Weld remained in this educational work in New Jersey more than twenty years, almost unknown, except to the few families whose young people they trained to noble uses.

I had the great pleasure to visit the school, and will only say that its organization and management evinced an originality so remarkable, a comprehension so complete and a moral fervor so intense that I have never since been able to visit a school, or think of one, without that remarkable company of young men and women gathered about their idolized teacher rising up before me. I visited Mr. Weld's school in New Jersey more than once, and never without a yearning to see an educational institution in which this grand man, with all his magnetism and noble thought freed from business responsibilities, might be brought face to face with a great company of young people.

The happiest day during the months of preparation was that on which Mr. Weld consented to join me in the management of the school.

Even in the first year's corps there were several teachers whom it would be pleasant, and perhaps profitable, to portray; but as I propose only a brief history of the institution at this time, I cannot find space for such biographical sketches. Gratitude, however, compels me to mention Zerdahelyi, the distinguished pianist, one of our regular music-teachers, who remained with us until the final close of the school. Zerdahelyi, to whom Liszt dedicated his famous Hungarian waltz, had had a remarkable career, both as a musician and as a Hungarian patriot. Banished with Kossuth, of whose staff he was a member, he accompanied his great and steadfast friend to London, where for some years he devoted himself to music. The musical critics of London pronounced him the greatest performer upon the piano who had visited that city in many years. Coming to America, he saw our cities, selected Boston, and receiving a few advanced pupils, he achieved immediate distinction. The Hon. George H. Snelling, one of the wisest and most philosophical friends of education in New England, brought Zerdahelyi to me, with reference to his possible identification with the Lexington school. After many interviews, Zerdahelyi entered with all his great heart into our scheme, and as already stated remained in the institution till the close of its history. When we came to have a hundred music-pupils and a number of music-teachers, Zerdahelyi was ever the adviser and guide in every interest of that important department. But I must close with the simple statement that the corps of teachers in the school at Lexington was one of the most remarkable ever gathered in any institution of learning.

The number of pupils during the first year was thirty; during the second year, one hundred; the third, one hundred and forty-five. Of the history of the fourth year I will speak in its proper place.

In the next chapter we will take up the story with the opening of the school.

NOT HERE, BUT THERE.

I HAVE no doubt that pulmonary consumption, like all other chronic diseases, is the result of low vitality, and not the cause of it. People feel their skeleton legs, and then, putting their hands upon their chests, they exclaim,

"Here it is! Here is all my trouble! This is what is killing me!"

My house has recently been troubled with a drain odor. It came from a hole in the drain, filled the whole basement story, and finally made its way through a small opening in the ceiling into the room above, to the infinite disgust of a lady with a sensitive nose. This lady made a great fuss, and called in the neighbors to serve on a smelling committee. The committee, by carefully following their noses, soon found the opening from which the sickening odor came. As soon as I returned they ran to me, and said,

"Come, we have found it."

"Found what?" I asked.

They explained, and then hurried me to the hole in the floor, and said,

"Put your nose in that hole, and you will see where the trouble is."

I did as I was directed, and agreed with them that the odor came through that opening. But knowing the constitution of the house, I said at once, "The whole basement is full of this disgusting stench." Running down stairs I found that the atmosphere of the basement was perfectly sickening. While looking for the opening in the drain the ladies called me up stairs, and urged that I should stick my nose in the hole again, for there the trouble was, they were sure. So I vibrated between looking for the hole in the drain below and smelling at the hole above, the ladies meantime insisting that the hole should be stopped up or some carbolic acid poured down.

But these ladies were quite as wise as the doctor who thinks he finds in a small hole in the lung the cause of debility, emaciation and final death. It is only the place where the disease shows itself.

LIGHT AND HEALTH.—As an instance of the value of sunlight, Dupuytren, the celebrated physician, mentions the case of a French lady whose disease baffled the skill of the most eminent men. This lady resided in a dark room in one of the narrow streets of Paris. After a careful examination he was led to refer her complaint to the absence of light, and caused her to be removed to a more cheerful situation. The change was attended with most beneficial results—all her complaints vanished. It is remarkable that Lavoisier, writing in the last century, should have placed light as an agent of health, even before pure air. In fact, where you can obtain abundance of light, it is also generally possible to obtain pure air. In England a similar thing occurs; invalids are almost always shut up in close rooms, curtains drawn and light excluded.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—Is that your son—that one with the big head, bright eyes and small chest? Ah! and so he's the one that took the first prize at the high school? No doubt you expect great things from him. But let me tell you confidentially that you had better take him out of school and send him to a farm for a couple of years. If you don't, when he is forty years old he will be somebody's clerk, or a third-rate professional man, knowing the books, it may be, but lacking the force to achieve success.

IS YOUR DAUGHTER A FASHIONABLE BUTTERFLY?

I PITY you. But you must not despair. Pray for her and pray with her. Ask the clergyman to call upon her and pray with her. Reason with her, expostulate, plead, implore. Impress upon her the dignity and decency of human nature. Explain God's purpose in her creation. Hold a butterfly up before her, and elaborate the distinction between her and it.

If all these should fail, there comes a moment when it shall be decided whether you are fit to have the direction of your child—whether it would not be better were you dead and out of the way, that she might fall into other and wiser hands. You must exercise your authority. You must strip her of these gewgaws and drive her into the kitchen.

In your relations to her you are charged with solemn responsibilities; and if you flinch in the persistent employment of any and all reasonable means to rid her of her miserable hallucination, you are false to your child, to society and to God.

FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable, places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

IS YOUR WIFE NERVOUS AND FRETFUL?—This is certainly very wrong of her. No doubt she will plead her thousand and one cares and vexations, but all that certainly gives her no right to disturb her lord's peace and comfort. Let me whisper in your ear. I think I can suggest a scheme that will make her ashamed of this irritability. Try upon her the tenderness of the honeymoon. Don't think to make her happy with a brocade or a new carriage; but when you come home, bring with you her favorite flower—show her in a hundred ways that she is in all your thoughts. This is the medicine that will cure her. Try *love* in large and repeated doses. It is the specific for many of the worst complaints among our wives.

IS YOUR SON DULL AND LAZY?—You had better stop his meat, rich food and coffee, make him get up early, bathe in cold water, coax him into active sports or put him at work, and when a lesson is given him make sure that he learns it.

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 5.

DEAR MIDGET: We have now been three weeks in Paris, so I have more to tell you. Central Park is nice, Hyde Park is lovely, but the Bois de Boulogne is both at once. Such beautiful avenues, and a lake, and all sorts of little rustic houses, and a zoological garden with all kinds of animals, where you can ride ponies, or camels, or elephants, or ostriches, if you pay for it. Oh, but it's queer to see the boys ride in a little cart pulled by an ostrich. But I can tell you the bird looked rather pecky—little stubby, broken feathers, and such long legs, and his tail feathers all gone. Poor fellow! I don't think he likes Paris much. They have some negro boys, dressed in an outlandish way, to lead the camels and to poke the elephants. The people here seem to think the negroes as much of a show as the elephants. Don't you remember our Natural History said they call camels the "ships of the desert"? Well, I think one little boy here will always believe they are, for he was just as sea-sick as he could be, and as that Bob said, "cascaded all over the negro who helped him down;" I dared Mr. Bob to try it himself. But he only said, "Place aux Dames," and offered to help me up. He thinks he knows such lots of French. Every time we go in a shop he does the talking. I am just determined to learn, to spite him.

But the people in the Bois de Boulogne! You just ought to see the people; such lots of carriages, and people on horseback, and—well, I don't know exactly how many, but it must be most a million, walking about and sitting by the fences that fence off the drives. And such nice dresses and lovely bonnets! I've two new hats—such ducks! They don't look much like our old plantation sun-bonnets. You know, Midget, we used to think our white ruffled bonnets so nice. Well, I wouldn't wear one in the Bois de Boulogne for half Mississippi. Auntie says I think too much of dress, as if she didn't buy lots and lots of things for herself. It's very good preaching; but as Miss Mary used to say of my music, "a little practice goes a long ways." Uncle is very good to me. He got me my prettiest hat, and such a darling dear parasol with a handle that does for a cane. Only when I walk with it that nasty Bob will say, "Don't get your cane between your legs, or you'll trip yourself, Mr. Dumps." Thank Goodness, he goes to Geneva next week.

Well, Midget, I have seen palaces and palaces, but the first palaces I have seen all knocked to pieces are in Paris. The Tuileries palace is built all round a great open square, and you can drive through the gateways, that are part of the palace too, right through the square, and come out on the other side. The palace isn't at all like I thought—one great big house—but it is more like four blocks of houses all built round a great garden. But besides that, at one end of the square is a sort of park; they call it the Tuileries Gardens, and a parapet walk above the wall that used to be for the emperor's son, and now everybody that wants to can walk there. Part of the palace is all right, but the end next to the gardens is all ruined. The outside walls are standing, but you can see broken pieces of walls inside where the rooms used to be; and the roof is gone. It is so pretty yet. It's such a pity it was spoilt. But then you know people will revolute. I am sure we had enough of it; but plantations can't be spoilt like palaces, though old Mrs. Jones will for ever keep talking about "how the Yankees burned her cotton gin and stole her best black silk petticoat."

Last week we went to see the ruins of St. Cloud, the palace the Prussians burnt. It is not near so large as one square of the Tuileries, but the park is full of statues, and waterfalls, and grottoes, and lakes, and terraces, and hills, and valleys, that uncle said were all made. An old soldier went over the grounds with us, and he seemed mighty sorry the empress was gone. He showed us her favorite seat and the lake where the little prince used to have his boat. He said everybody loved the empress. I have bought her photo to bring you. It's lovely, and dressed beautiful. The little prince's nice looking, but the emperor looks sad and fat. I don't think much of his pic-

ture. The town of St. Cloud is all knocked into holes—I mean some of the houses. It is on a hill above the river Seine, and you can see the Bois de Boulogne across the river, and most of Paris. There was a funny little man, like a peddler, who had a lot of opera glasses and telescopes on the top of the hill, and he charges a sou for looking through at Paris and the hills all around where the *forts* were. The Prussians left things looking pretty badly at St. Cloud. I don't wonder the French aren't fond of them. You don't love people much who knock your houses into pi.

I can't write any more. It's ten o'clock, and I am so sleepy. Next week, when they all go to Geneva and leave me at Mademoiselle Thingumbob's, I will have more time to write. Give my love to all the kin, and say "Howdy" to all the servants.

Your affectionate cousin,
HARRIET HASLE.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

REMARKABLE MAGNETIC STORMS AND AURORAS IN EUROPE.—On October 14th and 15th last a brilliant aurora borealis was observed in Paris. At Brest, at 10h. 34m. on the evening of the 14th, the magnetic storm burst. M. Sureau, who was at the time closely watching the needle of the galvanometer, which was gently oscillating between 2 and 3 degrees, saw it leap suddenly to 25 degrees. All the working apparatus was suddenly attacked and all the sounding machinery instantly set in motion, making a deafening noise, while the electro-magnets were strongly excited. It was also remarked that the currents acting on the telegraphic wires of Brest were directed from west to east. During October 16, 17 and 18 the disturbances in the telegraphs became general throughout France, and probably through the greater part of Europe. The telegraphic service in France was thrown into complete disorder, necessitating the forwarding of the telegrams for Italy through the mails. These perturbations, which lasted three days, were of a totally different character from those of the 14th and 15th of the same month. They were nothing more than instantaneous contacts, derangements analogous to those produced by mixing the wires; there were no longer the prolonged contacts and well-defined waves which accompanied the polar auroras. With the disturbances throughout nearly the whole of Europe appeared violent storms, with thunder and lightning, which, in connection with a great barometric depression in Spain and in the south-western portions of the Continent, together with an exceptionally chilly temperature, have been remarked as extraordinary cosmic phenomena.

CLEANING PICTURES.—It is stated that a new process of cleaning pictures has been discovered. The great difficulty has always been to get off the old varnish, which by length of time has become almost incorporated with the color underneath, so that any method employed to remove the upper surface is pretty certain to carry off with it the delicate lines below. Some picture-dealers use corrosive substances, which make the matter worse. An ingenious system has been discovered at Amsterdam, which consists in simply spreading a coating of copaiba balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it face downward over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the copaiba a degree of semifluidity, in which state it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil painting; and when the picture is hung up in its place again, two or three days after, it looks as if it had been varnished afresh. The inventors have given the public the benefit of their discovery. The process has the merit of being a short one as compared with the old methods.

M. PYNAERT says that the perfume of the flower of *Lilium auratum* is obnoxious to flies, which are rendered inert by it, and which disappear from a room in somewhat less than half an hour after the introduction of a bloom of this noble lily into it. Will some one try it?

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 22, 1873.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

THE perusal of TO-DAY has had such an exciting effect on one of our subscribers that, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, he has given it vent in the following verses, which, we think, are clever and to the point:

IN A PUZZLE.

I've been reading to-day—that is, yes, to-day;
Well, how to express it I really can't say,
But I want you to know I've been reading to-day—
I declare I don't know as that is the way,
But it's the name of the paper I've read to-day.
That is not right, perhaps you will say,
The name of the paper I've read is TO-DAY.
But, nevertheless, be that as it may,
The paper is better, I know, for the pay
Than any I've read this many a day.
It's a parlor companion, a dear little pet—
That is, the chromo subscribers all get—
And every one says it's the best they've seen yet.
But it's now of the paper I was going to say,
As soon as it comes it is read right away.
My wife often tells me it seems very queer
At night, after tea, to see me take a cheer;
I tell her it's all right—I'm willing to stay,
If she will sit by me and read from TO-DAY.
Oh, the stories are charming, there's not one too many,
There was, but it's ended, and now there's not any—
That is, I mean not any too many.
I see I'm digressing, I'd like to forget;
I was going to ask if the doctor knew what—
That is, would he tell? I was certain he knew—
What good in the practice does alcohol do?
Or any of its compounds, by whatever name,
Rum, gin or brandy, it's all quite the same?
There's one of our doctors who has it to sell.
He's prescribing it daily for men that are well;
And it puzzles me greatly—I cannot see why
Men claim to be sick because they are dry.
Please answer this, doctor; let's hear what you say,
And you will confer a great favor on

CLAY.

TO FARMERS.

FARMERS are busy men and their wives are busier women—that is, if the wives are to be believed on this point; but they occasionally have some leisure moments during which they would gladly augment the importance of their cash accounts. Farmers' wives especially are usually willing to earn some pin money, if they can do so without neglecting their other duties. Now, canvassing for TO-DAY is as easy and expeditious a way of earning money as can be found, as some of our rural friends will discover if they will consent to act as agents for us. We offer exceedingly liberal terms, and the success which our agents thus far have met with leaves no room for doubt that those who undertake to canvass for us will find it profitable. Our chromo JUST SO HIGH is one of the most charming home pictures published, and a sight of it usually clinches the bargain immediately with a prospective subscriber.

SUBSCRIBERS and agents will save themselves and us much trouble if they will take pains to write legibly the names, the post-offices, the counties and the States to which our paper and chromo are to be sent. The post-office authorities are sometimes to blame, but more often it is the fault of subscribers in not giving their addresses in readable shape, if the papers do not come to hand regularly. We do all in our power to give every subscriber the full worth of his money, but we find it difficult sometimes to decide to whom or to what places to send the paper.

THERE has been an unexpectedly heavy demand for our binders, and we are receiving large orders for them

every day. They are very neatly and prettily gotten up, and admirably answer the purpose of preserving the numbers of TO-DAY for future reading. On the receipt of seventy-five cents we will send one of these binders to any address, free of postage.

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

THE second volume of George Eliot's *Middlemarch* completes a work which will rank among the masterpieces of English fiction, and as one of the greatest literary performances of the nineteenth century. Other novels surpass it in intricacy of plot, in the purely dramatic force of its situations, in humor, in pathos and in many other qualities, but no other writer of this age could have so sounded the depths of human nature, or could have produced such an array of living characters, which will take rank as second only to those of Shakespeare. This may seem to be extravagant praise, but it is not so to any one who has read George Eliot's writings attentively, for she has more than any other writer of the present day the Shakespearean talent for delineating character—not, as Dickens did, by the exaggeration of purely superficial qualities, but by profound analysis which reveals to us the inner man, compelling us to admire the skill of the artist even while the portrait excites only repugnance. *Middlemarch* is a labored work, but less so than *Romola*, probably because the author felt more freedom in dealing with familiar people and familiar scenes, and the principal defect of the novel is in its superfine polish, and in the impression of effort which it leaves upon the mind of the reader. Its great qualities, however, far overbalance its defects, and both as a study of character and as a remarkable picture of English rural life it is well worthy of the attention of cultivated readers. We have not the space to attempt a detailed criticism of *Middlemarch*, or to follow the progress of the story, and it is sufficient to say that it ends happily, and as most readers would wish that it should. The mere story, however, will be the least of its attractions to those who are attracted to it at all, for it is not a novel to beguile a leisure-hour merely, but a great work of art to be studied and pondered upon with the expectation that its beauties will become more apparent the more it is studied. Published by Harper & Brothers.

FOR novel readers to whom entertainment pure and simple is the first consideration, nothing better can be recommended than Professor James de Mille's *Open Question*. Mrs. Annie Radcliffe in her palmiest days never imagined such blood-curdling mysteries as those which arise in the vivid imagination of Professor de Mille, while the humor with which the modern romance writer deals with the most soul-harrowing situations is something that the author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* would have forfeited her best silk dress to have been possessed of. Professor de Mille's imagination continually runs away with him; but no matter what height of extravagance he reaches, or what depths of absurdity he descends, he is first, last and at all times entertaining. His *Open Question* we consider the best performance he has yet given to the world, and apart from its somewhat reckless demands upon the credulity of the reader, it is a really ingenious and well-constructed story that it is impossible not to become interested in. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

A *Twofold Life*, translated from the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern by "M. S.," is a more than usually fascinating story, which will undoubtedly greatly extend the reputation of the author of *Only a Girl* and *In his own Might* with American readers. Wilhelmine von Hillern is a daughter of Madame Charlotte Birch Pfeiffer, and she has certainly inherited a large portion of her mother's genius. The work before us, which we rank above either of its predecessors in the thoroughness with which a central idea is worked out, has a most carefully elaborated plot, in which it is impossible not to become interested, and it gives a remarkably vivid insight into certain phases of German life. J. B. Lippincott & Co.



A Perplexing Predicament.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A LITTLE boy who sang, "I want to be an angel," in Sunday-school with so much energy that he almost choked himself, confessed to an enterprising reporter that he really wanted to be a captain on a canal-boat.

A CAMDEN man, after waltzing six times with one lady at a ball, was asked if he was fond of dancing. "Oh no," replied the youth, "I don't care for it, but my doctor advised me to-day to take a sweat, and this is cheaper than a Turkish bath."

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always, on the field of battle, where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," responded another.

NERVOUS old invalid.—"Well, Miss Nipper, I think it's quite time these passage walls were repapered." Landlady.—"Pardon me, sir, but I was a-waiting to see 'ow your 'ealth goes on. Coffins is sech things to knock the paper off a-comin' down."

A YOUTH who was taking an airing in the country tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A WOMAN up in Reading used to buy peaches when they were sixty cents a quarter of a peck; when her husband remonstrated with her for her extravagance, she would burst into tears and say she was not extravagant, because when she bought those peaches she intended to put them in the refrigerator and keep them until they got cheaper.

"Now, my young friends, suppose twelve men buy twenty-four bushels of wheat to be divided equally, how many bushels is that for each?" Boldest of the boys.—"Please, sir, we've not gone that far." "How is that? Your teacher told me you had learned all the first four rules!" Boy.—"Yes, sir; but we have always done our sums in potatoes and turnips—we have never had wheat."

A SAILOR on one occasion applied to a sea-captain for relief for cramp in his stomach. The captain had a household medical book, with the diseases and remedies each numbered. He found the sailor's complaint under No. 15, and prescribed the medicine. Unfortunately, however, there was a run upon No. 15, and the bottle was soon empty. But the skipper made up a dose by combining Nos. 8 and 7, saying, "8 and 7 make 15;" and the sailor, to whom the calculation seemed quite natural, felt for a week afterward as if he wanted to die and be out of his misery.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection; the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in this country by trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets;" peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it and go to table waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, uncover the pot and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

TO PROTECT CLOTH AGAINST MOTHS.—Reimann, the celebrated German chemist, recommends for this purpose steeping the cloth for twelve hours in a solution prepared in the following manner: Ten pounds of alum and twenty pounds of sugar of lead are dissolved in warm water, the mixture being left undisturbed until the precipitate of lead sulphate is deposited. The clear liquor, now consisting of acetate of alumina, is then drawn off and mixed with 180 gallons of water, in which a little isinglass has been dissolved. When well steeped, the goods are dried and finished by pressure or otherwise.

The sulphate of ammonia is excellent manurial liquid to apply to verbenas or any other flower, giving to the foliage a dark-green, luxuriant and healthy appearance. It is economical, clean and easily applied. Prepare it in the evening, before using, by dissolving one ounce of ammonia in two gallons of water. It may be applied once a week with safety.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Make a sponge by boiling four good-sized potatoes; when soft, mash fine; then stir in a cup of flour; pour on the water in which the potatoes were boiled scalding hot, and if not sufficient to make three pints of the mixture, add cold water. When the milk is warm put in a teacup of soft yeast, and set in a moderately warm place to rise. After it becomes light, put in a teacup of good brown sugar (white is not good), and stir in Graham flour until thick enough to drop heavily into the greased baking-pans. Set it to rise again, and bake in a moderately hot oven forty minutes. This quantity will make two large loaves, and when taken from the oven should be allowed to stand five minutes before removal from the pans. Sheet-iron bread-pans are much to be preferred to tin for any bread, but especially for Graham, baking more slowly, but much more evenly. If the sponge seems at all sour, add a little soda.

SHORT CAKE.—Four cups of sifted flour, one teacupful of cream, one pint of milk, one even tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted with flour. Roll as soft as possible; cut small, thick cakes with a form, and bake on a griddle.

CELERY.—Cut off the leaves, and cut the stalk into pieces two inches long; boil it in a little water ten minutes, and then add a piece of butter rolled in flour; add salt and pepper. If you wish it richer, boil the celery in a little veal gravy; add cream, beaten eggs, nutmeg and a bit of butter.

CORN CAKE.—One cup of Indian meal, one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of flour, half a tablespoonful of brown sugar, one egg, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of yeast powder or azumea. Bake in a quick oven. This will be sufficient for a family of three.

MOCK CREAM.—Boil the milk in a tea-kettle boiler; stir up the egg, corn-starch and butter together; add to the milk when hot.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29, 1873.

No. 22.



"YOU RECOGNIZE THIS FACE, THEN, DO YOU?"—P. 408.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A POINT OF HONOR.

"THE question is, Bertie," said St. Julian, "what has put such an absurd idea into your head?"
The two friends were sitting at breakfast at a very late hour on the morning after Madame Alvarez had achieved what the critics were good enough to call "her brilliant

success" in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and as St. Julian asked this question, he looked with a smile at the pleasant, frank face, slightly overcast just now, of Bertie Lauriston.

"Is it an absurd idea?" said the latter. "By Jove, I am not so sure of that. And as for what put it into my head, Madame Alvarez herself put it there. You might have seen how strangely startled she was at the sound of my name last night."

"I did see that she was a little startled," St. Julian answered. "But she explained the cause of her surprise with sufficient frankness, I am sure."

"The cause is exactly what she did not explain,"

Lauriston replied. "She only told me that she had 'known' Godfrey Lauriston. But was that any reason why she should turn pale and look so—so very queer, because she met another man of the same name? Depend upon it, she has known Godfrey Lauriston in some more than ordinary way; and you may laugh if you please, but I feel a conviction approaching to a certainty that he must have been her husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said St. Julian. "He was some associate or comrade of her husband perhaps, and for aught we know, a lover of her own; but M. Blanc mentioned her married name to me last night, and I can assure you for your satisfaction that it was not Lauriston."

"What was it?" asked the other, eagerly.

"If I can remember, I'll tell you," said his friend; "but the deuce has taken my memory of late, and then I am not Alvarez mad, you know. Try some of this *paté*, Bertie. It is better than disquieting yourself about dead and gone socialists. Apropos, how did you like the entertainment last night? Rather brilliant, wasn't it? Too many people, perhaps—as Mrs. Browning says, 'I'll name a fault here'—but all of them people worth knowing. Savarin himself might have prepared the menu, and the vintage was royal. So is the Alvarez herself, for that matter. It may gratify you to hear that I have never found a public personage who stood the test of private acquaintance so well."

"She is divine!" said Lauriston, with enthusiasm. "She is not only the greatest actress, but she is the most beautiful, the most graceful, the—the most fascinating woman, I have ever seen. Do you know, St. Julian, I can imagine a man's sacrificing anything and everything for such a woman as that?"

"Can you?" said St. Julian, dryly. "Well, you are not singular in that respect. A good many men have sacrificed anything and everything for just such women. There's something of more than ordinary sorcery in those dark eyes of hers, and her mouth is one of those 'things of beauty' which may truly be defined as 'joys for ever.' I can't say that I should care very much about kissing it, though," he added, candidly. "It is astonishing how some mouths are at once suggestive of that amusement, while others again are not."

"The others are made for better uses," said Bertie, a little indignantly. "Don't blaspheme, St. Julian. It is sacrilege to talk of kissing those lips, which might be cut in marble without the alteration of a line, as if they were the 'roselud mouth' of some red-cheeked school-girl."

"Rosebuds are very pretty things, and so are school-girls sometimes," said St. Julian, coolly. "It seems to me that there is a great deal of unnecessary obloquy cast upon that unfortunate class, considering that all of our goddesses have smelt of bread and butter once at least in their lives. As for Madame Alvarez' mouth being cut in marble without the alteration of a line, why, so might yours or mine, for that matter, but would the result be very striking?"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, yes, I think it would be nonsense; but there is really no telling how soon such things may be done. Ideal conceptions of beauty may before long find themselves ousted as summarily from sculpture as they have already been from literature and painting. Realism is the war-cry of all the critics—what a pity they are not all hanged!—until they have hunted everything that is not tame, commonplace and thoroughly hideous from modern writing and modern art."

"I suppose they have," said Bertie. He was of a most obliging disposition, and would have agreed to anything just then to stop the career of the other's hobby. "They are good for some things, however—the critics," he went on, magnanimously. "Just see how well they speak of Madame Alvarez' Adrienne this morning. Have you read the papers? I called for them as soon as I was awake."

"Madame Alvarez is a very charming woman," said St. Julian, dryly; "and if you noticed, she kept her sweetest smiles and glances for the journalists last night."

"Well, and why not?" said Lauriston, stoutly. "They make her public, and the public make her bread."

"That is very true; but if she chanced to be God Lauriston's widow, as you have a fancy to suppose ought to be above depending on the public for bread, oughtn't she?"

He asked the question lightly and in jest, for Bertie conjectured with regard to Godfrey Lauriston and famous actress had seemed to him like the wildest dream; but after he asked it, he was struck by the change which it brought over his companion's face. Bertie only started, but the whole color and expression of his countenance altered. St. Julian could not avoid seeing that for some reason his careless words had struck with telling force.

"Good Heavens!" Lauriston said, speaking as men speak in the face of a sudden revelation, and his eyes, which were gazing at the other, sprang wide open with a look of startled amazement. "By George!" he said, after a minute; "I did not think of that before! It is queer that I should have forgotten it, but upon my word I did altogether."

"Forgotten what?" asked St. Julian, surprised and not a little curious. "Have I said anything extraordinary, that you look like that? I am sure I was not at all aware of it if so."

"No, you did not say anything extraordinary," Lauriston answered, gravely. "It was only that I remembered just then something which it is strange I should have forgotten."

"And may I ask what it was? Excuse me if I am inquisitive; but when you tell a man that his own words have suggested something that makes your eyes as large as saucers, of course you naturally make him curious regarding it."

"It is no secret," Bertie answered, "and Heaven forbid that I should ever attempt or desire to make it one. The only thing which your words have recalled to me was the simple fact that if Madame Alvarez or any other woman is the widow of Godfrey Lauriston, it is she, and not I, who is the rightful owner of the Lauriston estate."

"What!" said St. Julian, overcome with amazement. But after Bertie had repeated the statement, he shrugged his shoulders in his usual manner. "My dear fellow," he said, "is it champagne or the *grande passion* which has turned your head? It must be one or the other, surely, else you would not make an assertion which can have no possible ground in common sense or law."

"Hasn't it?" said Bertie, smiling. "But as it chances, I am not quite so quixotic or so foolish as you suppose, and I happen to know what I am talking about. Godfrey Lauriston—But do you know who Godfrey Lauriston was?"

"Not I."

"Well, you ought to know, if only to understand that I am not talking nonsense. He was the only son and heir of the Lauriston—Archibald by name—who held the estate just before my father. A rare old fellow this Archibald Lauriston must have been, to judge from all that I have heard of him and from his picture which is at home—as handsome and stern a face as one need care to see. He was a staunch aristocrat, moreover—as became a man whose ancestors left England with King James—but unfortunately his only son took exactly an opposite view of politics. Having been sent abroad for his education, he came home steeped to the lips in socialistic red republicanism. Now, some men can keep wild theories to themselves and enjoy them quietly, especially in a country where, as a general rule, nobody cares a straw what you think; but there are others who cannot rest unless they are thrusting these opinions into the faces of all around them. Both Archibald Lauriston and his son were of the latter stamp. A battle-royal was raging between them all the time, I have heard my father say, who as a cousin—the last of another branch of the family—was often in the house. It culminated finally in an open rupture, when Godfrey asserted that if Lauriston was ever his, he would turn it into a Fourieristic phalanstery. Lauriston never should be his, then, the father rejoined, swearing a solemn oath (so I have heard my father say) that he would set fire to the house with his own hand sooner than suffer it to pass into the possession of a socialist. The upshot of the matter was that he married a second wife with the avowed purpose of

disinheriting his son, and that Godfrey Lauriston went abroad with the avowed purpose on his part of never returning to America. Nor did he. It is true the father's second marriage proved barren, and he would have been glad enough after a while to make a compromise with Godfrey, but Godfrey never appeared for the purpose. After he sailed from America all trace of him was lost, and not a single item of news concerning him ever came back to the family and friends he had left. Archibald Lauriston outlived his second wife, and as time went on made countless efforts to discover the fate of his son, but they were all in vain. When he died, it was found that he left Lauriston and all his personal and real estate—an immense bequest, as you know—to my father (then a struggling lawyer), *in trust for Godfrey or his heirs.*"

"I should not have been obliged to him for any such trust," said St. Julian, dryly.

"So my father thought, and for some time he refused to accept, or in any way enjoy, the inheritance. But after the executors of the will had employed every possible means of search for the missing heir, and after they had all failed and it became the unanimous opinion of everybody concerned that he must of necessity be dead, they represented the matter so strongly to my father that he was at last induced to accept the estate. And so it came to me, and so you may understand what I meant when I said that if Madame Alvarez or any other woman was Godfrey Lauriston's widow, she is the rightful owner of Lauriston."

"I understand exactly what you mean," answered St. Julian, gravely, "but I understand also that the less publicity you give this story, the better. It is all nonsense—utter nonsense—about Godfrey Lauriston's having a widow whom neither his father nor the executors you speak of were able to unearth; but the mere hint of such an inheritance awaiting claimants would suggest to any needy adventurer the idea of imposture. The fact of Godfrey Lauriston having lived abroad would make such a thing extremely feasible."

"Stuff, St. Julian! Things of that kind happen only in novels."

"You are mistaken about that. Ask any lawyer, and he will tell you how full legal records are of exactly such occurrences. Impostors are always ready to spring up whenever there is the least chance of a golden harvest to be reaped. Therefore, I say, hold your tongue. It is time enough to talk of claimants to the estate when they present themselves."

"But how can they present themselves if they do not know?" said Bertie. "I shall not talk about the inheritance, St. Julian—despite your evident doubts on the subject, I am not quite a fool—but I must, if possible, see Madame Alvarez again, and learn all that she can tell me about Godfrey Lauriston."

"Let sleeping dogs lie," Bertie. There never was a better proverb than that, though there have been many more elegant."

"But it is not honest," said Bertie. "As my father's representative, I hold this estate *in trust* for Godfrey Lauriston or his heirs. Now, this which Madame Alvarez has given is the first trace that was discovered of him, and as an honorable man I am bound to follow it up."

"You will find that it leads to nothing."

"So much the better, then, but you cannot expect me to take that for granted. By Jove, St. Julian! it is I who should feel like an impostor if this man left a wife and children who may be suffering want while I hold their rightful inheritance."

St. Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"You twit me about being a poet, Bertie," he said, "but I am decidedly the most practical of the two. All that about a widow and children is nonsense, and wildly improbable besides. You talk of not taking things for granted, when, in fact, you are taking *everything* for granted. You always were a hard-headed beggar, however, and I suppose there is nothing to be gained by arguing with you. Let me hear, therefore, how you propose to prosecute your inquiries with La Alvarez."

"I propose to go to her to-day," said Bertie, quietly.

"And if you were a marquis, my dear fellow, instead of a Lauriston of Lauriston, you would not be admitted."

"Then I shall write and request the honor of an interview."

"*Et bien!* I have a suspicion that your conscientious scruples about Godfrey Lauriston and his apocryphal widow and children are very convenient just now as an excuse to see your actress divinity."

"I'll not deny that they are convenient," said Bertie, laughingly, "but, nevertheless, they are sincere."

And the young fellow was right enough. They were undoubtedly sincere, but they were also very convenient, as he felt with a thrill, a few hours later, when he rang the door-bell of Madame Alvarez' apartments *au premier* overlooking the Rue de Rivoli. St. Julian was with him, and it was evident to both, from the air of the servant who received their cards, that there was but little hope of seeing the famous actress. Madame had given no orders to be denied to visitors, this personage said, but it was scarcely likely she was disengaged. Nevertheless, if the gentlemen insisted, he would ascertain whether or not she would receive them.

The gentlemen did insist, and their tone and manner, aided by a liberal *douceur*, prevailed so far that they were admitted to an ante-chamber to await the pleasure of the fair autocrat. "We have not the faintest claim to see or be seen, Bertie," said St. Julian. "She is certain to be 'engaged.'" But as much to his surprise as to that of the servant, who returned with an increased air of respect, Madame Alvarez was disengaged, and desired that the gentlemen should be shown into her presence.

Into her presence accordingly they were shown, following the velvet-shod lackey through several apartments full of tall mirrors and cabinets and vases, into a boudoir smaller than the rest, but infinitely more charming—a room which would have been a gem for an empress—where the actress herself rose to receive them. Both were struck alike by the grace and cordiality of her welcome—a far more gracious welcome than either of them had expected or felt that he had any right to expect. "I am happy to see you, messieurs," she said, in her soft, musical speech, and the words illy represented the charm of manner which accompanied them. Even St. Julian grounded arms and surrendered himself to the enchantment of the beautiful, gracious eyes.

She put them at their ease at once, and conversation rippled on brightly and gracefully for some time—for so long a time, indeed, that it was a glance from his friend which at last warned Bertie that they were transcending the ordinary limits of a morning call without having once touched upon the subject which had brought them there. Then, as the young fellow hesitated a minute, uncertain how to begin, his glance chanced to rest on a small cabinet-picture which he had not observed before. Madame Alvarez was at that moment speaking to St. Julian. To gain time, therefore, for a second's cool thought, he rose and walked over to the recess where it hung.

Then he saw that it was the portrait of a young and handsome man. Not an ordinary-looking man by any means—strikingly the reverse, in fact—a man who looked as if he possessed the fatal gift of doing, daring and suffering much above his fellows. The firmly-braced lips were stern, and there was a keenness which matched them in the steadfast eyes; but there was much of benignity, as well as of intellect, on the broad, massive brow framed by such short, clustering curls, as we see in the portraits of Lord Byron. Altogether, it was a face which no one who had seen it once could possibly forget or mistake; and as he gazed at it, a sudden flash of recognition came to Bertie. *It was the face of Godfrey Lauriston!* There was not only a look common to all the name—a look shared by himself—on the noble, clearly-cut features, but besides this family likeness, there was an individual likeness impossible to mistake to that portrait of Archibald Lauriston of which he had spoken to St. Julian, and also to the picture of a graceful, bold-eyed boy standing beside his favorite horse which hung in the great hall at Lauriston—a picture which strangers were always told was the sole memorial of the missing heir.

As may be imagined, Bertie's heart gave a leap when this knowledge came to him as if by inspiration; and as he turned, uttering an exclamation, he found that Madame Alvarez had followed, and was standing beside him.

"You recognize this face, then, do you, monsieur?" she said, calmly—so calmly that Bertie thought how right St. Julian was in characterizing as "absurd" the supposition that she could possibly have been the wife of the man before whose portrait they were standing.

"Yes, madame," he answered at once; "it is the face of my cousin Godfrey Lauriston."

He uttered the words quietly but proudly—he did not choose for any one to think that one Lauriston could possibly be ashamed of another; and as he spoke, the beautiful Spanish eyes turned quickly on him with a look of surprised gratitude which he never forgot.

"You are very good to speak in that tone of a socialist, monsieur," she said. "I thought you would have been more likely to say, 'That is the man who was cast off and disowned by his family.'"

"As it chanced, however, he did the casting off himself," answered Bertie, a little dryly. "Will you pardon me," he went on, "if I say that I ventured to intrude upon you this morning principally to ask if you will be kind enough to tell me something of the life and death of this unfortunate man? I gathered, or inferred, from your words last night, as well as from many other things, that he is dead," he added, quickly, as a change which he did not quite understand came over her face.

"Yes, he is dead," she answered, in a low tone, glancing with a look of mingled sadness and pride at the brave, handsome face silently regarding them. "Since that is said, is not all said, monsieur? What more can you or any other member of the family, which you tell me he cast off, desire to know of him?"

"If you will allow me to speak as the present head of the family, madame," said the young man, with a dignity which surprised even St. Julian, "I answer that I desire to know something more of him, because dead men often leave living representatives, and for the living representatives of Godfrey Lauriston I hold an important trust."

She started, and her eyes gave a quick flash of astonishment and interest.

"How can that be, monsieur?" she asked, with point-blank directness.

"If you will do me the favor of listening to me for a few minutes, I think I shall readily show you how it can be," Bertie answered, as directly as herself, disregarding a glance of warning from St. Julian. "Will you sit down?" he went on, quietly; "what I have to say may occupy a little time."

She had been standing by him, but at this she smiled a little—perhaps it was his straightforward manner that amused her—and sat down in a chair near at hand. Although she smiled, both St. Julian and himself noticed that she was very pale.

"I attend, monsieur," she said.

And then, necessarily at somewhat greater length, Bertie told her the same story which he had already told St. Julian—the story of Godfrey Lauriston and the estate inherited in trust for the absent heir. It was a foolish thing to tell, St. Julian thought, listening irritably, half to Bertie and half to a military band playing the familiar strains of "*Partant pour la Syrie*," not far off. What concerned Madame Alvarez have with the story because the man had been a friend or lover of hers, and she chose to hang his portrait in her boudoir? Madame Alvarez, meanwhile, was listening to Lauriston, with her dark eyes all quivering and glowing in her pale, passionate face. The frank simplicity of the young man seemed to touch and please her. Occasionally she made a comment on his story, but not very often; and when he paused at last, she waited for several minutes before she spoke. There was silence in the room during this time. Nothing was heard save the ticking of the clock on the mantel, the carriages rolling along the street below, and the twittering of a canary at some upper window. Even the soft voice of the actress fell almost sharply on the hush when she spoke at last.

"But you have been reared to consider this inheritance your own," she said, gravely. "It would be hard on you—nay, it seems to me that it would be scarcely right—for Godfrey Lauriston's heirs to claim it at this late day."

"Are there heirs, then?" asked Bertie, eagerly. The poor fellow was honest and loyal as the day, but he could not help a sudden sinking of the heart almost akin to sickness. There was scant cause for wonder at this. Did not the appearance of Godfrey Lauriston's heirs mean penury—or something which by contrast seemed penury—to him?

"That I cannot tell you—at least not now," she answered, slowly. "But I may be able to learn, to make inquiries—that is, if you desire it."

"I do desire it," said Bertie, unflinchingly. "You will make me your debtor for life, madame, if you are good enough to interest yourself in this. But cannot I make the necessary inquiries?" he asked, with sudden recollection. "If you will only tell me how to proceed—"

But she interrupted him, quickly and decidedly.

"That is impossible, monsieur. This is no matter for the police. Private inquiries alone can be made, and I must make them. But," she said, looking at him with a strange wistfulness in her eyes, "had you not better take a short time to decide whether you wish this done? I have reason to believe that your cousin was married, and therefore the heirs of whom you speak may be in existence. Had you not better think a little before they change their ignorance—for they must of necessity be entirely ignorant of the inheritance awaiting them—into knowledge? Say only the word, monsieur," cried she, almost passionately, "and I pledge you my honor that no one with a drop of Godfrey Lauriston's blood in his or her veins shall ever hear the story which you have told me."

"Madame!" said Bertie. He was inexpressibly astonished, and, to tell the truth, a little shocked. He had not expected Madame Alvarez to espouse his cause, much less to make such a proposal as this. "Madame," he went on, after a minute, "you are very kind to think of me at all; but as I have already told you, the greatest service which you can possibly do me is the service of finding Godfrey Lauriston's heirs."

"And if I found them, what then?"

"Then," said the young fellow, with a smile which was brave and bright enough to do him credit, though slightly forced, "I should resign the fortune which my father merely held in trust, and which I, as his representative, cannot do other than hold in the same manner."

"You are determined upon this?"

"I have no choice," said he, flushing slightly. "It is a point of honor."

"But what if these heirs proposed a compromise by which you might retain a part of the estate, as it would surely be only honorable for them to do?"

"It is scarcely worth while to discuss what has not occurred," he answered, flushing more deeply. "It is enough to say that I should not entertain such a proposal for a moment."

"But that is wrong," said she, quickly. "Do you not think so?" she went on, turning to St. Julian, who, up to this point, had taken no part in the conversation. "Do you not believe that he should retain a part, at least, of the inheritance which but for him would never have come to Godfrey Lauriston's heirs at all?"

"I believe, madame," answered St. Julian, coolly, "that the whole affair is, on Bertie's part, so absurd and quixotic, that there is really no room for further absurdity or quixotism. I think I am an honest man," pursued the young cynic, gravely; "but if I were in Lauriston's place, I certainly should not feel that I was in honor or conscience bound to cut my own throat, in a pecuniary sense, by searching for the heirs of a man who had only his own folly to thank for the penury of himself or his children. If they claim the estate, there would be time enough to talk of surrendering; but to search for them—to make this story public, and thereby offer a premium to impostors of every kind and degree—I hold that human madness could go no farther."

"And why do you not heed your friend?" asked Madame Alvarez, turning her lustrous eyes on Bertie. "You

cannot deny that he speaks with much prudence and common sense?"

"Madame," answered Bertie, quietly, "you may take my word that if St. Julian was in my position, he would act precisely as I am doing."

"What a compliment to my sense!" said St. Julian, dryly.

"But he is right," said Madame Alvarez. "You are cutting your own throat, while these heirs may, perhaps, not need the inheritance at all."

"Let them have the opportunity to decide that," said Bertie, smiling faintly. "Pray do not think of me any farther, madame," he went on, impetuously. "I am a man; I shall do very well. Only be good enough to tell me where I can find the wife and children of Godfrey Lauriston. That is all I ask."

"But it is what I cannot tell at once," she answered. "You must give me time, and I will do my best for you. Can I say more than that?"

"Not to one who knows what Madame Alvarez's best can be," he answered, flushing again, but this time with pleasure, under the kindly glance she gave.

Then feeling that his visit had by this time passed beyond all reasonable limits, he rose to make his adieux. "When can I hope for the pleasure of seeing you again, madame?" he asked, a little wistfully. "The hours will seem leaden-weighted until that time."

"Until you may be called upon to surrender your inheritance?" said she, smiling faintly. "Surely not that, monsieur. But if they will be leaden-weighted, why not abridge them? Why should not M. St. Julian and yourself do me the honor of taking supper with me to-night after the play?"

How eagerly this invitation was accepted—an invitation which just then marquises and dukes were anxious to gain—that is quite needless to say. Despite the information which he had received with regard to Godfrey Lauriston's probable heirs, Bertie seemed to tread on air as he left the *porte-cochère*. He even turned and smiled into his companion's grave face.

"What do you think of it all, St. Julian? I am curious to hear," he said.

But St. Julian only shrugged his shoulders.

"I think several things," he responded; "but I am not fool enough to tell any of them to you, Bertie."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REASON WHY.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

I AM on the defensive. I always was. I expect I always will be. It is my nature. Candid but unappreciative friends declare that I take delight in being contradictory, and hint that a phrenologist would find the bump of combativeness extraordinarily developed on my cranium. It may be so, but I think they are mistaken. I am convinced that this trait of my character should be traced to the mathematical bent of my mind, united to that love of just dealing and fair play which so eminently distinguishes me as an individual. Thus, when one side only of a subject is presented to me, my mathematical instincts immediately suggest that there must be two sides at least, if not three or more, and my generous impulses at once urge me to espouse and defend the side which is overlooked or attacked.

Thus, you see, I am obliged, by the very generosity of my nature, to be always on the defensive. It is unfortunate when one is compelled thus to defend one's own character; but when one is so universally misunderstood and misrepresented, what is to be done? Such a course outrages the extreme modesty with which I am overburdened; still, I could not endure the thought of going down to the grave without leaving a single record behind me by which my future biographer might be enabled to approximate the truth on one point at least in his summing up of my character. If he deals fairly with me in this particular, perhaps I can survive the rest, as so many good people before me—the victims of biographers—have

been obliged to do, since expostulation or denial is impossible from the tomb.

I am on the defensive in this article. I assumed the defensive on the subject of which this article treats long before I could find any adequate grounds for my position. But I felt sure there must be such grounds, and I have been casting about ever since to find them. The reader who has followed me thus far may, by this time, if his curiosity is unduly developed—as it sometimes is in unfortunate individuals—like to be informed what this subject is. Out of pity to him I rise to explain. He will find the subject discussed in every form and from every point of view, in every journal in the land. No pen so poor but it feels itself equal to this subject. It is, so to speak, the question of the day, seeming to underlie all other questions. This question, put in a proper form for discussion in a debating society, would read, "Shall women do their own housework?"

If servants are idle, incompetent, aggressive, exorbitant in their demands, why, let the mistress discharge them all, and herself take their places in kitchen, dining-room and chamber. If Bridget decamps at a critical period and leaves her mistress in the lurch, why, let that mistress prove herself equal to the emergency by turning from the manipulation of the piano keys to the manipulation of pots and kettles; and then, when Bridget comes back repentant and suppliant to the door, repel her in scorn, and reign henceforth and for ever in domestic regions from choice rather than from necessity.

Is a woman feeble, nervous and ailing, there is nothing (say those who have never tried it) like a course over the wash-tub to bring strength to her muscles—nothing like bending over a hot cook-stove for bringing roses to her cheeks. (Deny that last proposition who dare.)

Does a woman have vague longings for something beyond her actual every-day life, there is nothing which will as soon bring her mind down to practicalities (and keep it there, too) as a thorough initiation into all the mysteries of the kitchen and laundry. Is a woman foolish enough to want to vote, there is always somebody ready to tell her, either by word of mouth or through the public prints, that if she were to give proper attention to the mending of her husband's socks and the getting up of his linen, she would find enough to do, without trying to get outside the recognized limits of feminine capacity.

If a man's income hardly meets his outgo, the suggested remedy is not that he shall curtail his own personal expenses—wear a little less fine broadcloth, forego cigars altogether, omit expensive meals at the restaurant, sweep his own office, build his own fires and put his own coal in the cellar—but that his wife and daughters shall be required to take upon themselves the roles of cook, chambermaid and laundress, and, presto! what a change, not only in economy, but in health!

I have thus reviewed the affirmative of the question as discussed in this great national debating society. It sounds very well, and really there is a great deal of truth mixed up with a great deal of nonsense in the arguments. Now, without absolutely taking the negative, I propose to make a defence against these arguments. Please do not consider that I am touched in any tender spot by them. My sympathies would naturally be with the affirmative, were it not for that curious phase of my character which I have already described at some length. But that and my philanthropy (another trait which overweening modesty forbids me to more than mention) have impelled me to look about for some word of defence for those poor misguided women who do not do their own work. I felt sure there must be some reason for this sad state of things, but for a long time I groped in the dark. At last I found one. It flashed upon me suddenly, and seems to illuminate the whole subject so thoroughly that I stand in constant terror of some other person seeing by the light of it, and by promulgating the fact first, rob me of the honor due me as prior discoverer.

It all came of riding a hobby. Let me say in confidence that I am somewhat given to this sort of equestrianism, occasionally riding circus fashion—three or four at once. This particular hobby was architecture. I was examining

a book on architecture when my mind received its illumination, or, shall I say, inspiration? I re-examined the book before me, examined other books of like character, and took to studying every architectural design, whether from the pencil of professional or amateur, in literary, building and agricultural publications. My opinions were strengthened until they reached the point of certainty. My conclusion was this: A "model" residence, be it large or small, planned by any architect under the sun, that same being a man, is, in nine cases out of ten, of such a character as to render it impossible for any ordinary woman to perform the multifarious duties of mistress and maid-of-all-work, without serious risks to health and temper, if not to life itself.

Let me illustrate. I have before me a book by one of our best American architects, containing a large number of designs for country and suburban residences—the book, in fact, the examination of which opened my eyes. Let me look at it at random: Page 72, a suburban residence. Let us see. The first floor contains seven rooms besides hall, vestibule, porches and verandahs. All very well if there were not a like number of rooms above, and nearly as many more in the attic. It is very nicely arranged, and in every respect a stylish house; but a maid-of-all-work must traverse a distance of seventy-five feet from the kitchen door to the front door to answer the summons of the bell, even if she take the shortest way. If she prefers to avoid crossing the dining-room, and make her way by the passage intended for a servant's use, it lengthens the walk to about ninety feet. Whichever way she goes, there are five doors to open and shut. The parlor and library are nearly as distant, so that we can hardly imagine she will often seek them during the intervals in her labor. Then, when it comes to chamber work, there is an equal amount of space to traverse, with the flight of stairs added, which is probably not less than twelve or fourteen feet. Now, is it not folly to tell the lady who occupies this house, if she has trouble with her servants, that she would find it to her interest to discharge them and do her own housework? She cannot do it. Such a house can only be kept up by a corps of well-trained domestics.

Let us look again. This time I will not open at random, but will look for a house the size of which would seem to justify the suggestions of our would-be reformers. Page 132, is a very pretty house, styled an American cottage, certainly not too large for the needs of a family of taste and culture. There are five rooms on the first floor, including a large square hall. But from back of kitchen to front of parlor is a distance of sixty-eight feet. There is no direct communication from kitchen to dining-room, but two doors must be opened and a passage-way traversed, while the sitting-room is connected with the kitchen by a long right-angled passage-way thirty-five feet in length.

Here, again, is a plan where from the kitchen range to the front door it is sixty feet, and the bay-windows—the pleasant nooks—of parlor and library are even more remote. I will not specify more, for these are about fair samples of them all. In many places the kitchen is either separated from the dining-room by a passage of greater or less length, or by a butler's pantry, which often has only a communicating window instead of door. These arrangements may do where there are plenty of servants, but the weary mistress-maid would soon long for some means of "saving steps." Any lady who could assume the protean characters required of her in such a house, and fulfil them satisfactorily to herself and others, would find the proper place to develop the true bent of her genius upon the stage.

Now, I have a few ideas of my own on architecture which I have been desiring for a long time to put forth, and shall probably never have a better opportunity than the present to make them public. I am not going to enter into the subject of ventilation and all that sort of thing, though no doubt I could write very learnedly on such matters after a due preparation of "reading up." But so far my own particular builder has saved me all necessity of studying these points by certain ingenious contrivances of his own, which, as I hardly think he has patented them, I may safely describe. He provides for a free cir-

culatation of air by leaving a narrow aperture around and under each door, and sometimes between the panels of the doors themselves—an excellent arrangement, no doubt, but a little uncomfortable sometimes, when there happens to be a keen nor'wester.

By what perversity of taste do that class of people who have no intention of exercising anything but the most limited hospitality insist upon a long and narrow hall at one side or through the centre of their houses? It cannot be on the score of beauty, for there is nothing uglier than these narrow, unfurnished, usually dark apartments. It cannot be for convenience, for as a rule they are most inconvenient, adding to the steps to be taken. It cannot be for comfort, for in winter, all unwarmed as they generally are, they are the places for draughts and chills—the very places to catch cold in. They economize neither space nor labor. Their floor must have some sort of a covering, and they must be kept clean.

I admit that there is a certain necessity for an ante-room to the house, also for having the stairs somewhat separate from the rest of the house. But why cannot this hall from which the stairs ascend be square instead of long and narrow, and thus give some opportunity for beauty, or at least cheerfulness, in architecture and furnishing?

I am not talking about city houses. One who wilfully lives within the limits of a city must accept the inevitable. I once lived in a city myself, and know all about it. I cooked and ate in a basement, sewed and received company on the first floor, and studied and slept on the third. And what with running up and down stairs in the heat of summer and the cold of winter twenty times or more a day, and eating baker's bread the year around, it is a wonder I am alive to write this article. I am talking about people who live in the country, or in towns where there is plenty of available space to spread themselves architecturally in any form they choose.

I confess to a belief that for a family living entirely to itself, and whose guests are never other than relatives or close personal friends, a staircase ascending directly from the most-used room in the house is the most economical in space, in money and in labor. Such an arrangement is always comfortable and homelike. If prejudice absolutely forbids this, then let the stairs lead from a square room which may be called a hall, but which can be used equally well as a reception-room for business or unceremonious calls—a room which should be pleasantly and tastefully furnished, and give, in its adornments and general appearance to the visitor, an idea of what is to be expected beyond—like a preface to a book.

I have a plan of such a hall in my mind which I would have carried out before now if my builder had not blindly and selfishly let a mere matter of dollars and cents stand in the way of aesthetics. It is a pretty room, from the centre of which—not creeping coward-like along the side—a flight of stairs boldly ascends. Before it quite reaches the second floor it pauses before a bay-window, or at least a window broad and deep, filled with green and blossoming plants and vines. The stairs, turning courteously either way, so as not to disturb this beauty, fulfil their destiny. In the deep recesses on either side the stairs are bookcases, while pictures, vases and statuettes occupy appropriate places on the walls. Such a hall, finished in oak and walnut, with a matting of inlaid wood or dark-green carpeting, if preferred, and with furniture to match, would surpass in elegance all the long, creeping, dimly-lighted passage-ways I ever yet saw, either in books or out.

Whether the stairs are made to ascend from a hall or common sitting-room, I can hardly imagine a house so small as not to require a second flight, if housework is to be done with neatness and despatch.

If I were to build a house according to my own whims, and unrestricted by any builder's notions, I would so arrange it that the kitchen should be within speaking distance of every other room on the ground floor, so that the mistress could read or write in her library, entertain her company in state in her parlor, or enjoy familiar chat with her husband in the cosy sitting-room, and at the same time keep a watchful eye on the bread-baking, the coffee-roasting, or the soup simmering on the kitchen stove. I

would have water brought immediately within the kitchen, and the waste carried out as directly. I would, if necessary, economize in the size of my parlor for the sake of a pantry; and yet how often are pantries omitted altogether as unnecessary, and an abominable dresser substituted in their place! I would, in fact, have all things arranged with special reference to a woman's doing her own work, and doing it in the quickest and easiest manner.

When men wish to be particularly exasperating, they remind us of what our grandmothers did in the good old times. These wonderful ladies brewed and baked and spun and wove, and performed prodigies in housekeeping, at the same time having few or none of the conveniences that we now have. True, every word of it, but only half a truth, after all. With modern conveniences have come in increased demands. Our grandmother sat in her spacious kitchen, and never dreamed of opening her dreary best room except on state occasions. The lady of to-day is reminded that she must be a handsome parlor ornament, must dress attractively, keep herself posted in literature, practice her music, and all that sort of thing, in addition to her domestic duties, if she would entertain her husband and preserve his affections.

Our grandmother, when she would get dinner, swung out the crane in the capacious fireplace, hung the big-bellied dinner-pot on the hook, plumped into it a generous piece of corned beef and another of pickled pork, and at proper intervals added potatoes, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, turnips and beets, preceded probably by the pudding-bag, containing the pudding for dessert. This last pudding was made of corn meal and

"Great lumps of sust
They put into it."

after the fashion of the wife of the good king Arthur. The husband and hired man came in with hearty appetites, ate and gave thanks, nor dreamed of cause for dissatisfaction. Imagine a husband of to-day, whose wife is trying honestly to dispense with the help of servants, sitting down to a dinner, the different articles of which have all been cooked in one pot! The soup, the roast, the side-dishes and the delicate dessert which he expects, servants or no servants, notwithstanding our much-vaunted modern improvements, have taken far more labor and care in their preparation than the boiled dinner of a few generations back, though stoves and ranges were then unknown.

Our grandmother did her baking of bread, cakes and pies on one day in a week, and was done with it. How thankful we ought to be that we escaped the eating of that stale bread and pastry!

Believe me, it is not the women, but the houses and the times, that are in fault. So long as houses are built as they now are, and so long as men expect upon their private tables the results of the labors of a professional cook, just so long will servants be found necessary or mistresses will literally "die in the attempt" to do their housework themselves.

I do not believe that women are the helpless, fragile, good-for-nothing beings some would make them out to be, and I do think a woman might be equally happy and useful who never bent over the washtub or clear-starched a collar. But if you really wish her to enter the domains of the kitchen, either for her health, comfort or usefulness, then clear the way for this exodus from the parlor by making the change possible in the first place and desirable in the second; cease for a while preaching to and abusing women, and turn your attention to a thorough reformation in house-building as an important, and indeed necessary, preliminary to so desirable a reform.

PASSION, when deep, is still; the glaring eye
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,
The lip that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted till its wrinkles hide
The keen, fixed orbs that burn and flash below,
The hand firm clenched and quivering, and the foot
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.

AROUND FLORIDA.

No. 3.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

FROM the time of the foundation of St. Augustine by the brave and cruel Menendez de Aviles, in 1565, it has had the most eventful and checkered career, animated and colored as has been its history by every passion known to the human heart. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake attacked the settlement and burned the town. Many of the inhabitants were slaughtered by the Indians in the early part of the seventeenth century, and in 1665 their homes suffered at the hands of the English buccaneers. The country was again devastated in 1702 by Gov. Moore, of South Carolina, and the city was besieged in 1740 by Gen. Oglethorpe, who, meeting with a brave and determined resistance, was unsuccessful in his plans for its reduction.

Together with the entire peninsula, St. Augustine was ceded in 1763 to the English, in whose possession it remained till 1784, when the rightful standard was again raised to its balmy breezes, and it became, as before, a Spanish dependency, remaining such till 1819, when it was purchased by the United States at a cost of five millions of dollars.

In 1835 we are told that the venerable city enjoyed a brief and evanescent prosperity, owing to the Seminole War, which laid waste the surrounding country, and for the time being rendered the city a basis of military operations. At the close of this sanguinary struggle, the town relapsed to the state of peaceful poverty and contented repose which has ever since been its leading characteristic.

From the belfry of the cathedral, fronting the plaza in the centre of the town, may be had a charming and extended view of its buildings and environs, the former covering a parallelogram of a mile in length and half a mile in width. Toward the north rises the time-honored and oft-besieged castle of San Marco, mellow in the sunlight, and in color of pleasing contrast to the blue waters and green flats beyond. The castle is the northern terminus of the sea-wall, which is a mile in length, and leads from thence to the United States barracks on the south, bordering in its course the inlet or harbor. Beyond the harbor, and seaward, lies the island of Anastasia, sentinelled by a lone lighthouse, and attacked by the never-ceasing surges of the broad Atlantic. Anastasia furnishes the coquina-stone, a shell conglomerate of which the town is mostly composed.

From San Marco, directly west, the picturesque Moorish "city gates" stand forth conspicuous, and the San Sebastian River and outlying salt meadows on the south complete this hasty and superficial boundary.

Immediately at our feet is the plaza, with a monument to the "Constitucion" in its centre, and fronting severally here is the court-house, once the residence of the *adalantado*, or governor, now shorn of all save its venerability, the Episcopal church, the St. Augustine Hotel, a few modern residences and a small, open building of quaint design, which from time immemorial has served as a market. These are the salient points which meet the eye, filled in by coquina dwellings and walls opening up the narrow Spanish streets o'erhung by decaying balconies and shaded by the orange and the palmetto, green and vivid in the golden atmosphere.

All that has to do with St. Augustine is of interest to the stranger who finds himself sojourning beneath its blue and tender skies, but of the much that claims his attention the castle of San Marco takes precedent, and seems the strongest link between the placid present and the turbulent and eventful past of the city.

The Catholic chapel, with its curious niches, the lofty cell and crenel through which the daring Seminole escaped, and the dungeons beneath the "Moor's Tower," with their accompanying tale of caged skeletons in thralls of hoop-iron, of starvation and death, excite diverse and intense emotions in the breast of those who tread its massive battlements and decaying cells.

To attempt aught in the nature of history or of lengthy description of this fine specimen of feudal fortification and



ST. AUGUSTINE.

splendid relic of bygone days, would be in one sense a work of supererogation. It has been the subject of oft-repeated and graphic account, not always flavored with the peculiar and scarce seizable genius which is rightfully its own. It was finished in 1756, after plans by the celebrated Vauban, but the time of its foundation is obscure and uncertain. I incline to the belief that it was begun in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, which would make it considerably more than a hundred years in building.

Whether seen in the early mellow morning, at noon, or when reddened by the flame-colored sunset, the ruined San Marco is picturesque and extremely suggestive. In the nights of early spring, when Luna, full and warm, sinks during the small hours toward the horizon, its influence is perhaps most keenly appreciable. The rippling waters of the lagoon plaintively complain as they sob themselves to sleep against its massive foundations, and the radiance of the brilliant cloudless luminary, bathing turret and battlement in a flood of light, falls far beyond the dark abyss of the moat, to rest, with a final flood of glory, on the bosom of the placid Atlantic.

The cathedral shares with San Marco our attention. During Passion week and Easter the services are interesting and curious. Here Catholicism flourishes with something of the mysticism of the Middle Ages, though displaying in its pageant a touching poverty which cannot be

concealed. The dusky faces and devotional groups, the numerous and sanctified relics, the preserved ritual and unquestioning faith, are so little in keeping with the American spirit, that it seems impossible to realize that they co-exist in our widespread Union. The bells, or chimes, by which name they are sometimes dignified, and which from a semi-Moorish belfry summon the worshippers, are three in number, and are beaten after the Spanish fashion, not rung. From the opposite side of the plaza I have often observed a small negro, of impish figure, steal forth at vespers and flit from bell to bell, a grotesque silhouette against the evening sky.

The sound produced by this rapid and unmeaning hammering is by no means musical, but one is disposed to regard it kindly for the sake of the antiquity of the custom and the aged bell, which bears an "Ora Pro Nobis" and the year 1682 engraved upon it.

In connection with the cathedral the cemeteries deserve mention. A small chapel, appertaining to that in the north-western portion of the town, is too often neglected by the stranger. The key is entrusted to the care of a Minorcan family, who dwell in the neighborhood, and ten chances to one the visitor will receive it from the hand of a tawny and bright-eyed child of that interesting people. Within the chapel is a memorial slab or tablet and vault beneath, and above the altar an old engraving of the "Transfiguration," struck from a Spanish press and ad-

mirably executed. Many of the tombs in the cemetery are of strange and uncouth shape, and bear inscriptions recounting the virtues of those who repose beneath. But I warn the visitor to tread here with zealous care, lest a thoughtless step disturbs the earth on some decaying coffin-lid, and discloses to view all that remains of the implacable Spaniard beneath lingering mayhap in purgatory—a soul which, could it return, would exact more than an apology for the affront committed.

Near the barracks, and in the military burying-ground, are three monuments raised to the memory of Major Dade and his command, slaughtered by the Seminoles, and but a little way from here is the convent of St. Mary's, where dwell the good nuns. The sisters make lace-work and other like articles in their leisure-hours, and dispose of them to those who would carry a souvenir from out their quiet walls, noisy at times with the cries of the school children.

And, *en passant*, in the matter of schools, the one maintained for the benefit of the freedmen's children is a model in its way. It is daily open to the visitor, who will be surprised at the marvellous quickness of the majority of the scholars. The singing, of which in part the exercises consist, is in effect most melodious.

The small darkey, a creature which comes to rare perfection here, is a source of never-ending amusement. From the long and pleasant piazzas of the St. Augustine Hotel, in the mild and listless afternoons of winter, I have often observed these woolly-pated would-be heroes contest with each other in the most laughable of bag-races and wrestling-matches. At the bottom of a bucket, half filled with water, a five-cent piece or other coin is placed. Stimulated by the hope of gain, the head of the aspirant for the plaudits of the crowd plunges forward and buries itself in the pail, to issue forth breathless and discomfited ere many seconds, rarely accomplishing the abstraction of the money by the lips, from undue haste and lack of care. This was at times varied by the substitution of a pan containing a half inch or more of flour, into which the money was thrown and then shaken. The last proved the easier feat of the two, and the success of the monkeyish and willing victim, his ebon features wreathed in a triumphant smile, and rendered satiric and grotesque by the clinging flour, was hailed by peals of laughter and shouts from the lookers-on.

The American residents of St. Augustine of ease and affluence form a charming social circle, and together with the guests of the hotels and boarding-houses, which accommodate some six hundred, give it the character of that rare thing in America, "a winter watering-place." Boating, riding and an occasional "hop" are among the diversions of hotel life. Picnics, concerts and fairs of very moderate pretensions, but thoroughly enjoyable, swell the limited programme, and drive away ennui among those who are dependent on like gayeties.

Pure Spanish blood is here no longer known. The townspeople are mostly descended from a colony of Minorcans and Greeks, who emigrated to America in 1756, and after many vicissitudes found protection at the hands of the English during the time of the "Occupation." It is the Minorcan whom one encounters at every turn, and whose interesting exterior is thoroughly in keeping with the place he inhabits. The women are noted for their beauty and its preserved characteristic. They plait the palmetto with great skill and expertness into baskets, fans, hats and other articles, which meet with ready sale, and from which they obtain a not inconsiderable revenue. Blessed by the kindest and most genial of climates, poverty sits gracefully upon their statuesque shoulders, and an indolent contentment—the happy birthright of the descendants of the Latin race—seems peculiarly their own.

Before I conclude this brief sketch of a tour of the peninsula, I would introduce to the reader the orange groves of St. Augustine, from which the inhabitants once derived not only great pleasure, but profit. Several blighting frosts have, alas! in the course of the last century, shorn them of many of their treasures, but happily enough yet remain to delight the eyes of the visitor.

Adjacent to the western outskirts of the town is the grove

to which in fancy I would fain play cicerone. Formerly the residence of a gentleman of wealth and influence, the house is now untenanted and for sale, and the grounds given over to an undergrowth luxuriant and unrestrained.

The stranger pauses to unfasten the tottering gate which leads to the meadow-path and groves beyond. The grim lizard disturbed in his afternoon's siesta springs with the agility of a bird to the farther twig of the wayside shrub, and cautiously regards the intruder with his brilliant jewelled eyes, and the savage and scraggy cattle turn from their rank and scanty meal in the distant meadow and gaze wonderingly upon the trespasser, who, pursuing the path for a few hundred yards, pauses in delight before an arbor where the boughs of the sour orange unite in a graceful arch. Their green and polished leaves are in charming contrast to the golden fruit, and if in the month of March, heightening the beauty of the myriad of blossoms which load the air with their fragrance. Passing beneath this enchanting canopy, we approach the house shut in by foliage untrimmed and unrestrained. The catalpa, the china tree and live-oak are here native. The rose, no more a tender shrub, puts forth in woody fibre, and the jasmine emulates the orange in delicious and languid perfume.

Beyond the untenanted mansion a wide avenue of orange opens out to view, transversed by others where the magnolia and crape myrtle are parted by the hands of the explorer, who at last finds himself beneath the drooping leaves of a superb palmetto palm. The red bird sings in the tangled thicket, a pungent aromatic odor is upon the breezeless air, the short-lived twilight gives place to the placid moon, and the heart, in unison with all nature, is filled with contented repose and forgets all save the beauties of the "Isla Florida," the land of the mythical fountain.

GARRICK WHYTE.

NATURAL ICE-HOUSES.

THE PHENOMENA OF ICE-CAVES.

CAVERNS in which ice is formed during the warmest summer weather are found in several places in this country and in Europe, and they are among the most curious and interesting of the phenomena of nature. In Europe the ice-caves in the Jura Mountains are chiefly deserving of notice. The best known of these is called La Beaume. It is a grotto or cavern hollowed out in a naturally low hill, the average temperature of its position being considerably above thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing point. From the peculiarity of its aperture and general form, no snow can enter, and therefore the internal cold of the place cannot be due to any external cause. The cavern is upward of three hundred feet in length, and at its widest is about a hundred feet, and is naturally divided into three compartments. The traveller who visits it upon a broiling August day, on entering, experiences the most severe and penetrating cold. The first object that strikes the eye is a mass of ice fed by the water, which distils constantly, drop by drop, from a sort of spring in the roof. The whole cavern is covered usually with a solid glittering pavement, clear as crystal, of ice twelve or fifteen inches thick. This, it will be observed, is in summer. The winter comes, and all is changed; the crystalline pavement melts and runs away into water. The solid masses of ice are no longer visible, and the cavern is actually warmer than the external air; and during this period a thick mist issues constantly from its mouth and fills its interior. Surely here is a paradox which, at a less enlightened and more illiberal period, would have been scouted as one of the improbable series called travellers' tales.

Within a few leagues of Geneva there is another ice-cave of almost equal celebrity, called St. George's. It is entered by two well-like pits, down which the visitor must descend by a ladder. The bottom is a solid bed of ice, and its form is that of a lofty hemispherical vault about twenty-seven feet in height, which is covered by a stratum of calcareous rock only eighteen inches thick. The length is seventy-five feet, the width forty feet. Some idea may be formed of the severity of the cold inside when it is wax-

tioned that when the thermometer in the shade outside is at sixty-five degrees, it is at thirty-four degrees, or only two degrees from the freezing point, inside. Now, it is an extraordinary fact that the temperature of a spring which bubbles from the rock at a little distance does not indicate in the remotest manner the existence of such a degree of cold at its source, being on an average at a temperature of fifty-one degrees. Hence it is evident that the cause of the frigorific effects is purely local, and confined to the cave and its immediate vicinity.

In this cave, as in the last, the ice disappears in winter; and, singular to say, the hotter the summer in both cases, the more abundant the productiveness of the caves in this substance. At no great distance from the cave of St. George's is yet another, the entrance to which is announced by a low vault, forty feet or so in width, and by a current of air which falls upon the overheated traveller with folds of deadly coldness, so that the greatest caution is necessary in entering it. Descending by an inclined plane, the cavity is found to become wider from the entrance inward. At the bottom is a horizontal platform of ice. The cave is about sixty feet long by thirty wide. The ice is thickest at the farthest end. The roof presents a beautiful appearance, all pendent with stalactites of the purest ice, and the scene is picturesque in the extreme. Here, also, the ice disappears in winter, only to form again during the warm summer months.

In the south of France is another famous natural ice-cave, that of Fondereule. The cavern is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks and produced a scene of confusion of the wildest description. The occurrence of the cave in this district and its extraordinary phenomena of temperature, etc., are without doubt attributable to this geological disturbance. It was long thought to be a subterranean glacier, and has been described as such; but this is an erroneous view of the case. It is a magnificent cavern, nearly two hundred feet in depth, of very irregular width, and the thickness of the vaulted roof is about sixty-six feet. Its interior is decorated with the most beautiful calcareous stalactites, and the floor is variegated with curious alabaster cones, which shoot out from the sheet of transparent ice forming the pavement. In many places elegant stalactites of ice drop down from the roof like pendants of clear glass, and, as it were, melt into the glassy floor beneath, so that the vault is upheld by pillars of this beautiful material. The alabastrine stalactites are found principally at the sides of the cavern, while the icy ones are in the middle, and here and there produce the effect of rich folds of drapery, clear as water. If a hole is cut in a pillar of ice and a candle placed inside, the most magical effects are produced, and the fantastic aisles of this subterranean temple of cold are illuminated with the richest yellow, blue, green and red tints, the reflected rays playing with illusory effect upon the floor of ice, the pillars of the same substance and of alabaster, and the great stalagmites which line the walls. When torches are arranged in the clearest and best crystallized parts of the cavern, the result is worthy of all that the Arabian Nights could present to the most brilliant imagination. It is a fairy scene of matchless splendor.

Some of these ice-caves have been found in various places in the United States. One is mentioned as existing near New Haven, Connecticut, and another near Hartford. Both of these are said to present all the phenomena alluded to already. The temperature is quite high in winter, and in summer ice forms when the thermometer stands at ninety upon the outside. A more celebrated one, however, existed some years ago, and doubtless yet exists, in Hampshire county, Virginia. The place where the store of cold is found is a sort of a glacier which lies against a steep mural ridge of lofty rock, and is composed of a number of fragments of sandstone of all sizes loosely heaped together. In the midst of these the ice is contained. In the summer ice is found to the depth of a few inches, and a thermometer lowered into the cavity falls at once below the freezing point. The surrounding rocks are covered with dew, owing to the condensation of atmospheric vapor by the excessive coldness of their surface. The atmosphere over

this singular spot has in the hottest season a balmy, spring-like coolness of a most refreshing character.

One of the most curious ice-caves in the world is in Russia, not far from Orenburg. It is situated at the base of a hillock of gypsum, at the eastern end of a village, and is one of a series of apparently natural cellars or hollows used by the peasants for stores. It possesses the property of being filled with ice in summer and destitute of it in winter. A scientific writer, who visited the cave, says, "Standing on the heated ground and under the broiling sun, I shall never forget my astonishment when the woman to whom the cavern belonged opened a door and a volume of air so piercingly keen struck the legs and feet that we were glad to rush into a cold bath in front of us to equalize the effect. We afterward subjected the whole body to the cooling process by entering the cave, which is on a level with the street. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by half-frozen provisions belonging to the natives. The roof of the cavern hung with solid undripping icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagmite of ice and frozen earth." The cold in this cavern is invariably the greatest when the air is hottest outside. As soon as winter sets in, the ice disappears, and in midwinter the cave is of such a genial temperature that the peasants sleep in it without covering. The cave is about thirty feet long and ten feet high. It has a vaulted roof, in which great fissures open which appear to communicate with the body of the hillock.

It was a long time before scientific men ascertained the cause of the existence of such extraordinary cold in these caves, and many false theories meanwhile were advanced. It is now demonstrated that the phenomenon is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—evaporation produces cold. It is well known that in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery, terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in summer descends the vertical shaft and emerges from the horizontal, while in winter the current sets in at the horizontal and issues from the vertical shaft. Now, in every instance mentioned above the arrangement of the cave is precisely similar. The cavern is placed at the bottom of a hill perforated by various rents and chasms. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about fifty degrees. The descending summer current, passing through the channels in the hill, evaporates the water it meets with in its progress, and so rapidly as to become colder and colder in its descent, until, reaching the cave, it is even below thirty-two degrees, and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater the destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate at their base in the cave, consequently the more rapid and intense the evaporation and the more severe the measure of cold produced. Every postulate is satisfactorily answered upon this hypothesis; and while no doubt occasionally the ice found in some of the caves may be part of a glacier or the remains of last winter's products, yet the phenomenon is explicable solely upon this simple and beautiful law.

AN ENDING.

I DREAMED a dream exceeding fair—
They woke me rudely from my sleep;
I toil my task, I nothing ask,
I neither laugh nor weep.

I grow so tired from day to day,
Through hours that lag and drag and creep,
I almost wish to dream again—
To dream again and sleep.

Some day my hands shall lie quite still;
Quite still my heart shall lie in sleep:
I shall not dream, I shall not wake,
I shall not laugh nor weep.



ONLY A BOY.

"AND is this your answer?" He stood with his arm on her chair, calm and grave, but his face like a flame, for his lips touched her hair.

And the soft blue eyes pleadingly turned to his own: "Do not grieve; But such stories are told that I hardly know what to believe."

"They say under those soft skies in Cuba—that sweet land afar— It were folly to worship one absent 'particular star,'

And that most men forget." She laughed faintly. "Say, is it not so? All that past you would fain bring to life is dead long, long ago."

And the sweet eyes mockingly pleaded uplifted to his. "Do such stories amuse you?" he answered. "Then listen to this:

"On the night I left Cuba they charged me to care on my way For a boy who was dying—'the climate' they said; and he lay

"Pale and sleepless, but patient; not suffering much, but so weak, And with eyes that were full of some pain that they wanted to speak.

"As I sat by his side, one sweet eve while the stars lit the sea, He laid one thin white hand on my arm: 'You are so good to me!'

"And I think I should like, when the waves have closed over my head,
That your kind heart at least should know this—from what wounds I have bled."

"He paused, gasped for breath, so I bade him take comfort and rest;
And he smiled—such a smile!—and he laid softly his head on my breast.

"Do not weep—not for him; he has passed now from sorrow and ill;
His poor soul has gone home to its rest—mine is wandering still.

"But a few months ago," he began—"ah! it seems like a dream—
I was near her—life glided along like a beautiful stream.

"I was near her; she welcomed me ever with sweet, smiling eyes;
I could never come often enough, she said—fool's paradise!

"One night—'twas a ball—flowers were wreathed, bright lamps blazed overhead;
I came up for our waltz. I remember the air that they played.

"She was fairer than ever—a brighter rose bloomed on her cheek,
Her lips seemed as if parted with words that an angel might speak.

"In the place that was mine stood another, her hand on his arm,
And her eyes raised to his with the same pleading innocent charm.

"Upon me they fell coldly—before I could speak she moved on;
Their light cut me like steel, and those parted lips turned me to stone.

"It was only a breath, but it scorched me as wild winds destroy.
"Do you think I am cruel?" she said. "Why, he's only a boy!"

"Well, I think 'twas my death-blow—I could not remember and live.
Will you tell her, if ever you meet her, I love and forgive?"

"That night calmly he died. What! still weeping? Ah! dear me! think this:
Hearts are easily broken, and mine is not tougher than his."

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

BY AUDER FORESTIER.

IN a certain little town whose name would be of small moment to the reader, among no matter what lofty mountains, there alighted from the northward-bound train, one pleasant September day, a young lady, who proceeded forthwith to the prominent hotel of the place. Those who consulted the registry-book after she had therein entered her name found written Miss A. Dodge, and a resolution was instantly formed to pay all due honor to the bearer of the name. The arrival was deemed quite opportune, for the majority of the guests, having been stationary many weeks as permanent summer boarders, were quite ready for a new diversion.

The next morning Miss Dodge was agreeably surprised at having her acquaintance sought by a number of ladies, and at realizing altogether an amount of attention which was unparalleled in her experience. She received an invitation to walk to an attractive spot with one group of

ladies, another invited her to drive over to the lake, and yet a third made an appointment with her to ascend the hill in time to view the sunset.

All this was very flattering to Miss Dodge, nor could she avoid regarding it as extremely promising to business prospects. Apparently, the good ladies had been apprised of her mission, and were prepared to profit by it. Nevertheless, the comments made by her new acquaintances when she referred to business puzzled her, and she was astonished to find them so conversant with her views of life. Several times she was on the point of inquiring who had introduced her to their notice, but something always interfered.

In the course of the day Miss Dodge stole time to call on Mr. Martin, the business-man whose inducements had brought her to the place. To her infinite relief, she learned that he was absent from home, and would not return for several days. It seemed indeed delightful that, before settling down to her confining work, she might conscientiously enjoy the bright holiday vouchsafed her.

During the evening the guests were nearly all assembled in the parlor, and ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in doing the stranger homage. Miss Dodge had always been considered agreeable; in the present genial atmosphere she was becoming truly brilliant. She was impelled to relate anecdotes and adventures in a manner that astonished herself, and she found sundry crude opinions ripening into definite form under the deferential questioning to which she was subjected.

The second day, like the first, contained a series of pleasing surprises. In the morning a deputation of citizens called upon Miss Dodge to request her to attend a grand gala reception to be held in her honor at the town-hall. This was very charming, but entirely the reverse of anything she had anticipated.

Miss Dodge was twenty-five years of age, and rather above the medium height of woman. She had exuberant masses of glossy brown hair, which she wore simply coiled above the shapely head, and her large, lustrous eyes were of that hazel-tinted gray which is indicative of a decisive temperament. Her features were not actually handsome, yet they were too characteristically defined to be ever stamped as homely; and when illumined by the smile which was peculiarly its own, the face was very attractive. Her carriage was incomparable, and, moreover, she stood well, which the Countess Hahn-Hahn, in her Faustina, tells us few women can do.

The reception was a success. Numerous prominent citizens harangued the new-comer in words of kindly welcome, and to each little speech she ventured upon an appropriate reply. Throughout the evening constant reference was made to a certain Judge Alden, who was unfortunately out of town, and whose absence was deemed the one drawback to the evening's enjoyment. His wife and daughters were present, and they assured Miss Dodge that the judge would do himself the pleasure of calling so soon as he returned.

Directly after breakfast next morning, Judge Alden's card was brought to our friend, and in no little trepidation she betook herself to the parlor to meet the important man. A most comical-looking little individual, endowed with that sleek complacency and comfortable rotundity indicative of luxuriant living, arose as she entered, and sprang forward with ludicrous alacrity to meet her. As his extended hand met hers, the eye-glasses, so foppishly perched upon his nose, fell from their proud position, and his Honor was forced to readjust them before unburdening himself of the speech trembling upon his lips.

"Miss Dodge," he finally began, placing one plump little hand upon his heart, while with the other he softly pressed the lady's fingers, "it affords me infinite satisfaction to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance. I have long been your most ardent admirer, and I may safely assert that I first interested our townspeople in you."

Here the little man assumed a modest expression, while Miss Dodge, as she gently disengaged her hand and motioned her visitor to a seat, wondered how in the world he had to come to think of pleading her cause.

"You are very kind, Judge Alden," she rejoined. "Before coming here I schooled myself to do battle with cold rebuffs, and instead I am met with universal kindness. Apart from individual satisfaction, this is encouraging to a woman who has the best interests of her sex at heart."

"Ah, my dear lady," was the suave reply, "the entire tendency of your labors proves the force of your last words. The women of the land have cause to thank you for the common-sense views you have disseminated."

"Every mite is of avail, I am aware, but hitherto my field of action has been so small that the fruit of my efforts can scarcely have spread very widely through the land."

"You are too modest—too modest. Why, it would be impossible to estimate the good you have done."

"But how do you know anything about me? Mr. Martin has hitherto been my only acquaintance here, and with him—"

"A town possessing the facilities of ours," interrupted the judge, chuckling with excessive amusement, while the wisdom of an owl settled upon his countenance, "need scarcely rely upon a Mr. Martin for information. We manage to keep up with the current literature of the day, I assure you."

"I do not doubt it, yet cannot conceive what you thus learn about me."

"Truly that is a comical remark—you must excuse my saying so, Miss Dodge—a most comical remark for a lady of your reputation to make."

"I do not understand you," she said, regarding him with a puzzled air.

"Why, simply, the author of your writings—"

"My writings—my writings! Why, where have you seen any of my letters?"

"It would be rather absurd to intrude upon Miss Dodge's private correspondence, when her books and magazine articles have so large a circulation."

"My books? My magazine articles? Judge Alden, I never wrote a line for publication in my life," cried the astonished girl.

The little judge looked seriously offended, and assumed rather a severe tone, as he replied:

"Miss Abigail Dodge forgets that her disguise has long since been penetrated, and that our quiet community, as well as the great world, recognizes her identity with Gail Hamilton."

"Gail Hamilton? I? Oh, Judge Alden! Truly this explanation of the mystery never entered my brain. What shall I do? What will the people think of me? I am not Gail Hamilton; my name is not Abigail. I am simply Annie Dodge, and I came here to open a millinery and dressmaking establishment in connection with Mr. Martin's store. My reception here has astonished me, but I attributed it to a desire to encourage my industrial schemes."

The judge seemed quite as much flustered during this speech as did his painfully embarrassed companion, but he was not the man to permit circumstances long to endanger his dignity. Closely questioning Miss Dodge upon the facts of her life, he was soon thoroughly conversant with all needful points.

"My dear Miss Dodge," he then said, "you talk well; and if you will be guided by me, you need have no difficulty in extricating yourself from this trifling dilemma."

Hereupon he proposed that she should consent to his calling another meeting at the town-hall, and that she should undertake to explain her position as she had done to him. Also he suggested that it might be as well to let it be supposed that he and his family had known from the first who she was. Without some decisive step, all her well-matured plans would be ruined, and therefore she yielded.

The judge performed his part of the compact, and after keeping her room all day, Miss Dodge stood that evening once more surrounded by an admiring assemblage. There was something regal in the girl's appearance; her eyes sparkled with an unwonted fire, her complexion was brilliant, and people wondered why they had never before

discovered how handsome she was. Leaning against her crimson-covered desk, she gazed calmly over the room until a hush had fallen upon the audience, then she began, as follows:

"My friends, I learn from Judge Alden that I have been basking in the sunshine of favors accorded to me under a total misapprehension. This deeply mortifies me; and unaccustomed as I am to speaking in public, I cannot rest until I have explained my position to you. When you hear all, your generosity will, I trust, exonerate me from any suspicion of coming among you under false pretences."

An observer of physiognomy would have found abundant material for investigation in that assemblage when the speaker proclaimed that she was not a celebrated writer, but simply Annie Dodge, an unknown *modiste*. Some exchanged glances of consternation and surprise, others endeavored to look unconcerned, as though they had all along been behind the scenes; still others, in whom a sense of the ludicrous was keenly developed, seemed heartily to enjoy the discomfiture of their neighbors. With one accord, however, all paid breathless attention to the musical voice of the noble-looking woman before them.

"From my earliest childhood," she said, "I have yearned for independence. Do not understand that I was imbued by a quixotic desire to wrest from so-called tyrannical man certain vital concessions. I have never found man more tyrannical than woman, and I hold it for truth that, as society is at present fashioned, we women have to a great extent in our own hands our weal and our woe. Every earnest woman who makes practical use of the enormous influence she has it in her power to exert accomplishes more for the good of humanity than hundreds who blindly prate about vague rights and wrongs. Wherever woman turns, work stares her in the face; and if she strive to attain firmness of purpose and noble superiority in the avenues already opened to her, new ones will present themselves when they are needed."

"My father is one of the officers of a prominent insurance company in Philadelphia. He possesses no pecuniary resources beyond his salary, and I am the oldest of his seven daughters. With their slender means, my parents wished their mode of life to appear on an equal footing with that of their more prosperous neighbors, and this struggle to keep up appearances, which is the bane of so many Philadelphia families, robbed both father and mother of all peace. As we seven girls advanced toward womanhood, our position became unendurable. I grew melancholy in brooding over it, and picturing to myself how different our lot would have been had some of us been boys. We could then have added something to the common stock, instead of passing our days in paltry manoeuvres to present to the world a hollow show at the cost of real comfort; we could have lightened the burdens of our parents, as we grew older, instead of increasing them. The desire to bring about a change gained firm possession of me. But what could I do? Educated at a fashionable school, my poor brain was laden with a chaotic mass of facts, none of which were sufficiently well digested to be of any practical advantage to me."

"All the bonnets worn in our family had been made by me from the time I was quite a small girl. My materials were apt to be scant, yet I generally succeeded in producing a presentable article. One day, in making a call, I found a young friend bewildered over her first effort at bonnet manufacture. My longing to handle her profusion of rich materials was so great that while we were talking I took the work from her. In less than an hour I had fashioned a most stylish little bonnet. My friend was in an ecstasy of delight, and told me that if I would only go into the millinery business she would get me all the custom I needed. At once I confided to her my desire for profitable occupation, and the result was that she gave me several orders from her own family, with promise of others from her friends, provided my parents would permit me to accept them."

"I went home in high glee, which was only dampened by a dread of the opposition I must encounter. When I

first broached the subject the dear souls were shocked. They would not object to my teaching, but my father said that so long as he was able to keep a roof over our heads, he would not be disgraced by having a daughter of his earn her livelihood by menial exertions. 'How would it be,' said I, 'if I could write a book?' 'That would be quite a different matter,' was the reply. 'Or what if I could play the organ, or sing in church?' That, too, I was told would be considered unexceptionable. 'Well, then,' I petulantly exclaimed, 'if the Lord had endowed me with aptitude for teaching, or imagination for authorship, or talent for music, painting or sculpture, and these gifts had been fostered by education, it would be respectable to convert them into money, but it would be degradation to end my present sham life in any other way. Dear parents, let me prove the falsity of this theory, let me have my way, and I promise you that I will win the esteem, through my dignified earnestness, of all those whose good opinion is worth having. Besides, I will make money enough to educate those of your daughters who are more gifted than I for such callings as you now deem respectable. Those of us who should be so fortunate as to marry will make much better wives for not squandering our youth in idle frivolity.'

"Before long I was happy in the conviction that I had converted my parents. I have always found that when prejudice blinds truly good people, there is little difficulty in forcing the scales to fall from their eyes, if truths are properly presented. Our neighbors were considerably horrified when they found that my father's daughter had become a tradeswoman, but I assumed, as a matter of course, the dignity of my choice, thus forcing respect. It did my heart good to find how many girls, situated as I had been, profited by my example, and set to work. I derived such wholesome benefit from my exertions that I longed to go forth on a crusade against idleness, and I was truly happy when I succeeded in earning money enough to execute my plans for the girls. My sister Rita developed talent for music and a glorious voice, and has long since repaid me for all that I expended upon her musical education. She has a salary of \$800 a year for singing in a church choir, and derives a nice income besides from teaching music. Laura, our little landscape painter, made the acquaintance of her 'Coming Man' through the sale of her first picture. She makes a most dainty housekeeper, but her marriage has not lost her to art, for her husband is proud of her talents, and is constantly encouraging her to new efforts in her studio. Sister Mollie is a veritable little schoolmarm, and is being educated at the normal school. Liza, Addie and Helen are too young to have their future mapped out for them, but I think the former will be a writer one of these days. Father and mother are delighted with the result of my experiment.

"Through a friend who passed several weeks here this summer, I became interested in your place, and upon communicating with Mr. Martin was induced to plan the establishment which we hope to have in operation next week. A lady will be here shortly to attend to the dress-making department, although both it and the millinery will be under my supervision. We purpose seeking assistants among the unemployed young girls of your town, and anticipate soon having a sufficiently well-trained force to execute any number of orders. Perhaps what I am doing may be the commencement of an effort to improve the business interests of your town. There is no reason why it should not be developed into one of the most flourishing towns in this part of the country. Your situation is excellent, your water-power fine; all that you need is to concentrate your wealth and your energies at home, countenance and support the establishment of all industrial branches, render it to the advantage of first-class professors of art, science and literature to take up their abode here, in order that the talent existing among those who cannot afford to go abroad for culture may not run to waste. And now let me crave your indulgence for having so long occupied your time. Knowing how thoroughly my heart is in my work, you may comprehend why I was liable to fall into the culpable egotism of supposing that it was my individual self in whom you were all interested. In conclusion, let me hope

that I may not prove unworthy of having once been mistaken for Gail Hamilton."

As the last words were uttered, loud applause rang through the hall. Judge Alden forgot his eye-glasses, as he sprang forward to shake the speaker by the hand. Others followed his example, and in a few minutes plain Annie Dodge was surrounded by as flattering attentions as had been accorded to the supposed Gail Hamilton. The demonstration came from the hearts of the people, for they were filled with respect for the earnest, unassuming woman. One and all gave promises of encouragement and support, and Miss Dodge went back to the hotel in a very different frame of mind from that in which she had sallied forth.

Three years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events just recorded, and those who formerly knew the town where my story is located would scarcely recognize it now. Miss Dodge's enterprise prospered finely. Ladies, who had always supplied their wardrobes from New York or Boston, after one trial, ceased to desire anything superior to what they could obtain at home. Moreover, they extended to Annie Dodge the hand of friendly fellowship, and many a young girl in straitened circumstances, encouraged by the social standing one working-woman had acquired, determined to emulate her industry. Henceforth there was a universal tendency to seek honorable employment. A variety of industrial establishments sprang up, until business attained a truly prosperous condition. Schools began to improve, now that wealth centred at home, and opportunities for the highest culture were afforded, leading to the discovery of the existence of much talent. To-day idleness is scarcely known within the town limits. Rich and poor alike find work, the former in planning home enterprise, the latter in executing it, while students of both classes are kept busy.

All this is the result of one woman's efforts. Is it not better than fruitless grumbling?

THE SAVAGES OF PATAGONIA.

THOSE of our readers who are entertaining an idea of emigrating to Patagonia, will be interested in learning something of the peculiarities of the people of that country, and those who propose to stay at home will perhaps find not less entertainment in the description. The natives of Patagonia, as a rule, have bright and good-humored countenances. Their ever-ready laughter displays universally good teeth, which they keep white and clean by chewing "maki," a gum which exudes from the incense-bush, and is carefully gathered by the women and children. It has a rather pleasant taste, and is a most excellent dentifrice. Their eyes are luminous and intelligent, and their nose—though, of course, presenting different types—are as a rule aquiline and well-formed, and devoid of the breadth of nostril proper to the ordinary ideal of savage tribes. The peculiar prominence over the eyebrows has been noticed by all observers, and retreating foreheads, though observable, are exceptional. The complexion of the men is reddish brown—that is to say, when cleansed from paint, and, like an old picture, restored to its pristine tint.

The scanty natural growth of beard, moustaches, and even eyebrows, is carefully eradicated by means of a pair of silver tweezers. The men's heads are covered with thick, flowing masses of long hair, of which they take great care, making their wives brush it out carefully at least once a day. Very few appeared to have gray hair, though there were one or two exceptions, one very old man's hair being of a snowy whiteness, which contrasted strangely with his tawny face. The women have an average height of about five feet six; they are very strong in the arms, but seldom walk, beyond fetching the supplies of wood and water, all their journeys being performed on horseback. Their hair—which is of no great length, scarcely, indeed, equalling that of the man, and very coarse—is worn in two plaited tails, which on gala days are artificially lengthened, probably with horse-hair interwoven with blue beads, the ends being garnished with silver pendants. This practice, however, is confined to the unmarried ladies.

The young women are frequently good-looking, displaying healthy, ruddy cheeks when not disguised with paint. They are modest in behavior, though very coquettish, and skilled in flirtation as if they had been taught in more civilized society, appealing as prettily for help as a young lady in imaginary difficulties over a country stile. Exposure and work do not age them as soon as might be expected; but when old, they become most hideous beldams, and the most weird-like witches imagined by Doré would be surpassed by a trio of Patagonian grandams.

The dress of the men consists of a chiripa or under-garment round the loins, made of a piece of cloth. All other garments are supplied by the capacious and warm skin-mantle, which, worn with the fur side in and the painted side out, will keep the wearer dry for a considerable time in the wettest weather. This is often dispensed with in the chase, but if worn when riding, is secured at the waist by a belt of hide, or leather if it can be obtained. When in camp, the belt is not used, and the garment is worn loose, something after the melodramatic assassin's cloak. When sitting by the fireside, or even when walking about, the furred part of the mantle is generally kept up over the mouth, as the Patagonians aver the cold wind causes sore gums—a habit which assists in rendering their guttural, and at all times unintelligible, language more difficult of comprehension to the novice.

The women's dress consists of a mantle similar to that worn by the men, but secured at the throat by a large silver pin with a broad disk, or a nail or thorn, according to the wealth or poverty of the wearer, and under this is a loose calico or stuff sacque extending from the shoulders to the ankle. When travelling, the mantle is secured at the waist by a broad belt ornamented with blue beads and silver or brass studs. The boots worn by the women are similar to those of the men, with the exception that in their preparation the hair is left on the hide, while it is carefully removed from those of the males. The women are fond of ornaments, wearing huge ear-rings of square shape suspended to small rings passing through the lobe of the ear, also silver or blue bead necklaces, and adorn their belts, pipes, knives, sheaths and horse-gear with silver. Those who can afford it also indulge in silver spurs and stirrups; most of their ornaments, except the beads, are home-made, being beaten out of dollars obtained by commerce in the settlements. Both sexes smear their faces, and occasionally their bodies, with paint, the Patagonians alleging as the reason for using this cosmetic, that it is a protection against the effect of the winds. The paint for the face is composed of either red ochre or black earth mixed with grease obtained from the marrow-bones of the game killed in the chase, all of which are carefully husbanded by the women, and when opportunity offers, pounded and boiled in the large pots, the grease and gelatine being carefully skimmed off and secured. On state occasions, such as a birth feast and for a dance, the men further adorn themselves with white paint or powdered gypsum, which they soften and rub on their hands, and make five white finger-marks over their chests, arms and legs.

INSTINCT.

A RECENT scientific writer gives the result of a number of careful experiments instituted for the purpose of discovering the nature of animal instinct—how far it is innate, and how far it is the result of experience. He says, that "With regard to instinct we have yet to ascertain the facts. With a view to this end, I have made many observations and experiments, mostly on chickens. The question of instinct, as opposed to acquisition, has been discussed chiefly in connection with the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye and the ear. Against the instinctive character of these perceptions it is argued that, as distance means movement, locomotion, the very essence of the idea, is such as cannot be taken in by the eye or ear; that what the varying sensations and feelings of sight and hearing correspond to must be got at by moving over the ground—by experience. On the other hand, it is alleged that, though as regards man the prolonged helplessness of in-

fancy stands in the way of the observer, we have only to look at the young of the lower animals to see that as a matter of fact they do not require to go through the process of learning the meaning of their sensations in relation to external things; that chickens, for example, run about, pick up crumbs and follow the call of their mother immediately on leaving the shell. For putting this matter to the test of experiment, chickens, therefore, are most suitable and convenient subjects. I have observed and experimented on more than fifty chickens, taking them from under the hen while yet in the eggs. But of these not one on emerging from the shell was in a condition to manifest an acquaintance with the qualities of the outer world. On leaving the shell they are wet and helpless; they struggle with their legs, wings and necks, but are unable to stand or hold up their heads. Soon, however, they may be distinctly seen and felt pressing against and endeavoring to keep in contact with any warm object. They advance very rapidly. I have seen them hold up their heads well, peck at objects and attempt to dress their wings when only between four and five hours old. But there is no difficulty in conceiving that, with great spontaneity and a strong power of association, much might be learned in four or five hours. Professor Bain is of opinion, from observations of his own on a newly-dropped lamb, that 'a power that the creature did not at all possess naturally got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours.' Accordingly, in the absence of precautions, the time that must elapse before chickens have acquired enough control over their muscles to enable them to give evidence as to their instinctive power of interpreting what they see and hear, would suffice to let in the contention that the eye and the ear may have had opportunities of being educated. To obviate this objection with respect to the eye, I had recourse to the following expedient: Taking eggs just when the little prisoners had begun to break their way out, I removed a piece of the shell, and before they had opened their eyes, drew over their heads little hoods, which, being furnished with an elastic thread at the lower end, fitted close round their necks. The material of these hoods was in some cases such as to keep the wearers in total darkness; in other instances, it was semi-transparent. Some of them were close at the upper end, others had a small aperture bound with an elastic thread, which held tight round the base of the bill. In this state of blindness—the blindness was very manifest—I allowed them to remain from one to three days. The conditions under which these little victims of human curiosity were first permitted to see the light were then carefully prepared. Frequently the interesting little subject was unhooded on the centre of a table covered with a large sheet of white paper, on which a few small insects, dead and alive, had been placed. From that instant every movement, with the date thereof, as shown by the watch, was put on record. This experiment was performed on twenty separate chickens at different times, with the following results: Almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behavior, however, was in every case conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience, of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often at the end of two minutes they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to judge, to measure distance, with something like infallible accuracy. They did not attempt to seize things beyond their reach, as babies are said to grasp at the moon; and they may be said to have invariably hit the objects at which they struck—they never missed by more than a hair's breadth, and that, too, when the specks at which they aimed were no bigger, and less visible, than the smallest dot of an *i*. To seize between the points of the mandibles at the very instant of striking seemed a more difficult operation. I have seen chickens seize and swallow insects at the first attempt; most frequently, however, they struck five or six times,

lifting once or twice before they succeeded in swallowing their first food. The unacquired power of following by sight was very plainly exemplified in the case of a chicken that, after being unhooded, sat complaining and motionless for six minutes, when I placed my hand on it for a few seconds. On removing my hand the chicken immediately followed it by sight backward and forward and all round the table. To take, by way of example, the observations in a single case a little in detail: A chicken that had been made the subject of experiments on hearing was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it, when a hive-bee coming sufficiently near was seized at a dart and thrown some distance, much disabled. For twenty minutes it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unveiled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off toward the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was 'no road that way.' It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight.

"It would be out of place here to attempt to indicate the full psychological bearing of these facts. But this much may be affirmed, that they put out of court all those who are prepared only to argue against the instinctive perception by the eye of the primary qualities of the external world. When stripped of all superfluous learning, the argument against this and every other alleged case of instinctive knowledge is simply that it is unscientific to assume an instinct when it is possible that the knowledge in question may have been acquired in the ordinary way. But the experiments that have been recounted are evidence that prior to experience chickens behave as if they already possessed an acquaintance with the established order of nature. A hungry chick that never tasted food is able, on seeing a fly or a spider for the first time, to bring into action muscles that were never so exercised before, and to perform a series of delicately-adjusted movements that end in the capture of the insect. This I assert as the result of careful observation and experiment, and it cannot be answered but by observation and experiment at least as extensive. It is no doubt common for scientific men to discredit new facts, for no other reason than that they do not fit with theories that have been raised on too narrow foundations; but when they do this, they are only geologists or psychologists—they are not philosophers.

"Before passing to the perceptions of the ear, it may be mentioned that instead of hooding chickens, which had the advantage of enabling me to make many interesting observations on them when in a state of blindness, I occasionally put a few eggs, when just chipped, into a flannel bag made for the purpose. In this bag the hatching was completed artificially, and the chickens allowed to remain in the dark from one to three days. When placed in the light, they deputed themselves as regards sight in the manner already described. For the purpose of merely testing the perceptions of the eye or the ear, this is by far the easier experiment. The hooding process requires considerable delicacy of manipulation, and the chickens are very liable to be injured.

"With respect now to the space perceptions of the ear, which, in man at least, even Mr. Spencer regards as acquired by each individual. Chickens hatched and kept in the said bag for a day or two, when taken out and placed nine or ten feet from a box in which a hen and chicks were concealed, after standing for a minute or two, uniformly set off

straight for the box in answer to the call of the hen, which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did, struggling through grass and over rough ground when not yet able to stand steadily on their legs. Nine chickens were thus experimented upon, and each individual gave the same positive results, running to the box scores of times, and from every possible position. To vary the experiment, I tried the effect of the mother's voice on hooded chickens. These, when left to themselves, seldom made a forward step—their movements were round and round and backward; but when placed within five or six feet of the mother, they, in answer to her call, became much more lively, began to make little forward journeys, and soon followed her by sound alone, though, of course, blindly, keeping their heads close to the ground and knocking against everything that lay in their path. Only three chickens were made subjects of this experiment. Another experiment consisted in rendering chickens deaf for a time by sealing their ears with several folds of gum paper before they had escaped from the shell. I tried at different times to stop the ears of a good many in this way, but a number of them got the papers off, others were found not quite deaf, and only three remained perfectly indifferent to the voice of the mother when separated from them by only an inch board. These had their ears opened when between two and three days old; and on being placed within call of the mother hidden in a box, they, after turning round a few times, ran straight to the spot whence came what must have been very nearly, if not actually, the first sound they had ever heard. It seems scarcely necessary to make any comment on these facts. They are conclusive against the theory that in the history of each life sounds are at first but meaningless sensations—that the direction of the sounding object, together with all other facts concerning it, must be learned entirely from experience.

"If now it be taken as established that in the perceptions of the eye and the ear chickens at least manifest an instinctive knowledge of the relations and qualities of external things, the popular belief that the special knowledge, the peculiar art and skill, so marked in the various species of animals, come to them mostly without the labor of acquisition, is at once freed from all antecedent improbability. In the way of direct evidence, the little that I have been able to observe in this wide field goes to prove that the current notions are in accordance with fact. We have seen that chickens follow the call of their mother before they have had any opportunity of associating that sound with pleasurable feelings, and one or two observations, which must be taken for what they are worth, support the general opinion that they have an equally instinctive dread of their more deadly enemies. When twelve days old, one of my little *protégés*, while running about beside me, gave the peculiar chirr whereby they announce the approach of danger. I looked up, and behold, a sparrow-hawk was hovering at a great height overhead. Having subsequently procured a young hawk able to take only short flights, I made it fly over a hen with her first brood, then about a week old. In the twinkling of an eye most of the chickens were hid among grass and bushes. The hen pursued, and scarcely had the hawk touched the ground, about twelve yards from where she had been sitting, when she fell upon it with such fury that it was with difficulty that I was able to rescue it from immediate death. Equally striking was the effect of the hawk's voice when heard for the first time. A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand when the young hawk, in a cupboard just beside us, gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, and stood there, motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear. Unfortunately, my hawk coming to an untimely end, I was prevented from proceeding with observations of this class."

LOOKING INTO MILLSTONES.

No. 7.

MILL GLEN.

MY DEAR BOB: Of course you know well that Mill Glen is a perfectly proper and well-ordered village, and that the people are all just what they should be—you know, as we do, that there are bad scamps in this world, but so far as our own neighborhood is concerned, said scamps are always where the chills and fever are domesticated—in the next town. Still, as physicians privately lay their wise heads together to know how to circumvent some domestic disease, which they publicly assign to the next town, so we, the people of Mill Glen, occasionally have a grave consultation over some neighbor who receives more than his just share of the general whitewashing.

A few days ago I dropped into the grocer's for a pound of best Java, and found Deacon Steady, Doctor Genial and the grocer's head-clerk in close and sober consultation. I fixed my eye on the grinder as the clerk poured in the fragrant grains lest he should absent-mindedly add some chicory, but not even my solicitude for the purity of my morning beverage could close my ears to the conversation behind me. It was about Sam Sapper, an ex-apprentice of the deacon's and a brother-in-law to the grocer's head-clerk. He never seemed to be vicious, yet there is scarcely a stumbling-block known to human beings over which poor Sam has not executed a complete somersault. People are indignant when they hear of Sam's last upset, and vow to bless him with a piece of their minds at sight; yet on meeting him the graceless fellow will seem so good-natured and well-meaning that the threatened scolding generally changes into a forgiving smile, and often into a small loan of currency, of which Sam is always in need.

Just now he is entirely destitute, owing to having started in business for himself, and employing two or three ne'er-do-wells until his money—borrowed—was exhausted and his work incomplete. When I say the deacon loves his old apprentice even better than he does his money, you may imagine how very sorrowfully yet affectionately that old man was talking. The clerk handed me my coffee, and first taking care to charge the same, rejoined the doctor and the deacon, and forcibly remarked:

"Ye may say all ye've a mind to about his needin' grace, but the fact is, Sam only weighs about eight ounces to the pound; that's what's the matter."

I left the store, and barely escaped colliding with the horse-post, into such a reverie had the clerk's elegant sentence thrown me. Only eight ounces to the pound! I fear, dear Bob, that judging by the current opinion of light weights in the flour and bran, as expressed at the mill where your uncle's hat is whitened, poor Sam is a—must I use the melancholy word?—a fraud. Yet before we call him names that seem fully justifiable, may it not be well to put ourselves in the scales, to speak metaphorically? If we have the good fortune to smile with calm contempt at the eight-ounce weight, have we any right to assure ourselves of bearing the test of the full sixteen? When Mrs. Idol pretends to be a good mother to her two children, yet nightly leaves them to the care of a stupid servant, while the mother adorns society, just how many ounces does she weigh to the pound? When her husband devotes his fine intellect to the sole purpose of decorating his wife in whatever fantastic style has been latest prescribed by the modiste, does it require a sixteen-ounce weight to ascertain what he amounts to? When Deacon Steady, who industriously reads the Bible after breakfast, hides with paint a wind-twisted board in a wagon-bed, does his weight come up to the legal standard? And coming nearer home, when your uncle buys sprouted wheat, and mixes it with clean sound grain, should he not be ashamed to face his own weighing-scales?

My dear Bob, the grocer's head-clerk had taken a valuable peep into the great millstone before he rendered his terse opinion of poor Sam. For in a very old book—you have a copy of it, my dear boy, in Morocco and gilt, and it looks as new as when your mother gave it to you five years ago—in that book one of the old writers says that

false weights and measures are an abomination unto the Lord. And while there are many who are not responsible for the lightness of their own avoirdupois, a sufficient number of us could profitably employ, each one for himself, a set of balances as delicately and accurately adjusted as a well-regulated conscience can make them, remembering that sooner or later our scales will be tested by One whose eyes will be more skilful and searching than those of our most inquisitive and uncharitable neighbors.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE WHEAT.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

BITUMEN is widely distributed in nature. It is met with in various states: 1. Free and unmixed. 2. In a state of admixture with quartzose sand or earthy matters. 3. Impregnating schists. 4. In a state of combination, or of more or less intimate admixture with calcareous rocks, in which state it constitutes the substance we know under the name of asphalt.

Springs of pure bitumen have been known from a very high antiquity; but those which would seem to have been formerly very abundant are now much reduced, and their yield gets smaller year by year. Those of Judea, which furnished the bitumen employed at Babylon, give scarcely any yield; that of Gabian, in Herault, which formerly gave 1500 kilogrammes per annum (3300 lbs.), is now almost exhausted; and the famous "pitch fountain" at Clermont is wellnigh dried up. It would appear, however, that in China the supply is still abundant. Near the Cape Verdes the bitumen at times overflows the surface of the tide, and in certain places in the Holy Land it rises to the surface of the water in a sort of scum, which is drifted to shore by the wind. In the island of Trinidad, on the bed of an ancient lake-basin now dried up, are found masses of bitumen solidified by the evaporation of their essential oil or by the addition of foreign substances. Bitumen, in a pure, unalloyed state, as it here occurs, forms, as we have said, the basis of all bituminous cements.

At Seyssel, at Bastennes, in Auvergne, and in numerous localities in France, Spain and Switzerland, may be found beds of sand impregnated with bitumen. These *molasses* are generally in the vicinity of deposits of asphalt, most frequently below them. The bitumen is extracted from the sand by long boiling in water, during which process it rises to the surface like a scum. Lastly, bitumen, in a vaporous as well as a fluid state, appears to have made its way, under conditions at present unknown, into the marls, schists and jurassic-limestone beds of the lacustrine epoch, in which it exists in a state of admixture, perhaps even of combination.

SUNSHINE AS A FORCE.—A good illustration of man's inability for self-support, independent of sunshine, is afforded by the following calculation: The mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunshine upon a square mile of the earth's surface is computed to be 3,323,000,000 pounds raised a foot high in a second. Under the most favorable circumstances, a square mile of terrestrial soil receiving this amount of sunshine, if planted with bananas, would yield, according to the estimate of Baron Humboldt, 50,000 tons of nutritious food yearly. This is the greatest amount of food-producing power of which the earth appears to be capable. But this quantity of food would suffice only 100,000 men, whose united mechanical force would not raise more than 10,000,000 pounds a foot high in a second. It would, therefore, not be possible for any number of men, by their mechanical force, to produce anything like a sufficient light and heat in the absence of sunshine to raise from the soil the food needful for their own support.

A FRENCH farmer has discovered that the use of tan is an efficient preventive against potato disease. For three years he has introduced a small quantity of the residue of the bark used in tanning into each hole on planting his potato crop, and each time he has been completely successful in preserving his fields free from the annoying disease.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 29, 1873.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

FRANS HERMAN WIDSTRAND the Swede, ex-royal secretary, becoming disgusted with the tyranny of a kingdom, came to America in 1855, sought and found employment in the Treasury Department at Washington, but afterward removed to the northern shore of Lake Constance, Wright county, Minnesota, where he has since resided. His principal occupation is writing for newspapers and magazines, which he does in five different languages. The following letter from this gentleman to the Cincinnati Commercial will be read with interest:

"TO THE ED. CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL: I have seen quoted from your pages an article concerning Dr. Dio Lewis and cheap food. Cheap properly means obtained with little labor. Sometimes one will for little money get things that are very dear to the producer, requiring much labor. The producer of wheat, beef, butter, etc., does not get one-tenth as much for his labor as a clerk in the Departments in Washington; and still clerks complain of high prices of such things, although their labor is not one-tenth as hard as a farmer's. I have tried both, and know whereof I am writing.

"About a year ago there was an article in Hunt's Monthly concerning Indian corn. It stated that it contains more than four times as much oily matter as wheat-flour, and that its composition makes it capable of alone sustaining man; that one pound of it, parched or made into bread, is more than equal to two pounds of fat meat. After having read that, I concluded to try it. Mixing corn-meal with water, I put it in a spider and baked it on the coals in the parlor stove. A cake seven inches in diameter and one inch thick was more than sufficient for a meal. Three times a week for weeks I ate nothing else, did not long for anything, retained my weight, and was never sick. Corn boiled, not too soft, will probably do as well.

"Here it takes about ten days' work, besides fencing, for an acre of corn, which will yield fifty bushels, or about one hour's work to produce half a bushel of corn, which is more than sufficient for ten days for one person.

At the present price in money (thirty cents per bushel), it will cost about one and a half cents per day—about five dollars per year. A rational person will be more satisfied on that than on the fare at the best hotels in Europe or America.

"So much for the staff of life. From one-eighth of an acre of ground one can raise all the garden-stuff one wants, including five bushels strawberries, apples, squash, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, carrots, cauliflower, asparagus, and three-eighths more will be enough to raise the corn—half an acre for all the food a person needs for a year. This requires no hard labor. One can work it with light shoes and thin clothing, be dressed like a true gentleman, and have no hard washing. When the weather is warm, it is very comfortable and healthy to go barefoot. Clothing, shoes, bed-clothes, etc., need not cost more than ten dollars per year. It is folly to keep any animals. The Chinese and Japanese know that. Steam, caloric, wind, water, etc., can do their work. A very comfortable home, large enough for one person, eight by twelve feet, can be built here for less than twenty dollars. 'Most everybody can do it for himself. Land costs less than twenty-five cents an acre under the Homestead law. So we need no agrarian laws. Able-bodied persons do not need to steal or cheat or lie or go to banking or dickering to make a decent living. If they will associate, be of one soul and one mind, and have all things in common, as the first Christians, they can soon have all the comforts that money can buy, and many which they cannot obtain for money, without the infernal antagonistic competition generally prevailing, where the good and gentle and weak succumb to the bad and strong, where not more than one out of a hundred can set himself to work properly and know how to make a living, where the best are treated badly, and prevented from doing good to themselves and others, where isolation on the large prairies or in the dense woods is almost as bad as the crowding in large cities. Political economists ought to study the economy of the Shakers, Icarians, Zouaves, Perfectionists, etc., etc., and may then be able to get an answer to the question of the abolition of misery, suffering and wrongs, which ought to be done before the Fourth of July, 1876."

The above very curious letter I publish for its intrinsic interest, and as the occasion for some remarks upon that class of philosophers of which Thoreau is an eminent modern representative, and of which this distinguished Swede is another.

Obtaining the best education which the schools can give, using freely the books, magazines, papers, postal facilities, pens, paper, clothes, crockery, money and fifty other things which the combined industries of the world have created, this sort of philosopher abandons every obligation to children, to society, to the State, refuses to return anything to that civilization which has done so much for him, abandons the poor and helpless, and crawls away into a cabin in the Concord woods or out upon a prairie, and spends his life whining and scolding over the evils of civilization. I know what has been said in defence of this eccentricity, but to a healthy, brave soul it must ever seem puerile and cowardly.

Mr. Widstrand talks of living on five dollars a year; but if he thinks such an economy pays for living alone, away from society, I can suggest something better. Let him go to the pine forests of Chili, in South America, where he can live splendidly on the cones of the pine without the cost of a penny or an hour's work in a year. All he has to do is to pick them up and eat them; and the climate in some

paris is such that he can live the year round without clothes or a house. Mr. Widstrand's five dollars for food, ten dollars for clothes and twenty dollars for a house is a wild, reckless extravagance.

To live plainly is a source of health, and therefore a duty; but to live cheaply for the sake of squeezing one's self into the smallest possible corner in the world is despicably mean.

To come out of a university laden with the world's best riches, and then sneak away into a box on the northern shore of Lake Constance, where he hears no sound save that made by the wings of wild ducks, may tickle Mr. Widstrand's conceit, but I regard him as a selfish, narrow-minded, ungrateful, silly egotist.

And it may be here remarked that all the growling and groaning over this bad world may show a clear moral vision, but it certainly does not show a brave soul. Those who have made up their minds to contribute something to the world's welfare spend very little time in whining over the world. They have something else to do. When you hear a man exclaim, "Oh, the selfishness of men!" "Virtue has departed!" "Every man has his price!" while he is doing nothing to help his fellows, you may not doubt his good purposes, but you may set him down as weak and cowardly. Whining and scolding are not the language of sympathy, hope and courage.

IN THE NAME OF OXYGEN,

Which is the great life principle of the animal body, let us beg you to give the sick person a full and constant supply of fresh air. If you keep him well covered, he can never take cold by having the windows open day and night. If the wind blows upon him, rub his face and neck with your naked hands frequently, and there can never be a mischievous impression made there.

Remember that although a well man may live on in a room with imperfect ventilation, a sick one must have the help of a pure tonic atmosphere.

Remember that when typhoid fever attacks an army, and there is a deficiency of hospital accommodations, those who lie in an open shed or exposed to the dews and storms do much better than those who enjoy the average hospital facilities.

GIVE THEM COLD WATER.

It is very doubtful if there is a single possible disease in which the patient should not have cold water *ad libitum*. Oh how babies often suffer for cold water! A nursing baby is given, no matter how thirsty, nothing but milk. The little lips are dry and cracked and the little tongue so parched it can scarcely nurse, and yet it has nothing but milk to assuage its craving thirst. Try it yourself, mother, when you have a fever, and we are sure that ever after, when your darling is dying with thirst, the teaspoon and tumbler of cold water will be in constant use. Deny it milk and give it plenty of cold water, and it has a chance of a speedy recovery.

NINE WAYS TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

1. Wear narrow, thin shoes.
2. Wear a "snug" corset.
3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms till midnight.
4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room.
5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times.

6. Use coffee, tea, spirits and tobacco.

7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionery and sweetmeats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them.

8. Marry a fashionable wife and live beyond your income.

9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment.

At the rear end of our parlor it was not very dark. Indeed, we could see to read small newspaper print at the least lighted point. At that point we put a bracket against the wall, and transferred to it a plant from the window. In four days it looked sick; in two weeks it was yellow; in five weeks it was apparently dead. Another plant was placed on the centre-table, which was about halfway from the front windows to the position of the first plant. At the end of five weeks that had lost its green, and was evidently failing.

The girls in our parlor, who were out not more than an hour a day on an average, except they went to places of amusement in the evening, were as pale, yellow and sickly as the plants, and we think for the same reason—a lack of full, strong light.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

W. L. M.—The cause of cold hands one can't give in a single sentence. It is not, as your question suggests, a cause of other troubles, but is simply an effect. One can say with certainty that it is produced by low vitality. What the cause of that may be in a given case it is not easy to say. It is much easier to say what will cure it. Improve your digestion by living on beef, mutton, good bread and vegetables, and avoiding all the trash called desserts. In addition to this, slap your stomach and bowels with the flats of your hands on rising and on going to bed—say ten minutes. Avoid coffee and strong tea. Exercise freely in the open air and breathe good air in your bedroom. Sleep from nine at night till six in the morning, or at any rate be in bed ready to sleep during these hours. Slap your hands about your shoulders several times a day like a woodchopper. With such means your hands will soon learn to circulate blood and keep warm. To recur again to your second question, cold hands never produce other diseases. That's the way people talk about such things, but there is no sense in it. If a hurricane kills a man and a horse and a calf, you might as well ask if it was not the dead calf that killed the man.

S. C., AUBURN, N. Y.—Then you think that walking fast is undignified, do you? Well, I don't know but there is a certain sacrifice of the highest dignity in quick nervous walking. I remember to have read in a criticism upon American actors that Hackett, of Falstaff memory, was the only man in America who knew how to walk—that he was the only one who was never in a hurry. Now, don't you be caught by any such stuff. When you go out to walk for exercise or in pursuit of any business, put on the steam, ninety pounds to the inch if you carry a good boiler. If you carry yourself erect and swing your arms freely, it is, on the whole, the best, the most healthful exercise in the world.

FLOY.—I can't tell you with certainty how to cure those pimples around your nose and chin without knowing more of your health and habits. If you eat much grease, you will have to reduce the quantity. If you neglect bathing, you will probably have to use soap and water pretty freely. If you neglect exercise, wear a tight dress and sit in a close atmosphere, a radical change in these respects will cure you. You must stop your coffee.



A Ticklish Business.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

WHAT grows bigger the more you contract it?—Debt.

It makes a great deal of difference if you put Dr. before instead of after a man's name.

AN Arkansas woman lately tarred and feathered her husband, whereupon he declared that if she did it again he would quit the house for ever.

A GEORGIA woman is accredited with having raised a large family, although not out of her teens. It was her mother-in-law's family, and she did it with a keg of gunpowder planted in the cellar.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher recently asked his pet scholar why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied, "So they could get a better crack at him."

A MAN who was boasting of the unusual height of his relations was annoyed by one of the company, who said he had a brother twelve feet tall. "Impossible!" snarled the boaster. "Well, two halves make a whole, don't they?" asked the other. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then, I've two half-brothers, each of whom is six feet high," was the logical rejoinder.

A GERMAN marble-cutter of Albany has instituted suit against a well-known dealer for payment of wages. The workman was instructed to cut on a tombstone, "Let her soul rest in peace;" but being cramped for space, he abbreviated the sentence thus: "Let her soul r. i. p." The person who ordered the stone would not accept it, and it was returned to the dealer, who deducted the outlay he had been put to from the wages of the plaintiff.

MR. JONES read somewhere that electric sparks could be evolved from a cat by taking it into a dark room and rubbing its back. He made the experiment, and in a few moments was surprised to hear a loud yell and to feel something clawing across his face. Then he missed the cat. Mr. Jones is now uncertain whether he was struck by lightning evolved from the cat's back, or whether the cat became unduly excited as he stroked her, and stroked back again; but he is certain that when he undertakes to procure electricity again from a cat he will first soothe her with a gun.

A GENTLEMAN in one of the Western States became the proprietor of an inflammable gas spring. Wishing to make an experiment, he inverted a hog'shead over it, and when the gas had accumulated sufficiently, seated himself upon it, and boring a gimlet-hole through the top, philosophic-

ally applied a lighted candle to the hole. The next day was seen of him he was kicking a pair of red-top boots out of an adjoining canal, into which he had descended head first. He was rescued and carried to his home a sadder, wiser and muddier man.

GUMBS, who lives next door to us, has bought a new dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard until, in frantic desperation, we would shy boots and cologne bottles and furniture at him. But he always went on worse, and in the morning Gumbs would come calmly out and gather up these missiles and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty pairs of our boots and slippers in his possession, besides chair-legs and cakes of soap and hair-brushes and match-safes and towel-racks. And he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary, he trained that dog to sit by the front gate and to seize us by the leg when we came out, three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing some more boots. But we poisoned him one night, and the next morning Gumbs threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumbs returned it. We both stayed at home that day, and spent the time handing that dog to one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the deceased to Gumbs' yard. Then Gumbs also engaged an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse probably traversed that fence six or seven thousand times in every twenty-four hours. He must have become familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishman whiled away the hours by flinging only the tail at each other. Our Irishman at last buried the tail, and resigned. And now Gumbs has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not fish for that dog some evening soon with a codfish line and a piece of beef, and run him up all of a sudden to our window and launch him into the sewer. No dog owned by a man named Gumbs shall crawl over us.—Max Adler.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

INDELIBLE INK.—The best indelible inks used for marking clothing consist chiefly, as every one knows, of nitrate of silver, and are best applied with a glass or quill pen. The silver, being reduced in the fibre of the goods by the action of sunlight or artificial heat, is in no danger whatever of being destroyed by any ordinary process of washing. For use with marking stamps, a much thicker ink is absolutely necessary, and the printing-ink usually sold with such stamps almost invariably washes out. Ink prepared as follows, however, is said to be excellent: Take equal parts of very finely-pulverized sulphate of iron (green vitriol) and cinnabar; sift them, and triturate carefully with good linseed oil, and finally pass through straining-cloth. It can be used immediately. If enough oil is added, it becomes thin enough for writing with a pen; when less oil is employed, it becomes thick enough for use with a marking-stamp. This ink has been used for cotton goods that were afterward bleached in a regular bleaching establishment without injury to the marks.

To remove ink-stains from mahogany, put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water; touch the stain with a feather dipped in the mixture, and on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water, or a white mark will be left which will be difficult to efface.

To silver ivory, immerse it in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and suffer it to remain until it has acquired a deep yellow color; then take it out, wash it with water and expose it to the sun's rays, which will turn it black in about three hours; the ivory will, on being rubbed, assume a silvery appearance.

In cleaning tea-trays, bread-pans, candlesticks and other articles made of japan-ware, hot water should not be used, as it will produce fractures and cracks; lukewarm water is the best to use.

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DIAMONDS

TO-DAY

LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1873.

No. 23.



"LOOK, LOOK!" SHE GASPED.—P. 423.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."

WHILE Lauriston had been sunning himself in the glances of Madame Alvarez's dark eyes, and finding a certain pleasure in kindling a light of interest on her face as he told the story of his jeopardized inheritance, thus having the satisfaction of placing his whole future life in her hands, his name, if he had known it, was the topic of conversation with a bevy of his newly-arrived countrywomen at the Hôtel du Louvre.

"I hear that Bertie Lauriston is in Paris," one of them,

a *petite* and sufficiently pretty brunette, was saying. "Mamma, we must let him know at once that we are here. I think it is charming to meet pleasant acquaintances abroad. They seem like old friends, though one may only have danced a few Germans with them."

"But we have done more than danced a few Germans with Bertie Lauriston, Amy," said another brunette, older, more self-conscious and not so pretty as the first. "You may have forgotten, you are so heedless, but he was at our house quite often last winter."

"No, I have not forgotten, Belle," said Amy, a little sharply. "One does not meet so many pleasant men in society that one can afford to forget anybody as nice as Bertie Lauriston. My remark was general, not particular; though, indeed, I don't think that we were very intimate with Mr. Lauriston."

"I did not say that we were," answered Belle, sharply, in turn. "But he was more than a mere dancing acquaintance. Why, season before last, when we were at the White Sulphur, we saw more of him than of anybody else. Mamma remembers that, don't you, mamma?"

"Yes," interposed Amy, evidently bent on being provoking; "but it was because his mother shared our cottage, and that brought us constantly together. I don't think we can really flatter ourselves that he admired either you or me. He has a *penchant* for blondes, if I recollect rightly, and we are colored folks."

"Nobody ever dreamed of supposing he admired us," said Belle, flushing angrily. "You might at least wait until people asserted things before you contradicted them, Amy."

"Did you speak to me, Belle?" said a middle-aged lady, also a brunette, but handsomer than either of her daughters, who looked up just here from a letter; for of course these new-comers, like all other new-comers, had sent at once to their banker for their mail. "This is from Clara," she added, extending the open epistle. "She gives a great deal of news about our friends at home, who seem to have taken to marrying and dying with singular vivacity since we left. And she mentions that we shall probably meet Bertie Lauriston in Paris."

"We were just talking of him," said Belle and Amy, in a breath. "Papa must look him up at once. He will be able to add so much to our enjoyment. He has been abroad so often that he knows exactly where to go and what to do and how to do it."

"But there is Alice, who knows all about Paris, and speaks French like a born Frenchwoman, if we want a guide," said the elder lady, who was known to society as Mrs. Davenport.

Belle shrugged her shoulders silently; Amy burst forth at once:

"But Alice is a woman, mamma; and of all stupid things, I think a set of women poking about by themselves is the most stupid. If we came abroad to do that, I think that we might as well have stayed at home—better, in fact, since there are men there."

"Very well," said Mrs. Davenport, smiling. She was used to the freedom with which the girl of the period enunciates sentiments like these. "We will send your father to find Mr. Lauriston and represent our desolate condition. No doubt he will be kind enough to take pity upon us and come to our rescue. Perhaps you may even be fortunate enough to secure two guides, couriers, cavaliers, or whatever it is you want, for wherever one hears of Bertie Lauriston—especially abroad—one is always sure to hear of Basil St. Julian also. They seem inseparable."

But this suggestion was not by any means received with favor.

"I detest Basil St. Julian," said Belle, with unction. "Of all the disagreeable men whom I have ever known—and their name is legion—I consider him emphatically the most disagreeable."

"He is intolerable," cried Amy. "As you say, Belle, of all conceited and sarcastic people, he is the most hateful. Go about with him to picture-galleries and churches—I, who don't know a Claude from a Titian, or Gothic from Greek! Not if I know myself!"

"Amy," said her mother, severely, "I have begged you to be kind enough not to talk slang."

"Only in the family circle and on important occasions, mamma," said Amy, laughing. "It is so forcible! Alice, if Mr. St. Julian *does* make his appearance, we will turn him over to you, who can talk art and architecture, poetry and sculpture, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, to him to his heart's content," she went on, addressing a young lady who was reading a letter at a window not far off.

This fourth member of the circle looked up now with a smile. She was so unlike the others that it was at once evident that if there was any tie of relationship between them, it must of necessity be very slight. They were small, slender, and so dark that they might almost have been said to deserve Amy's title of "colored folks," while she was tall, nobly formed and dazzlingly fair—a magnificent type of the purest blonde beauty—not that delicate,

dainty, *petite* blonde which has been fashionable in north and out of them of late, but the old heroic standard which makes one dream of Helen "drawing the odorous yellow braids adown her cheek," of Chriemhild at the court of Worms, of many a grandly-sculptured figure in the long line of fair women, even of "ox-eyed Juno" in her fair Olympian home.

"Who is it that is to be turned over to me, Amy?" she asked, in a voice that suggested Alpine water, it was so clear, so cold, and yet so purely sweet. "Not anybody whom you like yourself, I am sure."

"No," said Amy, candidly. "As far as lies in my power, I generally keep them to myself. This is somebody whom I dislike exceedingly, but you may fancy him, Alice—there is no accounting for tastes—and he is said to be very clever. He is disagreeable enough to be that or anything else," she added, with a shrug.

"Disagreeable enough to be clever," said Alice Rivington. "What a very singular idea of cleverness you must have, my dear! Will you forgive me if I say its novelty is certainly remarkable?"

"Oh, say what you please, by all means!" cried Amy, stung by the amused contempt perceptible in the other's tone. "Thank Heaven I know very little of clever people, but all that I ever have known"—this with emphasis—"were exceeding disagreeable."

Miss Rivington's lips curled a little. It was only necessary to look at her broad white brow under the light waving fluff of her golden hair to see where this last shaft was wont to strike. "But who is the obnoxious person?" she asked, quietly. "A man, I suppose, of course?"

"A man, of course, or Amy would hardly be discussing him," said Belle. "A handsome man, too, and a poet, so you see she is very generous."

"He is a very nice person indeed," said Mrs. Davenport, breaking in upon the sparring, which threatened to become general. "I think you may like him, Alice, for he is said to be wonderfully clever, although the girls are right in considering him a little disagreeable. He is a St. Julian, however, and his mother was a Singleton; so besides his talents, he is quite irreproachable in family."

"Handsome, talented and high-born," said Miss Rivington, smiling. "Why, you describe quite an Admirable Crichton, even if he is a little disagreeable."

"But he is poor," said Amy.

"No, he is not poor," said her mother. "He is moderately well off, when you don't compare his fortune to that of Bertie Lauriston."

"And who is Bertie Lauriston?" asked Miss Rivington.

"Somebody who is an Admirable Crichton!" cried Amy, eagerly. "Somebody who is handsome and high-born and—and talented, I suppose, besides being as rich as Croesus and as charming as an archangel."

"Don't be irreverent, Amy," said her mother. And just then the conversation was cut short by the entrance of Davenport père—a tall, handsome man, with a look of Alice Rivington about his straight nose and white brow.

"Well, girls, have you run through all your letters, and are you ready for sight-seeing?" he asked, good-humoredly. "When a man has nothing to do but see sights, he does not feel comfortable unless he is at the business. Have you settled what it is to be this morning? There's the Louvre, or the Palais Royale, or Notre Dame, or the Champs Elysées, or the Tuileries, or the Lux—"

"Oh, papa, don't overwhelm us!" said Belle. "We are not going to work sight-seeing like that. We mean to take our time about it. Here is Alice, who is at home in Paris, and she will tell us exactly where we should go and what we should see."

"And what is Alice's programme for to-day?" asked Mr. Davenport, looking at his stately, golden-haired niece—for such was the relationship between them—with a smile.

"My programme for to-day," said Alice, "is that we shall not attempt anything in particular. Belle and Amy have some shopping to do, and we will go to the Rue de la Paix, and anywhere else that we have a fancy, for that

purpose. This afternoon we will drive out to the Bois, and to-night we will go to see the new wonderful actress who is appearing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*."

"I was going to propose the last thing myself," he said. "Have you read what the critics say of her this morning? She has all Rachel's fire and passion, they declare, with more than Rachel's tenderness and grace. I confess I am curious to see her—all the more curious because I saw Rachel once in this very play, and I shall never forget the impression she made upon me."

"We will all go," said Amy, "though four women is a terrible proportion to one man. This reminds me, papa, that you must go at once and try to find Bertie Lauriston, who is somewhere in Paris. There are things like visitors' lists, are there not? Anyhow, you must find him, if you have to enlist the police in the search."

"In the first place, however, you had better obtain a box for to-night, if you can," said Alice Rivington. "The larger and the nearer the stage, the better."

"Very well," said Mr. Davenport; and opening his notebook, he jotted down, "Mem.: to get a stage-box at the theatre and find B. L." This proceeding was of such common occurrence that nobody laughed. If the note-book in question had fallen into the hands of a stranger, he would have found a curious *mélange* of entries therein. Nothing was too small or too great, too absurd or too grave, for Mr. Davenport to jot down. "It saves trouble," he would say, "and one never forgets it then."

Perhaps it was on account of this business-like memorandum that he was fortunate enough to secure a stage-box for that night. It was a pure instance of luck. Just before the box-office closed, at an unusually early hour on account of all the seats having been secured, some one brought back a ticket to sell, and Mr. Davenport, chancing in just then, bought it eagerly. But when evening came, he found, somewhat to his chagrin, that both Mrs. Davenport and Miss Belle were too much exhausted by the day's amusement to encounter any farther dissipation that night. "It is an excellent thing," Amy declared, unfeelingly. "There should never be more than two women in a box. Four would be atrocious."

So it chanced that while the curtain still hung motionless before the footlights, these two—as much from their position as from their youth and beauty and the contrast of their different styles—found themselves the objective point at which half the stares and opera-glasses of a crowded house were levelled. At first Amy liked it very well—what young, pretty girl, conscious of a good toilette, does not like to be admired?—and she flushed and fluttered, and seemed to grow more piquant and radiant every moment, despite the haughty coldness that came over Alice's statuesque features and her father's growing indignation.

"Draw back behind the curtains, girls," he said; "I never saw such impudence in my life. Those insolent fellows in the stalls must be counting every one of your eyelashes! By Jove, I should like amazingly to give one or two of them a lesson in good breeding! Here, let me come to the front, and hand me your largest opera-glass."

The girls retreated, even Amy nothing loath, for she had by this time begun to feel a little hot and uncomfortable. When they retired, Mr. Davenport advanced, and taking a position in the front of the box, screwed an imposing-looking opera-glass to a proper focus, and then brought it coolly and deliberately to bear on the most persistent and impertinent of the starers in the stalls. The effect of this was almost instantaneous. The starers were not only looked down and beaten at their own game—for there was an almost basilisk sternness in the glare of those heavy double-barrels—but they soon found that the observation of several hundred pairs of eyes was being turned upon them. Now, to stare anybody else, especially a woman, out of countenance, is rather an amusing occupation than otherwise to a great many men, but to be stared out of countenance themselves is an operation which very few find agreeable. It was especially disagreeable in this instance, because the audience, ready for any occupation or amusement, heartily appreciated Mr. Davenport's retali-

tory measure. First there was a rush of laughter, beginning in the pit and sweeping up to the galleries, and then suddenly there came one of those quick outbursts of applause which seem the spontaneous expression of good-feeling and good-will.

"Oh, they are applauding papa," cried Amy, rippling over with laughter in the back of the box. "Bow, papa, bow! That is the proper thing to do when you are applauded. Oh, Alice, look round the corner of the curtain, and see how everybody is laughing. Don't you know those impertinent men feel nicely now? Upon my word, the manager ought to give us something—a benefit, say—for diverting the house so well."

As a matter of course, this little incident drew the attention of everybody in the theatre to the box from which the two pretty faces—one darkly bright, the other superbly fair—had withdrawn, and the curtains of which now framed instead the cool, handsome countenance and English whiskers of Mr. Davenport. Among the rest, Bertie Lauriston looked in that direction when he came in, rather late, wondering a little, as he made his way to his seat, what had evoked the applause just dying away.

"By George, St. Julian!" he cried, when he had brought his glass to bear on the general point of interest; "it is Davenport—Henry Davenport, as I live! Look! There can be no mistake. It is the very old fellow himself, and full of pluck as ever, too. Did you ever see anything cooler than the *sang froid* with which he faces the whole house? But what is everybody laughing at him for?"

"Everybody is not laughing at, but with, your friend, monsieur," said a courteous Frenchman, who understood English, on the other side. "If you had been five minutes earlier, you would have seen how well he turned the tables—is not that what you say?—on some men who were staring out of countenance the ladies who accompany him. *Ma foi!* they were not without excuse," he added, shrugging his shoulders. "A more beautiful woman than one of them I have never seen."

"By Jove!" said Bertie—and his tone was ludicrously crestfallen—"are there ladies in the question? St. Julian, do you hear that? We ought to go and speak to them, oughtn't we?"

"That depends entirely upon whether you came to talk commonplaces to a set of tiresome people or to see Madame Alvarez in *Adrienne*," responded St. Julian, quietly. "I came for the latter purpose, and I shall not stir if the whole Davenport family are there *en masse*. Davenport himself is by far the best of them," he added. "The mother and daughters are insufferable bores."

"I always found them sufficiently pleasant, well-meaning people," said Bertie, "and common civility—"

"May go to the deuce for aught I care," interrupted his companion.

This ended the discussion for the time, since at that moment the curtain rose, and the instantaneous hush which characterizes a well-bred audience fell over the house. Bertie settled himself comfortably in his seat, and salved his conscience by thinking that he would go round to the Davenport box for a few minutes between the acts; but the first sight of Madame Alvarez' face, the first tone of her full, rich voice, swept everything else so completely from his mind that it is scarcely likely he would have given another thought to his old friends if at the end of the first act he had not been surprised to observe St. Julian's opera-glass levelled full upon their box. "How are our friends looking?" he asked, with a smile; and then he turned his own lorgnette in that direction.

To his surprise, he saw beside the familiar face of Amy Davenport, pretty and sparkling as of old, another face so rarely and purely lovely that he fairly caught his breath as he gazed at it. There was nothing to occupy attention on the stage at that moment, so there were many beside himself lost in wonder over the matchless Greek profile, the stainless skin, and the heavy masses of golden hair which were thrown into such clear relief by the dark background of the box. All around he could hear a murmur of comment and admiration. Even St. Julian dropped his glass eagerly.

"Who the deuce is she, Bertie?" he asked. "By Jove,

what a face! I never saw anything half so perfect out of marble. Do you know her? Did you ever see her before?"

"Not I," said Bertie. "I have never seen her nor anything like her before. Who she can be I have no idea. Not a Davenport, however—that is certain. How much like a grisette little Amy looks beside her!"

"She is making a sensation," said St. Julian. "See how the lorgnettes are turned in that direction from every part of the house! The little Davenport takes it to herself," he went on, laughing. "How self-conscious she looks, while the other is grand and serene as an Olympian goddess! I say, Bertie, wouldn't it be only courteous if we went and paid our respects to our old friends?"

"I am decidedly of that opinion," said Bertie, smiling.

So they waited no longer, but made their way at once, followed by many envious glances, to the box just then attracting so much attention. They found a warm welcome awaiting them from Mr. Davenport and Miss Amy, while St. Julian, who had confided to Bertie, *en route*, his fears that the blonde beauty's complexion might resolve itself into pearl-powder, was agreeably reassured on this point. In truth, Alice Rivington possessed that rare loveliness which distance does not sink into insignificance, nor close observation resolve into coarseness. Her features were not only purely and nobly cut, but every detail of the face was exquisitely finished. Nature had left no hasty touches here—touches which often mar the most beautiful faces—but seemed rather to have lingered with loving care over her work. The milk-white skin was of the texture of finest satin, and the same rare perfection was visible in every other physical point. St. Julian, who was a fastidious yet enthusiastic worshipper of beauty, could not but admit that he had never before seen personal loveliness which seemed so absolutely capable of defying criticism. "What a study for a sculptor!" he thought, watching the classic outlines of head and face, the grand, sweeping curves of the stately figure. Of the woman herself—of the human soul enshrined within this fair temple of flesh, and gazing at him through the wonderful azure eyes—he did not think at all. She was like all other women, he fancied, and he had learned to know the sex well and to despise it not a little during the course of his twenty-six years.

He found that the statue could speak, however, for—since the Davenports, father and daughter, altogether monopolized Bertie—these two were thrown on each other's hands. They talked a little of Madame Alvarez and the play until the great actress, appearing on the scene again, hushed all conversation by the mere magnetism of her presence. Even Amy's heedless words stopped on her lips, a little because she, too, felt the magic thrill, and a great deal because Lauriston at once turned from her to the stage. The sunflower is not more loyal to the sun than Bertie was to his divinity.

That she was a divinity well worth worshipping many beside himself thought that night. Never had her passion, her pathos, her matchless grace and tenderness, so wrought upon the enthusiasm of her audience. Even Rachel had scarcely ever evoked such smiles, such tears, or such storms of rapturous applause. The little party in the box said scarcely a word to each other. Miss Rivington turned completely from her companions and bestowed her whole attention upon the stage, making no effort to join in the little talking which was done between the acts. Only once—at the end of one of the most touching and charmingly-acted of the scenes—she looked up at Lauriston, who was leaning over the back of her chair. It was the first time that he had found an opportunity to notice at close quarters her dazzling beauty, and now he noticed also that her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Is it not strange that we should like to have our sympathies so wrought upon?" she asked, almost indignantly. "Is it not strange that we do not recognize how unreal it all is? Why should I feel my very heart breaking now over poor Adrienne's fate, when I know that it is a pure question of artistic perfection with Madame Alvarez, and that while she has sent us home weeping over that marvellous death-scene—which I saw once, and shall never forget—

she will have washed the paint from her face and gone to some charming, brilliant supper?"

"Because you cannot help yourself," answered Bertie. "Madame Alvarez is a genius, and she does with us what she will. She plays upon our heart-strings, as you play on the keys of your piano, without any compunction whatever."

"True, it is her business," said the young lady, still a little indignantly. Then a sudden smile—very sweet and very radiant—broke over her face. "I am cross because I am so much touched," she said. "It is always the way with me. Please don't think anything of it. And here is my bouquet you can give her at the end."

"May I have one flower out of it?" asked Bertie, smiling.

"You will rob Madame Alvarez if you do," answered Miss Rivington. "But hush, here she comes."

Notwithstanding the fact that he was robbing Madame Alvarez, Bertie thought he must retain one flower at least in memory of the fair face and the beautiful eyes—more like sapphires than violets—which had looked up into his own. To disengage this flower, however, was a work of time; for according to the usual custom of florists, they were all fastened upon wires with the least possible amount of stem; and while he was thus occupied in pulling diligently at a delicate blossom for which he had a fancy, he was startled by Miss Rivington's hand grasping his arm and Miss Rivington's voice in his ear.

"Look, look!" she gasped. "Yonder—behind the scenes!"

He looked—from their position they commanded a view of the side-scenes and wings; and as he looked, a sheet of bright flame darted suddenly across the stage, a vivid glare which paled even the gas lit up the theatre, and a wild cry of "Fire!" burst almost simultaneously from a hundred throats.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MESMERISM.

ITS HISTORY AND SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

MESMER, the man who has given his name to the peculiar manifestation of force which will form the subject of consideration in this article, was born in Baden in 1739. At an early age he displayed a passion for the mystical. He became a student at Vienna while yet a youth, and devoted a very large share of his attention to the exploded science of astrology. In the year 1766 he published a volume upon the subject, in which he endeavored to demonstrate the character of the influence that the stars were supposed to exert upon beings living upon the earth. At a later period he abandoned astrology, and began to investigate the peculiar properties of magnetism. He was impressed with the idea that the diseases with which the human body is afflicted could be cured by application of this power, and from 1773 to 1776 he attempted to heal the diseased in Vienna by stroking them with magnets. It is a fact that he succeeded in accomplishing some surprising and inexplicable results with his process, and he enjoyed, consequently, a considerable amount of popularity. But in 1776, while upon a professional tour, Mesmer happened to meet with a rival in a monk named Gassner, who was busy operating upon the Bishop of Ratisbon for disease of the eyes. Mesmer noticed that the monk conducted his operations without magnets, and yet produced very satisfactory results; so thenceforward he abandoned the use of magnets, and depended for his effects almost wholly upon a process which will presently be described. He found that his patients recovered as rapidly by this new method as by the other, and the fact is, we believe, undoubted, that he really did effect permanent cures in many cases.

In 1777 his reputation, which must always have hung upon a rather slender thread, broke down completely, through his failure to cure the sickness of an eminent and popular musician named Paradies. So Mesmer left Vienna and went to Paris.

He arrived in the latter city in 1778, and began modestly by making himself and his theory known to the pri-

principal physicians. At first his encouragement was but slight. He found people more inclined to laugh at than to patronize him. But he was a man who had great confidence in himself, and of a perseverance which no difficulties could overcome. He hired a sumptuous apartment, which he opened to all comers who chose to make a trial of the new power of nature. M. d'Eslon, a physician of great reputation, became a convert; and from that time animal magnetism, or, as some called it, mesmerism, became the fashion in Paris. The women were quite enthusiastic about it, and their admiring tattle wafted its fame through every grade of society. Mesmer was the rage, and high and low, rich and poor, credulous and unbelieving, all hastened to convince themselves of the power of this mighty magician, who made such magnificent promises.

Mesmer, who knew as well as any man living the power of the imagination, determined that on that score nothing should be wanting to heighten the effect of the magnetic charin. In all Paris there were no apartments so charmingly furnished as Monsieur Mesmer's. Richly-stained glass shed a dim, religious light on his spacious saloons, which were almost covered with mirrors; orange blossoms scented all the air of his corridors; incense of the most expensive kind burned in antique vases on his chimney-pieces; Æolian harps sighed melodious music from distant chambers; while sometimes a sweet female voice, from above or below, stole softly upon the mysterious silence that was kept in the house, and insisted upon from all visitors.

The method adopted by Mesmer in treating his patients was as follows: In the centre of the saloon was placed an oval vessel, about four feet in its longest diameter and one foot deep. In this were laid a number of wine bottles, filled with magnetized water, well corked up and disposed in radii, with their necks outward. Water was then poured into the vessel so as just to cover the bottles, and filings of iron were thrown in occasionally to heighten the magnetic effect. The vessel was then covered with an iron cover, pierced through with many holes, and was called the baquet. From each hole issued a long movable rod of iron, which the patients were to apply to such parts of their bodies as were afflicted. Around this baquet the patients were directed to sit, holding each other by the hand and pressing their knees together as closely as possible, to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid from one to the other.

What followed may easily be imagined. One person became hysterical, then another; one was seized with catalepsy, others with convulsions; some with palpitations of the heart, perspirations and other bodily disturbances. The effects were indeed nearly allied to those apparent in the "jerks," alluded to in a previous number of *TO-DAY*. But however various and different these convulsive movements, they all went by the name of "the salutary crisis." The method was supposed to provoke in the sick person exactly the kind of action propitious to his recovery. And it may easily be imagined that many a patient found himself better after a course of this rude empiricism, and that the effect produced by these events occurring daily in Paris must have been very considerable. To the ignorant the scene was wonderful and deeply impressive. To us, however, it is clear that the causes which were present were mental excitement and the contagiousness of hysteria, convulsions and trance.

Of course Mesmer's performances caused great excitement among the doctors, and the faculty denounced him in savage terms as a charlatan. When they wished to investigate the mystery, he would not permit them, and he refused an offer of twenty thousand francs from the government if he would reveal his secret. At last a scientific commission was appointed to examine the subject. Of this body Benjamin Franklin was a member. The result of the inquiry was the presentation of a report in which Mesmer was denounced as an unmitigated humbug, and his practice charlatanism in its worst form.

Mesmer continued, however, to be successful for many years, and he not only had plenty of patients, but several pupils, whom he instructed in his art. It is to one of these

disciples that mesmerism in its present form is attributable. The Marquis de Puységur, after leaving the school of Mesmer, returned to his estate near Soissons. Here, shortly afterward, he took occasion to mesmerize the daughter of his agent and another young person for the toothache, and they declared themselves in a few moments cured. This success led M. de Puységur, a few days later, to try his hand on a young peasant named Victor, who was very ill from an affliction of his chest. The operator himself was surprised when, at the end of a few moments, Victor went off into a kind of tranquil sleep, without crisis or convulsion, and in that state he began to talk and gesticulate, and to enter into his private affairs. Victor remained asleep for an hour, and awoke composed, with his symptoms mitigated.

The case of Victor revolutionized the art of mesmerism. No machinery of any kind was used to throw him into a trance, but M. de Puységur merely made a few passes with his hands, and the effect was greater and far better than it had been under Mesmer's elaborate process. Mesmer indeed seems to have achieved the same result by manipulation, but he passed it by unheeded as only one of the many forms of "the salutary crisis," and the honor of the discovery therefore belongs to his more enterprising and practical pupil. It is the system of passes with the hand that has been used exclusively in our day, and, in fact, ever since the death of Mesmer, in 1815.

The manner in which persons are mesmerized now under the system of De Puységur is interesting, and we will describe it. The room should not be too light; very few persons should be present. The patient and operator should be quiet, tranquil and composed; the patient should, if possible, be fasting. The operator then has only to sit down before the patient, who is likewise sitting, with his hands resting on his knees and gently closed, with the thumbs upward. The operator then places his hands half open upon those of the patient, as it were taking thumbs. This is a more convenient attitude than taking hands in the ordinary way. The operator and patient then only have to sit still. If the patient is susceptible, he will soon become drowsy, and perhaps be entranced at the first sitting. Instead of this, the two hands of the operator may be held horizontally, with the fingers pointed to the patient's forehead, and either maintained in this position or brought downward in frequent passes opposite the patient's face, shoulders and arms, the points of the fingers being held as near the patient as possible without touching.

When it is desired to awake the patient, the operator lays his thumbs on the space between the eyebrows, and vigorously rubs the eyebrows, smoothing them from within outward seven or eight times. Upon this the patient probably raises his head and his eyebrows, draws a deeper breath, as if he would yawn; he is half awake, and blowing upon the eyebrows or the repetition of the previous operation, or dusting the forehead with smart transverse wavings of the hand or blowing upon it, causes the patient's countenance to become animated; the eyelids open, he looks about him, recognizes you, and begins to speak. If any feeling of heaviness remains, any weight or pain in the forehead, another repetition of the same manipulations makes all right. And yet a patient awakened in this manner could not have been aroused if a gun had been fired at his ear or his arm had been cut off.

The benefit that is derived from these trances is that so long as they are maintained, so long is the nervous system in a state of repose; and as it is tolerably certain that there are few diseases in which the nervous system is not primarily or secondarily implicated, the trance may be used with good effect in almost all cases. The first instance in which a surgical operation was performed on a patient in this state was in the celebrated case of Madame Plantin. This occurred about fifty years ago. The lady was sixty-four years of age, and suffered from a cancer of the breast. The operation of removing it was performed in Paris, and it lasted from ten to twelve minutes. During the whole time the patient in her trance conversed calmly with the surgeon, and exhibited not the slightest sign of suffering. Her expression of countenance did not change,

nor was the voice, the breathing or the pulse affected. After the wound was dressed, the patient was awakened from the trance, when, on learning that the operation was over, Madame Plantin was affected with considerable emotion, whereupon the surgeon, to compose her, put her back into the state of trance.

Since this experiment was tried, mesmerism has been used in thousands of cases to make surgical operations painless, but of late years a quicker and more certain method of procuring insensibility and unconsciousness has been found in ether and chloroform, and the mesmerists have been remanded to the ranks of quackery. Even now, however, physicians here and there use the system for the purpose of tranquillizing the nerves of some of their patients, but these men are very few in number.

One difficulty in the way of using mesmerism is that very many persons cannot be thrown into the trance. In some cases a common fit of hysterics is produced; in others slight headache and a sense of weight on the eyebrows and difficulty of raising the eyelids supervene.

When a patient is rightly mesmerized, and falls into a "waking" trance, he hears and answers the questions of the operator, and moves each limb or rises from his chair, as the operator's hand is raised to draw him into obedient following. In fact, he adopts sympathetically every movement of the other, yet his eyes are closed, and he certainly does not see. In some cases it is asserted, upon what seems good authority, that the patient not only has no sensibility of his own, but he feels, tastes and smells everything that is made to tell upon the senses of the operator. If mustard or sugar be put in his own mouth, he seems not to know it is there; if mustard be placed upon the tongue of the operator, the entranced person expresses great disgust, and acts as if trying to spit it out. If you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the patient complains of the pain you give him. In other cases it is alleged that a new sense of sight is developed, and that when an article is held to the back of the head, or to the ear, or to the chin, or wherever the power of vision seems strangely transposed, it can be seen and described. One authority assures us that he had a patient who when entranced saw from a small surface of the scalp just behind the left ear. The same writer mentions a governess in a family near his home who, when blindfolded, could read a book held in any position by placing her finger-tips near the page. A certain Dr. Petetin, discussing the phenomena of the subject, says that one of his patients when mesmerized heard entirely with the pit of her stomach; and that if any one touched her in that place with his left hand, and whispered into his right, she could hear him. Another authority says that he has known patients to be strongly affected by the imagination of the operator; so that if the latter thought intensely of any object, the patient had the perfect image of the article in his mind.

Some of these stories seem tolerably tough, and the reader may believe them or not just as he chooses. There is plenty of humbug in mesmerism, as in almost everything else in this fallen world. But certain things about the art or the science, or whatever it is, cannot be disputed successfully. Probably most of the persons who read this paper have at some time seen feats performed by mesmerists upon individuals whose honesty could not be doubted, which proved that a trance can be produced, and that the operator can exercise absolute power over the patient. The writer of this article has seen a young girl who was thrown into a trance, then blindfolded, and then entirely removed from the vicinity of the operator, read a card held with the back to the top of her head as easily as any one could read it with the eye. And this was when the card was held by a bigoted unbeliever in the whole business, and when collusion and trickery were utterly impossible. The same girl immediately afterward was placed out of sight behind an impenetrable barrier, with two or three responsible persons with her to watch her, and she described without hesitation the attitude and appearance of individuals upon the other side of the barrier.

Dancing and singing and crying at the bidding of the operator we have seen frequently. We can vouch also for

the fact that patients have been unable to move an arm or a leg when forbidden to do so, and that when the operator chose to make a particular spot sensitive or insensible, he could cause the patient to feel the pain of a blow or to remain unconscious of it.

These are things which cannot be cried down or laughed away. We admit that knaves have practiced deception under the pretence of being mesmerists, and that quacks have done much by their foolery to bring it into disrepute. But the fact remains that trance can be produced in many persons, and that while in such a condition individuals are subject to him who produced the trance. Mesmerism has been practiced in this country for many years, principally by itinerant showmen, who give exhibitions at public-halls in small towns; and in closing the subject it may be appropriate to relate how one of these gentlemen was deceived by a patient. The latter was a street-boy. The professor made passes over the youngster's face; and when sleep seemed to come, the operator informed the audience that he would now prove his power over the boy. He extended the boy's arm, and showed the spectators that its owner could not move it. It was inflexible. The limb must remain rigid until the operator gave permission to drop it. Then the professor said he would demonstrate the fact unmistakably. He placed a quarter of a dollar upon the table, and said, "My son, you may have that if you can take it." One moment of suspense; then quick as lightning the arm descended, the dirty hand seized the coin, and the boy smiled a bland and contented smile. The professor then said perhaps it would be better to conclude the performance, and he mesmerized no more in that village.

DREAMING.

LAST night from sleeping I started weeping,
My full heart leaping with sudden throes,
And warm tears streaming, because in dreaming
I saw thee, darling, lost long ago.

Methought I found thee, the cold dews round thee,
In want and sorrow, in pain and tears,
Thy brave heart broken with woes unspoken,
Thy dear brow furrowed by grief and years,

Thy pale cheek wrinkled, thy hair snow-sprinkled,
Thy hand grown feeble and worn and thin.
"Ah! had I held it, not once repelled it,"
I said, "how different our lives had been!"

With pulses shaking, thy dear head taking
To ease its aching upon my breast,
I cried, "Forgive me! Oh, love, believe me,
I loved thee always—I loved thee best."

Thy faint eyes blessed me, thy smile caressed me,
Thy lips spoke softly with gentlest tone:
"I did not blame thee, I gladly claim thee,
And fondly name thee my love—my own."

Oh, eyes once tender with love's own splendor,
How could I render your light so dim?
How, all unheeding your silent pleading,
Change thus to bitter life's honeyed brim?

Ah! worshipped purely and sheltered surely,
My soul securely its wings had furled,
Had I not crossed thee, had I not lost thee,
My best and dearest of all the world.

Oh, if to find thee, I, who resigned thee,
On world-wide searchings henceforth might go,
My life outwearing and never caring
In my despairing for toil or woe,

And ceasing never in my endeavor,
Too late for ever should find thy track,
Before thee lying with bitter crying,
I'd pray thee, dying, to take me back.

COLORADO BILL.

BY HARRY WARING.

"HURRAH! Come here, Bill, if you want to do your eyes good!"

The speaker, handsome and manly-looking, in spite of the yellow clay-streaks adhering to his bronzed face and long flaxen beard, clambered up from the trench in which he had been digging, and leaning on his pick, awaited an answer to his call.

It seemed as if his words were uttered to the winds, and that no one but himself was the tenant of that lonely valley, which stretched from a northern fork of the Sacramento far into the fastnesses of the giant Sierra Nevadas.

On repeating his call, a swarthy but cheerful countenance, surmounted by a rusty felt hat, emerged from the edge of another trench some little distance off, and a pair of light brown eyes peered cautiously over the mound of dirt.

"Hang it, George, what on earth do you mean bringing a fellow up to the top of his hole in this style? When I heard you call, I thought it was nothing less than Injuns or claim-jumpers. It's not so easy shinning up wet clay with nothing to hold on by except your nails; so say what's troubling you, old fellow, and I'll save six feet of climbing by staying where I am."

He glanced at George, who still rested on his pick, and saw that his comrade's usually calm countenance was working with a strong nervous excitement he vainly endeavored to control. Struck by the change, the tall miner fairly leaped over the dirt-hill surrounding his trench, and in another moment was by his friend's side. The latter silently pointed to his own excavation, down which Bill eagerly gazed, and there saw a hollow recently filled by an upturned boulder, but now disclosing numerous nuggets of a dull yellow metal.

"A gold pocket, by Jove!" he shouted, frantically embracing his partner. "There's the end of our toil at last. Why, George, that's fortune, fame, everything!"

"It may be to you, Bill; to me it has but one meaning, and that's—Nellie."

George Hanson, the last speaker, had left New York nearly a year before with his young wife, hoping to find in San Francisco the employment that dull times and filled positions denied him in the former city. Some time previous to his departure he had secretly married Nellie Waters, the wilful and spoiled daughter of his employer, who, when the young couple presented themselves before him announcing their union, coldly shut the door in their faces, with the declaration, "That as it had seemed proper for them to take such a step without any consultation with him, he would leave them to act with similar independence for the rest of their lives." All their entreaties could not shake the old man's stern resolution. George was at once dismissed from his situation; and after vainly endeavoring to obtain another, he sold a small farm he had lately fallen heir to, and with the proceeds started with his wife for California.

On his arrival he found to his dismay that all the avenues to remunerative employment were more completely filled than in New York; and after recognizing a preacher who once enjoyed some celebrity in that city in the act of wheeling a barrow full of bricks along the walls of a new building, followed by a well-known Philadelphia lawyer staggering under a load of mortar, he concluded that his own capital, a somewhat superficial knowledge of book-keeping, was decidedly at a discount, and that he would have no harder work, with a prospect of more success, in the rôle of an honest miner.

Nellie, too, seemed so discontented. Of a selfish and luxurious nature, accustomed to every enjoyment in her father's house, where her lightest whim had been a law, she was tired of this hand-to-mouth mode of living, and despised the rigid economy which George was daily forced to exercise. She longed again for the gay dresses, the round of pleasure and excitement, that she now began to think she had foolishly given up. George's sad countenance and despondent forebodings were wearisome to her;

and when at last he rented two small but cosy rooms in a pretty little house overlooking the bay, and, giving her nearly all the remainder of his small means, told her to be a good girl for the next six months, the selfish woman, though secretly delighted, was for a brief space moved to tenderness, and actually shed a few tears, which he devoutly kissed away, and departed with the resolve that he would win fortune for the dear girl who thus mourned his absence.

To him she was the same loving woman who had given up all to share his lot. Trusting her thoroughly, he had seen no change, nor did he know how day by day she grew disgusted with the plain matter-of-fact poverty she had wedded, forgetting the strong affection that would dare danger and death for her sake.

Not many of the few females then in San Francisco were suitable intimates for a young and friendless woman, and even the two or three which George countenanced as friends were frivolous, unprincipled women, concealing their real character under a ladylike appearance and some little refinement of manner—dangerous companions for a young girl, and more dangerous for a wife who had begun to weary of her husband.

Yet George Hanson recked little of this on that bright morning when he left his house for the Sacramento steamboat wharf. Although he had bidden her good-bye, he could not resist turning for a last look at the beautiful picture he was leaving. Nellie sat at the window, her unbound flaxen hair waving in natural ringlets over her shapely shoulders. Her lovely eyes, blue as the ethereal expanse above, glanced roguishly and lovingly toward her husband, who felt a momentary pang in leaving so much beauty alone and unprotected in a city which even then was a byword among men for lawlessness and vice.

"Still, she loves me," he thought, "and that will keep her from every temptation."

He looked again before turning the corner. Again the same picture of girlish innocence and beauty. She kissed her finger-tips. He waved an answering signal. How often afterward, when nearly exhausted with travel or worn out under a hot sun while toiling in the reeking pit, did he remember that last look and gain renewed strength for his labor!

For George fondly loved his wife, imagining that her foibles were the mere whimsicalities of a child deprived for the time of its accustomed plaything, and he hoped that the acquisition of wealth would cure her fretfulness, and make her once more the affectionate girl he had wooed and won. He forgot that the love which requires to be thus bought is never worth the price.

He pushed up the river, with no definite purpose as to the manner in which his dreams of riches were to be realized. When he reached Sacramento City, he did what he saw the other miners around him doing. Having purchased his mule and equipments—a small canvas tent and mining utensils—he followed the daily procession trailing across the plains in search of the El Dorado which was to renew his youthful dreams.

From the far-off hills of the Nevada every wind that blew toward the Pacific was laden with rumors of new gold discoveries, until men began to believe that the upper cañons of the Sacramento and American Rivers were the source of the golden fountains whose sands had been so thoroughly sifted on the alluvial plains below. It was whispered around that men whom none would hitherto trust for the bare necessities of life were scattering gold with a lavish hand. As if to confirm all these reports, from time to time some stalwart borderer would lead his horse, jaded with long journeying and staggering under a heavy pack-saddle, through the embryo city's streets, revolver in hand, and two or three of the same guardian weapons protruding from his rude belt. It mattered little if the swarthy stranger's gold disappeared like dew before the sun beneath the melting influences of the fascinating monte or keno; for when the potent drugs of the gambling-hell had deadened his senses to all besides, he still retained a knowledge of the locality where he had obtained his scattered hoard, and informing the listening crowd with drunken stammer that there was "plenny mor' wher 'as

came from," again sought the new diggings, there to remain until a too plethoric purse suggested that its unusual weight could be as easily lightened as the last.

With scenes like these daily enacted, it is no wonder that the tide swelled strongly toward the Sierra. Under their influence, thither George Hanson wended his way, only to find that the crowd before him had prospected the desirable places. After trying some unpromising diggings with indifferent success, he repacked his mule and journeyed still farther up the river, until one evening, nearly six months after his departure from San Francisco, tired and fevered, he pitched his tent in sight of the snowy summit of Mount Shasta, that towered in the far distance above all its lesser rivals of the Sierras.

The next morning when he opened his eyes, he was too delirious to recognize the form which bent over him as that of Colorado Bill, the miner whose graphic delineations of gold-hunting and heavy betting in the Sacramento hotel had insensibly given the direction to his own wanderings. George was down with the terrible miners' fever; and had not some kind providence led the footsteps of Colorado Bill to his bedside, his search for treasure might have had then and there a summary ending.

Colorado Bill—thus called from a brief residence on the great river of that name in Lower California—despite his rough exterior, shaggy beard and somewhat dissipated habits, possessed a warm heart. He at once took up his abode in George's tent, nursing the patient in the intervals of work with the patience and tenderness of a sister of charity.

Hanson came to his senses after a fortnight's fight with the fever demon, and no words could express his gratitude when he discovered the extent of his obligation to the tall miner who had stood like a guardian angel between himself and death.

Colorado Bill, on his part, was pleased to think that what he considered nothing but mere duty was so well appreciated. His wandering habits had not utterly destroyed a certain refinement of feeling consequent upon a fair early education, and he therefore longed for a companion other than one whose friendship invariably manifested itself by the mysterious production of four aces in a game of draw poker, and thus showed designs on his dust incompatible with the professions of a Pythias.

The two friends were so well pleased with each other that they made common property with everything, and struck a compact that each would share with the other any good fortune which might befall him.

Up to the morning on which our story opens, the location selected had not proved equal to its promise. For many days they had toiled with pick and spade, but beyond a small quantity of scale-gold worth but a few dollars, their exertions had availed them nothing. When they had turned in on the preceding evening, Colorado Bill had given vent to his feelings.

"It's too bad, George," he had said. "We'll try the hole one more day; and if we don't come to the dust, let's git."

And now their highest hopes were realities; yet to the two men the dull metal on which they gazed bore different meanings. To Bill it was simply the agency through which his rollicking animal life found its natural expression. To George, with his strong love and undying faith, it meant hope for himself and happiness for Nellie.

The shades of evening found them five hundred ounces richer than when they had commenced work in the morning. At this rate—though, of course, the first day's find was generally the heaviest—they knew that a handsome competence was only a question of a few weeks' labor. So they worked steadily a fortnight longer. Then their provisions ran low, and Colorado Bill suggested to George that it might be better for him to run down to Sacramento, or perhaps farther, and lay in a fresh supply of grub.

"Tell you what it is, George," he continued, as they sat on the hillside in the warm autumn evening, "you've set me thinking with what you told me about Nellie. More than three months since, when I was down in 'Frisco, I got acquainted with a pretty little girl under somewhat singular circumstances. One afternoon, when I had been

thinking of the idle, shiftless life I led, a melancholy *side* over me. I couldn't get rid of it. To shake it off, I started out for a walk, and after strolling about some time, thought I would like to take a look at old ocean, and wandered down the Cliff road. All at once there was a tremendous commotion ahead—carriages whirling right and left, while between them all rose a cloud of dust coming nearer and nearer. A puff of wind from the sea cleared things up, and then I saw two horses streaking it like lightning toward me. A lady held the lines, and a white-livered cur, without giving her a thought, tried to save himself by jumping from the carriage. I never saw such a scornful look on a woman's face as was on hers when she saw that. The man scarcely touched the ground before I sprang to the horses' heads, and succeeded in checking them after they had dragged me a short distance. The lady never seemed a bit afraid, only after I had assisted her to alight she handed me her riding-whip.

"If you will give that craven what he deserves," said she, pointing to the man who was now coming up, "I will be obliged to you."

"Of course I didn't like to insult a man with whom I had no quarrel; but when he was close to me, I saw it was Jim Lascelles, the biggest gambler in California, and the worst, who cleaned me out of six months' dust one night on Goose Flat with loaded dice. The rascal knew me at once, and commenced to feel in his breast-pocket, but I had him covered before he could draw. I knocked his revolver out of his hand into the sea, and then gave him a horsewhipping that I guess will refresh his memory before he dices another green miner. He slunk away toward the cliffs. At the lady's invitation, I took a seat by her side. She didn't say anything until we got clear of the crowd which now began to surround us, when she commenced:

"How can I sufficiently thank you for what you have done for me?"

"Oh," I answered, "I'd stop a horse for any lady."

"It was not that—I meant the other thing," she exclaimed, with a scornful gesture in the direction Lascelles had taken.

"If you mean Lascelles' thrashing," I replied, "I owed him that on my own account," and then I went over my little story about Goose Flat.

"I never saw such a change as passed over her face when I told her that."

"A gambler!" she almost screamed. "Mr. Norton always said he was one of the most prominent dealers in San Francisco."

"So he is—at the cards," I answered; "but his name's Lascelles, not Norton, and I'm sorry if he's a friend of yours."

"She laughed gayly."

"I don't generally ask gentlemen to horsewhip my friends, so make yourself easy on that score. In San Francisco one cannot make such nice distinctions among acquaintances as in the States. But as for that man—Norton or Lascelles—I hate him!"

"By Jove, George," she spit out these words like a wild-cat, but in a minute afterward she was herself again—all smiles; and she so saucily tossed her little head, all covered with beautiful curly hair, and her blue eyes looked so bewitchingly into mine, that I found myself fairly in love with her."

"You have good taste, Bill," interrupted George; "Nellie has blue eyes and curly hair. But was that all you saw of your beauty?" he continued.

"No. She asked me to come and see her. I went two or three times, and tried to find out more about her, but did not learn much. Whenever I began to question her, she would pat my bearded mouth with her little hand."

"Sh—sh!" she said; "we might make each other very unhappy were we to tell everything we had ever done."

"The long and short of it, George, was that I acted as I suppose many another fool has done before me. I asked her to wait until fall, and told her when I had made another pile I would come down and marry her, if she would have me."

"You marry me!" she cried, with an unnatural shriek of laughter that made me almost repent my proposal.

"Yes, if you don't think you're too good for me."

"Her eyes flashed for an instant, and she looked at me very hard. Seeing I meant what I said, she suddenly softened."

"Bill," she replied, "I never could be good enough for you. I hardly know what may happen before fall. At any rate, if you are of the same mind, come back to me then."

"I was so angry at this short dismissal that I did not even bid her good-bye, but tore off my buckskin belt, full of double eagles, and dashed it on the table."

"There's something for you to remember me by till fall," I said, and rushed into the street before she could say anything further or prevent my going."

"Just like you, Bill," exclaimed George, when his companion ended—"the best friend and the truest to man or woman; but I hardly like the looks of things. What business had any woman to be driving with a man like Lascelles? She—"

"Stop, George!" interrupted his friend, in a husky voice; "not a word against Mary! Remember she said that Lascelles was only known to her as the merchant Norton. I'll marry her if she'll have me; for, George," said he, gently, "I feel toward her as you do to Nellie—I love her."

"Then God give you all the happiness you wish for!" earnestly answered his mate.

"Amen," replied Bill, reverently.

"So you see, George," he continued, "that it's about time for me to go down to Frisco. I must see Mary, and it will only take me a few days longer."

So it was resolved that Colorado Bill should go down to the metropolis.

George had not heard from Nellie for a long time, but this circumstance gave him no uneasiness. He thought that in his wanderings her letters had miscarried, and in their present isolation there had been no chance of communication with the outer world until now. He therefore sent a long letter to her by his comrade, containing an account of their unexpected good luck, with a promise of soon coming in person to San Francisco.

In the mean time he worked long and steadily in the treasure gulch, and day by day added to the pile of yellow dust safely cached in a corner of the log cabin which they had built for their greater protection.

One evening, nearly a month after the departure of his comrade, and when his return was daily expected, George, having finished his frugal supper, ascended a small knoll behind the cabin that overlooked the beautiful valley beyond. The setting sun flashed a thousand gold and crimson tints on the snowy summits of the Sierras, that rose in the north and east cold and inaccessible as the icebergs of the frozen zone. In the vale below, the temperature was warm and pleasant, and for several evenings past George had gone up the hill, and from thence looked down the valley, hoping to see some sign of his returning partner. Hitherto he had been unsuccessful, but now, as he gazed far down the winding course of the brook, he thought he saw Bill's mule on a rise of ground in the dim distance, slowly plodding its way through a space of five blasted tree-trunks that gave an open view of the track. It was so far away, and the twilight was coming on so fast, that he was not altogether certain it was his partner; but he knew that, thus remote from all civilization, the owner of the beast could be no other than Bill. His heart swelled with the thought that he would soon hear from his darling wife. He pictured her delight on receiving the news of his great success, and thought, too, now that Bill had returned, there would soon be an end of toil, and that with the fruits of his labor Nellie should once more have all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. "How well," he thought, "she had deserved it, for her trust and her patient waiting!" and he resolved that hereafter he would gratify her every wish.

By this time the twilight was rapidly coming on, but before leaving his post, George looked again in the direction of the trail. Did his eyes deceive him, or had a deceitful mirage evolved from the haze another mule, the re-

flection of the first? There, indeed, was another mule, and trailing over its side were the long folds of a woman's riding-habit. His heart gave a great bound. There was something in the manner and gesture of the fair equestrienne which even at that distance seemed familiar to him. Could it be Nellie, so tired of waiting that she could not resist the opportunity of thus surprising him? There was no mistaking the other rider now. That was Colorado Bill. George could see him, as they rode up from the vale below, laughing and chatting with his companion, and carefully turning aside the long branches which interposed themselves in the pathway.

George, though half ashamed of the emotion, felt angry with Bill. Somehow he could not bear to think that any other than himself should be so attentive to Nellie.

They were now directly below him, though the trail circled the hill for more than a mile before it paused at the door of the cabin. Could that indeed be Nellie? There was a certain something—a strange feeling of coming evil—that repelled him the more he gazed.

A harsh, weird laugh, shrill as the night hawk's cry, floated up from the valley below. He breathed a sigh of relief. No; that woman, with her bold strident mirth, could not be his wife, his timid, gentle Nellie, who always seemed to shrink from any action that belied the modesty and attractiveness of her sex.

"It must be Bill's wife," he thought; and he determined that the pair should have a hearty welcome.

He entered the cabin, spread the table, and made the best display of provender that his exhausted store would allow. The coffee-kettle hissed merrily on the embers in the fireplace, when he heard the clatter of hoofs on the gravel without. The door opened, and his partner entered with a lady, whose face was partly concealed by her veil.

"Hallo, George!" he cried; "I have brought my wife. Look at my pretty little bird. Mary," he continued, removing the veil from her face, "this is partner George—George Hanson."

With a cry that echoed far and near through the cañon, startling the wild eagle from his eyrie and the huge grizzly from his lair, the lady sank senseless on the floor. Bill rushed to her aid; but glancing at his comrade's face, he was struck by its deathlike pallor.

"George, my boy," he exclaimed, "in Heaven's name what ails you? What's the meaning of all this?"

"Bill, it's Nellie!"

He rushed to the open door; the ring of hoofs sounded sharp and clear through the still night, and Colorado Bill was left alone in his misery. Yet only for a brief space. No sooner had the bewildered miner comprehended the terrible truth than, utterly disregarding the cowering heap on the floor, he started in pursuit. For hours he wandered through the forest, but the flinty rocks and hills only echoed back in mockery his call to his fugitive friend.

In the gray light of dawn Colorado Bill re-entered his cabin. It was tenantless. The sod was torn up from the caché that hid their gold-dust, and most of it was gone. To Mary alone had he spoken of this secret hiding-place. Its store of wealth had furnished many a theme of converse during their long ride to the Sierras. He did not wonder at its desecration nor mourn over his lost treasure. He knew that to such a woman any crime was light in comparison with the treachery that must have been thoroughly engrafted in her nature ere she could so coolly and deliberately trample on the trust of a man like George. For his own disappointment he did not care. Since last night all affection for her seemed dead. He only blamed himself for not tracing out her antecedents before he had given her his faith, and, above all, he cursed his remissness in not following up a clue to Nellie's disappearance, when he found she had vanished from the place where George left her in San Francisco.

He went sadly back to his old labor. Day by day he washed out the gold-dust, and many a time watched long and wistfully down the valley, hoping for the return of his lost partner.

They met at last.

One noon, when Bill was eating his scanty dinner, he

saw numerous dark forms flitting about from tree to tree, and gradually closing in around himself and the cabin. To grasp his gun and flee to its shelter was the work of a few seconds. He knew that successful resistance to the band of savages surrounding him was hopeless. But he had no idea of submitting to the terrible alternative of captivity and death by torture, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The unerring aim of his rifle through the loop-holes with which the cabin was pierced brought many an Indian to the ground, and evidently so dismayed his foes that their constant hail of bullets against the hut slackened, giving Colorado Bill an opportunity to peer through a loop-hole and reconnoitre the situation. Just then he fancied that he was called by name. He looked toward the woods, and saw his lost comrade running toward the cabin. The savages desisted George at the same time, and opened fire upon him, while he returned their shots with his revolver.

Bill threw open the door as George stumbled heavily over the threshold, and in another instant secured it with its massive oaken bar. He found to his dismay that George was seriously wounded. A ball had struck him in the back, penetrating his lung, and it was with difficulty that he spoke. Bill carried him to his old bunk, but soon saw he was beyond relief. He lifted a cup of water to the lips of the dying man.

"If it was only the fever again, George!" he said as the tears rolled down his cheek.

"Don't take on so, old fellow," gasped George, feebly clasping his friend's hand. "It's all right. I came back again—to tell you about—Nellie. I didn't want you to think I hated you—for that. I felt that night—I could have killed you—and so I fled. I know you couldn't help it. I couldn't be angry with you. She—wasn't—worth it, Bill."

The wronged man had spoken his last.

Colorado Bill stood by the dead body of the only true friend he had ever known, and a strong desire of vengeance rose in his breast.

"I only want to live now," he cried, "long enough to circumvent those howling fiends outside who have shot George."

He placed their small keg of powder in one corner, and snatching a lighted brand from the fireplace, threw open the door. The room was almost instantly filled with the elated savages. A dull, smothered report reverberated among the rocks, and once more unbroken quiet reigned throughout the valley.

Colorado Bill had gone to join his friend.

FIELD-DAYS IN PARIS.

No. 2.

WERE you ever principal, or second, or looker-on, or "any other man," in a duel?

Being a Philadelphia Quaker, no. Well, this week I was, not principal, not second, not looker-on, but that other fellow who just happens in, and who suffers through contiguity.

I was dining with a friend—we sometimes are so invited to dine in Paris; the friend was a woman—she always is a woman, but this time the woman was a "grande dame," and also a "grande artiste."

The friend has a son, and the son is a journalist, consequently in France very open to duels and little amusements of that "genre."

It was in the Faubourg St. Germaine, and I was chez une Legitimist Madame de A—, one of the great names of France.

The journalistic son is a Bonapartist; such things are frequent in "The Faubourg." You find the heads of families for the older Bourbon branch, and the younger and more progressive members Imperialists—very rarely Republicans; indeed, Republicanism is not just the thing in France. It is tolerated only until they can cry quits with Kaiser William; after that, the deluge.

What will come out of chaos is as uncertain as the verdict of a petit jury. In the French play of politics all

things are on the cards, and sometimes it's the game in which the jack takes the king. Just now, the lion being dead, the jackal comes in for his share, and so virtually France is ruled by Monsieur Gambetta. But this is outside of duels, at least for the present, and entirely outside of my particular duel.

The young Imperialistic journalist, M. de A—, had written a series of articles in the "Paris Journal," criticising severely the magistrates of the 4th September. One belligerent and burly representative of the law, or rather of the outrages of the law of that period, took the matter *au sérieux*, and fancied he could by heavy words force a retraction. A thunderer in the "Journal du Nord" only called out a more scathing criticism, with a garnishing of facts that entirely disagreed with the stomach communistic. So Monsieur B— sent his seconds to the "Paris Journal" to demand the reason why, and a retraction. Reasons were as plenty as blackberries, but upon compulsion he would give none. Retractions were refused; and so swords for two and a soft spot on the green sward at Versailles were resolved on.

There you have a preface, *par parenthèse*. To go back to my part of the play: After dinner I heard just behind me, as we passed through the hall, these words, *adieu*, "Nous nous battons demain à trois heures." I turned quickly, as the tone was deep, and found the words were not addressed to me, but to the Count de N—. The faces of the two speakers were grave and earnest, and I instantly understood the situation.

"A secret is a secret no longer when three know it," but the knowledge of the third was a thing of chance, and in honor I could not know it. I looked at my hostess, and thought of the morrow and its hazards for her happiness. An only child! Say that, and who does not know that it is the mother's heart the son must expose to his foe?

I never knew Madame de A— more gay. Always the life and soul of her circle, this night she was brilliant, witty, sparkling, looking into her son's eyes to find the response. I had never seen a happier or prouder mother, and in a shaded corner I thought of all I loved across the water, and grew sadder as the moments counted.

Finally, I faced the situation, and calling Monsieur de A—, asked, "You really fight to-morrow? Is no arrangement possible?"

"Ah, you have heard? Yes, it is settled; though to-night the seconds meet at the 'Paris Journal' office to arrange the details. Of course you will guard my secret."

"Of course, as my hearing it was accidental. But your mother; if anything happens to you, have you thought of her?"

"Yes; and I don't mean to be killed—rest assured of that. But will you come by the office with me to-night on your way home?"

"Certainly, in the hope that it will be arranged. Now, every time I look at your mother I feel like an accessory to murder."

At half-past eleven I took leave of Madame de A—, with a cordial, loving sympathy in my heart that revealed itself somewhat in manner, for as she held my hands in hers, she said, "You are unhappy; but to-morrow I will come to you; for to-night, be assured that I love you very much. My dear friend, I wish you a happy dream about your son. Au revoir!"

And this from the mother whose son stands by us, young, brilliant, handsome, only twenty years of age, and already a journalist of great promise—and to-morrow.

My heart was full, and my words were few. Ten minutes later we were at the office of the administration of the "Paris Journal." I waited in the carriage, trying to blot myself out of sight. After an hour's waiting, Monsieur de A— came down to tell me there was a possibility of an arrangement. "Would I wait?"

"Yes."

Constantly bulletins and messengers crossed the street to the headquarters of the other party. Not far up the narrow, dimly-lighted street stood another carriage, and in the long waiting I grew curious as to who the lady could be who occasionally descended from it, and walked slowly

up and down the square with a boy whose face, seen by the gaslight, seemed about sixteen or seventeen.

Again Monsieur de A—— came to say the waiting would be long. I told him of my neighbor in the carriage, and at that moment a gentleman came out of the door opposite and joined her.

"That is my adversary," he exclaimed, "with his wife and son."

My interest deepened; not only for the mother and son that I already knew and loved, but for the wife and son who wearily walked the sidewalk, talking in low tones, and of what, I could readily imagine. The Rue Favart is a narrow little street, not more than three squares in length, one of the boundaries of the Opera Comique, commencing at the Boulevard des Italiens and ending at the old landmark, an English inn, called Byron's Tavern. Weakly gas-burners except at the boulevard, and after the opera was closed but few passers, left me the semi-obscurity of an ill-lighted stage. I thought of Eugene Sue's description of the cité, and of the tragedies, historic and personal, that had stained the Quartier, and a weird, uncanny feeling grew upon me.

Still the weary veiled woman walked restlessly and the boy's face grew pale as the hours wore on. Three o'clock sounded; again the gentleman appeared and joined my fellow-watcher, but this time they entered the carriage and drove rapidly off. As this sound died away, there came another of many feet, and from the entrance of the office issued eight or ten excited Frenchmen, all talking noisily, in the midst my young friend. Then followed a handshaking, and as he opened the carriage-door, where I waited, a gentleman stepped forward, and said,

"Henri, leave me at home on your way; it will not take you five minutes more."

"There is a lady with me."

"A lady? Ah, pardon."

"But come, it is a friend of my mother's, who knew the circumstances and wishes to hear the result. Madame, permit me to present Monsieur de L——."

I bowed silently to the new-comer, who looked curiously at me. Monsieur de A—— shut the door on us and got up by the coachman. As we came into the full light of the boulevard, my neighbor again looked round.

"I think, madame, I have met you at Madame de A——'s."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Ah yes, Madame S——?"

"No, monsieur."

"Ah, Madame ——?"

No response from me, and the conversation dropped.

Ten minutes, and we stopped, and out got Monsieur de L—— with rather a curt—

"Bon soir, madame."

Monsieur de A—— took the vacant seat.

"It is all settled."

"Thank God, for your mother's sake."

"My adversary retracts the 'Nord' article, and we allow him a defence in the 'Paris Journal.'"

"But are you sure no new complications will grow out of that?"

"I think not; he will be only too glad to touch the facts tenderly."

"You will dine with me, then, to-morrow, with your mother?"

"With pleasure, since my Versailles engagement is off;" and he laughed gayly as he bade me good-night.

The next day, or rather that same day—for it was morning when we reached home—Madame de A—— came to dine with me, excusing her son, who was detained at the office, but who would come later. I commenced laughingly, thinking it was all over,

"I had quite an adventure last night, and a ride this morning at three with a much puzzled friend of yours."

"This morning at three?" with a comically shocked face.

"Yes, with Monsieur de L——."

"Monsieur de L——! I did not know you knew him."

"I don't, very well, and he knows still less of me." Then I told her the whole story. She laughed and cried and thanked and embraced me as only a French woman

could. At this moment her son arrived. The tide of feeling turned toward him; and though he laughed off her excitement, I noticed a troubled manner, and again I wondered if the duel was really off.

Late at night they left me. The longer I thought over Monsieur de A——'s manner, the more uneasy I grew. In the morning's "Figaro," the first little article that met my eye was an intimation of a coming journalistic duel. All the next day the possibilities haunted me. Late at night I sat over a dying fire, thinking of home and the changes there, sadly counting the long weary days of separation, fearfully picturing, as we all do, a thousand ills that never happen, and trying to waken the slumbering hopes that seemed to die with the embers. Homesick, heartsick, with this dreary exile, wondering when and how it would all end, I felt with Jean Paul that the kindest of all angels is the Angel of Death, who calls us to another life—sad, past all words, with the sadness of isolation.

It is well for us that others' cares and others' hopes come to rouse us from our own.

Half-past eleven my door-bell sounded. The first thought was that it was an arrival from America. Who else would come so late? My one little maid was sleeping soundly, so I opened the door, to see a boyish face full of excitement, and hear—

"We fought to-day at Versailles. I only got back at eight, and my mother insisted that I should see you on my way to the office, for to-morrow's 'Figaro' will have a full account of the affair, and I may be arrested. You see, I told you I should not be touched."

"But Monsieur B——?"

"Is wounded badly in the side, though I left him doing very well after a surgeon had dressed the wound."

"Was he brought back to Paris?"

"No, but his wife and son were waiting at a little hotel near by, and we carried him there."

"Are you not sorry?"

"Sorry? no—for the necessity, yes; but such things must come."

"In France?"

"In France; but you do no better in America. There you carve people with bowie-knives."

"But here the law is growing stricter, is it not?"

"Somewhat, but no one regards the law. There are professed duellists who fight for amusement. Have you ever heard of Demas?"

"No. What of him?"

"He was a magnificent swordsman, who kept his hand in with an occasional duel. Not long since, he fancied himself out of practice—growing rusty. He had not fought for several months, and could provoke no one, so he took a chair on the sidewalk of the Champs Elysées, and as a gentleman came by, held out his cane horizontally, and said in an imperious tone, 'Jump, monsieur.' The gentleman thought him a madman, and jumped. Another passed: 'Jump, monsieur,' and the second, following the example just given, jumped. Demas was disgusted. An Englishman approached: 'Jump, monsieur.' The Englishman hesitated, then, 'Awh, I see—a bet,' and jumped. Demas was furious, but happily now came an officer all decorations. 'Jump, monsieur.' The officer looked at him, recognized Demas, caught the cane, broke it, and threw down his card. 'A la bonne heure,' exclaimed Demas. The next day they fought in the Bois de Boulogne, and the officer was slightly wounded, so the duel was off. Demas was not content. He held out his sword before the second: 'Jump, monsieur.' Duel number two. The second wounded. Demas approached the third, who took to his heels and left the Bois."

"What has become of Demas?"

"Unfortunately, shot during the Commune."

"I think the Commune may be forgiven that execution."

"You don't like duels, and you won't call on me in prison?"

"I don't like duels, but I will visit you;" and I did during his fifteen days' incarceration for putting in jeopardy the life of a magistrate of the 4th September.

CHALK LEVEL.

The Children of the Poor.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO
BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

TAKE heed of this small child of earth,
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrongs
They come—God gives us them a while;
His speech is on their stammering tongues,
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain;
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers;
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in heaven what thunder stirs

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!





THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.—See Poem.

THE "RIGHT" WHALE.

BY AN OLD WHALSMAN.

THE description of any animal, plant or mineral largely in the domestic economy of mankind must always be an interest for the reflective mind, and among these "right" whale—one of the grand cetaceans that furnish oil and whalebone—should certainly hold a prominent rank, since nine-tenths of the civilized peoples of the world make use of these commodities in one way or another. Celebrated as the right whale has been, and well known in commerce for a period of nearly four centuries, it is not a little strange that we have as yet no really correct description either of its appearance or habits, and even such

information as we do possess is in many respects erroneous. Though many books have been written upon the subject by retired whalers, they treat chiefly of the chase and mode of capturing it, and not of the animal itself; while most of the numerous books of natural history relating to this subject give but sketches drawn from fancy, and by persons who have never studied nature outside of their cabinets. In one of these, written by a celebrated naturalist, we are told that "whales have legs in addition to their flippers," and in the engraving which accompanies the description the right whale is represented with a head bearing a ludicrous resemblance to that of a gigantic bull-frog.

From such misrepresentations the world must acquire very erroneous ideas concerning Leviathan's appearance, and it is to correct these that the following article is put forth. The writer, having spent many years in the pursuit

of these grand cetaceans, deems himself capable of giving at least a correct delineation of their appearance, as also a faithful account of some of their more singular habits.

And first a word or two as to the geographical range of this species, known to whalers as the "right" whale, the *Balaena mysticetus* of naturalists.

The right whale inhabits the seas of four, if not all five, of the grand divisions of salt water. It is found in the Atlantic, though there only small in size and few in number compared with what might have been seen in former times. The eastern Arctic, around the coasts of Greenland, some forty years ago, was a celebrated courting-ground for right whales, but the constant warfare urged against them has greatly reduced their numbers. In the western part of the Polar Basin they are encountered, though not in large numbers, the more numerous species there being the great "polar whale." In the Indian Ocean right whales are common, but the chase there is generally after the more valuable sperm whale, or *cachalot*, which affects a warmer clime than its larger congeners. It has not been ascertained whether the right whale exists in the South Polar Seas, but probably, when the waters within the Antarctic become better known, Leviathan will be found there in as great numbers as at one time around the shores of Greenland.

At present the favorite haunts of the right whale are in the northern and southern sections of the Pacific Ocean, and thither are most of the whaling-vessels despatched, being always sure of finding full cargoes, though many vessels are also engaged in the chase of them in the North and South Atlantic, as also in the Indian Ocean.

The right whale varies in size according to age and the waters in which it is found, but its length averages from sixty to ninety feet, and its circumference around the thickest part of the body is little less than two-thirds its length. The flukes or tail are from ten to fifteen feet in horizontal extent, and the fins or flippers from about five to eight. The head is about seven feet from the tip to the spout-holes, and over three from the highest point on top to the roof of the mouth inside. The average circumference of a right whale's head is from twenty to thirty feet. The cows are about two-thirds the size of the bulls.

According to Captain Scoresby's estimate, a whale sixty feet in length will weigh seventy tons, or as much as three hundred fat oxen, while the oil taken from it will be about thirty tons. It is a common saying among whalers that it requires thirty fathoms of water for a three hundred barreller to swim in.

The flukes of the right whale are of solid blubber, and for attack or defence are by far the most efficient weapon the animal possesses, sometimes sending a whale-boat and its crew full thirty feet into mid-air, and often killing many of the men. These flukes are not placed vertically, as in other fish, but transversely, and parallel to the surface of the water; so that whales have been known to swim on at the rate of a mile an hour after death, the onward movement being caused by the waves giving to the flukes an almost life-like propulsion. The point of junction between the flukes and the main body of the animal is extremely small, and the tendons at this part are easily severed with a spade.

The head, from which the whalebone is obtained, is a most singular structure, and nicely adapted to the wants of the cetacean. In shape it has been compared, and very appropriately, to a round-toed, flat-soled shoe with straight sides. The lower jaw is from eight to ten feet wide where it unites with the body, but becomes smaller toward the extremity, resembling, when cleaned of the flesh, a bluntly-pointed arch about seven feet in length. The skull or crown bone, which serves as the upper jaw, is a single bone, slightly rounded on the top, and four or five feet wide at the neck, but also smaller at the extremity. It is to this bone that the slabs of what is usually termed whalebone are fastened. They are in pieces of from two to ten feet in length, about twelve inches wide at the top, tapering down gently and curving inward, till at the lower end they are mere points. The pieces radiate edgewise, from what may be called the ridge-pole of the roof of the mouth, and are about a quarter of an inch in thickness and half an inch apart. They are not of the

ordinary osseous nature, but more resembling coarse hair closely matted together; and on the inside edge this hair is fringed out, and serves as a sieve through which the animal strains its food.

The eyes of the right whale are not much, if anything, larger than those of an ox. They are placed in the back part of the head, in such a position that the whale cannot see before it. Their power of vision is, however, very great when any object comes within their field.

The spout-holes of the right whale are on the top of its head, near the neck, and consist of two large oval cavities, apparently scooped out of the blubber, each capable of holding several quarts of water. At the bottom of each is an orifice leading right downward. These can be opened and closed at the pleasure of the animal, though they are always kept shut when it is swimming under water. Whenever it rises to the surface, these cavities are, of course, filled with salt water, and it is this, mixed with Leviathan's breath, that causes the well-known spout. The water is thrown vertically upward in a close stream, till its force becomes spent, when it bursts, and falls back like the spray from an hydraulic fountain. The spouts are best seen when the whale is coming directly toward or going away from the observer, and these singular jets of water are often projected to the height of thirty or forty feet. As the animal always blows the moment it comes to the surface, the sailors on the lookout watch for this spouting, and when seen, give the signal, "There she blows!" The fins or flippers of the right whale are placed just behind the eyes, and consist of a hand-like collection of bones, having four fingers, the two inside ones being the longest. They are enclosed with a thick layer of blubber, which envelops the whole hand, and of itself yields several barrels of oil. The flippers are used both as propellers and means of defence, but appear to have another purpose—that of balancing the body upon the waves.

The color, both of the right and sperm whales, is a glossy black, though the former are sometimes seen mottled with large spots of a whitish hue. The skin of both kinds is similar. Outside the regular skin, which has no peculiarity, there is a coat of what resembles coarse stiff hair, of about a quarter of an inch in thickness; and outside this again is another cuticle, like glossy black silk, but so thin that when a piece of it is laid over the page of a book, the print can plainly be seen through it—the sailors say even plainer than without it.

The blubber on a fat whale is from ten to twenty inches deep in its thickest part—from twelve to fifteen inches being the average—and covers the entire body from snout to tail. It is generally of a whitish color, though when very fat it has a bluish tinge. It is coarser in texture and harder to the touch than fat pork, and is so thickly impregnated with oil that a cask closely packed with solid blubber will not contain the oil boiled out of it, even without the scraps from which it has been extracted. When properly boiled in a clean pot, the oil is of a light color; but should not the pot be perfectly clean, it will have a dark tinge, and is then deemed of inferior quality.

The length of a whale's life is still a subject of conjecture; but judging from its size and other peculiarities, it cannot be less than that of the elephant, which animal the whale resembles in other characteristics than size. It is supposed that the right whale does not gain its full dimensions till twenty-five years of age, and some notches on the slabs of whalebone are pointed to as proofs of this fact. This, however, is not deemed a trustworthy criterion.

The velocity with which a right whale can make its way through the water is astonishing—far beyond what is generally supposed. Its ordinary rate of speed is moderate enough; but when a boat becomes fastened to one by the harpoon, or it gets "gallied" in any way, it rushes off at a rate that would leave the fleetest locomotive far behind. What a whale's best speed is has never been exactly ascertained, but the following anecdote related of one is given as true, and seems to imply that it is only a little less than that of electricity: "A whale-ship, fishing off the western coast of Greenland, one day struck a large right whale—the largest the whalers had seen during the cruise. Leviathan started off in a westerly direction; and

night coming on, the boats were obliged to cut from him, leaving the iron still sticking in his flesh. That was the last that they ever saw of him; but two days after, another vessel, engaged in the same business, caught the same whale—of course identified by the irons—in the Polar Basin, near Behring's Straits! He had thus made the famous North-west Passage in forty-eight hours—the quickest time on record.

The food of the right whale consists of small sea insects, or *medusa*, known to whalers as "brit." These animalcules are of a reddish color, and generally about the size of mustard-seed, though sometimes very much larger, some being nearly half an inch long. They float in immense shoals upon the surface of the sea, sometimes coloring the water to the extent of many miles as if it were blood. The whale swims in amongst them, with its lips dropped flat along, or a little below, the surface; and when large quantities of the "brit" have surged into its yawning gape, it closes its lips in an upward direction, scooping the insects into its mouth, and along with them several hogsheads of sea-water. The jaws are then opened again, and with a grand outward breath the water is ejected through the whalebone fringes, leaving the insects clinging to the coating of hair inside, there to be gathered up by the whale's great tongue and sent wholesale into its stomach.

Why the throat of this which is almost the largest animal in existence should be no larger than that of a horse or ox may appear an eccentricity of nature. Yet such is the case with Leviathan, to the perplexing of naturalists. The Bible readers, too, may be puzzled by it, for certainly the whale that swallowed Jonah could not have been a right whale.

As far as is known, whales are wholly uniparous, no account being given of their having ever been found with more than one calf at a time. The young of the right whale is at birth about twelve feet long, and weighs nearly a ton. It resembles the parents in every respect, except in size and color, the latter being a shade lighter than in the full-grown animals. The cows are strongly attached to their young; and though at other times inoffensive, and evidently unused to warfare, they are ever ready to defend their offspring with fearlessness and fury, and will attack boats or even ships in revenge for any injury inflicted upon it. When the calf is first born, the dam teaches it to swim, by keeping close alongside of it until the little one gets tired, when she will dive under and raise it up so that it may rest upon her back. At this season the cows are very savage, and it is always regarded as a dangerous movement to strike a whale calf, though it is sometimes done for the purpose of bringing the "school" to a halt.

When a right whale is suckling its calf, the quantity of milk is enormous; and if the mamma be cut open, the flow will whiten the ocean for rods around.

When accompanied by its young, the right whale generally endeavors to keep "on soundings," probably for the purpose of having within easy reach a resting-place for the calf.

Whether the right whales are migratory in the ordinary sense of the word is not known, but certain it is that no dependence can be placed on their movements. They appear and disappear almost mysteriously at times, and no one can imagine whence they come or whither they go.

To-day scores may be counted from the mast-head, all steadily moving in the same direction, to-morrow not one will be in sight. Several days after, you meet a vessel coming from the direction in which they had disappeared, and learn from her that not a fluke has been seen. While you are wondering at this, you are startled by the cry of "There she blows!" and the next moment the ocean is alive with them, all moving in one direction—perhaps the very opposite to that they were going to when last seen. Where they stray to in their perambulations is a mystery, unless we may suppose them to have been hidden under water, but this, from the necessity of their coming to the surface for respiration, is plainly impossible. This habit of hide-and-seek belongs also to the bow-head whales, and is, perhaps, more peculiar to them than to the black species.

A very singular circumstance connected with the habits

of these great cetaceans is the mode of communication that exists among them. By some sort of telegraphy, as yet unexplained, one "school" can give notice of danger to another at a distance of several miles. This has been often observed, and may be seen from the mast-head at any time when two schools are in sight, and an individual in either has been struck by the harpoon. The moment the iron is fast, the spectator will see the whales of the more distant school—it may be five miles or more off—rushing in a straight line from the scene of danger.

Besides man, the right whale has three other enemies it may well dread. These are the sword-fish, the "thrasher" and the "killer." There is also a case on record of a sea-serpent having attacked and conquered Leviathan; but as the existence of the creature is somewhat mythical, it cannot be classed as one of his regular enemies.

The killer is itself a small whale, and may therefore be accused of cannibalism. It has very sharp teeth, is exceedingly swift, and attacks the right whale, the assailants being in schools of a large number together, probably knowing that in "union there is strength." These harass and worry the great creature until life is extinct, and then content themselves with devouring only the tongue, leaving the carcass to the birds and sharks. The sword-fish and thrasher, in attacking the whale, often act in concert, the sword-fish keeping underneath and stabbing Leviathan from below, so as to force him to the surface, while the thrasher flings itself on his back, where it can have full play with its terrible tail, which it cannot make use of under water. An attack of sword-fishes and thrashers united together in a hostile band against a right whale is one of the most singular and thrilling spectacles to be witnessed on the mighty deep.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

A WILD bird sang on a lonely tree
A song of sweet birdish minstrelsy;
And still his song, as it fuller grew,
A tone of sadness was running through.

"The wold and welkin have almost rung,"
The wild bird said, "with the notes I've sung
The livelong day, and there's no one near—
Is no one coming my song to hear?"

There's Eve, who sits in the porch a while,
With rosy blushes and absent smile;
Thy notes are mingled with each sweet word
To-day, in her paradise, she heard.

And Adam, linked by a tender vow,
Thy wildwood notes he is singing now;
He dreams of Eve in his fresh young home,
And sings thy songs through the twilight gloom.

Ah! see yon innocent child at play,
Whose voice shall waken the world one day!
Thou hast stirred her soul with thy wood-notes wild;
Sing on alone for the gifted child!

A soul that struggles to pass away
Has caught the notes of her wildwood lay;
She smiles—wild bird, oh for her sing on!
That soul who flutters, that soul alone!

WHERE is the wise and just man? where
That earthly maiden, heavenly fair?
Life slips and passes: where are these?
Friend?—loved one?—I am ill at ease.
Shall I give up my hope? declare
Unmeaning promises they were
That fed my youth, pure dreams of night,
And lofty thoughts of clear daylight?
I saw. I search and cannot find.
"Come, ere too late!" 'tis like a wind
Across a heath. Befool'd we live,
Nay, Lord, forsake me not! forgive!

TO - DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

No. 3.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE assembled one pleasant morning in September, 1864, with about thirty girls. The school came of a new idea. The public generally regarded me as a monomaniac upon the subject of physical training, while Mr. Weld was known to be a radical. It was scarcely possible for any but thinking, independent people to patronize us.

These thirty daughters constituted a rare company.

OUR COSTUME.

The costume which for years had been worn in my gymnastic classes was adopted as the dress of the Lexington school.

The words "*dress reform*" mean to most people a short skirt. Say to them, Dress reform, and they reply with the question, "How short?"

The features of the dress worn by our pupils may be put as follows, arranged in the order of their importance. The first is tenfold more important than the last:

- 1st. Perfect liberty about the waist.
- 2d. Perfect liberty about the shoulders, permitting the arm to be thrust smartly upward without the slightest check, and without moving the waist of the dress.
- 3d. Warm flannels, extending to the ankles and wrists.
- 4th. Broad-soled, low-heeled shoes, with thick, warm hose.
- 5th. A skirt falling a little below the knee.

In regard to the material, each pupil was left to her own taste. One or two began with silk, but soon gray flannel became the common dress, a Garibaldi waist, and often no ornament save a plain white collar and wristbands. A considerable proportion of the pupils—and among them girls who at home had worn rich silks and jewelry—appeared every day of the school-year in a gray flannel dress, which cost perhaps five dollars.

When I look at one of those stunning curiosities composed of glaring silk, frills, laces, ribbons, bows and jewelry, I wonder if all this is the real outcome of a girl's nature. Some people seem to think so; but then how does

it happen that among all our pupils in Lexington we had not a single girl with a girl's nature?

I wonder if there is any such difference in the natural tastes of the sexes as is shown in their dress? Here are two babies, one of either sex. Will the boy naturally take to black and the girl to the rainbow? May not this remarkable dress of women be traced to the same source as the seven hundred and thirty-nine drinks of a famous Parisian saloon? Are not both the outgrowths of a morbid civilization fostered by idleness?

Our girls at Lexington were dominated by a high purpose, and soon forgot the follies of dress. The fact greatly interested me. It is hard to think that this extravagant ornamentation is natural and inevitable, and so it was most grateful to find that as soon as the girls at Lexington became interested in something else, they ceased to ornament. That the difference in dress between the sexes among us is not the outgrowth of a natural difference in taste, but the result of certain social conditions, is illustrated in the fact that among most savage tribes, where the men are idlers or do the fancy work and the women do the plain hard work, the feathers and bright paint appear only upon the person of the male. When women become interested in literature, especially in that class which appeals to the heart, or when they enter upon some Christian work like the military hospital services in the great war, they shed their finery as if by magic.

OUR GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

At the time of the opening of our school, I had been busy for more than ten years in devising a new system of gymnastics. Indeed, it was the promulgation of the new gymnastics which called the attention of the public to myself as an educator. This system was, as so many physiologists have pronounced, the result of much careful study.

The old or German system of gymnastics was so contrived as practically to exclude women from any considerable participation in its benefits. This statement requires no illustration or proof. It was the only system extant. Some trifling calisthenics were known and somewhat practiced, but nothing at all comprehensive physiologically, and nothing calculated to interest the mind. Nothing of value was known outside the German gymnasium.

It was a curious state of things. Girls and women had tenfold more need of a physical training than men and boys; and yet, while all sorts of games—boating, ball-playing, boxing, small-sword, cane, hunting, fishing and a dozen others—were in vogue for men, nothing had been contrived for women except, perhaps, corsets and long skirts. Sometimes they attempted base-ball, but were quickly assured that the thing was monstrously improper and entirely outside of woman's sphere. The case was perfectly plain. The prejudices of society forbade women any participation in vigorous physical labor; the number of women able to live without remunerative employment was rapidly increasing, the width of the chest and jaws constantly decreasing. Some means, some comprehensive system of muscular training which should be adapted to girls and women, which could be participated in by both sexes conjointly, and which should possess elements of interest and fascination, was urgently demanded. Comprehending the situation, I began, more than twenty years ago, a course of studies and experiments. The system of gymnastics now known as the "*new system*" was the result of these studies and experiments. Perhaps I should say, for the information of such readers as may not have



THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

an opportunity to witness exercises in the new school, that the main features of this system are the following:

1st. The movements are all executed with very light apparatus, wooden dumb-bells, wooden rings, light wooden rods, small clubs and bean bags.

2d. The thoroughness of the training depends not upon the slow movements of heavy weights, but upon the width, sweep and intensity of the movements. For example, instead of "putting up" an iron dumb-bell of great weight with a very limited and slow motion, with the light wooden dumb-bell of the new school an immense variety of difficult feats and posturings were achieved, thus securing an infinite variety and combination of muscular movements.

3d. Every movement is adapted to music, which enhances the interest in arm movements quite as much as in the leg movements of dancing.

These gymnastic exercises figured conspicuously in the Lexington school. Each pupil began with a half hour or two or three half hours daily, the amount being determined by the strength of the pupil. I believe that the gymnastic exercises in that school were more complete than have ever been witnessed in any other educational institution. Conscious that I was making the first effort in the education of girls to combine thorough physical with thorough intellectual training, I gave much attention to the gymnastic exercises. Among the hundreds of girls who were in the school during its history, and all of whom joined in the physical training, not one was injured, although the exercises were exceedingly comprehensive and thorough. It was the common fact that in the thirty-six weeks which constituted our school-year a pupil gained three inches about the chest under the arms, while two inches' gain about the arm near the shoulder was common. Girls who came to us under the stipulation that they should not go up more than one flight because of physical inability, walked before the school-year ended twelve to sixteen miles on a Saturday, which was our day for long tramps. Periodical and sick headaches, with which a majority of the girls began the school-year, disappeared entirely before the end of it. Stooping shoulders and pro-

jecting chins soon gave way, while the carriage of our pupils was the subject of general remark and admiration.

OUR SLEEPING HABITS.

Believing, as I do, that our young people, with their large, active brains and small lungs, need more sleep, we began at once to retire at 8½ o'clock. At 9 o'clock the watchman made his first round; and if he saw a light in any of the pupils' rooms, he at once reported the fact at headquarters. This retiring at 8½ o'clock was kept up throughout the history of the school, but no other feature so troubled the pupils. Just in proportion as the head is too large and needs more sleep, there is a nervous longing to sit up to a late hour. Many petitions were presented, signed by scores of the pupils and by many of the teachers on their behalf, asking me to extend the retiring hour to 9 o'clock. In one case I think such a petition was signed by every teacher in the school. To this retiring at 8½ o'clock I attribute much of the remarkable improvement in the muscular development and health among the pupils.

I have spoken of the watchman. This was a feature in our management. An intelligent person was employed in this office, while the German detective clock told us at a glance in the morning if he had failed to visit any one of the fourteen points in the school buildings every half hour during the night. This was an indispensable precaution against fire and other enemies.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

S. A., IOWA CITY.—The common impression in regard to tomatoes is an erroneous one. Eaten very moderately, they are perhaps not injurious; but if freely used, they produce a condition of mouth somewhat resembling mercurial salivation. I have met cases of loose teeth caused by eating tomatoes, and under my own observation piles have not unfrequently resulted from the same cause. If eaten at all, they should be cooked, and used simply as a relish in small quantities.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

No. 7.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

HOUSES AND GROUNDS.—Continued.

As a rule, a country-house should, if possible, stand at some little distance, say from an eighth to a quarter of a mile, back from the road, so that in approaching it the eye can take in it and the surrounding trees and shrubbery at a glance. There is nothing more home-like and pleasant in the truest sense than a pretty house, no matter how small it may be, nestled among graceful trees; and it is a great pity that our country people do not try more frequently to produce the choice bits of picturesque effects in this line that are so readily at their command. A few fine forest trees near a house give it a dignity and add greatly to its attractions. Many large trees in close proximity to a dwelling are not desirable for picturesque effect, and they are otherwise objectionable on account of the dampness they produce. The golden mean in this, as in most other matters, is what is to be aimed at.

We cannot illustrate our meaning in this point better than by citing an example. We know of two gentlemen in a neighboring State who a few years ago erected residences about the same time. One was wealthy, and the other was far from being so. The particular section of the country is very flat, but the land is rich and well cultivated, and the scenery, although it cannot be called picturesque, is rendered interesting in a certain way by the fine clumps of timber that are scattered over the plain. From the character of the landscape, a house was very apt to be either a very attractive feature or decidedly the opposite. Of the two persons to whom we have alluded, the man of means was the least successful in making his residence an object of interest. He built a fine, large house about a quarter of a mile from the main highway, on a bit of slightly rising ground. The site itself was an admirable one, with the exception that there was not a tree of any size within half a mile of it. The result was that the house had a bleak, barren and uninviting appearance, which produced a most unpleasant impression on the beholder, and which it required all the large-hearted and generous hospitality that was exercised within its walls to overcome. This residence cost a very large sum of money, but it was not such a success as it would have been had our wealthy friend exercised the same judgment in choosing a site as his poorer neighbor did.

This latter had only about \$2500 to expend upon his dwelling, but he fortunately possessed a bit of ground suited to his purpose, upon which were a number of fine oaks, hickories, walnuts and chestnuts. Some of these he was obliged to cut down, but a sufficient number for ornamental purposes was left standing. The house, when completed, was comfortable and convenient, although unpretending; but as seen from the main road, somewhat less than a quarter of a mile off, and from which it was approached by a pretty lane, the effect was charming. A smooth lawn before the door, half circled by a gravelled carriage-drive, was pretty much all that was attempted in the way of landscape-gardening, if we except a few flowers planted immediately around the house, the huge trees doing more for picturesqueness than any landscape-gardener's art possibly could do. A quarter of a mile behind the house was a fine clump of woods, which formed a background, and at the same time screened it from the north-east winds, while to the left was another small clump of timber, which gave a sort of finish to the scene. To our fancy, these trees were worth more than the superior accommodations and elegant appointments of the rich man's residence.

Of course every one who builds a house in the country cannot so manage as to procure a site amid a growth of forest trees, but such a thing can be managed far oftener than it is if people are only convinced that it is desirable. Still more frequently, with the exercise of a little care, can the vicinity of a few well-grown trees of some kind be secured. When this is impracticable, persons building houses should plant as soon as possible a few trees, which will

take some years to come to maturity, in the hope that their children may enjoy them, even if they themselves do not.

For the immediate adornment of the house a variety of evergreens and quick-growing shrubs should be planted, flower-beds arranged and walks laid out. The simplest effects in landscape-gardening are very often the most pleasing, and a poor man, who is bent upon making his house as attractive as possible, can do a very great deal in that direction without expending a dollar, if he goes the right way about it. The term landscape-gardening covers a wide field, and it does not necessarily mean something very elaborate or costly. It applies as well to the cultivation of a bit of turf, to the planting of three or four evergreens, and to the arrangement of a few flower-beds, as it does to the planning of extensive parks enclosing hundreds of acres. The true artist does not require a canvas as big as the side of a house in order to produce a grand effect, and a landscape-gardener who is a true artist can do more with half an acre than one who is not as an artist can with all out of doors.

Every man who builds a house in the country, however, is not a landscape-gardener, but there are few who cannot succeed in disposing a few trees and shrubs to advantage if they try, or who cannot lay out a carriage-path judiciously, and keep it in proper order after it is laid out. The principal thing that is required is a genuine interest in such work, and an appreciation of its importance in making home all that it should be.

In the city persons of moderate means have comparatively limited opportunities for giving expression to their individual tastes in the arrangement of their houses. Very few can afford to build for themselves; and except in the case of an edifice of considerable size, it is scarcely possible to achieve much in the way of architectural effect. Our houses are built for us in rows, and are pretty much all of a pattern. If we are very fastidious, and are at the same time unblest with wealth, our prospects for obtaining a city house that will suit us in all respects will be slim indeed. There is nothing to be done but to make the most of such opportunities as are afforded, and to expend our talents upon such houses as the builders offer us, making them as beautiful in their internal arrangement as our means will permit.

It is proper to state, however, that there has been a very great improvement—from an artistic point of view—in city house-building within a few years past. We cannot say much in favor of the construction of some of the dwellings recently erected; but with regard to the internal arrangement, it can be said that many of them are all that can be desired, or at least expected. As this demand for tastefully arranged houses has increased, the builders have made haste to respond to it, and in the northern and western portions of Philadelphia an abundance of really cosy and elegant residences can be procured at an annual rental of from three to six hundred dollars per annum, which are much more desirable in every way than some more pretentious structures in the old part of the city. As good taste increases, further improvements will doubtless be introduced, and especially will efforts be made to secure something like architectural effect. This cannot be accomplished, however, unless we consider a row of houses as a unit, and the builders will only be inspired to do so when the public demand is sufficiently strenuous. Something, however, has been done in this way already. We know of one very handsome row in the upper part of this city which has decided merit as a specimen of architecture. The buildings stand some ten or twelve feet back from the line of the sidewalk, so that each has before it a pretty little terrace—an arrangement, by the way, that we would be glad to see more frequently adopted, as it adds greatly to the attractions of city houses—made gay by a few bright flowers. The houses at the ends and in the centre of the row are higher than the rest, are furnished with Mansard roofs, and project for a foot or eighteen inches beyond their front line, thus breaking up its flat uniformity. Between the ends and the centre houses a balustrade is run along the edge of the roof, which serves to give a sort of finish to the whole. The general effect is very pleasing; and as the

houses are not more costly than others equally commodious, they are exceedingly desirable.

In the same neighborhood there is another row, somewhat more modest in style, which has also been built with a view of securing some degree of architectural effect. The parlors have bay-windows that come down to the floor, and which add much to the appearance of the rooms, and in their internal arrangements the houses are quite models of elegant compactness and convenience. The only thing needed to make the row all that it should be is a terrace in front. This would have added slightly to the cost, but not so much as to place the houses beyond the reach of the class of persons who now occupy them.

These houses have been built to supply a demand; and whenever there is a general demand for tasteful things, whether houses themselves or furniture to put in them, the manufacturers will be found eager to respond. It rests with the public, therefore, to say whether beauty shall have a habitation with us or not; and if we can procure handsome houses and furniture for the same price that we pay for such as have no attractions for the eye, and which can inspire no love for home and its surroundings, it is folly not to do so.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to *TO-DAY* entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

THE AGENCY BUSINESS.

THE business of selling books and periodicals through agents, although not a new one, is little understood by the general public, and is often misrepresented by those who constitute what they are pleased to call the "regular trade." Our idea of a regular trade is, one that furnishes people with what they want in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, and the enormous increase of the agency business of late years is the best possible proof that it supplies a public need. The very fact that by means of agents an immense number of persons can be reached who would, under ordinary circumstances, purchase no books at all, and who would be deprived of facilities for examining works of great interest and value, has induced many of the largest publishing-houses, both in this country and in Europe, either to adopt the agency system altogether or else to issue their choicest productions through agents, who will bring them to the notice of all classes in the community. This fact is in itself a sufficient answer to all the interested arguments advanced against the agency system—a system which we have tried, and found to be eminently satisfactory both to ourselves and to the public generally. No person is obliged to subscribe for a book or a periodical if he does not wish to do so; but if the publication is one that will benefit him in perusing, the agent is doing him a service in calling his attention to it, and in giving him full information with regard to it before any money passes between them. As for the agents themselves, thousands of intelligent men and women are able to testify to the fact that canvassing is a pleasant, healthful and remunerative employment. That it has its drawbacks we do not deny, but the same can be said of any occupation, and those who are in earnest about doing something for themselves will find fewer things to complain of in canvassing than in any other business that will yield an equal amount of revenue for the same amount of work. The agents who have undertaken to canvass for *TO-DAY* have without exception done well, and very many have made more money than they ever did before in a similar space of time. That the paper is in every way worthy of the regards of the reading public we have the best reasons for believing, and that our

chromo "JUST SO HIGH" is admired by all who see it we are assured by the demand for it. That our terms are liberal cannot be disputed; and if there is any better or more remunerative employment for men or women who wish to be independent of the world than soliciting subscriptions for *TO-DAY*, we have yet to hear of it.

JUST SO HIGH.

ONE of our contributors sends us the following pretty poem, which was suggested by our chromo "JUST SO HIGH":

Little one trying to grow up so fast,
Let me a word or two say:
Tho' in sweet beauty you are unsurpassed
By any girl of to-day,
Do not pretend by great stretching of toes
That you are as tall as "Sir Jim;"
Leave all such heights and assumption of shoes
To women's rights' girls, and to him,
Nor would I have you, like Ada, too low—
You'd be but a toy then, for play;
But upward and onward I'd have you to grow,
But halt when you get to half-way.
Rest content in your beautiful womanly sphere,
Which you may then e'en well glorify,
And stop when you get to the height of Jim's ear—
It's enough to be quite JUST SO HIGH. G. DE B.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

GLASS-SPINNING.—The latest improvements in spinning glass are due to the Vienna manufacturer Brunfaut, who exhibited his talent in this specialty in 1850 at Pesth. After manifold trials, he discovered a composition which may be made at any time into curled or frizzled yarn. The frizzled threads surpass in fineness not only the finest cotton, but even a single cocoon thread, and they appear at the same time almost as soft and elastic as silk lint. The woven glass flock wool has quite recently been used as a substitute for ordinary wool wrapping for patients suffering from gout, and its use for this purpose has been, it is stated, successful. Chemists and apothecaries have found it useful for filtering. The smooth threads are now woven into textile fabrics, which are made into cushions, carpets, table-cloths, shawls, neckties, cuffs, collars and other garments, etc. They may be used for weaving the figures in brocade silk or velvet. As a material for fancy dresses, tapestry, for covering furniture, for laces, embroidery, hosiery, etc., the glass tissue will probably at some future time occupy a prominent place. Owing to its brilliancy and the splendor of its colors, it is the most beautiful material for dressing the hair, neck and head. In softness the glass yarn almost approaches silk, and to the touch it is like the finest wool or cotton. It possesses remarkable strength, and it remains unchanged in light and warmth, and is not altered by moisture or acids. Spots may readily be removed by washing. Being non-inflammable and incombustible, it is especially valuable for making dress materials for ladies. Clothes of glass fabrics are much warmer than those of cotton or wool; at the same time, they are of low specific gravity.

COOLING WATER BELOW THE FREEZING POINT.—A glass tube closed at one end and blown to a bulb near the upper end, and the upper limb bent and drawn to a point, is filled to the middle of the bulb with distilled water that has been boiled. The water is heated, to drive the air out of the tube, and the tube is sealed by the blowpipe. Another tube of the same form, but not bent and drawn to a point, is filled with water that has not been boiled, and hence contains air. The two are now placed in a freezing mixture, and after the water in the open tube has frozen, the other will be found to be still liquid. On taking it out of the freezing mixture and shaking, it will instantly congeal.

A DOUBLE fluoride of aluminium and sodium, called cryolite, mixed with equal portions of chloride of barium, is suggested instead of borax as a soldering flux.



Parental Discipline.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

PAWNBROKERS prefer customers who are without any redeeming qualities.

THE husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterward that she disagreed with him.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

A MAN in England is involved in a lawsuit for refusing to pay for his coffin. The man who will die, and then meanly refuse to pay for his coffin, should have died years before he did.

A YOUNG man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home. His body was found next morning in bed.

TOBACCONIST (to youth who has been turning over the stock of pipes for the last quarter of an hour, and has bought nothing).—"Ah, I see what it is. You're so particular, you ought to be measured for a pipe."

A PHYSICIAN living in Warsaw, Mo., kept a pet bear which used to be the admiration of the neighborhood. The other day it bit the good doctor's thumb off and tried to dine off his leg, and bear stock is heavy in that market.

M. HENGENMULLER DE HENGERWAR is an attaché of the Austrian embassy at Washington who is much admired in society circles. When he makes fashionable calls, his name is taken in through the kitchen door in sections, and when he travels, his pass is always shipped as freight.

A MOBILE man who fell over a Thomas cat in the entry on a dark night, and afterward attempted to choke the animal without tying its legs, will, as soon as he recovers, write an essay to show that the common house cat, especially the male variety, is far, very far, from being domesticated.

A MINISTER, making a pastoral call at a house where the children were kept pretty quiet on Sunday, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she "would like to be a minister." "Why?" said the gratified but somewhat puzzled shepherd. "So I could holler on Sunday," was the reply.

"WHAT do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer at a cheap restaurant, pointing at an object that he had discovered in his plate of hash. "Wristband with sleeve-button attached, sir," said the waiter, briskly. "Well, do you consider that a proper thing for a man to find in

his hash?" asked the customer, in wrath. "Good Gracious, sir!" cried the waiter; "would you expect to find a ten-dollar silk umbrella in a fifteen-cent plate of hash?"

THE inextinguishable hatred with which the people of Arizona regard the Apache Indians was excited by a somewhat singular circumstance. Many years ago a friend of ours named Hopkins, who was an enthusiast upon the subject of music, conceived an idea that the surest way of civilizing the red man would be to bring him under the soothing influences of the divine art. Hopkins concluded that this could best be done by teaching each individual Indian to play upon some instrument. So he bought about sixteen hundred flutes, and started off for Arizona. He settled down among the Apaches, who were much pleased with Hopkins' scheme. So Hopkins began to give music-lessons, and in a few weeks he had all those flutes employed, and the silence of the plains was broken by a perfect cyclone of B-flats and C-naturals. The Indians went into the thing with enthusiasm, but the white people in the neighborhood regarded the uproar with disgust. And that melodious old ass of a Hopkins used to rush out his sixteen hundred braves upon calm summer evenings, and make them roost along on a fence and practice their scales in unison until the hair of every white man in the neighborhood was screeched up on end. After a while Hopkins educated them up to try to play Auld Lang Syne, and the way those aboriginal performers would slide around among the notes and tear up and down the bars, and improvise extraordinary and appalling variations, would have made even an Italian organ-grinder commit suicide. But Hopkins said he felt encouraged, and so he marched his orchestra into town one evening for the purpose of serenading the mayor. And when those performers had wrestled with that tune for about a quarter of an hour, the citizens formed a vigilance committee and hung Hopkins, while they shot the orchestra all to atoms and made a bonfire of the flutes. Since that time the Apaches and Arizonians have not been on speaking terms; but they hate each other fiercely. The cause of musical science has not received any attention, since then, from the Apaches.—*Max Adder.*

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

WATERING HOUSE PLANTS.—"How often should house plants be watered?" is a question frequently asked by those who have had little or no experience in their culture. There certainly cannot be any particular rule given as regards to time, for some species require more water than others, and plants in large pots will need it less frequently than those in small ones. The temperature of the room has also a powerful effect upon the evaporation of moisture; if very warm, the plants will require more than if it is cool. There are, however, two very essential things relating to house-culture of plants which should not be overlooked: First. Never apply cold water from a cistern or well, but let it be somewhere about the temperature of the air in which the plants are grown. Very cold water is sure to check the growth of the plants. Second. When the plants are watered, give the soil in the pots a good soaking, and then omit watering again until the soil shows that it is needed. A little at a time, and very often, is too generally the practice with the novice.

POLISH FOR FURNITURE.—One third of spirits of wine, one third of vinegar and one third of sweet oil, or rather more of the last. Shake the bottle well daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use, but the longer it is kept, the better it is. The furniture must be rubbed till the polish is dry; use every two or three months, and rub the furniture over daily when dusted. For dining-room tables and sideboards use it every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone and one of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Wash the marble afterward with soap and water.

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TODAY

LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD CONTACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12, 1873.

No. 24.



"I PRESSED MY THROBBING HEAD AGAINST THE IRON KNOBS AND CROSS-BARS."—P. 447.

CELL 25, SEVENTH WARD.

MEMS. CULLED FROM A DIARY KEPT IN AN AMERICAN MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALFRED P. BROTHERHEAD, AUTHOR OF "HIMSELF HIS WORST ENEMY."

ONE half the world deems the other half mad; both halves would support the assertion. To ensure a reasonable column in the lunacy statistics, found an asylum conducted on the "mutually confidential" system, and await the advent of those that are stumbling-blocks in the paths of rich and unprincipled relatives. A single certificate, signed by John Brown, M.D., and you are a lunatic whose claims on your country's laws are nil.

Have you ever peered into the mysteries of a private

mad-house, passed through its various wards, from the first to the seventh, been held in bondage in such a hell, and tasted in your throat the faint, acrid odor that tells of feverish lunacy? I have. May Heaven forgive the wife and child that put me there for money's sake—money which a doting, blinded husband and father would have gladly given them for the simple asking. Ye men of sixty, look not upon the fairness of twenty years. Ye coddle and mumble over a pretty puff-adder whose kiss is a sting. My heart yearned for her, while my head said nay. I bought her, and she sold me.

During five years, with but short, delicious intervals of stolen freedom, I have fumed and fretted, groaned and cursed, between the four great walls which have held, and still hold, as many sane martyrs as lunatics. Some time I shall publish a long and detailed account of all that befell

me from the day on which I was kidnapped and incarcerated down to the period of my final liberation, of the strange and various reasons of my abduction, and of the unnumbered atrocities that are perpetrated every day under the guise of medical jurisprudence. This short sketch is the relation of my third escape, in which every incident, every circumstance, is a fact.

To tell precisely why I was imprisoned is not now to the point; let it suffice that I was a legally manufactured lunatic, confined in one of the strongest cells, and that I bore the reputation of being a morose, excitable and extremely dangerous patient. Dangerous! think over it! A sane man of seventy years of age buried alive, totally deprived of the luxuries to which he had all his life been accustomed, cut off from all his relatives and friends, locked up every night at eight o'clock, and gruffly ordered hither and thither at the beck and nod of ignorant, brutal keepers, and be peaceable and contented!

Even now my fingers tingle as I recall the events of one evening. The doctor, while passing through the ward, hustled me aside, and ordered me to "get to my room." I refused; and grasping me by the neck, he hurled me almost off my feet. Ah! he was carried away senseless, his throat all swollen and bruised by the strong hands of an insulted, desperate man. As a *quid pro quo*, I was sentenced to undergo the *douche*. Perhaps this technicality puzzles you? Four keepers rushed toward me when they saw the doctor fall, and in an instant I was tripped up and thrown heavily upon my back. Both legs and arms were then seized and jerked out at angles with my body, while a fifth attendant mounted the high chair, and proceeded to pour down bucketful after bucketful of icy water on my face and neck.

Fortunately, I soon became unconscious, and awoke the next morning to find myself on the floor of the dark cell, wetted to the skin, stiff and feverish. Pardon—I will to my tale—but the shameless wrongs I've suffered make me high really mad.

After being recaptured the second time, it was deemed advisable to place me in one of the strongest cells in the ward—that contiguous to the watchman's and prescription-room. My last escape had been accomplished through the agency of the heating register, which I wrenched out of place, entered the aperture in the wall, broke through the zinc-piping, and finally reached the cellar, whence I emerged by picking the lock with a bit of twisted wire.

It was in order to prevent a recurrence of this peculiar and startling mode of egress that Doctor B—advised cell No. 25 as my fit abode. Now, this cell was peculiarly constructed in several particulars; and in a few words as possible I will endeavor to give you a clear idea of its features, though at the same time I shall perforce be minute and exact.

From the floor to the ceiling the distance was a trifle over eight feet; its length was ten and its breadth nine feet. The walls and floor were apparently built of solid slabs of granite—apparently, since the granite, which a careless observer would have declared to be at least a foot in thickness around the sides, was but a thin two-inch shell backed up by bricks and mortar, while under the similar slabs that formed the flooring lay rough planks of yellow Carolina pine. These slabs, each about one yard square, were bound firmly together by narrow steel bands soldered carefully in the holes drilled through the granite. The single window—a four-inch slit pierced slantwise in the wall-side—admitted some light and air certainly, but it was chiefly useful as a spy-hole through which the patient inside could be watched by a keeper in the prescription-room, to which, as you have learned, my room was contiguous. The night-watchman, whose duty it was to be on the alert the whole of the night, could, when so disposed, look through the slit at any time, and it acted accordingly as a check on the actions of fractious patients, the most violent lunatics soon learning to dread the quick punishment that followed at once upon any rebellious movements.

Fairly in the middle of the floor was set a revolving register, which in summer breathed upward a constant stream of cool air, and in winter one of hot air. This was nicely imbedded in the slabs, and the interstices between

its outer rim and its bed were filled in with leaden side. It was the unique character of its lower arrangements that had more especially decided the doctor in his choice of Cell 25.

I will explain. In every other cell the register was in all cases placed along the side of the wall a few inches above the floor, and by means of various flues was indirectly connected with the large furnace below. In Number 25, however, the register, being in the centre of the apartment, was constructed on an entirely different plan. The furnace-room was situated directly beneath, and at some moments I could hear distinctly the bubbling of the water in the boilers and the hissing of the steam as it escaped from the waste-pipes. Rising in a straight line from the furnace, but so provided with various valves and flues that the draughts could be regulated to a nicety, was one large flue, from which branched a zinc pipe ending at the mouth of the register. This was connected by a joint to the main flue, and, as I afterward learned, protruded fully two feet below the ceiling in the lower apartment.

Perhaps these minutiae try your patience, reader; be unless I were to note them accurately, you would very likely fail to fully comprehend the exhausting and arduous task involved in my struggle for freedom. My bed, a lumpy, foul-smelling sack of straw, with two ragged horse-rugs for a pillow, lay against the wall, and on the opposite side to the window. In this arrangement, also, a cunning watchfulness betrayed itself, since in any other part of the cell I should have been partially screened from observation, while there I lay continually under the eye of the watchman. One of the hated by-laws was that requiring all patients to be in bed by nine o'clock, under the penalty of receiving a three-bucket *douche*. Inside the sack, and of course unknown to any one but myself, were the following articles: a jagged bit of window glass, three inches in diameter; seven or eight inches of stout, rusty wire, originally part of a steel umbrella-frame; a plug of cavendish—a precious solace it was during the long, dreary hours; a parcel of wrapped violin strings, stolen from a fellow-madman who had probably stolen it also from chance visitors or one of the officers, and five dollars in bank-notes and postal currency.

There! the inventory of my cell's contents is finished, unless the narrow band of light traversing the flue, falling athwart my pillow and running up the wall, streaming from the slit, can be called a tangibility. Now to my escape.

I had been confined here for eight days and nights, and as an extra punishment had during this time been forbidden the customary daily saunter in the yard or hallway. What were my thoughts you may imagine; companionship of any kind I could not have borne—a scheming, revengeful brain was companionably enough; and when I tired of brooding, I bit my nails and lips until they bled, then cried—*ay*, cried like a child—and the salt, bitter tears relieved me, or I should have raved and screamed and beaten my head against the wall.

One night, about nine o'clock, I was shivering in bed, counting the hairs in my thin, white beard. Never laugh! wait until you have passed days and weeks in prison solitude, with naught to do but think, think, and you may perform more ridiculous operations than this. I have counted the very fly-spots on the walls in summer-time, and known them so well that a new spot could not be laid there but I could point it out! Anything to while away the fevering time and divert my thoughts from the outside world, that I loved with a love that would have shamed the loves of men for women, mothers for babes. Suddenly escape flashed before me, and seemed scored in fire-letters wherever I turned my eyes: my head whirled and my heart almost ceased to beat. Carelessly but keenly glancing toward the band of light, I knew that for the time I was unobserved, and crept silently off my pallet on to the floor, thrust my hand among the straw, and pulled out the glass, violin strings, tobacco, money and wire. This accomplished, I kept perfectly quiet for a time, too fearful to move.

Nothing occurring, I grew bolder, and speedily bundled up the rugs, making them appear as though I still lay

abed, taking the precaution, however, to push the pallet farther toward the end of the cell, the light in consequence falling, not upon the pillow, but on the rugs. Finally, a comprehensive glance assured me that the *tout ensemble* might well deceive the watchman, and I hesitated to consider my next move in the perilous game.

Mechanically I passed my hands up and down the door—a useless proceeding, for long ago I had decided that it would have been foolish to attempt either to pick its massive locks or cut through its iron panels with a bit of brittle glass. The register next attracted my attention; and getting down on my knees, I advanced noiselessly toward it, and ran my thumb-nail around the interstices.

"This," I murmured, "is my only chance," and immediately began with my glass to pick out the solder that held the rim in its place. Then it was that the thinness of the granite slabs was of great advantage to me, since, in order to completely loosen the register, it was necessary to remove four of the surrounding flags. Had they been as ponderous as they seemed, it is questionable whether my strength would have been equal to the task of removing them; as it was, my arms trembled with their weight.

My ends were accomplished in less than an hour, when I suppressed a tremulous heart-sigh, and rolled over on my back to wait for new strength. Then for the first time arose the appalling suggestion, Was the aperture sufficiently wide for the passage of my body? A hasty but careful measurement of my shoulders and the register's diameter, and the sickening fear was gone. It was just wide enough, and not the fraction of an inch to spare. Lifting the register from its bed, I carefully rested it against the wall, under the slit, where it could not possibly be seen by the watchman. Then thrusting my head down into the hole, from which the gas and heat were belching in an eddying current, I tried to understand the internal arrangements of the flue; but my strained finger-tips touched nothing, and the hot, gaseous fumes were so giddy that for a moment I drew back.

Suddenly I remembered that the rising gas would soon fill the cell, and also penetrate into the adjoining room, when the keeper would at once suspect the cause and foil all my plans.

I glanced despairingly upward, and racked my brain for a plausible scheme, half-wittingly seized the rug, stepped a-top of the leaning register and stuffed it into the aperture, gladly running the chances of a probable discovery to avoid a certain one. Cramming the wire and other articles into my pocket, I returned to the exposed flue and into it lowered myself, meanwhile holding on to the pine joists, afraid to drop I knew not where, or into what.

"Thank Heaven!" I sighed, as my foot struck a ledge or an abutment, and I pressed my whole weight on it to test its firmness, though its hotness almost blistered my bare, swollen feet. By this time the gas was not so stifling either in quantity or quality, and I stopped to take breath and weigh the chances of ultimate escape.

I knew that below, and somewhere close at hand, was the furnace, and felt sure that before I could escape to the engine-room I should be forced either to break open the seams of the zinc pipe or drop myself into the furnace itself, whence I could crawl through the narrow cooling-door to the outside. This latter was not such a perfectly foolhardy scheme as may be supposed, since the following day—Christmas eve—the boilers were to have been cleaned, and I had overheard the superintendent order the engineer two days before to "keep his fires banked very low Saturday and Sunday," and this was Sunday night.

Slightly changing my cramped position, I bent sideways to brace myself more firmly, when my right foot slipped, and down I sank for about two feet into a branch flue that held me as tightly as a vice, and where the gas and heat were so strong that I wellnigh swooned. A spirit of perfect, strangely-merry recklessness then took possession of me; and actually laughing the while, I thrust out my back and knees with new-born nervous strength, and felt the sides of the pipe bulging outward.

Another quivering exertion that brought a husky chuckle to my parched lips, and I felt myself fall apparently from a considerable height, and was jolted in every joint. The next minute saw me on my feet, drink-

ing in long draughts of cool, damp air—delicious air—while at my feet lay a battered, rent pipe. Close beside me stood the huge furnace; five feet above its doors, and branching off from the main pipe at an acute angle, was a serrated, broken segment of the flue into which I had so luckily fallen; out of it were pouring hot gas and a thin white smoke.

Then I was seized by an awful dread of detection, and vaguely wondered whether the rattling noise had aroused any of the keepers. There lay the long, heavy poker ready to my hand, and sooner than have been recaptured I would have gladly brained a hundred keepers. For a long half hour I stood perfectly motionless, fearing with sickening fear, but determined to strike down the first that entered. Fortunately, no one disturbed me, and once more I grew hopeful and looked around for an avenue of escape. Stealthily treading, I advanced toward the door. The dull red glare from the furnace-fire gave out some light, and my eyes were accustomed to partial darkness; I narrowly examined the lock. In picking the old one I had broken the spring and tumblers, and this was a new lock of much more massive and intricate manufacture. However, it was my only hope; so jerking out my wire, I hastily bent it into the required shape and pushed it into the key-hole.

In my haste I had thrust it in too far; and protruding on the opposite side of the door, it caught in some way, and baffled all my frantic endeavors to withdraw it. After twenty minutes' tugging and wrenching I gave up the attempt and groaned aloud, and pressed my throbbing head against the iron knobs and cross-bars.

Oh, the intense, galling bitterness of that moment! Had the devil appeared, I would have eagerly bargained away my soul for liberty.

Staggering away from the door, I carefully examined the two small windows fronting on the snow-clad lane, the free country, whose crisp night-air, laden with icy blasts, was sweeter to me than you can conceive. Freedom laughed at me, and every second sped a mile away. Heaven forgive me for my words that terrible night! The windows were double barred, and it would have taken days to saw them apart with my poor bit of brittle glass. Again and again I cast my eyes around the room, and found no means of egress.

Yes, there was one, but I shuddered as I looked toward it. It was a long, narrow aperture in the top of the ceiling. At some time you must have seen a large fly-wheel in motion at a factory, mill or engine-house? At all events, the hot and cold draughts of this institution—the largest mad-house in the State—were created by the action of an immense fly-wheel worked by the engine attached to the furnace. This wheel stood in the centre of the room; it was thirty-five feet in diameter, and in construction resembled an undershot water-wheel in some particulars. In place of the usual polished level surface of the outside wheel-edge, seventy steel fans, like narrow shelves, were protruding, for the purpose, as I judged, of creating a superficial draft as the wheel whirled around. The room being but eleven feet in height, it was of course necessary to build a passage-way for the wheel above the level of the ceiling and below the level of the ground. Thus the ponderous machine revolved partially in a brick-lined gutter, partially in the engine-room, and also protruded a considerable distance into the chamber overhead, where fire apparatus, hose and various utensils were stored.

Once in this room, and escape would be easy and almost certain, it being the only chamber in the building whose windows were not barred. My long residence in the asylum had made me acquainted with almost every nook and cranny, from the roof, whence I had made one escape, to the cellars.

Again the purposed cleaning of the boilers was a God-send for me. Usually the wheel revolved at a rapid speed, far too swiftly for me to have even thought of doing what I had now decided to do, whereas at the present time its motion was little more than perceptible. You have guessed what were my intentions? I had two things to fear—the chance presence of some one in the room above, and the more appalling, if possible, danger of missing my

grasp at the railing encircling the wheel (to prevent accidents to those employed in its vicinity). I knew that if I fell I should be mangled to death in the gutter beneath; the dread of this, however, did not long make me falter. Rubbing dry my feet, to diminish the chances of slipping off the oily, foot-wide fans, I sprang on one of them, and tying flatwise on the others, clung to the wheel with all my ebbing strength.

Upward, slowly upward; I was carried, as the wheel revolved at the rate of perhaps six inches per minute. Several times during this fearful journey I grew giddy, and thought I was falling, but at last my eager fingers rested on the railing; and though old, stiff and rheumatic, I leaped over those bars like a wild-cat, and alighted safely in the room. It was there that my tobacco and violin strings came into play: the one invigorated me, the other I hastily used in tying together sundry pieces of hose-pipe, until I had made a rubber rope of about forty feet in length. Down this I slid from the window to the ground, then struck off like a hare across the glistening white fields, and never halted until I was miles away from the cursed mad-house. From the hill on whose sloping side I had fallen, utterly exhausted, but happy as Happiness herself, I could see the lights of my native city P—a, and there I laughed aloud, and hurraed until my voice was gone.

How I was again entrapped, prevented from being brought to court through a writ of *habeas corpus*, the famous trial which resulted in a verdict in my favor, and the story of my final glorious triumph, all shall in time be divulged; until that time I bid you good-bye.

THE STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS APPEARANCES.

WITH the outlines of the story of the Wandering Jew all intelligent readers are familiar. It tells of a human being existing in an undying condition and travelling ceaselessly over the face of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. The suggestion upon which the legend is based may probably be found in the words spoken by Christ: "Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." It will be remembered also that Christ said to Peter, speaking of John, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" These, and one or two other similar sentences from the lips of the Saviour, have very naturally created an impression that certain persons who were living at the time of his appearance upon earth would remain alive until his second coming upon the judgment-day. Precisely how and when this opinion crystallized into the shape which we are considering cannot be determined with exactness, but the fact is hardly doubted that the gospel utterances just quoted really supplied the germ which, in some active fancy, perhaps that of a monk of the Middle Ages, fructified into this wonderfully poetic and dramatic story.

The first appearance of the Wandering Jew in literature is in a book of the chronicles of the monastery of St. Albans, England, which was copied and continued by the famous Matthew Paris, who in the early part of the thirteenth century was an inmate and scribe of the abbey.

Paris asserts that the Wandering Jew visited England, in the person of an archbishop of Armenia, in 1228. The story told of the archbishop by one of his servants was that the archbishop at the time of Christ was a porter in the palace of Pontius Pilate, and his name was Cartophilus. When Pilate released Jesus to the Jews, the latter dragged him forth, and as they reached the door, the porter impiously struck him on the back with his hand, and said, in a jeering tone, "Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker! Why do you loiter?" And Christ, looking back upon him with a severe countenance, said to him, "I am going, and you will wait till I return." And accordingly, as Christ said, Cartophilus is still awaiting his return.

At the time of this occurrence he was thirty years old; and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he returns to the same age as he was when the Lord suffered. After

Christ's death, when the Christian faith gained ground, Cartophilus was baptized by Ananias (who also baptized the apostle Paul), and was called Joseph. He became a man of holy conversation and of devout life.

This is one version of the legend. The other and more popular one is that a Jew named Ahasuerus, by trade a shoemaker, was standing in the door of his shop in Jerusalem when Christ was passing on his way to Calvary. Ahasuerus had a little child upon his arm, and as the Lord approached the house, bowed under the heavy weight of the cross, he tried to rest a little, and stood still for a moment. But the shoemaker, in zeal and rage, and for the purpose of obtaining credit from the Jews, drove the Saviour forward, and told him to hasten on his way. Jesus obeyed, but turned and looked at his assailant, and said, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go on until the last day."

At these words Ahasuerus set down the child; and unable to remain where he was, he followed Christ, and saw how cruelly he was crucified, how he suffered and how he died. As soon as the crucifixion was ended, it seemed as if he could not return to Jerusalem nor see again his wife and child, but he felt that he must go forth into foreign lands, one after another, like a mournful pilgrim. He wandered to and fro over the earth for many years, and then returned to his ancient home, only to find the holy city ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing upon another, and so that he could not recognize former localities. So forth he started upon his journey again, and began anew the wandering which shall not cease until all things shall come to an end.

The old chronicles which contain this touching and wonderful story also tell something of the manners and peculiarities of the Jew. He is said to be a man of few words and of circumspect behavior. He does not speak at all, unless when questioned by devout men, and then he tells of the events of old times, of the incidents which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of the Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—namely, those who rose with Christ and went into Jerusalem and appeared unto men. He also tells of the apostles, of their separation and preaching. All this he relates without smiling, or levity of conversation, as one who is full of sorrow and remorse, always looking forward to the judgment, lest he should find Him in anger who, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. When invited to become a guest of any one, the story is that Ahasuerus eats little, drinks in great moderation, and then hurries on, never remaining long in one place. It was also said that wherever he tarried for a time he made a habit of attending places of worship, and of listening reverently to the religious exercises, always reverencing with sighs the name of the Deity or of the Saviour. He has been known to rebuke profanity with indignation, and whenever he heard any one use the name of the Creator flippantly, to say, "Wretched man, thus to misuse the name of thy Lord! Hadst thou seen, as I have, how heavy and bitter were the pangs and wounds of the Saviour, endured for thee and me, thou wouldst rather undergo great pain thyself than thus take his sacred name in vain."

Some of these descriptions of the Wandering Jew purport to have been written by persons who have seen and talked with him. There are many accounts of his appearance at various times in different parts of Europe, and it seems almost impossible to doubt the sincerity of those who have chronicled these visitations, even if we admit, as we must, that the writers were deceived in some manner of which we know nothing.

After his visit to England, just alluded to, he is not heard of until 1505, when he was reported to have appeared in Bohemia, where he assisted a certain weaver named Kohot to find a treasure which had been secreted in the royal palace of Kohot's father, sixty years before, at which time the Jew was present. He then had the appearance of being about seventy years of age. In 1547 he was seen in Hamburg, if we are to believe Dr. von Eitzen, bishop of Schleswig, who declared that when he was a youth in Hamburg, he, on a certain Sunday in church, saw a tall man with his hair hanging over his shoulders standing

barefoot during the sermon. The visitor listened with deepest attention; and whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, he bowed humbly and profoundly, with sighs and beating of the breast. After the sermon he was interrogated, and he declared himself to be Ahasuerus the Jew. He had no other clothing in the bitter cold of winter but a pair of hose which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached nearly to the ground. His general appearance was that of a man of about fifty years.

Von Eltzen says that he, with the rector of the Hamburg school, who was a traveller and well read in history, questioned the Jew about events which had taken place in the East since the death of Christ, and he gave them much correct information on many ancient matters, so that it was impossible not to be convinced of the truth of his story.

It is affirmed that the Jew was seen in Madrid, Spain, in 1575, in just such a dress as he had worn in Hamburg. In 1599 he appeared in Vienna, if report is to be believed, and immediately afterward in various portions of Poland. He was said to be upon his way to Moscow, where he was seen and spoken to by many persons. In the year 1604 he is reported to have visited Paris; and a writer of that period declares that the common people saw the wanderer and conversed with him. Subsequently he went to Hamburg again, and to Naumburg, where he was seen in church, and where he received presents of food and clothing from the burghers. In 1633 two citizens of Brussels declared that while walking in a forest near the city they met an aged man in tattered garments, whom they invited to an inn. He refused to sit while he ate, but standing, he told his entertainers stories of events which happened many hundred years before, and intimated that he was the very cobbler who had refused to permit Christ to rest upon his doorstep. A history of the town of Stamford, England, tells how, in 1658, upon the evening of Whitsunday, a certain citizen heard a knock at his door; and upon opening it, he saw a grave old man, who asked for refreshment. This was given him, whereupon he imparted to his host the knowledge how to cure a disease from which the latter was suffering. The remedy was tried, and was successful. The appearance and conduct of the visitor were more than natural, and it was believed then by many at the time that he was the Wandering Jew.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a man professing to be the Jew appeared in England, and attracted much attention, particularly from the ignorant. He thrust himself into the notice of the nobility, who, half in jest, half in curiosity, paid him and questioned him. He declared that he had been an officer of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and that he had struck Christ as he left the judgment-hall of Pilate. He asserted that he remembered the apostles, and described their personal appearance, their clothing and their peculiarities. He spoke many languages, claimed to possess the power to cure diseases, and said he had travelled over the entire world. Educated men who heard him were much perplexed by his acquaintance with foreign places and tongues. Certain professors from Cambridge and Oxford Universities questioned him, to discover the imposition if any existed, and an English scholar conversed with him in Arabic. The man told his questioner in that language that historical works were not to be relied upon. And when he was asked his opinion of Mohammed, he replied that he had been well acquainted with the father of the prophet, and told where he lived. He said Mohammed was a man of great intellectual ability. Once when he, the pretended Jew, heard Mohammed deny that Christ was crucified, he silenced him by telling him that he, the Jew, was a witness of the event. He related also that he was at Rome when Nero burned the city. He had known Saladin, Tamerlane and other Eastern princes, and could give minute details of the history of the Crusades. If this man was an impostor, he was at least too cunning and too intelligent for those who strove to detect the fraud. Shortly afterward he disappeared from England, and was seen in Denmark and then in Sweden, after which he vanished.

Coming down to later times, men claiming to be the

Wandering Jew have appeared at various periods during the present century, but these have all proved themselves in the plainest manner to be either lunatics or humbugs. The last notice that we have seen of such an appearance was in 1870, when many of the newspapers contained a floating item to the effect that the Jew had been seen near Antwerp, Belgium. It is a pity he was not seized and dragged before some intelligent and responsible person, so that he could have been investigated.

It may be interesting, before we dismiss the subject of the movements of the Jew, to mention that superstitious fancy has connected him with that terrible plague the cholera. The theory has been advanced that the disease follows close upon the track made by the wanderer in his pilgrimage over the world, and that a visitation from him is a certain indication of the coming of the plague. Eugene Sue has made use of this superstition in his novel founded upon the legend of the Jew—a work, by the way, which is far beneath the simple story of the Middle Ages in dignity, beauty and mysterious interest.

In some accounts of the sufferings of the aged pilgrim it is said that he has, during his long and dreadful existence, striven many times to end the life so miraculously extended. He has gone into the thickest of the battle and thrown himself upon the spears of the enemy, or in later times has stood at the cannon's mouth, but he has always remained unhurt. He has been shipwrecked, but he alone of all his companions has been tossed ashore by the roaring waves. He has leaped into burning volcanoes, only to be belched forth unscathed; he has plunged into the flame without suffering from its fiery tongues; he has sought the lair of wild beasts but to find the hyena and the tiger docile to his touch and careless of provocation. Death has been courted by him in every conceivable form, but always it has eluded him, and a terrible destiny has thrust him back into that life which has at last grown to be a curse. This story, it will be seen, does not agree with those which describe him as a humble and patient Christian, but it is striking and remarkable as embodying an illustration of what the life to which men cling so desperately might become if it were prolonged for centuries.

There has been a great deal of conjecture as to the process by which the story of the Wandering Jew was formed. The scriptural texts given at the beginning of this article supply sufficient reason for that part of it which refers to the mere prolongation of a human life, but they give no limit or suggestion of the material of which the rest of the legend is composed. Some persons have supposed that the Jew was the emblem of the gypsy race, which at one time was thought to be of Egyptian origin, and which is nomadic. The theory was that the original gypsies were cursed because they refused shelter to the Virgin and Child in their flight into Egypt. This, however, is not either consistent or satisfactory. The most plausible explanation is that the Wandering Jew is really the type of the Hebrew race. The Jews did offend Jesus, as Ahasuerus is said to have done. They have been driven from their homes, as he was, they have wandered over the whole earth, as is alleged of him, and they have lived apart, distinct and peculiar from other men, as he is said to do. The difference between the type and the reality is that Ahasuerus became a Christian, while the Jews cling to their old faith. But the resemblance is so great that we think we are warranted in asserting that the origin of the magnificent fable may be traced to the historic fact.

A WORD FOR THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites with him in endeavor, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger! He then knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for his months of darkness no sympathizing partner is prepared.

SNAKE-CHARMING IN SIAM.

On being invited by a Siamese family to see some amusements, writes a traveller, the performance began by the magician taking a small pearl box out of his bosom, opening it and holding it toward some butterflies. They seemed to observe the downy cotton with which the box was lined, and in circling curves they moved toward it and crouched down, with wings still outspread, upon the dainty couch prepared for them. The juggler closed the box at once; and as he did so, we saw seated upon the top a live canary, that carolled forth sweet songs until its little throat seemed ready to split, as if striving to compensate for the departure of our butterfly favorites. Suddenly the song of joy was changed to piercing notes that betokened horror or alarm; and we saw at the conjurer's feet a deadly cobra di capello, coiled as if for a spring, and with its glittering eyes fixed on the bird, that seemed spell-bound to the spot, either too frightened or fascinated to move. The man waited till the snake was in the very act of springing, and then, with a few words spoken in low musical tones and a gentle droning movement of his hand, he seemed to throw the cobra into the same trance-like state that the bird had evinced, while the latter roused up and flew eagerly into the juggler's bosom, which had been opened for its reception. From this same capacious receptacle, apparently exhaustless in its resources, was drawn out another cobra; and after allowing them time to make each other's acquaintance, sometimes inciting them to anger, and again soothing to quietude by his soft words and droning motions, the juggler wrapped them both about his neck and arms, and stood with exultant pride, allowing them to touch his nose, the tip of his tongue, and in one instance even the pupil of his eye, with their vibrating tongues. But all this while he held a small lute in his hand; and when words seemed to fail, he played a few notes on the instrument, which soon reduced the reptiles to a state of dreamy quiescence. After performing various daring feats with them, to show the audience that the snakes had been in no way mutilated, he threw a large chicken between them. Both struck at it, and it died in about five minutes.

I afterward saw more of this snake-charming in Bangkok; and in this particular branch of jugglery the Siamese are said to excel all other Orientals. I have seen them hang half a dozen different kinds of serpents—cobras, hooded sun-snakes and vipers—about their necks at once, placing a whole coil of them in their bosoms, and even taking the reptiles' heads in their mouths. Then they will place some ten or fifteen of as many different species in a deep basket with a long, narrow neck, and without looking in, thrust down their heads, draw up one or more, toy with it for a while, and then, throwing it back, take up another, and so on as long as they can obtain paying spectators. These jugglers devote themselves exclusively to the study and practice of their profession, and each company tries to outdo all others in dexterity and daring. They are highly esteemed, exert large influence in the community, and are accredited by their credulous compatriots with authority over all diseases, which they profess to summon or drive off at will, as well as evil spirits, ghosts and genii.

Despite the palpable absurdity of these pretensions, the reality of the power they claim over venomous reptiles admits of not the shadow of a doubt, though how this power is maintained is not so easily shown. It is doubtless, to some extent, the effect of music, which is always employed by the jugglers to throw the reptiles into a sort of spell during their performances, aided also by a monotonous waving to and fro of the charmer's body—a motion that seems to lull the snakes into a dreamy, mesmeric trance, in which they can be kept for days together. In addition to this, the snakes are very carefully tended, never suffered to become hungry, nor yet fed to such repletion as to occasion either torpor or a habit of hankering after blood. The jugglers also keep their bodies smeared with some oily substance, the nature of which they will not divulge; but we may infer that it is something for which the snake has a natural antipathy or that exerts a

narcotic influence on its nerves. These combined influences seem quite sufficient to produce the marvelous power exercised by Oriental snake-charmers. It is a little certain that the poisonous fangs are not extracted, some have asserted, but that the reptiles are brought without mutilation into the arena. I have myself seen charmers perform with snakes they have never before touched, which have been returned to me perfect as I had them over. Some of these are now bottled in a cabinet.

Alligator-charming is also effected by music, and is resorted to frequently by soothsayers and fortune-tellers to decide whether an undertaking is to be lucky or unlucky. Offerings are thrown into the river, prayers are made, then in undissembled awe the petitioners await the master's decree, that is to send them off happy or the reverse. If he appears to answer to the call, the omen is good. His alligatorship, however, should happen to be asleep, absent, and fail to respond, his petitioners depart in a huff, and never hesitate to give up the proposed undertaking whatever it may be. In this connection I mention fortune-telling, in which all Oriental natives have such unlimited confidence that a betrothal in marriage, a journey or feast in fact, anything of even small importance—is never entered on till the soothsayer has been sought or the "fortune book" consulted.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY T. FERGUSON.

CHANGING lights that blaze and flicker,
Dreams that come and dreams that go,
Till the weary heart beats quicker
With the throbs it used to know,
Gather, thronging thick and thicker,
Memories of the "long ago."

Dim as any dreamer's fancies
When he wakes at morning's prime,
Vague and quaint as old romances
Born of distant age and clime,
Scenes on which the sunlight dances
Rise from childhood's golden time—

Rise and shine and gleam and glitter
Through a murky mist of years,
And I scarce know which is fitter
For these greetings—smiles or tears;
But the present seems so bitter
When the happy past appears.

Ah, the smiles upon the faces
That my child-eyes loved to meet!
Ah, the flowers in verdant places
Trodden by my childish feet!
Ah, the mysteries and the graces
Of those days so strangely sweet!

Fitful gleams of passing splendor
Hover round a shadowy train
Of the dear ones, swift to render
Fleeting every childish pain;
And one dear one, good and tender,
None but saints shall see again!

Sunny visions rare and golden,
Streams of soothing balm that flow
From your fountains in the olden
Time that vanished long ago,
Would my days might pass enfolden
In the calm which ye bestow!

Life is full of pain and pleasure,
Dark with shadow, bright with sun;
But of memories sweet to treasure,
Good to dream and ponder on,
Gladdening hours of lonely leisure,
None are like our childhood's—none!



"LET HIMSELF DROP FROM THENCE TO THE STAGE."

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE FLAMES.

To those who have ever witnessed a panic arising from fire in a crowded house, the scene which followed that burst of flame will need little description. In a moment the whole theatre was full of confusion and uproar—of people madly rushing for the doors, of others striving to warn them back, of others again calling for gendarmes, for firemen and for engines, of others yet again wringing their hands and bursting into wild exclamations of terror and dismay. Amy Davenport screamed and rushed frantically to the door of the box, from which she could with difficulty be withdrawn by her father and St. Julian, who assured her that the fire was only in the scenery, and would probably do no harm besides that of stopping the evening's amusement. "There will be more people injured—perhaps killed—in the panic than burned in the flames," said Mr. Davenport, grimly.

Meanwhile, the play was of course arrested, the actors and actresses scattered in every direction; and to judge from the running hither and thither across the stage and behind the scenes, there seemed a panic among the company as well as among the audience. The curtain was loudly rung down, but it did not come down. And it was while Miss Davenport was still insisting upon being let out of the box, and her father and St. Julian were still insisting upon

keeping her in it, that a quick cry from Miss Rivington made them turn with an instinct of some further disaster. Then they saw that Madame Alvarez, in endeavoring to escape from the stage, had been caught in a draught near the side-scenes, where the flames had suddenly rushed upon and enveloped her.

For a second—it was scarcely longer than a heart-beat, yet it seemed an age—they all stood paralyzed—all except Bertie Lauriston. The fire had hardly caught that slender, shrinking figure in its deadly embrace, when he snatched an opera-cloak hanging on the back of Miss Rivington's chair, and before a voice could be lifted or a hand extended to detain him, mounted the front of the box and let himself drop from thence to the stage—a distance of fully ten feet.

"Good Heavens, Bertie, are you mad?" exclaimed St. Julian, wildly starting forward; but he was too late to stop Bertie—too late to do other than to turn to Miss Rivington and demand, almost fiercely, "Why did you let him go?"

"How could I help it?" she answered. "I had no idea what he meant to do; but if I had known, I could not have stopped him. You did not see his face when he snatched that cloak."

"The fellow is mad!" repeated St. Julian; and then, to the astonishment of his companions, he also sprang on the front of the box.

"Are you mad, too, St. Julian?" cried Mr. Davenport, catching his arm. "If Lauriston chooses to risk his life in the attempt to save a doomed woman, is that any reason why you should do the same thing? Better stay where

you are. You'll certainly break your neck if you jump down there!"

"It does not matter at all if I do," returned St. Julian, coolly. "Let me go, Davenport; I must see after that crazy boy."

"There's absolute danger in it."

"Let me go, I say!"

There was no withstanding that tone of command, and Mr. Davenport accordingly released his hold. St. Julian immediately dropped, even more lightly than Bertie had done, from the box to the stage, and followed the latter as quickly as possible to the spot where he had by this time wrapped Madame Alvarez in Miss Rivington's cloak.

This cloak, however, was not sufficiently heavy to do more than slightly smother the flames; and since there was nobody else on the stage, and the fire, which was now roaring and crackling among the scenery, entirely cut off the rest of the company (even if most of them had not been too busy in securing their own safety to think of the great "star"), it is likely that Bertie's attempt at rescue would, after all, have availed very little but for St. Julian's timely appearance, laden with a heavy table-cover, which he seized in passing.

"By Jove, I think I ought to go, too!" said Mr. Davenport. "It is monstrous that, out of a whole house, those two young fellows are the only ones to make an effort to save the woman from being burned to a cinder. If it was not for you, girls—"

"Oh, papa, you shall not think of such a thing!" cried Amy, fairly hysterical through fright and alarm. "What on earth would become of us? Oh, Alice, don't—don't let him go!"

"There is no need for him to go," said Alice, quietly. "Some of the company have reached Madame Alvarez now, and yonder are a number of the audience coming to the rescue. See! they are tearing down the box-curtains with which to extinguish the flames."

"They might have done it before, I think," cried Amy, indignantly.

"How could they?" said Alice. "They came as soon as they knew that there was need to come. It was our position which enabled us to see the accident the instant it occurred. If the poor woman's life is saved, she will certainly owe it to Mr. Lauriston."

"And your opera-cloak," said Amy. "I never saw anything as cool as the way he seized it, without even saying 'By your leave,' and it such a beauty, too."

"The curtain would have served his purpose better, if he had only thought of it," said Mr. Davenport. "But his presence of mind does him great credit. The poor fellow must be badly burned himself, by the bye. Her dress was all in a light blaze when he wrapped the cloak around her."

"But how did she take fire?" asked Amy. "It really looked almost like spontaneous combustion."

"It was as quick as thought," said Miss Rivington. "A current of air just as she was passing behind the wings blew the fire so directly down upon her that she absolutely seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame."

"There is little hope for her, then," said Mr. Davenport, gravely. "But, thank Heaven! here are the firemen and the gendarmes. Now we may hope to get safely out without being crushed or trampled to death."

By this time, however, it began to be understood that the fire was only in the scenery, and the panic had in a great measure subsided before the appearance of these welcome auxiliaries on the scene of action. The force of the theatre had already brought the fire somewhat under control, and the danger to Madame Alvarez had for a minute turned people's thoughts from the danger to themselves. When it was officially announced that the flames were in a fair way to be extinguished, and that they might depart in safety, accompanied by the sincere regrets of the manager for the untoward accident which had cut short their evening's entertainment, the vast majority refused to stir until they had heard the extent of the injuries which had befallen their favorite actress. They were quiet but obstinate, and it was not

until a well-known physician, who had chanced to be in the house, appeared and made a grave announcement to the effect that Madame Alvarez' injuries were very severe, that the audience finally and slowly withdrew.

Among the last to leave was the Davenport party. Mr. Davenport had insisted upon looking after Bertie, though Amy was nervously anxious to be gone; and when he found that the young fellow was indeed very badly burned, he insisted still more strenuously upon carrying him back with them to the Hôtel du Louvre. "Don't talk to me about his own apartments," he said to St. Julian, who was totally opposed to this move. "He has nobody there to nurse him; while if he goes with me, my wife will be very glad to do anything in her power to make him comfortable."

"I am nobody, I suppose," said St. Julian. "But Bertie must decide for himself."

This, however, Bertie seemed incapable of doing. In truth, he was suffering acutely, and he could only murmur faintly that they must settle it between them. He was only anxious to avoid giving trouble to anybody.

"Stuff!" said St. Julian. "A man in your condition must of necessity give trouble to somebody, and it had better be to me than to Mrs. Davenport."

But in this view of the question Mrs. Davenport's husband utterly refused to coincide, and the discussion ended in his triumphantly carrying his point. "Beside is a famous hand at dressing hurts and burns," he said to Bertie, and Bertie acknowledged it was just such a hand he needed at that time. So, to St. Julian's disgust, the matter was settled. Lauriston was driven off in the Davenport carriage, and he was left behind with strict injunctions to ascertain Madame Alvarez' condition as soon as possible, and report the same at the Hôtel du Louvre.

Several hours passed, however, before he made his appearance. A physician had been called in, Bertie's burns had been dressed, and he had been consigned to bed, when St. Julian was finally shown into the salon of the Davenport apartments. Here, to his surprise, he found Miss Rivington. She was still dressed as he had seen her at the theatre, and sitting by the fire with a book, from which she looked up at his entrance.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. St. Julian," she said, quietly, before he could speak. "Your friend has been so anxious for your arrival that he has with difficulty been kept quiet. He absolutely refused to take the opiate prescribed by the doctor, fearing he might be asleep when you came. Therefore my aunt has been hoping that you would come soon and set his mind at rest."

"Except in the sense of knowing the worst, I am unfortunately unable to set his mind at rest," St. Julian answered, gravely. "Madame Alvarez' injuries are fatal."

"There is, then, no hope?"

"Absolutely none. I have seen two of the physicians attending her, and they say that only death can end her present torture."

"Ah, how horrible!" cried Miss Rivington; and involuntarily she raised her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible picture which his words presented. "What an awful tragedy! How it dwarfs all words that we can utter!—almost everything that we can feel! A few hours ago so beautiful, so touching, so magnificent, and now—"

"We cannot realize it," said St. Julian, sitting down with an air of exhaustion, his handsome face so pale that he absolutely seemed unlike himself. "I cannot realize it, although I have been within her apartments—near enough, even, to hear her cries of agony."

"Her suffering, then, is beyond all relief?"

"Utterly beyond all relief, save the relief of death."

There was silence for several minutes. Miss Rivington did not even wonder how it was that he, a stranger and a foreigner, had been admitted to the apartments of the great actress. She could think of nothing save that awful agony which seemed brought so near and was yet so far, even from imagination. It was only after several minutes had passed that she said,

"But you must not tell this to Mr. Lauriston—at least not to-night. His injuries are very severe, and he will certainly not sleep at all if mental distress is added to physical pain."

"I have no desire to tell him," said St. Julian, "but how can I avoid it? There is no possible room for equivocation or evasion."

"You must not see him," said Miss Rivington, decidedly. "I will call my aunt, and she can judge what it will be best to do."

She left the room before St. Julian could protest, and in a few minutes returned with Mrs. Davenport, who had evidently been roused from slumber for the purpose.

"Pray don't make any apologies," she said, good-naturedly, to St. Julian, who began to make them at once. "I only lay down to sleep until you came, Alice being kind enough to volunteer to stay awake. I knew it would never do for you to see that excitable boy—that is, unless you brought very good news, for which we scarcely hoped."

"I suppose you have heard from Miss Rivington that I bring very bad news instead," he said.

"So I am sorry to hear," said Mrs. Davenport; but she said it in that way which we all adopt when we speak of a calamity which does not in any way come near us—a natural enough tone, considering that she had never even seen Madame Alvarez, but one which jarred, nevertheless, on the ears of both her companions.

It was decided, therefore, that Bertie should for that night be left in ignorance concerning the tragical fate of the woman whom he had tried to save.

"I will go to his room," said Mrs. Davenport. "I insisted on his taking the opiate, and he may be asleep, therefore. If so, there will be nothing to do but to let him alone. If he is awake, I shall tell him—anything. In such a matter as this my conscience is elastic. If there was any important reason why he should know Madame Alvarez' condition, it would be different; but of course it is nothing to him one way or another, save as a matter of sympathy."

"That is all," said St. Julian. But he said it hesitatingly—so hesitatingly that Alice Rivington's eyes turned on him with instinctive curiosity. He spoke as if with a reserve, she thought; and being a girl whose wits had been trained to great keenness in rather a questionable school, she was quick to hear and to suspect things which others passed unnoticed. Just now she had a fancy to test whether or not she was right.

"How long will Madame Alvarez probably live?" she asked, calmly, addressing St. Julian, who was pulling his moustache and looking rather absently into the fire.

He started as if some one had given voice to his own thoughts, and glanced at her with quick surprise.

"I do not know," he answered; "the doctors could not tell. Perhaps only a few hours, perhaps several days."

"But she will probably live until to-morrow?"

"So they think."

"And therefore, if any one wished very much to see her before she died, to-morrow would be time enough for the purpose?"

"Yes," said he, with another look of such uncontrollable astonishment that she smiled to herself, thinking how cleverly she had divined his thoughts. It was none of her business why Bertie Lauriston should need or desire to see the actress before she died—and to do her justice, she did not trouble herself with conjectures concerning it—but she liked to "see through" people as she had seen through St. Julian now.

St. Julian himself had a suspicion that he had undergone this process, and it did not tend to increase his natural amiability. As we are well aware, there was nothing whatever in Bertie's interest in Madame Alvarez which required a cloak of mystery, but he felt provoked with Miss Rivington for discovering that there was any interest beyond that "matter of sympathy" of which Mrs. Davenport had spoken. "Confound her! why can she not mind her own business?" he thought, impatiently, frowning in a quick way common enough to his face, as he turned to the elder lady.

"Perhaps it will be best if I leave the affair entirely in your hands," he said, "though I regret that you should have so much trouble. I still think it would have been wiser if Bertie had gone with me to his usual lodgings."

"And I think that he is infinitely better where he is," said Mrs. Davenport, quickly. "I am sure you are the

best of friends, and would make the best of nurses, Mr. St. Julian, but we women are sufficiently conceited to think that the sick-room is our province *par excellence*, you know, and that no man can dress a wound or smooth a pillow as we can."

"Begging your pardon," said St. Julian, "I am not by any means the best of friends, and I am sure that I should be very far indeed from being the best of nurses; but since Bertie is in a measure in my hands, I thought it only right that I should have the trouble of taking care of him. He has judged differently, however, and so there is nothing more to be said. It is certainly true that I could not dress his wounds and smooth his pillows as you will no doubt kindly do."

There was a slight accent of sarcasm in his voice—an accent which suggested that he would not have fancied or been grateful for this feminine coddling—which made both the listening women feel how very "disagreeable" he could be when he chose.

"I have had some experience in nursing," said Mrs. Davenport, stiffly. "I hope that I shall not harm your friend, at least, Mr. St. Julian. Can you tell me, by the way, where Mrs. Lauriston is? She, too, has been abroad for some time, I believe."

"Mrs. Lauriston is in London," St. Julian answered. "She came abroad, as you are probably aware, for medical treatment, and found the physician whom she liked best in that metropolis. If the doctor thinks that Bertie's injuries are at all serious, I must write to her to-morrow," he added. "She exacted a promise to that effect from me when I saw her last. But I am detaining you both," he said, suddenly, "and it is very late. I shall see Bertie in the morning; and meanwhile, Mrs. Davenport, tell him anything you please."

"Thanks for the carte-blanc," said Mrs. Davenport, smiling.

Then he shook hands with her, bowed distantly to Miss Rivington and left the room.

When he was out in the now somewhat silent but still brilliantly-lighted streets, he drew forth a cigar and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is easy to see her game," he thought, "and a very nice game it is for a handsome, motherly lady, with a rich young invalid on her hands and two marriageable daughters, to play. She had better be careful, however, or that beautiful niece will step in and walk off with the prize. She looks fully equal to it, and Bertie always was a fool about pretty women. By Jove! how his Alvarez furor has ended! But is it ended yet? That is the question."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Davenport had also shrugged her shoulders when the door closed on Mr. St. Julian's retreating figure.

"The girls are certainly right," she said. "A more disagreeable man I never encountered. He can be exceedingly uncivil, too. Upon my word, his very glance is a sneer."

Alice Rivington laughed a little.

"He thinks he is very cynical," she said, "and he has certainly been very much spoiled. I fancy people in general are afraid of him. Now, I am constitutionally incapable of being afraid of anybody, and I should not object to measuring a lance with Mr. St. Julian."

"I cannot say that I admire your taste," her aunt answered. "I confess I should only like to measure distances with such a very unpleasant person. How strange what Bertie Lauriston sees in him!"

"My dear aunt, we don't fancy the people who are like, but those who are unlike us," said Miss Rivington, smiling. "Two forms which differ in order to correspond," is Coleridge's definition of the word counterparts. No doubt these two natures differ in order to correspond."

"They certainly differ," said Mrs. Davenport, dryly. "But it is rather late to be discussing people and their natures just now. I must see if Bertie Lauriston is awake, and you, Alice, had better go to bed."

"I am not sleepy," said Alice. "How can one sleep when one thinks of that poor woman's agony?"

"How can you sleep every night," said Mrs. Davenport, "when you might know, if you thought of it, that some-

body somewhere—in fact, hundreds of people everywhere—are enduring agony of every kind in every degree?"

"But one has not seen that," said the girl, with a shudder.

She said good-night, however, and went to her chamber, where, having exchanged her silk dress for a *robe de chambre*, she stood erect before the mirror, leaning her white arms, from which the wide cashmere sleeves fell back, on the toilet-table, looking the while intently yet absently at the face which looked as steadfastly back at her from the shadowy depths. She was not thinking how beautiful a face it was, nor yet how hard a face for all its beauty it seemed just then, but she had fallen into a reverie as she combed out her hair, and it always helped her reflections to look in the glass, as it very often helps men's reflections to smoke tobacco.

"I am twenty-five," she was thinking. "Twenty-five! If I were a man, that would mean that I am young; since I am a woman, it means that I am old. It also means that I have deferred the evil day as long as possible, but that it has come at last. I must marry. And since I must marry—since with all my beauty, all my brains, all my many gifts, the world does not offer me one single path which I can choose in preference to this—why should I wait longer? Here is this prize to gain which Amy and Belle are ready to make any sacrifice—this handsome, commonplace young millionaire—why should I not marry him? What do I gain by waiting? I can scarcely hope for a more brilliant match, and I should be mad indeed if at my time of life, and with my knowledge of the world, I hoped to find a man whom I can love in a man whom I can marry. The two things are incompatible. The man we love is the man we cannot marry. The man we must marry is the man we can never love. O God, help women!" she said, suddenly, and with an accent of indescribable bitterness. "God help them in a world which does not give to the best of them one single avenue of escape from this degradation. Oh, the vileness of it, the vileness of it! Am I better or worse than others because I feel it so? Is it because I am stronger or weaker that I rebel where others submit? Is it because I know that I have powers which might aid a great man to climb to fame, but which will sink utterly, or else consume me with the fever of their secret strength, when I am tied for life to some commonplace creature born to live and die in mediocrity? Why do I think of these things?" she went on, impatiently. "Could anything be more utterly useless, more utterly hopeless? I am beautiful, I am well born, I am cursed with a love for the things which only wealth can give, and I am poor; hence my path is clear. I must marry a rich man; and since this Bertie Lauriston is here at hand, I will marry him! How incomprehensibly fortune is given in this world!" she added, with a slight weary sigh. "Now, why is not he the poor man, and the other—the man with the eyes and brow of a poet—the one who is rich? I almost think that if this were so, I might fall in love with him. I could be able to afford such an expensive luxury as the *grande passion* in that case."

She said the last words with a smile which made her face seem harder—one might almost have said more bitterly cynical—than before. Then taking her hair in both hands, she was twisting it into a heavy coil in preparation for the comb lying before her on the marble table, when a voice speaking in a low tone near her door made her start. Almost unconsciously she crossed the floor and opened it, thus, to his great surprise, facing St. Julian, who was advancing down the corridor with a servant.

"Miss Rivington!" he said. "Are you still up?"

"What is the matter?" she asked. "What has brought you back?"

"I have come for Bertie," he answered. "Madame Alvarez is dying, and has sent for him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I AM not shocked by failings in my friend,
For human life's a zigzag to the end;
But if he to a lower plane descend,
Contented there—alas, my former friend!

LUCK.

BY COL. A. D. HAILIE.

"It's just my luck!" and "I'm always unlucky!" are "The most unfortunate of beings!" are every-day expressions with a certain class of people, who do appear almost sight to be the especial victims of relentless fate, and marked out for every possible kind of calamity and ill-success. Their plans seldom or never succeed; their exertions, zealous and eager as they frequently are, do not meet with their natural reward. They are always just on the eve of some piece of good fortune which is sure to elude their grasp at the critical moment—the tide turns before they catch it; the sun sets just as five minutes more daylight would accomplish their purpose. "If I had but been a little sooner!" "If I had known of it an hour earlier!" they are continually saying, till it would seem that their lives are spent in running after an *ignis fatuus*, or that there was a general conspiracy to prevent their receiving the good intended for them.

Another phase peculiar to such people is the constant ill-success of their exertions to attain any particular object, whatever it may be; some blunder, some omission, some over-zeal, frustrates the most promising schemes, or disappoints the most active and enthusiastic efforts, adds another to the long list of proofs of that "ill-luck" which marks their lives. And to complete the catalogue of their injuries, they have incessantly to complain of the unkindness or desertion of friends, which they attribute to the coldness and heartlessness of the world, which turns its back on the unsuccessful.

In sober sadness, there is a semblance of truth in all these complaints, so far as mere facts go—the evils so bitterly felt actually exist; and what is yet more to be regretted, life is wasted in these incessant failures, the spirit becomes broken, and principles themselves give way under this dangerous misconception of the real source of all the mischief. There is, however, a marked difference between the misfortunes and trials which are appointed by almighty Wisdom for the discipline of erring mortals and the class of evils of which we are now speaking. The first will, if rightly received, bring with them both their consolation and their compensation in the improvement and elevation of both the mental and moral qualities. Fortitude, patience, energy, abilities, are all called out, developed and matured by the wholesome atmosphere of difficulty and adversity. Many a child of prosperity is unconscious of the possession of those qualities, and allows them to remain dormant, till, for want of exercise, they actually languish and die, unless some fortunate trial, some calamity, comes as a blessing, and effects a cure. No nations are so great, so distinguished for courage, energy and progress in the arts of civilization, as those which have been called upon to test and strain every faculty to the utmost to overcome the adverse influences of soil and climate. The same rule applies no less to individuals, and therefore we would have it distinctly understood that we entirely separate, in our observations, that class of persons who, apparently "more tried than other men," are called upon to battle with adversity to which others are strangers, are waging a noble warfare, and combating manfully with misfortune and distress, from those unhappy victims of self-delusion of whom their friends and themselves speak as "truly unfortunate people."

These have no such compensation, reap no such benefit, earn no such reward, as their seeming companions in sorrow. On the contrary, the most real of all their evils is the deterioration of their characters, the destruction of fixed principles of action, the hopeless twist which is given to all their views and ideas, the haziness which darkens their mental vision till everything is seen through a false medium, and the judgment errs from want of just premises to act upon. Such is the normal state to which these people are brought, and from which, after a certain point, as in opium-eating, there seems little hope of rescuing them. Still, a consideration of their deplorable condition may be of benefit to others if the dissection

of its causes points to a cure in less advanced stages of the malady.

Most of the causes of the "ill luck" and the "misfortune," which these people would fain attribute to the evil influence of some cruel fate presiding over their destiny, may be traced to imperfect education in early life, and to the want of that training of the faculties which is of far more importance than mere book-learning. The most common, perhaps, is a disregard of the value of accuracy as well in the performance of the various duties incident to each period of life, as in the estimate of the effect produced by the neglect of or careless hurrying over the details which make up every important general whole. An early-acquired, slovenly and hurried habit of glancing at and glossing over minor points is most unfavorable to success in life, because, in the first place, no hasty, bird's-eye view can safely be taken of any subject or course of action; and, in the second, a well-laid plan, a really legitimate and desirable object, will be frustrated and lost for want of accuracy and patient care in carrying out its small and apparently unimportant details. A gun is useless when most needed from want of attention to cleaning and oiling its parts, and yet the weapon itself may be the best of its kind, the eye quick, the hand steady, success all but certain, save for this one omission, which has simply arisen from having allowed the object sought to engross the whole attention, to the neglect of the means which, with a little attention, would have been ready at hand. It is the absence of this careful attention to minute details which accounts for the strange want of success which so often attends persons of quick parts, great activity and energy, who seem to give more time and zeal to the discharge of their duties than others who nevertheless prosper and get on in the world. Their minds are too general, themselves too loose in their views and ideas; they see results, they work hard to attain them, but literally jump over the steps which lead to the top of the ladder, and alight in the ditch on the other side.

Nature attains all her great results by small and almost imperceptible means and operations, each one of which, insignificant as it appears, would ruin the whole were it imperfectly performed or altogether neglected; and in this, as in most other respects, she teaches us a lesson we should never forget. Accuracy in the progress of each operation, the fulfilment of each small duty, the perfecting the minute parts which are necessary to the working of the machine, will be found one great means of success, whilst its neglect will ever be one link in the chain which fetters "unfortunate people."

A naturally sanguine temperament, unchastened by the discipline of judgment and sober self-control, is a very common and most dangerous snare to the "unlucky ones" of the earth. Buoyancy of spirit is a great and precious boon in this world of trial, but in the persons of whom we are speaking it is absolutely changed from healthful nourishment into poison, and acts as a sort of magnifying glass, bringing distant objects near and casting those immediately at hand into obscurity. The natural consequence is that the distant future, with the possible events which lie hidden in its obscurity, becomes dangerously present to the mind, and the present and the intervening distance is utterly overlooked. The end is so clear, so near at hand, to their magnified vision, that they neglect the means to attain it, or, as in many cases, sacrifice real present good, or at any rate present duties and occupations, for those which appear so temptingly within their grasp. Hence the restlessness, the frequent changes, which are so commonly seen in the career of the class of persons of whom we are speaking. They are always on the eve of some fresh, and each time permanent, change. All is bright as is a dissolving view, till a short experience destroys the illusion, and some new attraction presents itself to fill the void of the receding vision. Then we hear, "I never was so deceived in my life; but it's just my luck! If I had only taken hold a little sooner, it would have been quite different; but now, owing to so-and-so, everything is so changed that I had no chance;" and it is useless to point out to such a one that the drawbacks might and ought to have been considered and examined beforehand, that rash and

sanguine action and decision were the cause of disappointment, and that fate, to which he would fain attribute it, had no hand in the matter.

A kindred feeling, often the accompaniment of a sanguine temperament, is a want of judgment. We readily admit that there is a natural difference in the degree to which persons are endowed with this quality, and that it is unfair to expect the same soundness and correctness of decision from all alike. But it is not exactly the faculty of seeing the just bearings and relative importance of every question submitted to it of which we speak. Such a gift belongs, in a pre-eminent degree, only to comparatively few persons. But there is no question that of all powers of the mind the judgment is the most capable of improvement and training. It is the delusions of over-sanguine hopes, of eager and uncontrolled desires, of moral cowardice, which are to be blamed for the mistakes, the false steps, the train of misfortunes, which make up the history of "ill-fated persons," rather than a natural incapacity of distinguishing a prudent and safe from a rash and dangerous course of action. Let a child be taught, let those in mature life sternly determine to teach themselves, self-control in these respects, and to look at things as they really are, and they will find but little difficulty in deciding correctly on the right course of action. They will no longer mistake the mirage of the desert for water, nor the clouds for heights inviting their ascent, and will, therefore, be in no danger of leaving the safe and beaten track or stumbling over unseen obstacles, which only escape their observation because their eyes are gazing upon lofty and unreal visions.

To escape these evils, and to pass with tolerable safety and steadiness along the path of life, requires rather a sober than a gifted head; and the stumbles and perilous accidents which constantly befall our "unfortunate" friends may be traced rather to wandering glances around, and to the giddiness of intoxicating hopes and wishes, than to any real difficulty in choosing their steps.

Another great cause of this ill fortune is want of method and punctuality. An incessant activity may very possibly distinguish a person, and yet he will overlook, neglect and defer most necessary and important matters from simple absence of mental order in his organization. A letter is left unanswered, an appointment broken, an account uninvestigated, not from indolence, but constant hurry, which overlooks or puts off the apparently minor—or, it may be, the less agreeable—occupation for some more prominent or attractive one. The consequence is that a good is lost from not being seized at the right moment, or an evil aggravated because the time for arresting it has passed by; or, to take the most favorable view of it, some atonement has to be made for neglect, some line of conduct made necessary, because it is too late to retreat without injury or inconsiderateness to others concerned. A calm and unflinching survey of each day's duties before entering upon them would be an infallible remedy for this failing, and a great antidote to those shafts of fate to which these well-meaning blunders fancy themselves the victims.

Such are a few of the real spokes in the wheel of fortune which mortals first plant for themselves, and then bewail as being expressly inserted for their calamity. We have selected those only which belong to an amiable and well-intentioned class of persons, and we have done so because it so frequently appears to be a mystery—to themselves, at any rate—how it is that they work zealously, are not deficient in ability, and really are anxious to rise in the world, and yet that all their exertions are baffled by an "adverse fate"—"Luck's against them!" The fact is that enthusiastic, eager temperaments are precisely those most in danger from the causes we have mentioned. Conscience of their own intentions, and blind to their own defects in execution, they weary out their friends, and then add to their many disappointments the pain of feeling that those they care for, and whose friendship they value, are being gradually estranged from them. Then come complaints of "sunshine friends," of "unkindness and heartlessness," the feelings and temper become soured, and the whole life is but a melancholy record of failures, disappointments and bitterness of spirit.

In all kindness to these amiable but mistaken persons,

we have attempted to call attention to some simple but obvious truths. If any of them feel that in doing so we have depicted their own case, we have no fear that we have written in vain. The candor which acknowledges a fault is ever the best earnest of a desire to amend. Where that desire exists, resolution and ability will not be wanting, to the end of "luck" being good or bad, just as the person makes it.

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 6.

DEAR MIDGET: I am at a school in the Boulevard de Neuilly, and I hate it. Auntie and uncle and Bob have all gone. They are going to leave Bob in Geneva, and uncle and auntie will not be back here for two months. Just think of it, Midget—alone with these horrid French people, and they are horrid! I don't like them a bit; neither would you. Madame, who keeps the school, is a tiny piece of a woman, who talks English worse than old Aunt Chloe; and she is so nasty and deceitful in all her ways! She talked ever so nice to uncle. "She would be so kind to mademoiselle"—that means me; and she would like me to walk out and do everything to make me happy. Well, if she does, I don't know what happy is. She gives me verbs to do all the time, and French to write, and musty, nasty things to eat, and sour, grippy wine to drink that tastes like green persimmons, and won't let me drink water because it is unhealthy in France; and we have no milk, and as to buttermilk, they never heard of such a thing. Please tell Aunt Chloe that; and tell her, too, they never have hot rolls, and never even saw corn bread, the barbarians! You know what nice hot rolls we always had at home, and we were stupid enough to call them French rolls. French indeed! I just wish you could see the man come in with the ugly, dirty loaves, as big round as a tumbler and a yard long, under his arm—ugh! the nasty thing!—and we have to eat it, for you are hungry in a way you can't believe. You are just hungry all over.

The first day after they left me I ate nothing; the next I had a headache, and couldn't eat, and then I cried food! If I had some of grandmamma's biscuit, I would think like Cely used to say when she got something good—just as if I was going up to heaven. Oh, Midget, be thankful you are home on the plantation; and whenever you are cross, think of poor me and what comes of travelling.

There are three other teachers, but only one nice one, and because she is English they won't let me talk to her. Naturally, I won't talk their villainous lingo, as Bob calls it, when I can help it. And to see somebody nice, who can talk like a Christian, and they won't let you; and perhaps madame thinks that's trying to make me happy. Deceitful, story-telling thing! I am so glad I found out she wears a wig, and see if I don't tell, if I get a chance, or do something to it. The German teacher is a great gawky, fat thing, with a round, gooseberry face and a stumpy little nose, and ugly, great red hands, and dresses like a guy; and they call this being in Paris, and then try and make us believe everybody wears such splendid things in Paris. So just never believe again what people tell you about foreign places. I don't like to say it, Midget, but they are like the old fox story—they lose their tails, and want all the other foxes in the same fix. If you ever come to Paris, see if it isn't all so. As for going to walk, we do go; but such walks! Two and two, and a teacher before and another behind; and you never are to look around; and you mustn't talk; and if you pass a boy, and he looks nice, you mustn't see him, or like the French do everything, you mustn't seem to see him; and you walk streets where there are no shops, and the gravel in the sidewalks cuts your best shoes all to bits; and Sunday you go to the church in two strings, and you have a French sermon and French prayers, and it sets you to wondering if the good people up in heaven have to talk French; if they do, I shall always after this pray to go to the American quarter. The next time I will tell you about the girls here; that horrid madame is calling me to lessons.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRIET HASSLE.

STOCKHOLM AND THE SWEDES

THE appearance of Stockholm, as seen from the sea, an approaching steamer, is altogether fascinating. The city is everywhere sloping down to the edge of the water, filled with people, tiny steamers plying hither and thither close at hand, not to speak of larger vessels, which at greater distances, naturally give to the whole scene an animated aspect. From the approach to Stockholm by the river its full grandeur is seen. The principal points of interest are the city proper and the royal palace; the sea, reflecting water fills up the whole picture. From the hill it appears, if possible, to greater advantage; and the view of it may be obtained from the garden of the back, which is situated on one of the loftiest hills of the Södermalm.

The public buildings are not numerous, but they are placed as to be seen to the greatest advantage, and this circumstance add greatly to the imposing effect of the city. The old palace, the National Museum, the Kildeshuset, where formerly the nobility held their sitting during the diets, and the Riddarholms Kyrkan, which may be called the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm, are among the most interesting. The vaults of this old church are lighted up once a week, and the tombs uncovered, when ought to be visited. A few are then paid, but on other days it may be entered gratis.

Though the principal inhabitants leave Stockholm during the hottest months of summer, enough remain to make the gardens lively in the evening. The Djurgården, one of the prettiest, which has the best band, and this season, in addition, a Hungarian band of celebrated performers, is generally well filled, and to a new-comer presents a very spirited scene. Waiters thread their way amidst endless marble tables, bearing aloft trays with coffee and ice-cream ice especially—and liqueurs and Swedish punch, through throngs of visitors. The people, who have been called the French of the north, do not gesticulate as in France, but a murmur of voices accompanies the music, and the language, which is almost as soft as the Italian, makes this pleasant. Gentlemen walk in and out among the groups of ladies, seeking for those they especially desire to notice, and having found them, take off their hats with a graceful sweep which can only be accomplished by Swedish gentlemen. As regards living out of doors, the Swedes, though inhabitants of a cold climate, resemble the southern nations, and spend very little time at home. Indeed, our idea of home, from my observation, and from what I was told, is much more understood by the Danes than the Swedes, and domestic virtues are less cultivated by the latter than the former.

It requires a great deal of fortitude and a certain amount of health to endure Swedish cookery. The bread is nearly all flavored with aniseed—that is, all the softer kind of bread. There is a rye bread, however, of which they eat a great deal, which is thin, full of holes and hard as sailors' biscuit. This they consider good for the teeth—perhaps it is. At any rate, good teeth are required to bite it. There are a great many soups, for without soup no Swede would imagine he had dined, and in families who live moderately very little in the way of substantial food comes afterward. There were sweet fruit soups, curds-and-whey soup sweetened, many white soups with vegetables prettily cut up, and some gravy soups that seem as if they ought to be nice, but they were spoilt for other than Swedish palates by the introduction of some uncongenial flavor. Dumplings, for example, which we think good in broth, they perfume with peach water, or some kind of scent, and put into gray soup.

The habits at table, even of people of birth and education, strike a stranger oddly. The great rapidity of eating, the perpetual approach of the knife to the mouth, the fork held up in the air and the elbows thrust out, are scarcely reconcilable to our ideas of civilization. At supper nobody attempts to sit down, but each person takes a fork and a piece of bread, and plunges his fork into half a dozen dishes, taking a little piece from each, and putting it on the same piece of bread. Meat, fish, sweets and cheese seem alike acceptable.

The educated Swedes are generally clever and very accomplished, good musicians—for only those play who are able to play well—good artists, and really thoroughly educated. Many speak two or three languages very correctly. Simple things appear to amuse them.

A lively picture is to be seen in the Skeppbron. There merchants are hurrying to and fro, and large vessels are laden for the north of Sweden (Norrlund) and St. Petersburg—a three days' journey by sea, with stoppages, Stockholm. Opposite the Skeppbron is Skeppsholmen, one of the pretty islands forming part of Stockholm, in the warm weather furnishing shady seats and walks. On this side is the National Museum, in which is a fine collection of pictures, especially of the Dutch and Swedish schools. In the same building is a curious apartment containing old armor and the wedding-dresses and costumes of former kings, queens and favorites; all this can be seen gratis except on one or two days of the week, when only a few are paid. Of course, at Stockholm, as in all great cities, there are museums for various kinds of collections—for natural history, for minerals, for coins, etc.

A very pretty mark of attention to a parting guest in Sweden is the custom of presenting bouquets; but however inconvenient they may be to carry, they must not on any account be left behind; it would give great offence. The Swedes are not a rich people, but they have a thousand ways of doing little kindnesses and paying civility which are agreeably felt by those living among them. They have also many simple pleasures for the unsophisticated. The number of little clean steamboats, going daily for a few ore or a rix-dollar—about twenty-five cents—to charming spots not far from Stockholm, enable most people to make frequent and pleasant excursions; and there are so many beautiful palaces, containing fine pictures, curious china and other interesting things, that during the warm months these boats are thronged, especially on Sunday, when the fares are considerably reduced. Ulriksdal, Drottningholm and Gripsholm have daily visitors. Independently of the beautiful rooms to be seen in these palaces, it is most enjoyable and heart-filling to find yourself in the midst of the lovely, soft, lake-like scenery which surrounds them. Toward the end of September, when the leaves are beginning to change rapidly previous to falling, the little islands in the river and in the lakes which it forms seem as if decorated with nosegays, so bright and vivid in hue is the decaying foliage, and in such regular clusters does the alteration of color take place. The lime tree has the most beautiful shades of pink and rose color in its varying leaves. There are other trees which from the palest yellow deepen into the richest golden shade. Nowhere except in Sweden are to be seen such charming effects from this cause.

A pleasant trip can be made to Upsala by the steamboat which starts at eight o'clock in the morning from Stockholm, and the scenery is interesting nearly all the way. Though the boat does not reach Upsala till half-past two o'clock, there is quite time to see the city and return at night by train to Stockholm, a distance of nearly fifty miles. The air of Upsala is considered more invigorating than that of Stockholm, and the walks around it are beautiful and various. When the cathedral and the university have been visited, it is worth while to mount a winding path by the side of the governor's residence, a very old castle, and on reaching the top of the hill to sit down and breathe the fresh heath-scented breeze. From this spot three mounds can be seen, the three burial-places of Thor, Odin and Frey; if the walk of two or three miles were taken to reach them, no further object would be obtained. At Upsala there are the usual pretty gardens and cafés; also good bands, which play every evening, while the students, known by their white caps, lounge about and smoke or sit and sip liqueurs and punch.

FROM the little that's shown
To complete the unknown
Is a folly we hourly repeat;
And for once, I would say,
That men lead us astray,
Ourselves we a thousand times cheat.

PRECOCITY OF GENIUS.

THE strength of understanding and originality of genius of John Smeaton appeared at a very early age. His playthings were not the playthings of children, but the tools which men employ, and he seemed to have greater entertainment in noticing the men in the neighborhood work, and in asking them scientific questions, than in anything else. When only fourteen years of age, he constructed a machine for rose-engine turning. He was but little older when he cut, in a lathe of his own manufacture, a perpetual screw in brass from the design of his friend Mr. Hindly of York. By the age of eighteen he had attained very considerable practical skill in mechanical operations, and had furnished himself with many tools for performing them.

Many of the greatest musical composers have been remarkable for the precocity of their genius, but none have evinced their talents to the same extent at so early an age as Mozart. He was scarcely three years old when his father commenced teaching him the harpsichord, over which instrument he is said to have had a perfect control when only four years of age. He was not even then satisfied with playing those pieces which were placed before him, but indulged himself in the composition of minuets and other light movements. He was scarcely five years old when, on his return from church one Sunday, he was found writing a concerto for the harpsichord, which was composed according to the strictest rules of art, but so difficult in its execution that his father, who was a musician of no ordinary rank, declared that no one would be able to play it. "It is a concerto," said the child, "and must be well studied before it can be played properly," and sitting down at the piano, said, "This is the style in which it ought to be executed," and attempted to give some idea of his conception. Mozart published his first two works when he had not concluded his eighth year. At fourteen he was appointed director of the archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, before which time he had composed an entire opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was highly commended by competent judges, but was never published.

Samuel Wesley also gave astonishing proofs of his musical genius when quite a child. When he was about eight years of age, Dr. Boyce called on his father, the Rev. Charles Wesley, saying, "Sir, I hear you have got an English Mozart in your house;" adding that he had been told wonderful things of him. A piece of music of Samuel's composition was shown to the doctor, who looked over it very carefully. "These airs are certainly some of the prettiest I have seen. This boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can by rule and study." After this he was much taken notice of, playing voluntaries on the organ, delighting many companies for hours together with his own music, and playing the first violin at private concerts. In addition to the above, the Hon. Daines Barrington gives some further particulars respecting this extraordinary boy. He first saw him when he was nearly ten years of age, and he states that he was then able to execute the most difficult lessons for the harpsichord at sight, and that his fingers never wanted the guidance of the eye in the most rapid passages. His judgment as to the merits or defects of musical composition was also very acute and correct.

THE practice of dentistry can hardly be included in the modern arts; for as early as 500 B. C., gold was used for filling teeth, and gold wire was employed to hold artificial teeth in position, and does not seem then to have been a new art. A fragment of the tenth of the Roman tables, 405 B. C., has reference to the burial of any gold with the dead except that bound around the teeth. Herodotus declares that the Egyptians had a knowledge of the diseases of the teeth and their treatment 2000 B. C. In Martial, Casseilus is mentioned as either filling or extracting teeth, but he specified that he would not polish false teeth with tooth powder. Lucian mentions the circumstance of an old maid that had but four teeth, and they were fastened in with gold. These facts cover a period of six hundred years.



A RECOLLECTION.

SOFT fell the twilight from the summer sky,
 And gray the gardens grew;
 Alone we thought we wandered—you and I—
 But Love went too.

Yet all the while no word of him we spake;
 We talked of trees, flowers, birds,
 But still his mystic music seemed to shake
 Through all our words.

Through all our talk a tender tremor ran,
 Full low, and soft, and sweet;
 And when we lightly parted, I began
 To think of it.

Each word of yours I counted even as gold
 A miser gloateth o'er;
 And twice and thrice the precious sum I told
 And then once more.

Each look of yours, the flower you gave to me
 These were as jewels then—
 Ay, as great jewels ravished from the sea
 For lordly men.

The flower has faded in a book—our talk
 Has faded too, in part.
 But yet I know that in that twilight walk
 I lost my heart.

I dream I wander with you even now;
I see the boughs that blend
Their glorious green o'erhead, and wonder how
Our walk will end.

The honeysuckles' scent is in the air—
It is the twilight hour;
I turn and see a face to me more fair
Than any flower.

And in that face I strive to read my fate,
And in those wondrous eyes;
And trembling in the balance as I wait
My future lies.

Do you e'er dream of it as well as I?
Do you think of it yet?
I shall remember it until I die—
Shall you forget?

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

ACCORDING to the traditions of the early Church, St. Ambrose sowed the first seeds of the Christian faith in Milan, and had there a considerable number of disciples, some of whom—men whose names shine brightly in ecclesiastical history—suffered martyrdom in the place for their fidelity to the religion they had embraced. Of the thirty-three archbishops and bishops of Milan who have been enrolled in the calendar of saints, the most distinguished in the annals of the Church is St. Ambrose, in whose time, the latter half of the fourth century, there existed a fine edifice, which, in a letter to his sister Marcellina, calls the "great new Basilica." Ambrose died in 397, and was buried in this church, from which circumstance received the name of the Basilica Ambrosiana. In the middle of the fifth century the building was destroyed by the hordes of Goths under Attila. In 1705 the cathedral again risen into existence, its immediate predecessor having been burnt down, and about a century afterward it was partially destroyed by the emperor Francis I., who, it is said, feared lest it might be converted into a donjon or part of the citadel.

The first stone of the present magnificent edifice—which, and not unworthily, been called the pride of Lombardy—was laid in 1386 by the hands of Giovanni Galeazzoconti, duke of Milan, an ambitious prince who aspired to make himself king of Northern Italy, and in pursuit of projects was guilty of many crimes. To expiate these, determined to erect two buildings of great splendor, being the cathedral of Milan, the other the university of Pavia. The earliest architects employed upon the former were, according to the records of the wardens of the arch, Simone da Orsenigo, an Italian, Nicholas Bonanure, of Paris, Marco and Jacopo da Campione, both Italians. But the work executed by them was so unsatisfactory, and occasioned so many disputes between them and the authorities, that the aid of some German architects was called in, among whom were conspicuous Zamodina, or Modina, Annex of Friburg and Ulric of Ulm. So late as 1486, Giovanni Galeus Sporza addressed a letter to the magistrates of Strasburg, praying them to send to Milan a master-mason Hammerer, then employed on their cathedral, to advise with him about the construction of the central tower, respecting which great difficulties had arisen.

However, under the direction of architects who for ever may be called legion, the cathedral has, from its earliest foundation, been in the hands of the builders almost to the present day; for even late in the last century, and even in the present, the façade has undergone vast alterations. Probably to the variety of architects employed is to be traced the varied character apparent in the edifice. When its founder, Giovanni Galeazzo, proposed to erect the cathedral, or Duomo, as it is generally called, he intended in his donations the marble quarries of Montedido or Candoglia, which yield a substance that almost equals the pure marble of Carrara, and of this it is

built. All who enter the church for the first time are forcibly struck with its general imposing effect; while externally, the rich Gothic architecture, and its forests of towers crowned with light and elegant pinnacles, form a most impressive spectacle.

Internally, the "dim religious light" pervading the church adds to the solemnity of feeling produced by a multitude of columns, by its lofty arcades, its pointed arches, the numberless statues surmounting the pillars, and the stained-glass windows of extraordinary brilliancy; and if we remember that all these—of course excepting the windows—are of white marble, one may form some idea of the beauty of this glorious church. If to the richness of the materials we add the variety and perfection of the work, its value is increased a hundredfold. It is estimated that the external portions of the edifice would require about four thousand five hundred statues to "people them;" and exclusive of bas-reliefs, one may count nearly three thousand sculptured figures placed in position.

The plan is a Latin cross, the transepts extending but little beyond the nave. The eastern end is terminated by a nonagon. The architecture of the doors and windows of the western front is of the Italian or Roman style, executed about 1658, for the first three bays of the nave were added to the front of the original façade, and were not vaulted until 1651-9. About 1790 the wardens determined to make the front Gothic, retaining the doors and windows by Ricchini—from the designs of Pellegrini, the architect employed in 1560 by the archbishop Carlo Borromeo—on account of the richness of their workmanship. The central tower, erected by F. Croce between 1762 and 1772, rises to the height of 400 feet.

The name of Archbishop Borromeo, who ranks as a saint in the annals of the Church of Rome, is prominently associated with the cathedral of Milan, and the chapel in which he lies buried is one of the principal objects of interest to the visitor. "The walls of this subterranean chapel are covered with *alto-reliefs*, chased and worked in silver gilt, representing the principal events of the life of the saint. . . . These tablets are surrounded by fanciful ornaments." The body of the archbishop is deposited in a most gorgeous shrine of gold and gilded silver, the gift of Philip IV. of Spain. The front is lowered by a windlass, and the corpse is seen dressed in full pontificals reposing in an inner shrine or coffin, and visible through panes of rock crystal, or, as some have supposed, of very fine glass.

The length of the building internally is 493 feet; width, 177 feet; total length of the transept, 283 feet 10 inches; height of the nave, 151 feet 11 inches; height to the top of the lantern, 247 feet; ditto to the top of the spire and statue, 356 feet. There are 52 piers, 98 pinnacles. In fretwork, carving and statues it goes beyond all churches in the world, St. Peter's itself not excepted. Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches, the lustre of its walls, its numberless niches, all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic. In this cathedral there is no screen, and the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation. Neither are there any chapels, properly so called; and the high altar stands, as in the Roman Basilica, and, indeed, in all ancient churches, before the choir and between the clergy and the people.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening ear, a thousand messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude and look, the signals upon the countenance, the electric telegraph of touch,—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and renders retreat impossible.

LIKE children in the masking game,
Men strive to hide their natures;
Each in his turn says, "Guess my name,"
Disguising voice and features.

SAVAGE LIFE.

IN Asia the savage tribes are very numerous, and a sufficient idea of their mode of life will be formed from a description of a few of them. The Alouetians—or rather the inhabitants of the Alouetian Islands, situated at the north-eastern extremity of Asia and neighboring on America—have no government of any kind, yet each community selects some chief invested with no other authority but that of deciding any dispute they may have with each other. They generally choose the man that has the largest family and is most successful in hunting or fishing. They occupy probably the lowest place in the scale of savage life, eating wild roots, seaweed and fish, frequently half putrefied and cast on shore, and the flesh of foxes and birds of prey, which they devour raw. They clothe themselves in the skins of sea-calves, foxes and birds, and live in a ditch nine feet deep, eighteen broad, and from thirty to three hundred long. The ditch has its sides supported by posts, and is covered by a frame on which earth and grass are laid; apertures serve for doors, with a ladder fixed to each; others admit air and light, and some let out smoke when they happen to have fires, which they seldom have, for even without any the heat is insupportable and the smell from putrefying fish horrible. Sometimes five hundred persons inhabit the same ditch. Their disposition is brutal. If they surprise their enemies, they exterminate them; pay no attention to their children, who leave them when they choose and marry at pleasure, without consent of parents, or contracts, or portion, or festivity.

The Kamtschatdales are almost as savage. They feed on bears and other quadrupeds, but the heads of half-putrefied fish reduced to a pap is their greatest delicacy. They also live in ditches, but less deep and better constructed. There is one good point in their characters—they have a high respect for women, and though permitting, rarely practice, polygamy. In their courtships, their marriages, their reception of guests and other ceremonies, they observe forms and festivities that at times are highly ridiculous. Resembling the Kamtschatdales in clothing, and when sedentary in habitation, are the wandering tribes of the Koriacks, who, having no fixed habitations, rove through extensive deserts, leading a pastoral life and supporting themselves by the products of their herds of reindeer. They reduce women to the most abject servitude, and even kill them with impunity. The Tchouktchi are both pastors and hunters, and at times fishers, clothing themselves and living like the Kamtschatdales, though sometimes lodging in the caverns of rocks. They are drunken and avaricious, eating only such tame reindeer as die a natural death. They are noted alike for their hospitality and ferocity.

The Samoides, who inhabit the borders of the Frozen Ocean, from the Mezen in Europe to the Lena in Asia, have no chiefs or government of any kind; they abhor homicides, and commit no crimes; they eat raw whales and smoke tobacco, and drink whisky till intoxication ensues. They treat women with the most unaccountable cruelty and contempt, never allowing them in travelling to tread in their track or even in that of their reindeer, and considering everything they touch polluted and must be purified. On the other hand, the Toungousi, another tribe of Asiatic savages, never ill-treat their wives, and accompany their marriages with festivities. Of the most vindictive dispositions, but scorning assassination, they have recourse to the duel when grievously offended; for being sensible to the point of honor, they immediately challenge the offender to single combat.

The only people who may be said to come under the denomination of savages in Europe are the Laplanders. Some of these have fixed habitations, but others—the greater portion of them—lead a wandering life among extensive mountains, and possess numerous herds of reindeer, whose milk and flesh supply them with food, and whose skins with clothing and covering for their dwellings. They are mild, peaceable, gay and courteous in their dispositions, are much attached to their independent, wandering mode of life, and think themselves the happiest of men.

UNTO DEATH.

Ah! is it thou, the angel of my life,
The one faint voice from heaven
That filled my ear amid my hours of strife,
When hope, and joy, and light were all but riven
From me? My more than friend,
My love through all the years love has made dear!
Wait with me till the end!

Thou'st waked me from sweet dreams; and yet 'tis
For thou than sweetest dream
Art better far. And I would ever dwell
Within the glory of the tender gleam
Of those bright eyes, which lend
Heaven's light to earth; and yet it cannot be!
Wait with me till the end!

And thou, my love, hast come to me from far;
From that deep, sheltered vale
Where first I met thee, my own guiding star,
And where, in twilight hour, love's early tale
Was spoken first. Oh, bend
Thy fair young face above me yet again!
Wait with me till the end!

For I would have the lips of love's first dream
Breathe kindly on me now,
And give their blessing, falling like a gleam
Of Heaven upon a death-o'ershadowed brow—
A blessing that shall lend
A glory that shall light me through the gloom!
Wait with me till the end!

Thy presence lent a beauty to the flower,
A sweetness to the dove,
A charm to all the sounds of twilight hour;
And I had all thy heart's impassioned love!
But now my soul must rend
Itself from thee, and go its lonely way!
Wait with me till the end!

I left thee on that day now long gone by,
And whilst I searched for fame,
My soul fed on the love in thy dark eye,
And burned that I might gain a noble name,
And that we yet might blend
Our lives in one renown; but all is o'er!
Wait with me till the end!

Thou knowest not how oft throughout the night
Thy presence hovered near,
And lent a lustre to my lonely light,
As through the silent hours I seemed to hear
Thy voice a prayer send
To Heaven for me. Now, more than guardian care
Wait with me till the end!

Dear love, I feel thy kiss upon my brow!
Weep not, my love and life!
I'll bless thee till we meet; be near me now,
While I am passing through this mortal strife!
No other hand can tend
Me like thine own amid this hour of need!
Wait with me till the end!

WE endeavor to make a merit of faults we are un-
to correct.

It belongs only to great men to have great faults.
We have few faults that are not more excusable than
means we take to conceal them.

*We confess our little faults in order to persuade
that we have no great ones.

There are more faults in the humor than in the man.
We easily forget our faults when they are known to
ourselves.

In the intercourse of life we more often please
faults than by our good qualities.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

PARAFFINE is insoluble in water, and is indifferent to most powerful acids, alkaline and chlorine, and can still be unchanged with strong oil of vitriol. Warm oil, ether, oil of turpentine, olive oil, benzole, chloroform and bisulphide of carbon dissolve it readily. It can be mixed in all proportions with wax, stearine, palmitine resin. As stearine is less soluble in benzole than paraffine, Vogel proposes this reaction as a method for detecting the adulteration of paraffine with stearine. Further facts can be inferred from the uses to which it is applied. It burns with a wick and gives much more light than stearine or wax; but as it melts at a low temperature, it cannot be advantageously employed alone. When used for candles, it is melted with stearine, wax and tallow to render it less liable to bend over in warm weather or to run. There are single establishments in London capable of turning out 250,000 candles daily, in England even these figures are exceeded. As the melting point of paraffine is low, it is proposed to employ it for the preservation of meat. Meat several times immersed in a bath of melted paraffine will keep for a long time; and, if wanted, it is only necessary to melt off the adhering coating to prepare it for cooking. For stoppers of bottles, to coat paper for photographic and other uses as a lubricator, for candles, as burning oil, to coat in the refinery of alcohol and spirits, paraffine now finds ready use. It has also been employed for the adulteration of chocolate and candles, for the preservation of bad timber, to saturate filter paper for certain purposes, to coat the sides of vessels in which hydrofluoric acid is kept, to preserve fruit from decay, for oil-baths of low temperature, to prevent the oxidation of the metals, to render fabrics water-proof, as a substitute for the manufacture of matches, as a disinfecting agent, and as a varnish for leather.

LIGHTNING is usually classified into *sheet*, *forked* and *ball* lightning. *Sheet* lightning is merely the reflection of forked lightning, or the electric discharge which has occurred where out of the field of view. *Forked*, called also *zig* or *chain lightning*, is the light produced by the successive discharge between cloud and cloud, or between cloud and earth. *Ball* lightning is of a very different character. Many of the so-called "balls" are undoubtedly optical illusions, and Faraday himself stated that they were incompatible with what we know of electric discharge. "There may be balls of fire," said he, "but they are not rational." Yet the evidence of balls of blue fire, rolling along the surface of the sea and suddenly terminating in brilliant electric discharges over ships, masses of fire rolling along the ground toward buildings, ending in fatal conflagration, and many other cases, leave it unquestionable that some such phenomenon as globular or ball lightning exists. Some have explained them to be balls of incandescent gas, rendered so by the discharge. According to others, ball lightning is a luminous spot on the earth, terminating a current or brush-discharge from a negatively charged cloud. This spot moves with the cloud. Illustrated lines of force are projected from some point in the cloud upon the earth. The effect has been very successfully repeated experimentally, and this fact is suggested as an explanation of the photographic images imprinted on the skin of persons struck by lightning.

The theory is now advocated by some very eminent astronomers that the peculiarities of configuration observed on the surface of the moon are due to the sole action of volcanic forces, whereas those which the earth presents result from a combination of volcanic and atmospheric agencies. Thus, the most characteristic feature of lunar volcanoes is the ring or hoop-shaped crater, bounded by circular or nearly concentric ridges. On the earth's surface volcanoes deviate more or less from this type; and if these deviations be owing to the differences between terrestrial and lunar superficial forces, it is evident that such differences will be most distinctly manifested in those cases where such terrestrial forces possess the highest degree of energy. A notable illustration ad-

duced in support of this point is the peculiar structure of the volcanoes in the island of Java, where the action of tropical rains and hurricanes has been effective in producing the very widest differences between the terrestrial volcanic summits and those observed on the moon's surface. Instead of any hooped structure, the former presents specimens of radiating ribs, like those of a folded lampshade or an umbrella half closed—an appearance due to the very regular manner in which tropical currents scoop out the friable summits of craters.

LACQUERING BRASSWORK.—First see that there is no iron-work about the piece of brass to be cleaned; dip in strong aquafortis, dry it off with hot water and sawdust, then take and burnish the high parts with ox-gall or beer, by rubbing it with the burnisher till it becomes quite bright; dry it with fine tissue-paper. The lacquering is done by giving it a coat over with pale lacquer with a fine camel's-hair brush when cold; then heat over an alcohol-burner till you can just touch it with the back of your hand; brush it over again with the lacquer, and if not high enough in color, heat and brush it over to required height.

MONKEY SAGACITY.

It was a wild and dreary part of the country, in the plains of India, while journeying, that one day a friend and self sat down under the shade of an umbrageous banyan tree, and we were enjoying a meal of various edibles, to be washed down by a glass of Bass' best, when we were disturbed by the arrival and the noise of a troop of large black-faced monkeys; the branches overhead literally swarmed with them. They looked on us as interlopers, no doubt, and for some time their gestures appeared so menacing that we were apprehensive they would dispute the ground with us. But after a time things seemed to settle down, and we went on with our repast in peace. We had just risen from our meal, and were strolling forth from under the shade, when, to our surprise, one of the monkeys—a young one—fell down from a high branch at our feet. It was quite dead. The clamor that arose above us on the occurrence of this calamity was deafening. The whole assembly of monkeys clustered together for a confab. Long and loud were the chatterings and various the grimaces of the tribe, each individual vying with the other in the loudness of his tongue. Their looks and gestures made it apparent that they suspected us as being the cause of the death of their juvenile comrade; and had we had guns in our hands, or any other murderous weapons, we should no doubt have been set upon and maltreated. But we were unarmed, and the good sense of the monkeys seemed to tell them that there must be some other culprit. Having come to this conclusion, one monkey, apparently the senior and leader of the whole tribe, separated himself from the rest, ran to the spot on the branch whence the young monkey had fallen, examined it carefully, smelt the branch, and then glided nimbly down one of the pillars or pendant roots, and came to the corpse of the monkey, took it up, examined it minutely, particularly the shoulder, where there was a small wound. Instinct immediately turned suspicion into certainty. He placed the corpse on the ground again, and turning his gaze in every direction, endeavored to pierce the foliage in his search for the murderer. After a little while something seemed to rivet his attention. In an instant he had mounted the tree, sprung to the spot, and with one clutch had seized a long whip snake, with which he hastened to the ground. Now occurred a most curious scene. The whole monkey rabble, following their leader, were on the ground almost as soon as he; then as many as could ranged themselves on each side of the snake. Each monkey put his hand on the reptile, clutching hold of the skin of the back tightly. At a given signal, the executioners dragged the writhing snake backward and forward on the ground, till nothing was left of the murderer but the backbone. The mode of execution was effectual, and, in the way it was carried out, showed the clear understanding which the monkey language conveys.

TO-DAY.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

No. 4.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR table was an embodiment of certain convictions which I had cherished for many years. That we all ate too often I had long thought. Twice a day was my idea. Many friends said, "Twice a day may do very well for adults, but is it often enough for growing, hungry school-girls?" Yes, I was sure of it. And so we ate our first meal at half-past seven o'clock, and our second and last meal at two o'clock. When parents came to our school in order to leave a daughter, and learned about the two-meal plan, they were sure that Maggie would starve, and might they not send some boxes of food, which the poor dear child could resort to if she got too hungry? The girls were very sure they should starve to death! But all these ominous prophecies failed. The girls did not starve, but, on the contrary, gained in flesh, health and strength.

The two-meal system was one of the really valuable features of the management. With two meals a day, and the last one not later than two o'clock, forty-nine girls in every fifty will improve in digestion, their skins and lips will become softer, their breath sweeter, they will sleep better, and gain in flesh and strength.

The third meal, taken as late as six o'clock, is an enemy to sleep, and to that complete recuperation which the night's rest is intended to secure. If there has been a good honest day's work accomplished, there is fatigue; and when a man is fatigued, he is tired all over, his stomach not less than his back and head; and while it may be quite proper to drink a pint of weak tea and milk, or thin, hot oatmeal porridge, it is as great a mistake to fill the stomach with food, and set it to a task of three to six hours, as it would be to put the head or back or limbs at a four-hour task. The whole man is tired. The stomach, on account of its marked weakness among us, is likely to be quite as tired as any other part of the man, and needing rest quite as much. The whole man needs to sleep and recuperate. You may, if there be a sense of faintness, swallow a little gentle stimulant, such as already sug-

gested, or any other similar liquid requiring little or no digestion.

Among our girls there was hard work; fatigue came with the night, and they went to bed at half-past eight o'clock, with the stomach and every other part of the system prepared to rest.

The best food for girls during the usual school season, which is mostly cool, is, in my judgment, beef and mutton, bread and potatoes, cracked wheat and oatmeal. In great part the preference of each pupil for more or less of each of these articles should be found.

Our pupils were often instructed in the manner of eating—an art much neglected in this country. They were informed that the only direct contribution they could make to their digestion must be made in the mouth, and that contribution must be made in a thorough use of their teeth. After the food passes into the stomach, one may feel never so anxious about it, one may cherish the strongest desire to digest well, one may wish and pray over it, he can make no distinct contribution to the digestion of his dinner. But while the food is in his mouth he can easily determine whether it shall digest well or ill; he can easily determine that it shall not sour in his stomach, or "sit like an iron wedge." In other words, the saliva is a potent agent in digestion. If the food is thoroughly ground, changed into a perfect paste with the teeth and saliva alone, a perfect digestion is almost certain.

A CHAT ABOUT WORK AND STUDY.

MANY of the most notable results of human thought have come from the brains of men whose hands were busy with work.

It is a source of general congratulation among educators that in the Cornell University an experiment in combining manual labor with intellectual training is in progress.

The greatest success is not attained by long research within college walls, but from continued observation of every-day life.

Benjamin Franklin was obliged, as a journeyman printer, to be a very slow and careful reader of books. In this way he thoroughly digested what he read; a slow but gradual development of power was the result. He was a workman and a philosopher.

Robert Stephens and his son Henry were laborious printers and also learned men. The father wrote a thesaurus of the Latin language, and, De Thou says, "did more to immortalize the reign of Francis I. than all the monarch's own most famous exploits." The son wrote a thesaurus of the Greek language, the result of twelve years' hard application and study, which is well known among the learned.

Brindley, the famous engineer, worked as a carter, ploughman and millwright till the age of manhood. His observations in this last trade aided him in the construction of the Bridgewater Canal, with its tunnels, aqueducts and locks.

Berwick, the successful engraver on wood, and author of the "History of Quadrupeds," studied from early boyhood the habits of animals, and these observations caused his attempts at drawing, in which he afterward became proficient.

Watt's steam-engine, if not the unavoidable, was at least a natural, result of his thoughts and pursuits.

Ferguson, while he watched his father's sheep, studied astronomy, and early in life had his thoughts busy with mathematical problems.

The life of Bittenhouse was very similar. He drew geometrical diagrams on his plough, and studied them as he turned the furrows.

Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a poor wood-carver, and himself an apprentice to an apothecary. We can hardly suppose that with his excessive vanity he would have added as much to science had he been a gentleman's son.

Columbus, while leading the life of a seaman, became the best astronomer and geographer of his age. It was under the same circumstances that Cook acquired his scientific and literary accomplishments.

Homer was a poor man, and wandered from place to place, observing the customs and countries he afterward described in his two poems, especially in the "Odyssey."

The success of the "Georgics," Virgil's most finished poem, is due to the writer's knowledge of rural life.

Milton was an accomplished man of the world, knew much of men and countries, and displayed an especial fondness for athletic sports.

It is difficult to believe that some of the finest specimens of the dramatic poetry of Ben Jonson were written during the leisure that comes to a laboring mason, and in the intervals of inactivity in a soldier's life.

Burns worked for years as a farmer, and from his intimate communion with nature came the inspiration of many of his sweetest songs.

Scott in all his writings shows the careful observer of men and things, and by his fidelity of description has given an added charm to history.

Dante wrote his "Inferno" after an engagement in civil strife in which he was defeated and proscribed.

Descartes while a soldier laid the foundation of his mathematical discoveries.

Cervantes, as a soldier, was detained five years a captive in Algiers.

Giffard's early life was one of privation and hardship.

It was the persevering use of bodily exercise that overcame the natural defects in Demosthenes' voice, and in the bodily organization of Cicero. Plato led a life of vicissitudes, and for many years followed the example of his illustrious master Socrates. Pythagoras in early life became proficient in gymnastic exercises. When eighteen, he received the prize for wrestling in the Olympic games. When Greece could afford him no more, he travelled, and in this way added vast and varied information to his already well-stored mind. He advocated and carried out views which it would be well for those interested in introducing this feature to imitate.

Many of the best historians describe the scenes in which they themselves were busy actors. Among many, these names may be mentioned: Herodotus, Xenophon, Polybius, Julius Caesar, Sir Walter Raleigh, Frederick the Great, De Thou and Clarendon.

It is a matter of great regret that the most reasonable and natural system of education should have been so long neglected.

DR. B. resided in the country. At the time I became acquainted with the family, the doctor was about seventy years old, and beginning to break. His family consisted of two sons and seven daughters. I don't think the sons were anything wonderful. Indeed, I should say that both of them were rather below par, but four of the girls were remarkably bright. Owing to certain physiological peculiarities in the mother, the daughters were endowed with

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girls; and then, you know, these girls with high notions spend lots."

After I had visited at the doctor's two or three times, and had heard the ladies talk about the great busy outside world in that vacant sort of way which I have observed among convicts in prison, the whole thing became so painful to me that I discontinued my calls. What is there, I used to ask myself, about the prejudices of society against women in Constantinople or Salt Lake City, or in any other part of the world, which is more cruel than this prejudice among us that says to an unmarried woman of the better class, If you do anything except stay at home and wait for a man, you shall be ostracised? We educate our women. We give them large and noble views of life. But when they graduate from the college, we say to them, with uplifted hand of warning, "Beware, beware! If you stir out of your mother's drawing-room except in corsets, long skirts, frills and feathers, all ready to fascinate the hearts of the beaux, or if you engage in any occupation except that of fascination, you shall be marked off the genteel, fashionable list."

A LADY asked a physician if snuff was injurious to the brains. "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

A DYSPEPTIC.—I advise you to eat butter with your bread. Don't starve. Of course you feel better when you go without eating, and so you feel better when you lie in bed, but you must not give way to such weakness. You must eat and you must exercise. You must eat meat and bread and butter, and then you must exercise as hard as you can bear. By vigorous percussion of the stomach and bowels, by horseback-riding, by frequent use of the hair gloves, by much sleep and other hygienic measures, you will recover. Avoid starvation, indolence and patent medicines.

A, B, C.—I suppose different systems of medicines, like different systems of religion, all have their uses. It is a little discouraging that Hippocrates' methods really seem superior to the systems in vogue to-day.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

MACLEAN, STODDART & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Home Office, 733 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New York Office, 712 Broadway, New York.

Western Office, 177, 179 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New England Office, 3 School Street, Boston, Mass.

TERMS, PER ANNUM, - - - \$3.50.

All business communications must be addressed to MACLEAN, STODDART & CO.

All communications relating to the Editorial Department must be directed to the Editor of TO-DAY.

Communications relating to Advertising should be sent to F. W. Ayer, Advertising Manager of TO-DAY.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

How to prevent fits—Buy ready-made boots.

Is it not strange that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

A COUNTRY editor reports money "close, but not close enough to be reached."

It is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly-established female seminary.

SEA-CAPTAINS should be good-natured; it would not be safe to have a can't-anchor-us man to command the ship.

A SCANDALOUS libeller says that the friendship of two young ladies is always a plot against a third one. We only quote to confute.

A WARM SUGGESTION.—It is suggested that in building railroads the rails should be heated red-hot, so that the workmen will lay them down quickly.

THE word love in one of the North American Indian dialects is "schehlendamourtchevager." Persons afflicted with stammering find it difficult to give expression to the sacred feeling.

AN advertisement in a daily paper wants "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old." That situation ought to be filled by a boy with a strong stomach and a terrific cold in the head, for those oysters must be extremely fragrant now.

AN old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for something to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail 'twixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back to you to be milked."

SOMEBODY has utilized pet and other names thus: For a printer's wife, Em; for a sport's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Car-rie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peg-gy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridge-it.

CONVERSATION between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot.—"That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed! why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

A BASHFUL young man wrote an avowal of love to a lady and waited an answer through the mail. He got the

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

letter next evening, and hurrying to his boarding-house with it, was on the point of reading it, when some one came to the door, and he was obliged to shove it quickly into his pocket. He next went to a saloon, and taking a position in a retired corner, was about to open the missive, when the passing to and fro of strangers made him more timid, and he again shoved it into his pocket and slunk out-doors. He tried several places with no better success, and finally returned home, and at once went to bed, where he remained in a state of awful suspense until not a noise was heard in the house; and then, being assured that he was entirely free from interruption, he stole quietly out of bed, opened the letter with trembling fingers, and through a mist of tears saw that he was indebted to one of our druggists for five bottles of pomade, \$2.75.

AN editor in Reading advertised the other day that he "would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription" for his paper. The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, four hundred farmers had sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C. O. D. In the mean time the offer found its way into neighboring States, and before the end of the week there were eight thousand dogs, tied up with ropes, in the editor's front and back yards! The assortment included all the kinds from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and stood outside the sanctum and howled, and had fights, and sniffed under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. And the editor climbed out the window, up the water-spout and out on the comb of the roof, and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in balloons. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of beef, and poisoned the dogs; and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the mayor for eight thousand dollars, being the municipal tax on dogs at one dollar per head. He is not offering the same inducements to subscribers now, and he doesn't want a dog.—*Max Adler.*

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

BURGARDIEN'S PASTE GLUE.—M. Burgardien, of the Museum of Narbonne, has given his name to a cement of great value, which is, however, nothing more than silicate of potassa. It is used to join or solder together various broken things, such as iron, blocks of stone, marble or wood, of the largest size, or the most delicate fragments of statuary, vases, mosaics, pottery, glass—in short, almost anything. With a small brush spread the silicate of liquid potassa over the surfaces to be joined, then press them together as closely as possible. After being kept in this position a short time, they adhere perfectly; one may even strike the articles a considerable blow without breaking them. Neither fire, water nor ice affects this artificial adhesion.

BLEACHING LINEN.—The best method of bleaching or restoring whiteness to discolored linen is to let it lie on the grass, day and night, so long as is necessary, exposed to the dews and winds. There may occur cases, however, when this will be difficult to accomplish, and when a quicker process may be desirable. In these cases the linen must be first steeped for twelve hours in a ley formed of one pound of soda to a gallon of soft boiling water; it must then be boiled for half an hour in the same liquid. A mixture must then be made of chloride of lime with eight times its quantity of water, which must be well shaken in a stone jar for three days, then allowed to settle; and being drawn off clear, the linen must be steeped in it for thirty-six hours, and then washed out in the ordinary manner. To expedite the whitening of linen in ordinary cases, a little of the same solution of chloride of lime may be put into the water in which the clothes are steeped; but in the employment of this powerful agent great care must be exercised, otherwise the linen will be injured.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 19, 1873.

No. 25.



"WHY DID YOU NOT SAVE MY MOTHER?"—P. 467.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BERTIE'S TRUST.

MADAME ALVAREZ is dying, and has sent for him! It would be hard to say whether Alice Rivington was more shocked or amazed at this information—shocked to hear that the great actress was indeed dying, amazed to hear that Bertie Lauriston had been summoned to her bedside.

"But—but he is not able to go," she said, as soon as she could speak at all. "The doctor insisted—left positive orders—that he must be kept quiet."

"Able or not, he must go," St. Julian answered. "I will take the responsibility of disobeying the doctor. I am sorry to have disturbed you, Miss Rivington," he added. "I hoped to get him off without waking any of your party. I have brought his own servant with me."

"You did not disturb me," she answered. "I have not been asleep. I am sorry to hear such terrible news of Madame Alvarez, and I am sorry that Mr. Lauriston should be forced to exert himself; but if it must be, of course you have no alternative but to rouse him. Do you need anything? Can I be of use in any way?"

"In no way whatever," he answered, a little curtly. "As I mentioned, I have Bertie's own servant. Thanks for the offer, however; and now, if you will excuse me—"

"Pray do not let me detain you," she answered, quietly. He bowed, and at once passed quickly on. She re-

mained standing in the shade of the door, watching him until he entered Bertie's chamber, which was not far off. Then she stepped back and smiled a little.

"He is insufferable," she said. "Rich or poor, I think I shall have to teach him better than to treat me like this."

When Bertie waked with a start out of that deep sleep into which opium had thrown him, and found St. Julian standing by his bedside lamp in hand, he was naturally not a little surprised.

"What is the matter?" he cried, springing up in that half-startled way common to those who are roused unexpectedly out of sleep, but almost instantly he sank back again with a sharp cry, for he had forgotten his injured hands and arm.

"Take care," said St. Julian, in a tone the very quietness of which was reassuring. "Don't hurt yourself; remember you are a wounded man. Nothing is the matter except that you are wanted."

"Wanted! By whom?"

"By Madame Alvarez," said St. Julian, knowing that he must make short work of his explanation, since there had already been more delay than could possibly have been counted on. "She is very severely burned, Bertie—the doctors think dying, in fact—and she has sent for you."

"Severely burned—dying!" repeated Bertie, half-stunned. "Why, Mrs. Davenport told me—"

"Mrs. Davenport was mistaken," interrupted St. Julian—"that is, the extent of Madame Alvarez' injuries was not known at first. They are fatal, however; and when Dr. C— sent for you by her request, he added that it would be well if you came at once, since she could not possibly survive many hours."

"And she—she wishes to see me?"

"Yes. Are you ready to come at once? It is hard on you, I know, but—"

"Never mind about me," said Bertie. "Help me to get up and to get dressed. That is all."

"I have brought Louis with me."

"So much the better."

Very little more was said on either side. In fact, Bertie's hurried toilette did not occupy many minutes, although even the little that was done must have cost him a great deal of acute suffering. He uttered no sound, however, until a sudden sharp cry was forced from his lips when Louis strove to draw the coat-sleeve gently on his right arm.

"It won't do," he said. "I can't stand that. Let it go, Louis, and make a sling of some kind for this arm. It—it is terrible!"

"Bertie, my poor fellow, I am afraid you are suffering very much," said St. Julian.

"Never mind about that," said Bertie. "I'm all ready now, I think. Find my hat and put it on me, Louis. Don't you know I have no hands?"

"I—I can't find any hat, sir," said Louis, after a fruitless search of a minute or two.

"It was left behind at the theatre, I suppose," said Bertie. "You have one, haven't you? Well, put it on me. Now, St. Julian, are you ready?"

The drive from the hotel to the apartments of Madame Alvarez did not occupy many minutes. Once within those apartments—which they had entered so differently a few hours before—the young men were received by one of the most eminent of the medical faculty of Paris.

"I regret very much to have summoned you at such an hour, monsieur," he said, with a compassionate glance at Bertie's pale face and bandaged hands, "but I had no alternative. As soon as Madame Alvarez learned that her injuries were fatal, she desired that you might be called to her, and in the intervals of suffering she has asked incessantly for you."

"Can I go to her, then, at once?" asked Bertie.

"Yes, at once," the physician answered. As he spoke, he touched a bell near his hand; and when a servant answered it, he sent a message to the maid of Madame Alvarez. In a few minutes the latter, a pretty Frenchwoman, who had wept herself almost ugly, entered the room. Madame would see Mr. Lauriston at once, she said. So

Bertie found himself following her through the spacious empty *salons* into that charming boudoir where the beautiful actress had received him so graciously a little time before, where Godfrey Lauriston's portrait had startled him, and where she had listened to his story of the inheritance which was, and yet might not be, his.

Instinctively, Bertie's foot stopped here—half from awe, half from a cowardly fear of facing what lay beyond, since he knew that the curtained doorway before him must lead to the chamber of torture where the life lately so brilliant, so full of genius and of richest promise, was drawing to its close. He did not pause long, however. The maid bell back the drapery with one hand, saying, "Entrez, monsieur," and he had no alternative but to pass within.

It is doubtful whether the scene on which he entered ever faded from Lauriston's memory. It was not half so ghastly a scene as he had feared or fancied that he might see, but none the less was it one which he never forgot. Many lights were burning—indeed, the room was more brilliantly illuminated than those through which he had passed—and the effect was more dazzling because this radiance was given back on every side by mirrors, which were even more numerous than is usual in French apartments. As one remembers the details of a vivid picture, Bertie afterward remembered the whole aspect of the room—the spacious windows, with their silken hangings, the lustrous glittering with cut-crystal and white-and-gold, a wardrobe door half open, showing a row of bright garments within, a deep easy-chair, before which lay a pair of dainty slippers, and as the centre of all this bright luxury, a richly-carved bedstead, on which lay a swathed and moaning wreck of womanhood—she for whose loveliness and grace this had seemed but yesterday a fitting shrine. On one side of the bed a tall woman, evidently a professional nurse, was standing. On the other, a slight, dark figure was half-kneeling, half-crouching, shaken now and then by stormy sobs.

Again Bertie paused. He could scarcely think that he had indeed been summoned to anything so solemn and so terrible as this. But as he paused, a voice—weak and faint, yet the same which a few hours before had thrilled to the farthest corner of a crowded theatre—bade him advance. The next moment he was standing by the bedside, looking into the dark eyes which alone remained of all the magic beauty over which Paris had raved.

"*Mon ami*," said the actress, faintly—and despite the sharp tension of agony heroically repressed, there was much of sweetness still in those failing tones—"you risked your life to save mine. Although I am dying, you must believe that I thank you for your generous efforts as much as if they had availed to save me. But I grieve to see that you have suffered, as I feared you must have done."

She looked at the bandaged hands and the coat hanging loosely over the burned arm with a glance that went to Bertie's heart. It touched him inexpressibly that in the midst of her own great anguish she should think of him; and yet he felt almost indignant that his "paltry injuries" (so he termed them to himself) should be obtruded at such a time.

"Madame," he said, in a voice that was almost choked, "do not, I beseech you, waste a thought on me. Do not think that I suffer because my hands were a little scorched by the cruel flames that have killed you! Ah, would to Heaven," cried he, in a tone which bore its own warrant of sincerity, "that I had suffered indeed, so that you might have been spared!"

"Be satisfied," she said, gently. "You did your best. But for you, they tell me that I should not have had even these few hours of life; and I am very grateful for them—so grateful that I would have done much and suffered much to gain them. And yet, my friend, I cannot even touch your hand to thank you for this."

"Your eyes thank me, madame," said Bertie, simply, "and that is enough."

"Not nearly enough," she answered, "but I have one here who will thank you for me. *Carmensita*," she added, in her liquid Spanish accent, "look up, my infant, and see the brave man who gave thy mother time in which to bless thee once more."

At the words "thy mother," Bertie looked in the direction of her glance, expecting, instinctively, to see a child. Instead, the bowed figure which he had noticed on his first entrance raised its head, and he saw a girl with a pale, tear-stained, grief-drawn face, who looked at him out of wistful, passionate, imploring eyes.

"Monsieur," she said, brokenly, "I—ah, I am very grateful to you; but if you were there, why did you not save my mother?"

"Mademoiselle, I did all that I could," said poor Bertie, humbly. "Heaven knows I would have been ready to save her, at any cost."

"Look at him, my Carmen," said the faint voice of the actress, "and thou wilt see whether or not he was ready—whether he will not pay dearly yet for these hours of life he has given me."

"Ah, I can only look at thee, my mother, my darling, my best-beloved!" cried the girl, with a burst of such passionate grief that it made Bertie turn away shuddering and sick at heart. "I can only think of thee—of thy life, which had grown so bright and glorious, cut short like this—of my own desolate, broken heart! Mamma, mamma!" she cried, with a wail than which Rachel's could not have been more piteous and bitter when she wept for the children who "were not," "how can I live without thee! Ah, my only blessing, tell me to come with thee, and I will—I will! Anything is better than being left here alone!"

"I shall not leave you alone, my Carmen," said the mother, with a thrill of pathos in her words more tender and more deep than even the girl's wild passion. "But even if this were so, have the good nuns taught thee so little, my infant, that thou dost not think of the Father who is left thee even after thy mother is gone?"

"I can only think of thee," repeated the girl again. "When thou art taken from me, I shall have nothing—nothing!"

"Hast thou not a Mother who stood by the cross of her Son, my child?"

"But she is in heaven," said the passionate voice, "and I want my mother upon earth."

"Thy mother upon earth thou canst not have, my poor little one," said the dying woman, with a quiver of anguish in her tone. "But I die in peace, Carmen, in so far that I do not leave thee unprotected, if alone. Thou hast a kinsman who, I am sure, will not prove less noble and generous to thee than he has been to thy mother."

"I a kinsman! Ah, my mother, thou knowest that, in all the world, I have no one but thee!"

"Nay," said Madame Alvarez, gravely, "I, too, thought so once, but I thank Heaven that I have learned the truth in time to save thee from such a life as mine. Carmen, my own, look up again at the man who strove to save thy mother, and thou wilt see this kinsman—one of thy own father's name and blood!"

As the girl looked up, amazed at the words, awe-stricken by the tone, Bertie Lauriston looked at the dying woman, whose solemn, pathetic eyes were turned, not on her daughter, but on him. She thought that he would have been astonished, perhaps incredulous, at the announcement she had made; but abrupt though it was, he scarcely started. Somehow he knew now that he had expected this all the time.

"Madame," he said, as gravely as herself, "was Godfrey Lauriston your husband?"

"He was my husband," she answered; "and this"—she looked at the bowed head which she could not touch—"is his only child!"

"And heir," added Bertie, quietly.

But at those words the dark eyes of the actress gave a slight flash.

"We will speak of that," she said. "Carmen, send every one—every one, dost thou hear?—from the room, and do thou, my infant, go into the boudoir. I must speak with M. Lauriston alone for a few minutes."

The girl at once obeyed. A few low words sent the nurse and the maid from the room; then she herself glided without any demur into the boudoir, the heavy curtain dropping noiselessly after her.

Then Madame Alvarez beckoned Bertie to come closer, for her voice was very faint; and bending down, he saw that there was an almost feverish eagerness in her manner and eyes.

"*Mon ami*," she said, "I have not much time in which to speak, for I know by the cessation of agony, and by the numbness and faintness which has come over me, that the end is drawing very near; and I must save sufficient breath to make my confession when the good priest for whom I have sent comes to reconcile me to God; but still there is something which I must say to you. Do not interrupt me, but listen. I am the widow of that Godfrey Lauriston whose story you told to me yesterday; and if I did not acknowledge the fact to you then—a fact which is my highest honor, and which I have never for one moment desired to conceal—it was only because you spoke of an inheritance which had come to you from your father, yet which Godfrey Lauriston's heirs, if living, might claim. Now, as I told you, it did not seem to me right that you should be forced to resign this, and for myself, I should never have accepted, far less have claimed, it. If I hesitated a little while you spoke—if I gave you any hope of finding Godfrey Lauriston's heirs—it was only because I doubted whether or not I had a right to refuse the inheritance for Carmen as well as for myself. But after you were gone, a little reflection assured me that I did possess this right, inasmuch as her father had never claimed the fortune for her, although she was growing into womanhood when he died."

"But no doubt he thought himself disinherited," said Bertie, quickly. "Pardon me, madame, but how could he know of his father's will? And even if he had known, he had no right to debar his child from the inheritance which he did not choose to enjoy himself."

"He had more right to do this than I should have had to claim what he resigned, and wrest from you that which you have held since your birth," she answered. "Therefore I decided to be silent. I should have been glad to claim you as a kinsman, for my heart warmed toward you from the first; but I saw plainly that you would insist upon resigning your inheritance if you knew where to turn for Godfrey's heirs, so I had no alternative but to leave you in ignorance. Since I had been successful on the stage, money flowed in upon me lavishly, and I did not think that Carmen could need the heritage of her father while my name was sufficient to fill theatres to overflowing. Ah, my friend, pity me, pity me!" she cried here. "That was only a few hours ago; and now—look at me now! Has God struck me down because I trusted so arrogantly to my own power? I know not. I only know that I thought far more of her, the child, than of myself. I wished to shield her, to guard her, to hedge her about with love, to smooth her path from the bitter thorns of poverty. Yet see—ah, my God, only see!"

"Madame," said Bertie, scarcely conscious what he said, caring only to soothe the dying woman's anguish, "can you not trust me to do a little of this? I swear to you, by the God who keeps a stern account of all such oaths, that from to-night this girl—your child, madame, and my cousin, besides—shall be to me as a dear and tenderly-guarded sister. I can never give her—no one on earth can ever again give her—such love as yours; but all that watchful care can do to make her happy and to shield her from pain I will do, on my faith as a Christian and my honor as a gentleman."

She looked at him with a gratitude that he never forgot shining in the eyes where the flickering spark of life seemed to have concentrated all its power as in a last stronghold.

"I know that you are brave and I feel that you are true," she said; "but you are young—too young to do all this."

"I am not very young," said Bertie, gravely, "but you need not fear that Carmen will not have better protection than I can give. My mother is living, and will gladly take her under her care when she knows who she is. Besides," smiling a little gravely, "in America at least, madame, the heiress of Lauriston will never lack friends."

"The heiress of Lauriston!" repeated Madame Alva-

rez, quickly. "But that is what she must never be. Have I not told you so yet? Nay, do not answer nor argue with me. Remember that I am a dying woman and that she is my child, my one lonely lamb, whom I leave behind in a cold world. Do you think I would do or say anything to harm her if it would give me admittance into paradise the moment my soul had left the body? My friend, I am selfish, as all mothers are, and I think less of you than of my darling, when I charge you not to resign this inheritance to her. She must not have it. The weight would be too heavy for those tender shoulders, which have yet to bear the lightest burden."

"Madame," said Bertie, turning pale, "I do not understand you. It is impossible. You cannot mean to request or desire that I should be dishonorable enough to retain your daughter's inheritance. Rather let me promise you that I will be the first to secure to her the last farthing of her legal rights."

"But it is these rights which she must not have, of which she knows nothing now, of which she need never know anything," said the actress, with an almost passionate earnestness. "My friend, I am speaking more seriously than any one in the world ever spoke to you before, for I am a dying woman, and it is my child's future life that I place in your hands. You see how entirely I trust you; but Heaven guides mothers' instincts, and I do not think I am wrong. You have already promised to take her as your sister. That is all that I ask of you. Care for her now as you would for your own sister, remembering always that she is Godfrey Lauriston's child; and when she comes of age, settle a small portion upon her—not enough to embarrass her with cares or to attract fortune-hunters around her, but enough to render her independent of the world, as every woman should be, and as I never was. This, and this alone, I charge upon you, by your faith as a Christian and your honor as a gentleman."

"But this cannot be," said Bertie, more shaken and agitated than ever. "You honor me with a trust so great that it overpowers me. I cannot consent to this. Let me implore you to suffer me to call in your daughter, your physician, your priest, if he is here, and in their presence declare yourself the wife of Godfrey Lauriston. Think for a moment, madame. How shall I have any warrant for assuming the guardianship of your daughter unless you do this?"

"There will be no one to dispute it," said she. "The daughter of a dead actress will not be rich in friends. I will speak to Carmen—the rest is useless. If you desire proof that I was the wife of Godfrey Lauriston," she added, "it can easily be found in the marriage records of 18—. He bore habitually the name of Wyverne—principally, I think, to sever all connection with his former life and his former friends; but he made no mystery of his own to those who knew him well, and it was under it that he was married."

"I never meant to ask for any proof of your assertion," said Bertie, quickly. "I was thinking only of your daughter when I objected to the unlimited power over her future life which you place in my hands. Madame, you should not trust me so; I may be the worst of villains for aught you know," cried he, almost vehemently.

But he was startled by the faint, shadowy suggestion of a smile which came over her face.

"*Mon ami*," she said, more faintly than she had spoken yet, "when a woman has been tossed about the world as I have been for nearly half a century, she learns to know a villain when she sees him. I trust you."

She uttered the last words clearly, but so feebly that a quick fear lest the flickering taper should be about to go out came over Bertie, hushing all further words of protest on his lip, and making his heart beat with a great, sickening throb.

"Madame," he cried, horror-stricken by the look of unseemingly blankness which began to steal into her eyes, "do you—do you see me?"

"Yes, I see you," she answered, faintly, "but why is it growing so dark? Did I not tell them to light all the lamps? Have any of them gone out?"

"None," he answered, with a sharp pang, for he knew

well the meaning of this demand—he knew how often the last word of those who go down into the great darkness is for more light. Then he rose to his feet, recognizing that there was no time to lose. "Madame," he said, "I will call your daughter."

"Not my daughter," she whispered—"the priest. Surely he has come."

He had come. Bertie met him in the doorway as he was leaving the room, and a word was enough to make him hasten at once to the bedside of the dying woman.

In the boudoir beyond, Bertie found Carmen, standing before the low mantel with her arms crossed thereon and her head bowed upon them. She did not lift her face nor utter a word, and he passed by as silently, his head bowed as we bow it in the presence of a grief so mighty that it may almost be reckoned one of God's sacraments. The mute pathos of her attitude touched him more than even her passionate anguish had done, and after he left the room, he could not forget the rigid and most piteous immobility of the young figure, drooping under the stern weight of the sorrow which often crushes stronger shoulders to the earth.

St. Julian, who had grown weary, though not impatient, with waiting, started suddenly when he looked up and saw Lauriston standing before him, pale as a ghost and trembling in every limb.

"Bertie," he cried, springing up, more alarmed than he would have cared to acknowledge, "for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, what is the matter? On my word, you look horribly. Don't you think you have had almost too much of this?"

"I—I am afraid I have," answered Bertie, faintly. Then he put out his left hand as if to grasp a support; and when St. Julian caught him, he looked up vaguely. "Madame Alvarez is dying," he said, "and I think I am going to faint, like a sick girl."

He uttered the last words contemptuously, but a minute later he had fulfilled his own prediction.

When the birds were beginning to carol their first matin song among the trees of the Tuileries, Madame Alvarez died.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT NUMBERS.

SOME REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.

FROM the very earliest times of which we have any full historical account, superstition has attached itself to arithmetical numbers. The laws governing numbers are, indeed, so curious and perplexing to the uncultivated mind, and the results arrived at by calculation are so astonishing, that this cannot be regarded as a matter of surprise. But even to those who are instructed in numeration there is much that is mysterious and unaccountable—much that only an advanced mathematician can explain to his own satisfaction. The uninitiated person sees the numbers obedient to certain laws, but *why* they obey these laws he cannot understand, and the fact of his not being able to do so tends to give to numbers an atmosphere of mystery which impresses him with awe.

Mr. S. B. Gould, in a recent work upon antique legends and curious facts, has a paper upon the fatality of numbers which is exceedingly interesting, and from which we may obtain some entertaining observations.

The properties of the number 9 are very remarkable, and to any one but a mathematician wholly inexplicable. When 9 is multiplied by 2, by 3, by 4, by 5, etc., it will be found that the digits composing the product, when added together, give 9. Thus:

$$\begin{aligned} 2 \times 9 &= 18 \text{ and } 1 + 8 = 9 \\ 3 \times 9 &= 27 \text{ and } 2 + 7 = 9 \\ 4 \times 9 &= 36 \text{ and } 3 + 6 = 9 \end{aligned}$$

And so on through all the ten numbers. It will be noticed that 9×11 makes 99, the sum of the digits of which is 18, and not 9; but the sum of the digits of 18 equals 9. And thus:

$$\begin{aligned} 9 \times 12 &= 108 \text{ and } 1 + 0 + 8 = 9 \\ 9 \times 13 &= 117 \text{ and } 1 + 1 + 7 = 9 \end{aligned}$$

And this may be continued to any extent. The number 9 has another singular property. If the order of the digits expressing a number be changed, and this number be subtracted from the former, the remainder will be 9 or a multiple of 9; and being a multiple, the sum of its digits will be 9. For instance, take the number 21; reverse the digits, and you have 12; subtract 12 from 21, and the remainder is 9. Take 63; reverse the digits and subtract 36 from 63, you have 27, a multiple of 9, and $2 + 7 = 9$.

Further, the same property found in two numbers thus changed is discovered in the same numbers raised to any power. Take 21 and 12 again. The square of 21 is 441, and the square of 12 is 144; subtract 144 from 441, and the remainder is 297, a multiple of 9; besides, the digits expressing these powers, added together, give 9. The cube of 21 is 9261, and that of 12 is 1728; their difference is 7533, also a multiple of 9.

The number 37 has also remarkable properties. When multiplied by 3 or a multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives in the product three digits exactly similar. From the knowledge of this the multiplication of 37 is greatly facilitated. For example:

$$37 \times 3 = 111 \text{ and } 3 \text{ times } 1 = 3$$

$$37 \times 6 = 222 \text{ and } 3 \text{ times } 2 = 6$$

$$37 \times 9 = 333 \text{ and } 3 \text{ times } 3 = 9$$

And so on until 27 is reached, when the product is 999. The singular property of numbers the most different, when added, to produce the same sum, originated the use of magical squares or talismans. Although the reason may be accounted for mathematically, yet numerous authors have written as though there were something almost supernatural about them. Here is an example of a magical square:

1	2	3	4
2	3	2	3
4	1	4	1
3	4	1	2

These sixteen ciphers are disposed in four horizontal lines; add the four ciphers of each line, and the sum is 10; add the four ciphers in each column, and the sum is 10; add the four ciphers forming diagonals, and the sum is 10.

The connection of certain numbers with the dogmas of religion was sufficient, besides their marvellous properties, to make superstition attach itself to them. Because there were thirteen at the table when the Last Supper was celebrated, and one of the number betrayed his Master and then hung himself, it is looked upon through Christendom as unlucky to sit down thirteen at table, the consequence being that one of the number will die before the year is out. "When I see," said an eminent man, "men of intelligence not daring to sit down thirteen at table, there is no error, ancient or modern, which astonishes me." Nine is the consecrated number of the Buddhists, and is consequently regarded by the Moguls and the Chinese with great veneration. Three is sacred among Christians because of the Trinity of the Godhead. Seven was a sacred number among the Jews. The reader will recall the many "sevens" which occur in the Bible—the seven candlesticks in the Temple; the seven days of the week; the seven vials of the Revelation, and the seven times that Naaman was commanded to dip himself in the Jordan, and others.

In ancient times Christians gave to each of the first twelve numbers a peculiar character. One is the numeral indicating the Unity of the Godhead; two points to the hypostatic union; three to the Trinity; four to the Evangelists; five to the wounds of Christ; six to the number of sins; seven that of the gifts of the Spirit; eight that of the Beatitudes; ten is the number of the Commandments; eleven speaks of the apostles after the loss of Judas; twelve of the complete Apostolic College.

Next may be pointed out certain numbers which have been regarded with superstition, and certain events connected with numbers which are of curious interest. The number 14, for instance, has often been observed as having singularly influenced the life of Henry IV. and other French princes. Take the history of Henry. On the 14th of May, 1029, the first king of France named Henry was

consecrated, and on the 14th of May, 1610, the last Henry was assassinated. Fourteen letters enter into the name of Henri de Bourbon, who was the fourteenth king bearing the titles of France and Navarre. The 14th December, 1553—that is, 14 centuries, 14 decades and 14 years after the birth of Christ—Henry IV. was born, the ciphers of the date 1553 when added together giving the number 14. The 14th May, 1554, Henry II. ordered the enlargement of the Rue de Ferronnerie. The circumstance of this order not having been carried out occasioned the murder of Henry IV. in that street four times 14 years after. The 14th of May, 1552, was the date of the birth of Marguerite de Valois, first wife of Henry IV. On the 14th May, 1558, the Parisians revolted against Henry III. at the instigation of the duke of Guise. On the 14th March, 1590, Henry IV. gained the battle of Ivry. On the 14th May, 1590, Henry was repulsed from the Faubourgs of Paris. On the 14th November, 1590, the Sixteen took oath to die rather than serve Henry. On the 14th November, 1592, the Parliament registered the papal bull giving power to the legate to nominate a king to the exclusion of Henry.

On the 14th December, 1599, the duke of Savoy was reconciled to Henry IV. On the 14th September, 1606, the dauphin, afterward Louis XIII., was baptized. On the 14th May, 1610, the king was stopped in the Rue de la Ferronnerie by his carriage becoming locked with a cart, on account of the narrowness of the street. Ravallac took advantage of the occasion for stabbing him. Henry IV. lived four times 14 years, 14 weeks, and four times 14 days—that is to say, 56 years and 5 months.

On the 14th May, 1643, died Louis XIII., son of Henry IV.—not only on the same day of the same month as his father, but the date, 1643, when its ciphers are added together, gives the number 14, just as the ciphers of the date of the birth of his father give 14. Louis XIV. mounted the throne in 1643. The ciphers added make 14. He died in 1715. Add the ciphers, and the result is 14. He lived 77 years; $7 + 7 = 14$. Louis XV. mounted the throne in the same year; he died in 1774, which also bears the stamp of 14, the extremes being 14, and the sum of the means, $7 + 7$, making 14. Louis XVI. had reigned 14 years when he convoked the States-General which was to bring about the Revolution. The number of years between the assassination of Henry IV. and the dethronement of Louis XVI. is divisible by 14. Louis XVII. died in 1794. The extreme digits of the date are 14, and the first two give his number. The restoration of the Bourbons took place in 1814, also marked by the extremes being 14; also by the sum of the ciphers making 14.

The following are other curious calculations made respecting certain French kings. Add the ciphers composing the year of the birth or of the death of some of the kings of the third race, and the result of each is the titular number of each prince. Thus: Louis IX. was born in 1215; add the four ciphers of this date, and you have IX. Charles VII. was born in 1402; the sum of these figures is VII. Louis XII. was born in 1461; add these, and you have XII. Henry IV. died in 1610; and $1 + 6 + 1 =$ twice IV. Louis XIV. was crowned in 1643, and these four ciphers give XIV. The same king died in 1715, and this date gives also XIV. He was aged 77 years, and $7 + 7 = 14$. Louis XVIII. was born in 1755; add the digits, and you have 18. What is remarkable is that this number 18 is double the number of the king to whom the law first applies, and is triple the number of the kings to whom it has applied.

Here is another curious calculation. Robespierre fell in 1794, Napoleon in 1815, and Charles X. in 1830. Now, the remarkable fact in connection with these dates is that the sum of the digits composing them, added to the dates, gives the date of the fall of the successor. Robespierre fell in 1794. The digits added give 21; $1794 + 21 = 1815$, the date of the fall of Napoleon. $1 + 8 + 1 + 5 = 15$; and $1815 + 15 = 1830$, the date of the fall of Charles X.

There is a singular rule which has been supposed to determine the length of the reigning pope's life in the

earlier half of a century. Add his number to that of his predecessor; to that add ten, and the result gives the year of his death. Pius VII. succeeded Pius VI.; $6 + 7 = 13$; add 10, and the sum is 23. Pius VII. died in 1823. Leo XII. succeeded Pius VII.; $12 + 7 + 10 = 29$, and Leo XII. died in 1829. Pius VIII. succeeded Leo XII.; $8 + 12 + 10 = 30$, and Pius VIII. died in 1830. Of course this rule has not and does not always apply. It is also well known that an ancient tradition forbids the hope of any of St. Peter's successors reigning longer than St. Peter is said to have done—that is, than twenty-five years. And it is a remarkable fact that, with one exception, all the popes have vacated the throne before that time was complete. The exception is the present pontiff, whose reign should have ceased in 1871.

There is one numerical curiosity of a very remarkable character which must not be omitted. The ancient Chamber of Deputies, as it existed in France in 1830, was composed of 402 members, and was divided into two parties. The one, numbering 221 members, declared itself strongly for the revolution of July; the other party, numbering 181, did not favor the change. The result was the constitutional monarchy, which re-established order after the three memorable days of July. The parties were known by the following nicknames: The larger was called *La queue de Robespierre*, and the smaller *Les honnêtes gens*. Now, the remarkable fact is that if we give to the letters of the alphabet their numerical values, as they stand in their order, as 1 for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, and so on to Z, which is valued at 25 in the French alphabet (there being no W), and then place each number over its own letter in the name *La queue de Robespierre*, and place each number over its letter in the name *Les honnêtes gens*, the sum of each row of figures is the number of members who formed each party.

12 5 19	8 15 14 14 5 20 5 19	7 5 14 19 = 181
L e s	h o n n ê t e s	g e n s
12 1 17 21 5 21 5 4 5	18 15 2 5 19 16 9 5 18 15 = 221	
L a	q u e u e d e	R o b e s p i e r r e
Total		402

Some coincidences of dates are very remarkable. On the 23d of April, 1616, died Shakespeare; on the same day of the same month of the same year died the great Spanish poet Cervantes. On the 29th of May, 1630, King Charles II. was born; on the 29th of May, 1660, he was restored; on the 29th of May, 1672, his fleet was beaten by the Dutch; and on the 29th of May, 1679, the rebellion of the Covenanters broke out in Scotland. The emperor Charles V. was born on February 24th, 1500; on that day he won the battle of Pavia in 1525, and on the same day he was crowned in 1530. On the 21st of April, 1770, Louis XVI. was married at Vienna by the sending of the ring. On the 21st of June, in the same year, took place the fatal festivities of his marriage. On the 21st of January, 1781, was the fête at the Hôtel de Ville for the birth of the dauphin. On the 21st of June, 1791, took place the flight of the royal family to Varennes, and on the 21st of January, 1793, the king died on the scaffold.

December 2d is as remarkable a day in Bonapartist annals as September 3d in Cromwellian. On that day, in 1804, Napoleon I. was crowned. The same day in the next year he won his chief victory of Austerlitz. On December 2d, 1851, Napoleon III. made himself master of France, and on December 2d, 1852, he was proclaimed emperor.

There is said to be a tradition of Norman-monkish origin that the number 3 is stamped on the royal line of England, so that there shall not be more than three princes in succession without a revolution. For example: William I., William II., Henry I.; then followed the revolution of Stephen. Henry II., Richard I., John, invasion of Louis, dauphin of France, who claimed the throne. Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., who was dethroned and put to death. Edward III., Richard II., who was dethroned. Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI.; the crown passed to the house of York. Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III.; the crown claimed and won by Henry Tudor.

Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI.; usurpation of Lady Jane Grey. Mary I., Elizabeth; the crown passed to the House of Stuart. James I., Charles I.; revolution. Charles II., James II.; invasion of William of Orange. William and Mary; then Anne, and then arrival of the House of Brunswick. Then come all of the four Georges, William IV. and Victoria; so the rule has at last failed.

The number 88 seems to have been fatal to the House of Stuart, and the date September 3d had influence on the fortunes of Oliver Cromwell. Robert II., the first Stuart king, died in 1388; James II. was killed at the siege of Roxburgh in 1488; Mary Stuart was beheaded in 1588 (new style); James II. was dethroned in 1688; Charles Edward died in 1788, and with him the last hopes of the Jacobites. Oliver Cromwell was born September 3d, 1599; he won the battle of Dunbar September 3d, 1650, that of Worcester September 3d, 1651, and died September 3d, 1658. It may be mentioned in conclusion, as another singular coincidence, that Saturday has been a day of ill omen to the later English sovereigns. William of Orange died Saturday, 18th of March, 1702; Anne died Saturday, 1st of August, 1704; George I. died Saturday, 10th of June, 1727; George II. died Saturday, 25th of October, 1760; George III. died Saturday, 30th of January, 1820, and George IV. died Saturday, 26th of June, 1830.

OVERWORK.

A GREAT amount of very pernicious twaddle has lately been published on the subject of the alleged overwork in which many of the greatest, and possibly some of the least, men of the present generation indulge, in the pursuit either of wealth and fame or of high social position. The tendency of these publications has been to unpopulise and discourage labor, and to exalt the doctrine that the true duty of a man to himself in these days is to do as little as he can for the largest possible reward. Such teaching is highly mischievous, and if generally practiced, would speedily send the world back again into the barbarism from which it is not too rapidly emerging.

Work is divine. Without work, human life would be intolerable, and a man would be little better than a sponge, an oyster, or a limpet upon the rock, which only exist to imbibe the nourishment that they are too imbecile or too powerless to seek. But like all the abundant blessings spread around mankind, work is only beautiful and good in its degree. It must be used, and not abused. Too much of anything is not good for us. Vice itself is but virtue degenerated and dissipated by being forced into extremes. Ferocity is nothing but excess of courage. Extravagance is but excess of liberality. Penuriousness is but excess of prudence. Anarchy is but over-much liberty. Cowardice is but excess of caution and the inordinate desire of self-preservation. Jealousy springs from the excess of love. Rashness is but another name for excess of bravery, and stagnation is but rest when carried to the ne plus ultra of its possibility. In like manner, work, if not carried beyond the point at which all the functions of mind and body are exercised without undue strain upon either, is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all the blessings that are showered upon the human race.

There is far too great a predisposition in all countries to look upon labor as something inflicted upon man as a curse for his disobedience, to interpret liberally, and not according to the spirit, the penalty laid upon Adam, and to take advantage of the misinterpretation to shirk labor altogether or to impose it unduly upon the weaker. This doctrine requires not only discouragement, but disproof; for the inevitable result of its adoption would be either to reduce men to the state of savages, when the only labor undertaken would be that of the chase of wild animals or the capture of birds and fish to provide food for the sustenance of life, or the establishment of slavery, when none but slaves would work upon the compulsion of their lords and masters. But work, looked upon with the eye of reason, is the choicest advantage of our mortal state, the only motive-power that keeps not only men, but the solar system and all the countless orbs of the boundless universe of God, in a condition of healthy and progressive perpetuity.



NO LETTER.

If it had come to-day, to-day, to-day,
 Oh what a day to-day would be!
 For now he's away, miles and miles away
 From me across the sea.

O little bird, flying, flying, flying
 To your nest in the warm west,
 Tell him as you pass that I am dying—
 As you pass home to your nest.

I have a sister, I have a brother,
 A faithful hound, a tame white dove;
 But I had another, once I had another,
 And I miss him, my love, my love!

In this weary world it is so cold, so cold,
 While I stand here all alone,
 I would not like to wait and to grow old,
 But just to be dead and gone.

Make me fair when I lie dead on my bed—
 Fair where I am lying;
 Perhaps he may come and look upon me dead—
 He for whom I am dying.

Dig my grave for two, with a stone to show it,
 And on the stone write my name:
 If he never comes, I shall never know it,
 But sleep on all the same.

LAWRENCE PALLISER'S WOOING.

BY FLORENCE PERCY ALLEN.

"Come around soon as you can, Lawrence," Mr. Haliburton had said, in his hearty, cordial way. "Three years is a long time to be away. You will find changes at our house as well as everywhere else. Julia has presented me with a new grandson since you last saw her, Margaret is married and living in Washington, and Tom has deserted his bachelor friends, and is keeping house over in Brooklyn; Belle and Rose are still at home, and will be glad to see you."

And so Lawrence Palliser, a night or two after, "came around," in response to his invitation. When he left New York for Europe three years previously, Rose Haliburton, just emancipated from boarding-school and introduced in "society," was in his estimation a passably pretty, though rather unformed, girl, and nothing more; and as a radiant being, all pink and white and blue and shining gold, came to greet him, he, clasping the plump, bejewelled hand which was extended to him, could scarcely realize that it was no other than Rose Haliburton's self.

"Belle will be down presently," said this radiant being, after the first greetings were over, and Lawrence had discovered that the pink and white was her dimpled cheeks and wonderful complexion, the blue her bright eyes, and the shining gold her floating hair. "I was so impatient to see you that I came down as I was," with a pretty little gesture of deprecation; "but Belle is more particular."

Mr. Haliburton glanced at his daughter rather sharply over his paper, but his wife smiled indulgently.

"Rosie is so impulsive," she said. Just then Belle entered and welcomed him in her calm, cold way, so different from Rose's "impulsiveness;" and Lawrence, looking at her indifferent face, wondered if she had forgotten "old times" so completely as she seemed to have done. Four years before, there had been quite a serious flirtation between Belle Haliburton and himself—only a flirtation, however, for then he was too poor to think of marrying. He had fancied himself deeply in love with her in those days, and had vowed that if ever the time came when he could take care of her as she ought to be cared for, he would ask her to become Mrs. Lawrence Palliser; but to-night he was back again, with the dream of wealth fulfilled, and Belle's face was coldly indifferent, and he—well, that was four years before, and men change greatly in that time.

The evenings at the Haliburtons' were always pleasant, and Lawrence in the old times had been a frequent visitor there, and after his long absence it seemed more like home to him than any other place in the world, although he missed Tom and Margaret, who had both been there when he went away.

"It seems a little queer to you without the others, does it not?" said Mr. Haliburton; "only Belle and Rose and Stacy. By the way, Rose, where is Stacy, and why doesn't she come down?"

There was a sharp little line in Rose's fair forehead, but Lawrence did not see it; he only heard her sweet-voiced answer:

"She said she would come presently, papa. I spoke to her when I came down."

Mr. Haliburton subsided again, but it was not until some little time had passed, and Lawrence was deep in conversation with the bewitching Rose, that "Stacy" appeared.

"My adopted daughter, Stacy Wallace," said Mr. Haliburton, rising with kindly courtesy to present the newcomer; and Lawrence saw a pale, slight, dark-haired girl, who returned his greeting quietly, and then sat down by the drop-light and turned her attention to the hemming of a bit of dainty ruffling. After a while Lawrence's eyes wandered now and then from Rose to the pale-faced, silent stranger, and each time they returned to her with a new interest, although she seemed entirely unconscious of his presence.

She was not pretty, but there was something remarkably attractive about her to him. Her face was thin, oval and

almost colorless, save for her strawberry-red lips, and her features, though delicate and refined, were very irregular. Her eyes, however, were remarkably fine—large, almost too large for her delicate face, and of a deep, intense violet, so deep as to seem almost black; they were wonderfully beautiful, and so thought Lawrence Palliser, as, during an animated description of his tour through Scotland, he caught a glimpse of them gazing at him interestedly.

"You have been in Scotland, have you not, Miss Wallace?" he said, somewhat abruptly, more to have another view of those wonderful eyes than anything else.

The white lids, with their long, dark lashes, were lifted for a moment.

"I have been in this country only two years," she said; "Scotland was my home."

Her voice fell almost pathetically at the last word, but she turned back to her work, and said no more.

A sudden whim seized Lawrence to know more of this violet-eyed Scotch girl. After a while he rose, and going to the piano, asked Rose to sing for him. She complied graciously, singing two or three songs that suited her bright, surface voice well. Then Belle joined in with her rich contralto, and the two sang a brilliant duet, and then Lawrence himself played, at Rose's request, first a stirring march, then a fairy-like waltz, and then, after a moment's silence, he struck a few sharp chords and sang, "All the blue bonnets are over the border."

When he rose, Stacy's eyes were still bent downward, but there was a faint flush on her pale cheeks, and he fancied that the song had pleased her.

"That was for you, Miss Wallace," he said; "now will you not sing some Scotch ballads for me?"

To his surprise, for he had fancied that she would excuse herself, she rose at once, and Lawrence saw that Mr. Haliburton, with a pleased look on his face, laid aside his paper and leaned his head on his chair-back, as though to listen.

"I sing without notes," she said, simply, as Lawrence began turning over the music; and as she raised her eyes to his, he noticed a little peculiarity about them which he had not noticed until then—they did not look straight at him. But this peculiarity was so slight that it only gave her an odd, shy expression, without being in the least unpleasant.

"Have you any choice?"

"Sing 'Bonnie Dundee,'" said Mr. Haliburton, as Lawrence, pleading his ignorance of the songs she generally sung, answered in the negative, and "Bonnie Dundee" was sung with a fire and spirit which fairly electrified at least one of her hearers—Lawrence Palliser.

"You have a glorious voice," he said, enthusiastically, as she ceased; and truly it was a "glorious voice"—clear, strong and full—a perfect soprano, and her execution was marvellously pure and free from affectation.

"Another, please," he pleaded; and she, without waiting to be urged, sang once more, Miss Mulock's song this time:

"Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Her first song had been spirited and fiery, but this last was almost heartbreaking in its wild, passionate tenderness. Lawrence stood leaning over the piano, and the look on his face, as she rose and resumed her seat by the drop-light, thanked her more than words would have done.

He did not ask her to sing again, but turned to pretty Rose, who had been secretly chafing at his inattention, and began a gay conversation with her, which lasted until he rose to go.

"You must come again," said Mr. Haliburton, as he bade him good-night; "early and often must be your rule;" and Rose seconded her father's words with one of her sweetest smiles.

"We shall see you at Mrs. Granger's on Thursday night?" she questioned. "Now that you are back again, your old friends will claim you once more."

"The claims of society must not be disregarded," answered Lawrence, smiling down at her fair face. "May I

claim you for the first waltz?" Her promise being given, he bade the rest good-night, and went off to his bachelor quarters.

"What a beauty Rose has grown to be!" he soliloquized over his cigar. "I never thought she would bloom out as she has. Belle never was half so charming in her life, and she looks almost *passé* now beside Rose. Such pretty little ways as Rose has, too—rather of a flirt, I should judge from appearances, just *pour passer le temps*, of course. And then that Scotch girl, Stacy Wallace. What a charming name, and what an odd little girl she is! She has a pair of lovely eyes, and her voice is really magnificent;" and that night his dreams were haunted, not by the peach-blossom face of Rose Haliburton, but by the peculiar eyes of Stacy Wallace and the echo of her glorious voice.

Thursday night saw Lawrence Palliser at Mrs. Granger's, handsome, self-possessed and languidly nonchalant as ever, returning the greetings of his many acquaintances, who now met him for the first time since his return, with the slightly bored look which had come to his face of late years deepening noticeably. When he saw Belle and Rose Haliburton enter, this expression almost disappeared, however, and he advanced to meet them with a smile of genuine pleasure.

Belle, her cold, statue-like beauty enhanced wonderfully by her dress of silvery blue, with pond-lilies drooping in her hair and on her bosom, hardly raised her white eyelids as he spoke to her. "I am glad to meet you," she said; and then, with the same cold indifference of manner, she introduced the gentleman upon whose arm her gloved hand was resting: "Mr. Randolph, Mr. Palliser. Mr. Palliser is an old friend of ours, Eugene, although you have never met him before, I believe;" and then she passed on, and Lawrence was left with Rose—Rose, looking some wonderful wraith in her floating draperies, pink as sunset clouds, with puffs and trimmings of frost-like lace, and blush-rose buds nestling here and there in her shining hair and among her laces.

He placed her hand on his arm with a look of admiration in his eyes, which made her dimples deepen and her pink cheeks grow pinker. "It is my waltz," he said; and after a little struggle with one of the buttons on Rose's glove which persistently refused to perform its office, they joined the dancers. Rose enjoyed dancing, and danced well, therefore Lawrence, who generally considered dancing a bore, was disposed to feel aggrieved when at last the waltz was ended. "You waltz like a French woman," he said, as he led her to a seat, and she accepted the compliment with the sweetest of smiles.

"By the way, how do like Mr. Randolph?" she asked, after a minute or two, in her artless way. "He is my prospective brother-in-law, you doubtless know."

"Indeed!" Lawrence looked at the dark-faced man standing beside Belle in the distance, and then, looking at Belle's impassive face, wondered once more if she had indeed forgotten old times and the old flirtation that had come so near love-making in earnest. "When is it to be?"

"New Year's. Won't they be a handsome couple? And then I shall be Miss Haliburton in my turn. 'Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!'"

"And then," said Lawrence, "you will be succeeded by Carrie, and—"

"Not yet a while," laughed Rose. "Carrie will be under Stacy's care for some time to come. I can be Miss Haliburton until I am tired of it without defrauding her in the least."

"Carrie is young yet, I know," answered Lawrence; and then, with elaborate carelessness, "Miss Wallace did not come with you to-night?"

"Oh no." Had Rose Haliburton known how persistently "Miss Wallace's" face had haunted Lawrence since he saw her, how he had looked forward to meeting her this evening, and how disappointed he had felt when he saw that she had not accompanied them, she would scarcely have smiled so sweetly or explained the situation so amiably: "She never goes out. You see she hasn't the least shadow of a claim on us. She is the only

child of one of father's old friends; and when she was left an orphan, without a penny in the world, father sent for her and took her home. She teaches the children, and is nice and quiet."

That there was what is called a "hard streak" in Rose Haliburton's nature underneath all her soft prettiness was very evident, and some way she did not look nearly so beautiful to Lawrence as he heard these coldly unsympathetic words come from her red lips.

"Do you think her pretty?" she said, after a moment; "and do you like her singing?"

"No," answered Lawrence, candidly, "I do not think her pretty—the word doesn't apply to her in the least; she is more than that—and her voice is indeed wonderful."

Poor vain little Rose! She bit her lips and tried to smile, but her vexation was so evident that Lawrence took pity on her and devoted himself to the task of driving away the cloud, so successfully that Rose, standing before her mirror that night, or rather the next morning, brushing out her hair, built a great many air-castles concerning him, and smiled approvingly at the reflection of her dimpled face in the glass.

"Five hundred thousand dollars," she whispered; "it's worth trying for;" and thus communing with herself, Rose laid her tired head on her pillow and slept the sleep of innocence.

After that night Lawrence Palliser's visits at the Haliburtons' were very frequent. Rose always welcomed him graciously, and even when, as often happened, other gentlemen were there also, her brightest smiles were always bestowed on him. At first, Stacy came down and joined them, at Mr. Haliburton's express request, but after a little she began to excuse herself on various pretexts, and at last, although scarcely a day passed that Lawrence did not see Rose, nearly two months passed during which he never once saw the pale-faced Scotch girl who had attracted him so strongly at the first. Time after time Lawrence went to the Haliburtons' in hopes to see her again, but she never appeared; and he, after laughing and chatting with Rose, would go away feeling bitterly disappointed. For—oh, strange inconsistency!—he who was petted and made much of generally by "society," and could have had his choice of at least a dozen fashionable young ladies, had grown to care more for the simple little Scotch girl who taught Mrs. Haliburton's children than he did for any one else in the wide world, and her apparent avoidance of him troubled him more than he cared to acknowledge even to himself.

Had Rose seemed less innocent and thoughtless, he might have suspected that she had something to do with Stacy's non-appearance, but she was such a childish, frank little thing that such a thought was not to be entertained for a moment, and he was soon certain that Stacy was pointedly avoiding him for some reason of which he was ignorant.

This conviction was strengthened by Rose's blushingly apologetic manner whenever she spoke of Stacy. "Stacy wishes to be excused to-night," she would say, as she came down to welcome him, her pink cheeks dimpling with smiles and a world of sweetness in her voice. "I told her that you were down here, but she said she was busy. It's so very odd that she will not come down when you are here."

Ah, Rose, Rose! No one would have thought that those same pretty lips had told Stacy plainly some time before that her presence in the parlor was not desirable, and that her own room was a much more fitting place for her when there was company in the house—told her, too, in a way that made the pale face glow with shame and indignation, and brought hot, boiling tears to the violet eyes.

Pretty little Rose was, underneath her pink and dimpled exterior, a very determined young lady, with both a will and a temper of her own. She had flirted with fifty men before Lawrence Palliser's return, but there had been nothing "serious," as she herself would say, in all this. This time, however, she was thoroughly in earnest, and fully determined to make it "serious," if possible; she had set her heart upon winning the game which she had commenced to play on that very first night.

She had always liked Lawrence Palliser, even in the old days when he had been so devoted to her sister; but now that a fortune had fallen to him out of the sky, as it were—"for who would have thought," said Rose to herself, "that his crotchety uncle Robert would have made his will in his favor at the last?"—she had fully made up her mind to share that fortune if possible. Her clear blue eyes were very sharp and keen, however; and gradually, although she smiled as sweetly and talked as amiably as ever, she saw plainly that between silent, pale Stacy Wallace and the gentleman whom she wished to consider her own especial property a quiet friendship was speedily established.

Once or twice, even when there had been other company, he had passed nearly the whole evening by her side, and Rose, even when her thoughts seemed entirely occupied by the others, saw, with a jealous pang, that when talking to Stacy, Lawrence's affection of languid indifference entirely disappeared, and he talked earnestly and seriously. The bored look which came to his face so often, even when he was listening to her gay chatter, never once made its appearance.

Rose saw all this, although she never suspected the extent of Lawrence's interest in and admiration for Stacy, and seeing it, determined to put an end to it if possible; and so well did she manage it that Lawrence began to feel unhappily certain that he had been much mistaken in Stacy—very much mistaken indeed.

"I didn't think she was that kind of a girl at all," he thought, as he heard night after night Rose's apology for her. "I thought she would be frank and open if anything came up, and not sulk up stairs in this way, without giving one a chance to find out what is wrong or to apologize." But stay up stairs she did, and Lawrence was therefore so aggrieved and hurt and ill-tempered that Rose was almost disgusted with him, in spite of his five hundred thousand dollars.

One day, however, in the early spring, as he was sauntering slowly down Broadway near dusk, he saw, just ahead of him, a slender figure which could be none other than that of Stacy Wallace; and moved by a sudden impulse, he hastened his footsteps and joined her, determined, at all events, to ask an explanation, and discover in what way he had offended her.

To his great surprise, she greeted him just as cordially and unaffectedly as ever, and there was a look of unfeigned pleasure in her lovely eyes and on her fair face as she looked up at him. Her manner was so entirely different from what he had expected that he was for a time uncertain how to approach the subject which troubled him, and so he walked beside her, talking lightly and carelessly, until they were nearly at the door of her home; then he grew suddenly grave.

"I have wished for some time past to ask you a question," he said, abruptly. "How have I offended you?"

"Offended me?" The violet eyes looked up at him wonderingly. "You have not done so, Mr. Palliser."

Her quiet tone carried conviction with it, and Lawrence immediately felt ashamed of his previous thoughts concerning sulks and the like, but, man-like, he made another effort to prove that he had not been altogether in the wrong.

"Then why have you so persistently avoided me?"

"I have not avoided you. I—"

A sudden light began to break on Lawrence's benighted understanding. "Ah, little Rose, little Rose!" he thought; and then, looking at her keenly, he asked, "Shall I see you the next time I call, then?"

The girl's face flushed deeply. "I—I am afraid not," she answered; and then Lawrence suddenly took possession of the slender hand which was pulling nervously at her veil, and drew it through his arm.

"I understand," he said, briefly. "Are you tired? If not, let us walk around the square. I have something to say to you which I should have said weeks ago, if I could have seen you."

"I am not tired," she answered, in no wise resenting being taken under his protection so abruptly, and so they passed Mr. Haliburton's house and walked slowly on; and

even when they were again at the door, Lawrence would still unwillingly to part with her.

"I must go," she said, gently. "Good-night."

He held her hand in his for a moment. "I shall see you to-morrow," he whispered, "and then you will move me?"

"Yes," she said, "I will. Good-night;" and then she was gone.

The next day as Stacy sat, with aching head and throb-
bing pulses, reading history in company with Carrie and Johnnie and Grace Haliburton, the schoolroom door opened suddenly, and Lawrence Palliser appeared in the threshold.

"School is dismissed," he announced, airily, to the children, who immediately took advantage of the temporary inattention of their teacher, and departed rejoicing. "Miss Wallace, go and put on your hat, please. I wish to see if it suits you."

"But—" began Stacy, faintly.

"Not a bit of it," interrupted the impetuous gentleman. "The other ladies are out, and I have Mr. Haliburton's permission to take you for a short drive. The fresh air is just what you need;" and thus reassured, Stacy was seated in the carriage beside Lawrence, the color coming to her cheeks finely as the fiery horses dashed along.

It was not until they were on one of the quiet country roads just outside the city that Lawrence ceased his glib badinage, or referred in any way to the conversation of the previous evening; then he turned to her suddenly.

"Will you answer me now?" he said. "I have told you all about my past life. I have concealed nothing from you, and now I tell you once more that I love you. I am unworthy of you, but with God's help I will try to make you happy. Stacy, will you be my wife?" and then, as Stacy looked up at him, he read his answer in her face even before she spoke.

"My darling," he whispered, "is it true?" and then she laid her hand in his.

"Yes," she answered, a soft light shining in her violet eyes, "because I love you."

And so a great peace and happiness came into Lawrence Palliser's unquiet life, never again to depart.

"And just to think," said pretty Rose, with indignation tears in her soft eyes, "that after all that cross-eyed Scotch girl should have married Lawrence Palliser and his five hundred thousand dollars!"

RUBBING THE FIRE-TONGS.

A CHILD's round face in the tongs;
She is rubbing the brasses bright,
While merry old-fashioned nursery-songs
She croons with a child's delight.

She sees in the glittering sphere
Her broadened baby face
Smiling back on itself with a wordless cheer,
And filling the globe-like space.

Little friend, by my name once known,
I am rubbing the tongs to-day;
But the face that I gaze on you would not own—
It has lost your child-look gay.

Oh, your world was golden and glad,
Your happy heart was enough,
Though that and the sunshine were all you had,
And earth underfoot was rough.

But one thing I learned from you
I have not forgotten quite—
No pleasanter work can a mortal do
Than to keep one small world bright.

And thinking about you, dear,
The face in the tongs has smiled,
In a dream I went back to your shining sphere,
And played with myself, a child.



"IT SEEMED AS THOUGH ALL NATURE HAD GONE TO SLEEP."—P. 475.

WAFTED ACROSS THE CONTINENT. TWELVE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE AIR.

BY PROF. JOHN WISE.

No. 1.

MR. O. A. GAGER, having made a very interesting aerial voyage from Bennington, Vt., in company with Mr. John Lamountane, in a balloon which I had furnished to the latter, conceived the idea of having a large air-ship constructed for the purpose of making some experimental voyages from the distant interior of our continent, with a view to inaugurating a Transatlantic balloon line for the rapid transition of mails and passengers from the United States to the principal European cities. His calculations were based upon the many observations I had made upon the certain currents of the trade winds.

In accordance with this conception, the balloon Atlantic was constructed agreeably to the directions laid down in the "History and Practice of Aeronautics." Mr. John Lamountane superintended the work, doing much of it with his own hands. The balloon was a spheroid of fifty feet diameter transversely, and nearly sixty feet perpendicularly. It was rigged with a strong hempen network, and underneath it was suspended a wicker-car, and beneath this again a boat of very light but very good workmanship, capable of carrying in the water a thousand pounds. This boat was cased in a heavy canvas jacket, by which it was attached with ropes pending from the concentrating hoop underneath the neck of the balloon. To this hoop was also fastened, by ropes of nine feet length,

the wicker car. The ropes holding the boat passed down from the hoop along the outside of the wicker car, and the boat hung fifteen feet below the car.

With this balloon and its paraphernalia I proposed to Mr. Gager to make an aerial voyage from St. Louis to New York, and upon this proposition the Transatlantic Balloon Company was organized, consisting of five persons, each owning one-fifth of the whole concern. The company consisted of John Wise, John Lamountane, O. A. Gager, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gilbert.

For navigating the balloon Atlantic, the company was arranged in the following manner: Director-in-Chief, John Wise; Aeronaut, John Lamountane; Scientific Observer, O. A. Gager.

By the courtesy of the corporate authorities of the city of St. Louis, an enclosure was erected in the city common; and under an arrangement with the St. Louis Gaslight Company, the inflation was made from their supplies through an eight-inch connecting pipe with one of larger calibre in the street.

The ascension had been announced to come off on the first day of July, 1859, in the afternoon, and the voyage was to be made from St. Louis, Mo., to New York. The day was ushered in with excessive heat, but nevertheless the arena was filled with several thousand persons. The inflation was accomplished without any difficulty, and when nearly completed, Mr. Brooks, the aeronaut, of St. Louis, proposed to fill his one-man balloon, and to act the part of pilot to designate the course of the Atlantic, as a compliment to the Atlantic voyagers. To this our company assented.

Another proposition came from Mr. Hyde, a reporter of the *St. Louis Republican*, desiring to accompany us in his professional capacity, and to this we cheerfully assented. The American Express Company also desired to take an interest in the voyage, and with that view requested us to carry to New York one of their overland mail-bags, filled with papers from the Pacific coast, and complimentary letters from citizens of St. Louis to their friends in the East, as a token of their appreciation of the novel mode of mail carriage thus to be inaugurated.

In the mean time, Mr. Brooks having inflated his balloon, it was cut loose from the earth, and sped its way upward and eastward.

The Atlantic had now, at 8 P. M., received her crew, and been stocked with nearly a thousand pounds of sand-ballast. Her larder also was stored with provisions, water, ice, a bucket of lemonade, and through the interposition of some kind friends, a basket of wine and sundry well-cooked articles of game.

There was rigged on the stern of the boat a propeller, intended to be worked by manual labor. Messrs. Gager, Lamountane and Hyde took their stations in the boat, and Mr. John Wise, as chief director, in the wicker-car above, into which descended the valve-rope. Everything being now in readiness, the Atlantic was cut loose from the earth at a quarter before seven o'clock in the evening. The ascent was graceful and easy, the balloon moving off in an easterly direction. The cheers of the audience, inside and outside of the arena, were of the heartiest kind. We responded with a parting farewell and a lingering look upon the thousands of upturned faces that cheered us onward.

In a few minutes after we started, we were crossing the great father of American waters—the Mississippi. For many miles up and down we scanned its tortuous course of turbid water. Its tributaries—the Missouri and Illinois—added interest to the magnificent view. The clearer water of the Missouri, as it was pouring itself into the capacious maw of the great recipient of the Mississippi Valley, could be traced, by its more brilliant reflection, far into the body of its muddled parent.

The city of St. Louis, covering a large area of territory, appeared to be gradually contracting its circumferential lines, and finally hid itself under a dark mantle of smoke. With the clatter and clang of its multifarious workshops, and the heterogeneous noises of a great commercial emporium, it gave out sounds more like a pandemonium than that of a great civilized choir of music. At greater heights these sounds were modulated into cadences. We gazed upon the fading outlines of the country with sentimental yearnings, as we recurred to the parting farewell of the kind friends left behind, while at the same time our hearts were filled with joy upon the prospects of a glorious voyage to our friends in the East, to whom was already announced the fact of our coming.

The fruitful fields of Illinois were now passing rapidly underneath us, seemingly bound for a more western empire, while we were hanging, apparently, listlessly and passively, in ethereal space. The plantations and farm-houses appeared to be travelling at the rate of fifty miles per hour, with an occasional gyration about our common centre, as the turning round of the air-ship would make it appear.

The "man in the moon," dressed in his new cocked-hat, lent us the light of his silvery countenance for the beginning of our voyage.

In the mellow twilight of the evening we espied Mr. Brooks, a little to the north of our track, in the careful keeping of a crowd of Illinois farmers, among whom he had alighted.

Having now attained a height of 8000 feet, and having settled into a state of composure after the labor and excitement incident to our preparation and departure, I took an observation of the trim and bearing of our noble ship.

The network was constructed in such a way that the increase of meshes was at six different points of it made in direct lines from the top to the bottom, and this made those parts of it really shorter than the intervening spaces; consequently, when the cords attached to its lower circum-

ference were fastened to the concentrating hoop by equal lengths, it was found that the whole weight of the balloon's burden was being borne by the six ropes secured at those points; and as the balloon was expanding from diminished pressure, these six shorter cords were cutting or rather pressing into, the body of the balloon in a most appalling manner. In a moment I summoned Mr. Gager up into the wicker-car, and in half an hour, at the expense of abraded fingers, we adjusted the ropes so that they would receive an equal bearing. There were thirty-six of them.

The feeble shimmer of the new moon was now mantling the earth beneath in a mellow light, and the western horizon was painted with gold and purple. Nothing could exceed the solemn grandeur of the scene. All was as quiet and still as death; not a word was passing from the lips of the crew; every one seemed to be impressed with the profound silence that hung around us. The coy-looking moon was lowering itself into the golden billows of the Occident, and the greater stars began to peep through the curtains of the vasty deep one by one. Still silence reigned supreme. It seemed as though all nature had gone to sleep with the setting of the moon, and the stars were coming out on the watch-towers of the night. In another moment the stillness was broken. Cattle began to low, and some half-muzzled dogs greeted our ears with an occasional bark. This seemed to break the silence of the crew, and soon a lively conversation ensued. We also amused ourselves by uttering an occasional shout, which set the dogs below barking far and near.

PHOSPHORESCENT APPEARANCE OF THE BALLOON.

During the day, and while the balloon was being inflated, the sun was pouring down upon it a flood of heat and light. Although it is a proverb "that you cannot carry light in a bag," it will be learned that this ancient saying found its contradiction in our gas-bag. It did carry up with it heat and light, and during the whole night it was illuminated with a brightness equal to a Chinese paper lantern. It served a good purpose, as it enabled us to tell the time by our watches. It appeared, indeed, truly wonderful, and the first impression made was that it might be an incipient combustion, and that soon it might be carried into eternity like a blazing meteor. The phenomenon was so remarkable that the mind was not capable of finding a satisfactory reason for its appearance immediately. However, the conclusion finally arrived at was that it must be a combination of heat, light and carburetted hydrogen; and inasmuch as it had been going on for several hours, it was not likely to get hotter in the upper air, so we satisfied ourselves that there was no imminent danger from a conflagration while aloft.

This phenomenon is sometimes to be seen in the slightly illuminated clouds of a hot summer night. In the balloon it was unique. Every seam and every mesh in the network could be traced upon its surface. Even the atmosphere around and beneath us seemed to partake of this mellow light. Woods, roads, prairies, streams and towns were discernible, and their outlines could clearly be traced at our greatest elevation.

Nothing could surpass the novelty of the scenery below during the early part of the night. The heavens above were brilliantly studded with stars of every magnitude and color, the atmosphere having become perfectly clear; and when we crossed water, we had the starry heavens as distinctly visible below as above. We could at such times easily imagine ourselves sailing in the very centre of the star region, as the opaque earth seemed then out of the question. These reflected star-fields were of short duration, but vanished only to make room for that weird appearance which the earth presented. One could not immediately see the surface outline below; but keeping the eye steadily fixed downward, it gradually developed itself to the vision, until every different shape and object became defined, but in a most ghost-like light. The forests appeared of a deep brown cast; and when a handful of seed was dropped overboard, at our greatest elevation, it could be distinctly heard raining upon the foliage of the trees. It answered as an index for our altitude, in accordance

the time that elapsed between the discharge of the and the noise of its contact with the trees.

The roads presented in appearance pale yellow ribbons, the fences and ditches as evanescent lines. The flowers at times exhibited their respective colors, they happened to live in families of blue and yellow red in distinct patches. Villages could only be seen as faint outlines of ground-plots, with here and there a point of light, but in the early part of the night we at times hear human voices in the streets. Our horse seemed very contracted, vaulting around us, as it were, an inclination to close upon us underneath. On its western border there was during the whole night a blaz light, probably from the Chicago lighthouse on Lake Michigan.

Now and then we would give a shout to attract attention from below, especially when crossing towns, but only the echo of our voices seemed to respond, and these echoes came in distinctness agreeably to the reflecting surface of the water.

When the eye was once firmly fixed on the earth, so the singularly mellowed scenery was fairly unfolded before sight, it was with the greatest reluctance that it could be drawn away. There was an enchantment in the view.

Looking downward, contemplating the earth in its simplified outlines afforded a satisfaction much like that of the astronomer when he is favored with a powerful telescope that enables him to trace the outlines of the surface of the moon. The topography of the earth, taken from a position as ours upon that night, and under the conditions of light, would present as marvellous an appearance as does Maedler's map of the moon. Indeed, the appearance of the earth, as we saw it that night, bore no resemblance to a day view of the same. If the scene were delineated by the pencil of the limner as it then appeared, it would resemble neither a night nor a day-view of the landscape, as seen from the earth. In the language of Mr. Hyde, it afforded "such an exhilaration of spirit and such a real joy" as seldom fall to the lot of a man being.

In the day-time, the visible portion of the earth depicted itself in a great circle, hollowed out as a vast canyon. Occasionally flashes of lightning illumined portions of the horizon, but these were too distant to bring to us the sound of thunder.

It may be observed, for the better elucidation of the matter, that the convexity of the earth, being eight inches in a mile, limits the area of vision to an observer on its surface much within that which is spread out to one who is a mile or two above it. It is a singular anomaly of fact that appearances that while the earth is really globular, it appears to the eye of the aeronaut as a concave. This is the effect of refraction, caused by the variable density of the atmosphere, giving the vision a curvilinear direction corresponding to the angle presented when we place a stick in water at any inclination from the perpendicular. It is, whether from the rays of a meridian sun, or the rays as reflected from the higher portions of the sphere, and from the surfaces of the remote stars, obeys the same law, moving, as it does, in the direction of least resistance. From this it will be seen that the horizon of the aeronaut always appears as much above its true level as the difference between a straight line from his eye to the horizon, and the amount of curvature caused by refraction to said line. It is only when he looks straight down in a plumb line that the object is really where he perceives it. All other objects seen at a point between the perpendicular and the visible horizon are really below that point at which he sees them, and hence the concave appearance of the earth to the aeronaut.

While riding during the night over the bend of a river which our chart indicated to be the Wabash, and which lay in our course for a considerable distance, the scene was truly wonderful. We were surrounded by stars and milky ways, above, below and all around us the vigils of heaven twinkling their diamond-like clusters. One, which at the moment brought to mind that of the constellation the fishes, drew our attention particularly. Upon nearing the object, it revealed itself as a midnight fisherman

lifting his net, and a lively haul it proved to be. We could see, by the light of his lantern, the fish bouncing about in the bottom of his boat. We hailed him as we passed over, and congratulated him upon his good luck. He betrayed a great deal of amazement, looking this way and that way, then into the water, and then again his eyes were directed toward the shore. He looked every possible way but upward; and as we were pleasantly discussing his consternation in his hearing, it is no wonder that he felt perplexed and surprised.

After we left the river we passed over a town, and could distinctly hear a *trialogue* between a party of bacchanals upon the probabilities of their reception at home at that hour of the night. We hailed them to go home, and then all was hushed in silence below. No doubt the mandolin party took the admonition in a serious mood, and they were in all probability as much surprised as was our fisherman friend on the river at these mysterious voices.

We followed the course of the Wabash River from Williamsport to Logansport, Indiana. The water had the appearance of a dark plate-glass mirror, and the brilliancy of the starry reflection from its surface, bounded in its outlines by the banks of the river, gave it the appearance of a "milky way" far more beautiful than the real one in the heavens above. Nothing could surpass the loveliness of this midnight landscape scenery, diversified with water and prairie, woods and villages, farms and flower-patches.

As the small hours of the night were passing away, we saw the gray of the morning making a faint appearance on the eastern horizon. The view at first resembled that as seen in mid-ocean of a calm summer morning before sunrise. The sky was cloudless, and the wind upon which we were riding was one of those peculiar high barometer winds that course across our continent from west to east, a little north-east. These are the carriers, if not the propagators, of our cyclones, and they give rise to the tornadoes and hurricanes we experience through the hot summer months. We realized this, much to our discomfort, as the sequel will show, in effecting our landing on the second day of our voyage.

SUNRISE.

A little while before the sun made its appearance, and when the dawn of the morning was changing the night scene of the voyage to that of day, we passed by the city of Fort Wayne, leaving it a little to the south. We were low enough to see several railroads converging toward the western extremity of Lake Erie. The country around, as far as the eye could reach distinctly—and that was over an area of forty or fifty miles in diameter—was filled with farmhouses, and the fields were well stocked with horses and cattle. In order to get an earlier view of the sun, the balloon was lightened of a quantity of ballast sufficient to raise it four or five thousand feet higher. It was not many minutes before a scene of the rarest beauty began to unfold itself in the eastern heavens. Phœbus was being ushered in, clad in his most gorgeous apparel. Words will entirely fail to depict the grandeur of the sunrise. The mind became overwhelmed with the intensity and brilliancy of the spectacle, as the sun was being quickly lifted out of the fiery deep by the rapid ascension of our point of view. We had now approached near enough to Lake Erie to receive the full force of reflected and refracted light from its great surface. Various conjectures were given by our party in explanation of this singular phenomenon before we saw the lake. One surmised that the heavens were on fire, and that the phosphorescent illumination of the bygone night had been the harbinger of the world's conflagration. Indeed, the heat of this powerful reflection was smarting our faces. It seemed as though we were running right into the sun. The horizon appeared to be bounded by a lake of white-hot metal, and it was some time before I could find a sufficient explanation for the wonder before us. I finally suggested that it must be the illumination of Lake Erie, as we must be approaching it rapidly. To this the general assent of the party was given, especially when I stated that I had seen its reverse in a

sunset scene, while over the lake with a balloon, although in that case the effect was not near so brilliant.

This warmth of direct and reflected sunbeams soon began to tell on the balloon; and finding it to swell out rapidly, causing such a sudden unfolding of its great pleats as to make it sound like ripping open a heavy canvas, I made a liberal use of the valve. This brought the air-ship to a lower level, with the sun several degrees above the horizon, and with it a corresponding expansion of the lake of fire before us. Now, since balloons are very sensitive bodies as to atmospheric density and to heat and cold, and thus very easily disturbed in their equilibriums, so that in the discharge of a little too much gas a retrograde motion is given downward, we found ourselves approaching the earth again and the sun sinking down with us, until its immensely-expanded disk looked ten times larger than usual, as it was resting a little above the horizon. In the mean time a bank of bright purple striated clouds had settled around the god of the morning, and we were thus relieved from the heat and reflection incident to a higher altitude. The scenery below had now become remarkably fine. The mellow, early sunlight made immensely elongated shadows of the woods and isolated trees in the fields, as well as of the buildings, and the stacks of the crops that were garnered by the husbandmen. It was a glorious morning scene; and although something had been whispered about a warm breakfast, that formality was dispensed with from the idea that the time was too precious, and that each one might lunch according to his personal convenience.

At a quarter before seven in the morning we passed over Lake Erie, with Toledo to the north-west and Sandusky to the south-east of our course. Before us the lake was dotted with islands, and its shores presented a ragged appearance. Heavy clouds were forming to the south and east of us. Ballast enough was now discharged to carry us up above the cloud-level. This obscured from our view the southern shore of the lake. Beyond its northern margin the land looked inhospitable, so we were contented to make almost a bee-line down over the middle of this interesting sheet of water. Its surface was ruffled with spray, and the waves were heaving on its bosom. At the rate at which we were now sailing, about sixty miles an hour, we calculated to reach Buffalo about 11 o'clock A. M. We could discern but few vessels moving on the water. Passing nearly over one, the captain hailed us with his speaking-trumpet, asking where we were from and whither we were bound. I answered him that we were from St. Louis, and that we were bound for Buffalo direct, and then as much farther as we could get. He continued the conversation, but we had so far outstripped him that it was impossible to make out what he was uttering, as we rose to a greater height.

Sailing at an altitude of 10,000 feet contracted our area of visible surface below so much that we thought it would be more interesting if we should lower the air-ship to within a thousand feet or less of the water's surface. So down we came until we nearly touched the waves. Overhauling a steamboat that was moving in the same direction with us, we struck up a conversation. The steam-whistle was sounded, the boat-bell rung, and a speaking-trumpet conversation ensued. "How do you do, captain? A fine morning for boating." The captain immediately responded, "Good-morning, my brave fellows; but where in the heavens did you come from?" "From St. Louis, sir, last evening." "And pray where are you going?" "Going eastward, captain; first to Buffalo, and then to Europe, if we can." "Good luck to you," said the captain; "you are going like thunder."

We were now only about 500 feet high, and in half an hour after our colloquy with the captain of the steamer, we beheld his craft dancing in the verge of the western horizon. He was travelling about twelve miles per hour, and we at least sixty; and as we parted, leaving him behind, it seemed as though he was sailing to the west, while we were moving eastward.

Our trip of two hundred and fifty miles down over the lake was the most monotonous of the whole voyage. Nothing but water and sky was visible most of the time, as the clouds

had settled in thick masses around us, and thus obscured the shore entirely on the south side. The first distant view we got of land was as we crossed "Long Point," jutting out from the Canada shore.

We passed along near the mouth of the Welland Canal and gazed over the Canada shore. Desiring to make more to the south, the balloon was suffered to rise, with the hope that we should find the current trending to the south-east, and this soon brought us into full view of Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lockport and Lake Ontario. Niagara River looked like a silvery cord linking the two lakes together.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A REAL TRAGEDY.

THE STORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE AGNES BERNAUER.

How many of the readers of *To-Day* have ever heard the tragic story of Agnes Bernauer? It is such a tale of deep, earnest love, of brave devotion, of fierce persecution and of fiendish cruelty as is often found in the pages of romance, but rarely, we are glad to say, in authentic form in history. The records of the Middle Ages do certainly contain accounts terrible enough of man's inhumanity to those of his own kind, but there are few of the legends which have come down to us from those turbulent and troubled times, with an assurance of truthfulness, in which two true lovers appear as the victims of such dreadful brutality, excited merely by their fervent passion for each other.

In the fifteenth century the present kingdom of Bavaria was a dukedom. It was while Duke Ernst was at the head of the government that Agnes Bernauer's suffering won for her immortality. Duke Ernst had an only son named Albrecht. He was young, handsome and chivalrous, and he seems to have been a man of most generous impulses and capable of the loftiest self-sacrifice. There was a grand tournament at Augsburg, given by the duke and attended by all the nobility and gentry of the country. There were hundreds of knights, in all their glittering paraphernalia, curvetting about the arena upon their magnificently-caparisoned horses, while around them were seated thousands of ladies in gorgeous attire, attended by brilliantly-dressed gentlemen. Besides these, the common folk attended in vast multitudes, and crowded into the space left for them by the noble giver of the entertainment. Among the knights the duke's son was most conspicuous, not only for the splendor of his attire, but for the beauty of his countenance, his manly bearing and his gallant achievements in the combat with the other knights. While sitting upon his horse conversing with his attendants, he was attracted by the sweet face of a young girl who was standing in the crowd of the humble and untitled, which pushed and jostled and kept up a noisy conversation at the boundary of the arena. She was looking intently at him, as if in rapturous admiration of his noble appearance, and as he in turn gazed at her, she bowed her head and blushed deeply. He thought he had never beheld a face so pure and lovely as hers, nor had ever seen among the beauties of his father's court a woman in whom such charming simplicity was united with such exquisite grace of face and figure. With his heart suddenly fired by a new and strange and wonderful passion, he instantly adopted measures to ascertain her identity.

It was discovered that her name was Agnes Bernauer, and that she was the daughter of a very poor and humble citizen of Augsburg. Once in possession of this fact, Albrecht did not fail soon to obtain an introduction to her home. He found her a woman of high intelligence, of exalted character and of devout religious convictions; and more than ever charmed with the beauty of person which was the outward signification of a noble moral and intellectual character, he wooed her fervently, and won her consent to become his wife.

There could be no doubt that the duke would oppose and prevent the marriage of his son with a woman of lowly birth if he knew that such an event was threatened, and so the two were secretly united, and the happy husband bore his wife to the castle of Vohburg, which he had inherited from his mother. This home he filled with

thing that could contribute to the pleasure of his ; and there, in luxurious retirement, amid noble flower-gardens and orchards, elegant pictures and , and with all the appliances of wealth at their command, they lived for many months in undisturbed happiness.

The end of this felicity was sure to come right speedily. The young man's father determined that he should marry, and he selected for the wife of his son, Anna, the daughter of the duke of Brunswick. When the subject was broached to Albrecht, he displayed the most determined opposition to the match, and at last, in response to the imperative demand of Duke Ernst that the marriage should take place, he refused positively and absolutely to have anything to do with the bride selected for him, or even to enter further into any discussion of the subject. The manner of the young man excited the suspicion of the father, and a quiet investigation revealed the presence of Agnes at Vohburg castle, and the fact that Albrecht was violently enamored of her. The duke at once determined to take the most energetic measures to dissolve the relations of the two. A tournament was given at Regensburg, at which Albrecht was to appear, but the father contrived that the lists should be shut against the son upon the ground that, in violation of the rules of chivalry, he was going with one who was not his wife. Albrecht declared that Agnes was his wife, and demanded that the lists should be opened to him. But in vain; he was still excluded.

The young man hesitated no longer. He now made up his mind to be openly honored as duchess of Bavaria. He gathered a vast retinue of servants, and he placed her amid appropriate splendor in the castle of Straubing, where he lived with her. She, poor woman! seems to have had a constant fear of the dark and dreadful fate in store for her, and she gave much of her life to the performance of acts of charity and religious devotion, erecting an oratory and a tomb for herself in the Carmelite convent of the city.

The brother of Duke Ernst was friendly to Albrecht, as long as the uncle of the youth lived, the father did not attempt any act of violence. But soon he was killed by death, and then the infamous and bloody reign began. Agnes was accused of sorcery, and she was charged with having by impious acts bewitched her husband.

She was seized by the duke's order while Albrecht was absent from home, and the command was issued that she should be executed without delay. Upon the twelfth of October, 1435, she was bound hand and foot, and led by the state executioners to the bridge of the Danube, and in the presence of all the people of the town she was tossed headlong into the stream. She sank for an instant, and then, as her body came to the surface, her clothes unstained her, and she floated slowly to the bank of the Danube. Then the executioners, acting by direction of Duke Ernst, seized a long pole, and fastening the end of it to her fair and golden hair, thrust her head beneath water, and held her there until she was drowned.

When her husband returned and heard of this monstrous crime, he nearly lost his reason. Maddened by the and horrible wrong done to him and to her he loved, he took up arms against his father, and in league with the other enemies of Duke Ernst, he wasted and devastated the country. It was in vain that the father ended his son to relent; the war was conducted with fury, and the young knight, and not until a vast amount of blood had been inflicted upon Bavaria did Albrecht yield to the solicitations of the emperor Sigismund and other powerful friends of the family. He returned to his father's castle, and after the lapse of several years he consented to marry Anna of Brunswick. To regain the forfeited esteem of his son, Duke Ernst had a chapel erected over the remains of the murdered girl, and Albrecht founded in the city of her death daily masses for her in the Carmelite convent of Straubing. Even after twelve years he renewed the foundation, and had the bones of her whom he called his "honored wife" transferred to the tomb provided for herself, and covered with a marble monument.

This painful story was long the theme of popular song

in Germany, and it has been made the subject of more than one drama. But the narrative itself is tragic enough without embellishment to excite intense sympathy for the unhappy woman who was sacrificed.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

COAL GAS.—The inflammability of gas obtained from coal was known long before the idea was ever entertained of turning the discovery to any practical purpose. The miners were practically acquainted with the existence of choke-damp and fire-damp long before the establishment of the Royal Society, and the earliest notice of either is in their "Transactions" in the year 1667. In "A Description of a Well and Earth in Lancashire Taking Fire by a Candle approached to it: Imparted by Thomas Shirley, Esq., an Eye-witness," the writer correctly attributed the exhalations from the burning-well of Wigan, in Lancashire, to the coal-beds which lie under that part of the county. Soon after, Dr. Clayton, moved by the arguments of Shirley, actually made coal gas, and described the results of his experiments in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in the year 1691. He distilled coal in a retort, and the results were, to use his own words, phlegm, black oil and a spirit which he was unable to condense, but which he confined in a bladder. These are precisely what are found now, with simply an alteration of names, the phlegm being water; the black oil, coal tar; and the spirit, gas. Clayton several times repeated the experiment, and used to amuse his friends by burning the gas as it came from the bladder through holes which he pricked in it with a pin. It is strange that the hint so plainly given of the inflammability of coal gas did not suggest the practicability of adapting it to useful economic purposes until so long after.

BLEACHING WAX.—Wax is freed from its impurities and bleached by melting it with hot water or steam in a tinned copper or wooden vessel, letting it settle, running off clear supernatant oily-looking liquid into an oblong trough with a line of holes in its bottom, so as to distribute it upon horizontal wooden cylinders, made to revolve half immersed in cold water, and then exposing the thin ribbons or films thus obtained to the blanching action of air, light and moisture. For this purpose the ribbons are laid upon long webs of canvas stretched horizontally between standards, two feet above the surface of a sheltered field, having a free exposure to the sunbeams. Here they are frequently turned over and covered by nets, to prevent their being blown away by winds, and watered from time to time. Whenever the color of the wax seems stationary, it is collected, remelted and thrown again into ribbons upon the wet cylinder, in order to present new surfaces to the blanching operation. If the weather proves favorable, the wax eventually loses its yellow tint. Neither chlorine, nor even the chlorides of lime and alkalies, can be employed with advantage to bleach wax, because they render it brittle and impair its burning qualities.

DEEP WELL.—At the village of Sperenberg, about twenty miles from Berlin, a well has been sunk to the depth of 4194 feet. A shaft was sunk in this locality, because the known existence of gypsum there led the explorers to infer that they might possibly find a mine of rock salt. At the depth of 280 feet they did reach the salt; and continuing on, they passed through the salt deposit—3907 feet—without having reached the bottom of it. The boring would have been continued, to ascertain what deposit lay under the salt, but the mechanical difficulties were too great. The greater part of the boring was done by steam.

COMPRESSED AIR.—Air has been compressed by Professor Tyndall by means of a column of water 260 feet high to one-eighth of its original volume (120 lbs. to the square inch), and then allowed to escape. As it rushed out, it expanded so violently and caused such an intense cold that the moisture in the room was congealed in a shower of snow, while the pipe from which the air issued became bearded with icicles.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

No. 5.

BY THE EDITOR.

OF course there was long and anxious thought on the question of a separate school. I had condemned the separate system. Boys and girls together seemed to me the natural system. This conviction is growing stronger and stronger with me.

The Creator is not mistaken in introducing both sexes into the same family. The boys and girls stay at home till they are twenty years old or more, and the arrangement seems to work well. I have noticed that the brothers and sisters seem to be happy with each other, and I have heard both men and women refer to this life at the old homestead with peculiar pleasure. I have watched boys and girls mixed in families, and it has seemed everywhere to work admirably. A hundred times I have talked with parents about it, and find that uniformly they cherish the idea that this mixing boys and girls in the same family has a very happy influence on both sexes—that the girls are stronger and the boys more gentle.

My friend, a young clergyman, went to California in 1854 to work in the mines for his health. He remained in a single mining locality in the mountains about four years. At first there were no women. He did not know that men could be so dirty, coarse and brutal. Drunkenness, short pipes, red shirts, dirty boots, profanity, pistols, bowie-knives, fights and street howlings constituted life in F— diggings. A few women came, and men put on coats and better manners. Finally the wives and children of the miners began to come, and soon there were families enough to make a society. The change in the dress and manners of the miners was something wonderful. Soon there was a church, two Sunday-schools, and then public schools. "No one," said my friend, "who came to us at the end of four years could have believed our stories about our social life in the early days."

I was stopping at a country tavern during a severe thunder shower. There were about twenty of us, all men. Much of the language used was enough to make insensibility blush. They began to smoke and sprawl their legs

about, and behave as men generally do when alone. In the midst of the noisy goings-on, a lady and gentleman came quickly in out of the storm. It was positively funny to see how the heels came down, the hats straightened up, the pipes dodged into pockets and the improper language stopped. Those of us who were looking on burst into a shout at the sudden transformation.

In college I was surprised that young men whom I had known at their homes as quiet gentlemen, affectionate sons and devoted brothers should become so coarse and rowdyish. I have been assured that the same peculiarity has been observed in many colleges.

I have conversed with several managers of ladies' seminaries, who think that girls separated from society—that is, from association with men—become less broad, strong and refined.

One intelligent gentleman at the head of a ladies' seminary assured me that his attention had been called to a peculiar demoralization among his pupils. He mentioned many evidences, and among them the habit of talking slang.

In establishing the school at Lexington, this question of the separate school occupied my thoughts for many weeks. In deference to public prejudice, I finally concluded to announce it as a girls' school, and to provide the male element in a considerable number of male teachers. And then I thought that after the school was established we might introduce young men as pupils. I now think this was an error. If instead of thirty girls during the first year we had had fifteen boys and fifteen girls, we should have laid a much better foundation; and great as we all think the Lexington experiment proved, I have no doubt now that it would have been much greater if we had not fallen into the blunder of the separate system.

To those young men who think that the co-education of the sexes would lower the standard, to those who think the girls would hold them back, I have only to say that I should like to see you, my smart fellows, pursuing a course of studies with a company of bright girls such as they have in the various departments in the Michigan University. If you were to study law or medicine or the classics with those young girls, it would probably cure you of your hallucination.

THE BODY AMONG THE GREEKS.

IN a conversation with President Felton, the bodily training of the Greeks came up for consideration. He remarked that among that people, so wise in all which concerns the physical man, there were two widely different systems of training, one adapted to the athlete, the other to gentlemen and men of learning. The former resulted in immense development of muscle and crude strength, while the latter resulted in a wonderful grace, agility and beauty. The former produced the great wrestlers, but was deemed unfavorable to intellectual genius, while the latter was resorted to as the surest means of securing that delicate susceptibility and elastic vigor which characterized the Greek poet and orator. A prodigious abnormal development of muscle—the result of long-continued, special, intense training—destroys the balance between mind and body, and while it produces a splendid animal, leaves the brain with less than its share of power. Plato says, "Excess of bodily exercise may render us wild and unmanageable, but excess of arts, science and music makes us faddled and effeminate. Only the right combination makes us wise and manly."

A CHAT ABOUT ENGLISHMEN.

LAST summer the British Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual meeting at Brighton. It was my first opportunity to attend the sittings of this grand institution, and I went down. If I were an Englishman, I wished to show my people in their best aspect to a stranger, I should take him to a meeting of this august assembly.

The Englishman as seen in that body is so simple, sincere and earnest, he shows such patient research and comprehensive grasp, that he seems the grandest of men.

But my object at this time is not to discuss the character of the association, but to gossip a little about the people I saw.

Dr. Carpenter, who delivered the opening address, is well known to Americans—especially doctors—than any medical man in Europe. He is apparently sixty, tall, lank, and for all the world a Yankee of the same species. He wears artificial teeth, and the upper continually fell down. As often as he spoke the word "ver," down the plate came, and he was obliged to use and often to replace it. It was the most painfully obvious sight imaginable. Like all the speakers at the meeting, his elocution was very bad. In this connection I may say that Col. Fox, whose name we see now so often in newspapers, and who is a very high authority in zoology, was a prominent speaker in the meeting at Brighton. The colonel is a handsome man, with black pale face and a strikingly intellectual expression, and had been reared in America, would have been a flatterer perhaps a brilliant speaker; but educated in English as of oratory, his speaking is, to an American, really disgusting. I heard him in a formal address, and I honestly declare it made me sweat. It must have taken him a long time to learn it. Never by any accident did he utter five consecutive words without a hitch. I heard no one in England talk right on in our American fashion, perhaps the single exception of Mr. Spurgeon. He is a miracle of volubility—would be so regarded even by us.

I returned to Brighton. Sir John Lubbock was present. Sir John's *personelle* is very unpromising. A small man, with a small common head and a small cheap voice, piping, sing-song voice, he seemed to be as far from a nobleman as one could imagine, but he is evidently great in the insect department.

Mr. Stanley was there, and the lion of the show. He was unafter and cheered quite as much as the Prince of Wales would have been. Mr. Stanley was rather ill at the time.

The white kids upon his enormous hands were a sight, and his whole appearance suggested the thought that he was probably far more comfortable in the jungles of Africa.

Napoleon, Eugenie and the prince had been invited to the meetings, and at the opening addresses I sat at the porters' table close by those remarkable people, and directly in front of them. The paper Dr. Carpenter's reading had been printed and distributed to the representatives of the press, so that I had nothing to do but to sit and watch the famous trio. Napoleon was the youngest-looking man for his age I have ever seen. His skin was clear and free from wrinkles. He looked like a man of twenty. Eugenie is a very striking personage. The picture is remarkably faithful. I think her complexion is very dark, though she uses such a profusion of powder that one cannot tell about the color of her skin. I could discover no resemblance between

the son and either of the parents, but he is a remarkably bright young man. A friend of mine was present at the closing exercises of a school down near Chislehurst last June, and the prince was present to represent his father. My friend was surprised at a speech clearly extempore from the prince. The English was remarkably good, and the whole affair would have done credit to a practiced orator of double his years.

At the emperor's right hand sat the baroness Burdett Coutts. You have seen a New England old maid, the last end of a played-out Yankee family, with long, skinny neck and a red eruption covering half the face. That's the baroness exactly. But there is no doubt that she is in many respects a remarkable woman, and her wealth, which she is using with such noble benevolence, is boundless.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER.

SET a pitcher of iced water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing nearly all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water kept in the room a while is always unfit for use, and should be often removed, whether it has become warm or not. And for the same reason the water in a pump should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in a pitcher over-night is not fit for coffee water in the morning. Impure water is more injurious to health than impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water for all domestic uses.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., 1873.

DR. DIO LEWIS.

DEAR SIR: I have taken a good deal of interest in your hygienic labors, and now simply write to ask if I have always misunderstood you. Is it true, as our papers are just now saying, that you advocate a diet of oatmeal porridge and cracked wheat, and very little even of these? If you have time, please drop me a note, and deeply oblige your very true friend,

J. H. STRONG.

I notice newspaper criticisms which speak of Dio Lewis' model dinners, consisting of conversation, a piece of melon and a glass of lemonade. And again, of that friend of ours, who while on a visit to Boston dropped in to see Dio Lewis and was invited to dine with him. The dinner consisted of three courses: 1st course, water-gruel; 2d course, cracked wheat; 3d course, oatmeal porridge.

Isn't it curious that on the one hand the dietetic reformers should scold me for advising all sorts of meats in generous quantities, with pepper, spice, ginger, cinnamon, nutmegs, mustard, cloves and all the rest of the condiments, which I have always done, and now the newspapers say that my model dinners consist of gruel, conversation, etc.? I am afraid it is a little difficult to please folks in the matter of their food. The fact is, being a good feeder myself, and inclining to the opinion that eating was designed to afford great enjoyment, I have perhaps conceded too much to appetite. And surely, of all the writers on dietetics, I am the last one to be charged with the gruel mania.

ALPINE ROADS.

SHOULD the spirit of Hannibal be permitted to revisit, from time to time, the scenes of his triumphs and his failures, how astonished must he be to see the progress gradually made in the means of locomotion! Over those mighty Alps—the passage of which cost him so much time and labor, where he lost so many men, and overcame so many insurmountable difficulties by perseverance and, says the legend, by the copious use of vinegar, to soften and dissolve those eternal snows, till then almost untrodden by human foot—there would have appeared to him, first, the track of men climbing rarely and with difficulty; then the narrow mule track, where in long strings those sure-footed beasts of burden picked their way by the brink of precipices, up steep and rugged ascents, groaning beneath their load; then a gradually widening track, over which vehicles were dragged slowly and with danger for a few months in the year; then a time when road-makers worked with a will, constructing broad carriage-roads, by zigzags, over many passes, by which merchandise could be conveyed with safety and expedition, and armies transported with ease to overrun the fertile plains of Lombardy—building inns and monasteries here and there to afford refreshment and shelter to the weary traveller, refuges to protect him from snow-storms, and galleries stretching their protecting arches over spots where formerly the wild avalanche carried all before it; then, instead of a long string of mules and horses dragging laboriously the cumbrous diligence, with its freight of passengers and loads of luggage, appears the one great iron horse, the modern leviathan, drawing easily its living burden up and down the steep inclines, and depositing it safely in a vast city which in Hannibal's days had no existence; and lastly, wonder of wonders, the same iron monster, rushing blindly toward a hole bored in the solid rock, issues safely from a similar hole on the other side of the vast mountain, having apparently pushed its way right through the heart of the unconquerable Alps—through the gates of Hades, the kingdom of Pluto, into the Elysian fields beyond.

Gigantic indeed have been the strides of science. A few years ago a long and tiresome night journey took the traveller from St. Michel, then the railway terminus, to Lanslebourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis, where he might have broken his fast upon execrable coffee and very sour bread; after which, with sixteen mules and two horses, he would have toiled on for hours up a road, excellent indeed, but bordered in places by frightful precipices, from which a few stone posts seemed the sole protection, the long line of mules appearing in snake-like convolutions round the zigzags, heavily burdened with the load of many human beings and their personal effects, not reckoning the weight of their many sins in the account. Arriving at the top, the sixteen mules were dismissed, nothing loth, and the descent was commenced with the two horses only and doubly-locked wheels. Giddy work truly for nervous people, as the vehicle swayed round the corners of the zigzags, a precipice in front, the roar of many waters leaping from cliff to cliff on either side, and far below the fertile plains of Italy, growing more distinct and beautiful at every curve, till the houses and churches of Chambery gleamed white in the distance in the midst of vines and olives; and with a sense of great relief you found yourself at last once more on level ground, and again transferred to the tender mercies of the iron horse, and on the road to Turin.

Such were the pleasures of this easiest of the mountain passes within the last ten years, and to them must be added, after the first fall of snow in the autumn, the descent of the pass in a sledge, sliding down the perilous path so smoothly and rapidly that before you had time to get thoroughly frightened you were at your journey's end. But now all is changed; you have placed before you the choice of three modes of conveyance across this mountain—one by private carriage over the old road, one by Fell's railway and one by the new tunnel.

Fell's railway has all the merit of originality, and is a wonderful attempt at scaling mountains; and notwithstanding its somewhat shaky character, the triple rail and cogged wheels give a sense of security which,

as far as can be ascertained, has only been belied on occasion.

But the marvel of marvels is the tunnel. That giants should have undertaken to bore through the heart of a mountain, counting the thousands of feet of solid rock an insurmountable obstacle, and should have been able to pierce it with a gallery wide enough to take two railway carriages abreast; moreover, calculating with so much care and exactness as to commence the work on opposite sides of the mountain with the certainty of meeting in the middle with only a few inches' deviation,—this does indeed seem incredible. Not even marvellous Merlin or even the wizard would have thought of attempting such a feat as this, with all their enchantments, yet it has not only been attempted, but successfully carried out, by sober common-sense engineers boasting no supernatural powers.

But so rapid is the march of science at the present time that almost before the rails are settled in the new Cenis tunnel, it would seem as though tunnelling for mountain railroads must be looked upon as obsolete, being, as it is, likely to be entirely superseded by the marvellous new railway of which a trial has been so successfully made up the Righi, and which appears to answer so well that henceforth no ascent will be deemed too steep, and no descent too precipitous, for this mode of conveyance. Custom will doubtless, in this case also, steady the nerves of travellers, but at present a journey by this railway is a thing to make the stoutest quail, until reassured by the steadiness of the motion and the instantaneous stoppages. Viewed from the lake, this new iron road looks like three ladders, placed almost perpendicularly side by side upon the face of the mountain, and the problem of how to ascend these ladders in a railway-carriage with safety seems hard of solution. The gradients are, indeed, great, being often one in four. When you enter the carriage at the station, it is already so considerably up hill that it looks tilted, and you are glad, in seating yourself, to rest your feet on the sloping wooden stool placed along the seat in front for your support. There is only one carriage attached to the engine; it is ten feet wide, and holds fifty-four passengers; the seats, nine in number, being all placed facing the engine, which, contrary to the custom in other railways, pushes its load up the mountain and draws it down. The windows are numerous and very large, without glass, so that in case of accident it would be quite possible to jump out of them—that is, if there was time to do so; but there are large shutters attached to the roof, which can be let down in case of too much sun or wind or rain. The baggage is sent up by a separate engine, which acts as a pilot; for the steepness of the road necessitates great caution, and guards are stationed at very short distances apart, to walk, alpen-stock in hand, up and down perpetually, to give notice of the least obstruction on the line. The rails look substantial and laid with the greatest possible evenness; they are rather flatter than ordinary rails, and much broader, with a third rail in the centre, and each of the three is bored at equal distances with a double row of holes, and has a row of ladder-like steps, into which rest on the wheels of both engine and carriage work; and when a stoppage is necessary, a brake is used, which seems to throw the locomotive part of the engine out of gear, and the whole train becomes immovably fixed on the rails by its many cogs so instantaneously that the passengers are almost thrown off their seats, although the train never attains any great speed, the usual rate being about eight miles an hour. This power of instantaneous stoppage is one of the great safeguards in this novel railroad, on which any sudden obstruction, preventing the action of the cogs, would precipitate the whole train into the lake below, and every passenger therein must inevitably be dashed to pieces. Another great advantage this railway possesses is its perfect smoothness, which also gives a sense of security, so that after the first few minutes you feel no greater fear in trusting yourself to it than you would if it worked on level ground; and yet it is undoubtedly a strange sensation to be thus pushed up the steep sides of a mountain by a senseless machine obedient to a human will. You feel like a bird soaring up to the blue empyrean.

effort of your own—up and up, till the fair lake
ched below you, so bright and blue in the dis-
at it would seem like some fairy scene in a pan-
with its many steamboats and yachts, like chil-
ys, too small for use, Mount Pilatus, on the oppo-
re, looking dwarfed, as you apparently look down
from your rocky height; and all would appear
impossible but for the fresh, keen mountain
the bright-hued mountain flowers which surround
the spirit of Pilate does indeed look out from the
e-bound chasm associated with him in the legend
mountain which bears his name, expiating in that
prison the sin of condemning the Holy One, it
rely add another sting to his repentance to see the
s of Him so lightly condemned thus lording it
forces of nature, and subduing even mountains to
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Publishers' Department.

ADELPHI, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid
ion to To-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our
oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be
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in that way.

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.

next number we will publish a story of remark-
er, which has been translated for To-DAY from
ian of Ivan S. Turgeneff, the Russian novelist,
itings are now exciting so much interest in the
world. Turgeneff stands at the head of a small
iant coterie of men who are endeavoring to give
literature. He is not only a novelist who is
y competent critics with the best of the day, but
rge-hearted and large-minded patriot, who is en-
g by means of his writings to inspire his fellow-
en with a desire to achieve a higher civilization,
ace Russia in the very front rank among nations.
om everything else, his novels are particularly
g from the glimpses they give of Russian life and
thinking. His plots are generally simple, and
something of the genuine story-teller's art of
off a narrative in perfectly satisfactory fashion,
erbalance his deficiencies in this respect, how-
has an almost Shakespearean genius for the delin-
character, and the intelligent reader is apt to be-
much interested in the personages introduced in his
to remain insensible of the constructive defects.
GE STORY, which is the title of the tale which we
before the readers of To-DAY in our next num-
excellent example of Turgeneff's style. It is
able narrative, whether based, as it most likely
facts, or whether it is merely the product of the
magination, and we take pleasure in recommend-
the notice of our readers as a vivid picture of
ases of Russian life.

OUR WESTERN OFFICE.

sequence of the enormous increase in our business
est, we have found it necessary to establish a cen-
at Nos. 113, 115 and 117 East Madison street,
Illinois, to which subscriptions should be sent
ications for local agencies made. The success of
in the West is most gratifying, and our agents
mous in their statements that it is the best publi-
canssers they have ever taken hold of. With
sed facilities of our Chicago office, we will be
pared than ever to supply all orders, and in va-
s to facilitate the business of our agents.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following are specimens of the many flattering tes-
timonials we are constantly receiving:

DUNBARTON CENTRE, N. H.

My prediction is that in less than a year To-DAY will
attain to as large a circulation as any subscription paper
in the United States or foreign countries. That Dr. Dio
Lewis may live long to benefit his fellow-men is my heart-
felt wish.

T. F. G.

STATE SPRING, MISS.

We regard To-DAY as one of the best additions to our
library. The practical productions of your thinking editor
are invaluable.

F. F.

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

What Women Should Know is the title of a practical
treatise by Mrs. E. B. Duffey on the duties and responsi-
bilities which women owe to themselves, to their families
and to society. It is written for the purpose of informing
women about matters that they ought to know, and that
they must know if they are properly to fulfil the object of
their creation; and being from the pen of a woman, it will
undoubtedly command an amount of attention that would
scarcely be given to the work of a male writer. Mrs. Duf-
fey writes with a full knowledge of and sympathy with the
innumerable real and fancied disabilities under which the
members of her sex labor. She looks at them from a
woman's point of view, and with an appreciation of some
of the most radical defects of female education and train-
ing for the duties of life such as it is not possible any one
of the other sex could have. There can be no doubt that
a thoughtful and conscientious work like the one before
us will do an immense amount of good. Many of the sub-
jects discussed in it are extremely delicate; but as they are
treated with a proper reserve, and at the same time with
sufficient distinctness to be perfectly understandable, mere
prurient curiosity is set at defiance, while wise counsel is
given to those who greatly need it. We do not hesitate to
say that Mrs. Duffey has conferred a very great benefit
upon the women of the country by writing this book, for
it cannot be disputed that very many, if not the majority
of, women enter upon the duties of wifehood and maternity
without being possessed of the information absolutely ne-
cessary for their proper performance. It is undoubtedly
true, as Mrs. Duffey contends, that there is no question of
superiority or inferiority, either physical or mental, be-
tween men and women, but that each sex has been assigned
its particular function in the economy of nature by an all-
wise Creator. That women suffer in a thousand ways more
than men is due to the constant and wilful violation of
natural laws. These laws they ought to understand, so that
they can properly observe them, and it is the special object
of *What Women Should Know* to aid in remedying the com-
mon defects of female education by imparting such informa-
tion as is essential to the well-being of the sex, but which is
too often either withheld altogether or is imparted in such a
fragmentary and imperfect manner that it is of but little ben-
efit. There are few women who will not be benefited by a
perusal of Mrs. Duffey's book, and we take pleasure in re-
commending it as an earnest and honest treatise on subjects
of the first importance. Published by J. M. Stoddart & Co.

*Cross and Crescent; or, Young America in Turkey and
Greece*, by William T. Adams—"Oliver Optic"—is the sev-
enth volume of the "Young America Abroad" series, and
it is a capital description of the adventures of a party of
boys in the East, in which the sights and sounds of the coun-
tries visited are vividly reproduced for the benefit of young
stay-at-home readers. Published by Lee & Shepard.

The Treasure of the Seas, by Professor James de Mille,
is the sixth volume of the "B. O. W. C." series, and like
the other writings of Professor de Mille, it is full of stir-
ring adventures such as are sure to excite the imagination
of the masculine juvenile. Both this and the preceding
work are for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.



THE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

MR. MILLIKEN'S little boys asked him this morning to take them to the circus. Mr. Milliken refused kindly but firmly, but said if they were good, he would take them around this afternoon to see their grandmother's grave. They are now upon their way to the cemetery.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

EGYPT is not a Nile land; it is part of a continent.

WHAT prevents the running river running away? Why, it's tide up.

WHY is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to a-dore.

MAY two people be said to be half witted when they have an understanding between them?

AN old wine-bibber says that an empty champagne bottle is like an orphan, because it has lost its pop.

AT a spirit meeting the other night, a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spirit-world. The reply was, "Reading of obituary notices."

THE Boston man who wrote a splendid book, entitled "Useful Hints for Ugly Girls," wonders why there is no more demand for his work. His publishers say they have only disposed of one copy, and that was stolen.

A WOMAN at Chester interfered with her brother's courtship, and begged him to stay at home evenings. He waited until the evening when she expected her own lover, and complied, and she says that fraternal affection is a heartless mockery.

AN old lady visited a travelling circus. She was delighted in every respect but one. Speaking of the proprietor, she said, "He has everything in his show that is on the bills but the hippodrome. I wonder where he keeps his hippodrome? Is it dead?"

CANDIDATES for government offices in England are examined upon various literary and scientific topics. Not long since one of them, by a slip of the pen, wrote "Venice," in one of his papers. "Do you know, sir, that there is but one 'hen' in Venice?" asked the indignant examiner. "Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the reply.

BE careful how you go to sleep at an auction. A gentleman settled himself in a comfortable chair, and his senses, soothed by the auctioneer's lullaby, soon dropped asleep. When his nap was over, he left the place. The next day he was astounded at the receipt of a bill for several hundred dollars' worth of carpets and other things.

The auctioneer had received his somnolent bids.

HESTONVILLE is annoyed by a large yellow cat of the Thomas species that possesses the powers of a ventriloquist. He mounts a house and throws his voice around town as he chooses, so that for half a mile in every direction windows go up and confusion reigns in the once happy homes of the citizens. Before the animal's ventriloquism was discovered, an old deacon went before a local jury of the peace, and after taking the oath, solemnly swore that "last Thursday night I heard more than nine hundred thousand cats in town. They were on houses, in barns, in vacant lots and on door-steps. I heard thousands of them, but being near-sighted, only caught a glimpse of one big yellow rascal, and he was not making any distance then."

OUR friend Coombs was out in India; and having read that any wild beast could be frightened into flight merely by opening a parasol suddenly in its face, Coombs determined to test the truth of the assertion. So he sallied out to the jungle with his largest green gingham umbrella to hunt for a tiger. After a while he found one. That tiger observed Mr. Coombs. It was a sympathetic tiger. It approached Mr. Coombs with velocity. Mr. Coombs thought he had never seen a tiger that seemed so exceedingly anxious to become sociable right away. But he stood his ground bravely while the animal approached; and just as it reached him and prepared to spring, Mr. Coombs flung his gingham umbrella open suddenly in the tiger's face. It may perhaps be unnecessary to say that the monarch of the jungle did not betray any symptoms of alarm. On the contrary, it merely leaped over Coombs' umbrella, came down on the other side, and prepared to assimilate Coombs. In fact, that infatuated experimenter in the regions of zoological science was eaten; and he held the hooked handle of the umbrella so tightly in his hand that the tiger ate the handle with the hand, and for four weeks wandered round in that jungle with its head buried in Coombs' open umbrella. It was convenient for that tiger in case of rain, but it obstructed his vision; and so he walked into town and was killed, and Coombs had a Christian burial.—Max Adeler.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BOOKS.—When the paper is disfigured with stains of iron, it may be perfectly restored by applying a solution of sulphate of potash, and afterward one of oxalic acid. The sulphate extracts from the iron part of its oxygen, and renders it soluble in the diluted acid. The most simple, but at the same time very effectual, method of erasing spots of grease, wax, oil, or any other fat substance, is by washing the part with ether and placing it between white blotting paper; then with a hot iron press above the parts stained, and the defects will speedily be removed. In many cases where other stains are not bad, rectified spirits of wine will be found to answer the purpose. To remove spots of ink, and even writing, spirits of salt, diluted in five or six times the quantity of water, may be applied with success upon the part, and after a minute or two washing it off with clear water.

TO MAKE BOOTS WATERPROOF.—Boots that have undergone the process of waterproofing are useful for occasional shooting and fishing, or for extraordinary inclement weather; but for common wear they are unwholesome, on account of confining the insensible perspiration. Various preparations have been made to brush leather and render it waterproof; these are generally composed of oil, turpentine, rosin and wax. The following is an excellent recipe: Melt in an earthen vessel, over a slow fire, half a pint of linseed oil, one ounce of beeswax, one ounce of oil of turpentine and half an ounce of rosin. If new boots are saturated with this composition, they will be impervious to the wet, and likewise soft and pliable. To obviate the objection urged against the waterproof mixture, cork soles may be worn, which will be found to absorb the moisture without impeding the perspiration.

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No Expenditure and Energy Spared to Maintain
it in the First Rank of Journalism.

FOR the past ten years THE AGE has been the firm and earnest defender of the great principles enunciated by the founders of the Republic and incorporated in its institutions. Seeking no alliance with cliques or "Rings," it has been subject to no corrupt influence, but has always labored without fear or favor for the general good. It has, therefore, been the persistent and vigilant advocate of all reforms, general as well as municipal.

Receiving no aid from official patronage, THE AGE relies on the subscriptions and support of Democrats, and of fair and intelligent citizens who desire to see men and measures freely canvassed, knowing that free and fearless discussion by the press is now the best defence of all private rights and public interests.

In the varying fortunes of parties, the intelligent and patriotic will rally to sustain free, pure, civil government, for the people and by the people, to oppose corruption and usurpation, and to preserve and purify the American institutions that made our country the "Model Republic" of the world. Its administration, in the spirit in which it was formed, can only be conducted on what we claim as true Democratic principles, for which THE AGE will still contend with an abiding faith in their ultimate triumph.

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CONTAINS:

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Is a Newspaper for those outside of the great cities who are without regular daily mail facilities, but desire to be kept informed of what is transpiring around them, combining home duties with domestic instruction and recreation. Its columns are devoted to Stories original and selected by the best authors; Poetic Gems, from every available source; Choice Miscellany, Scientific, Amusing and Instructive; a column of Sunday Reading and Religious Intelligence; an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, conducted by a practical Agriculturist, Mr. Thomas J. Edge, now earning a living upon a rented farm in Chester county, in which all questions are considered which have an interest for the tillers of the soil; Weekly Contributions for the Children; Editorial Brevities; News Items, &c.; Able Editorials, and a carefully prepared compendium of Foreign and Domestic News; Washington, New York and Miscellaneous Correspondence; Financial and Commercial Statistics; Full Markets; Select Advertisements, to which a very limited space is appropriated, &c. &c. With all these advantages, the WEEKLY AGE is acknowledged to be the best Family Journal printed in Philadelphia.

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☞ A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. ☞

UNDERWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN, IN FULL VARIETY.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND. A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, while experimenting, accidentally made a preparation of CANNABIS INDICA, which cured his only child of Consumption.

This Remedy is now for sale at first-class Druggists. Try it, prove it for yourself. Price, \$2.50.

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Letters answered promptly.

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Is the nearest approach to a specific ever discovered for Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, Kidney and Urinary diseases generally. It restores muscular power to the Paralytic. It cures Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea, Piles, Constipation, Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis, Diseases of the Skin, General Debility and Nervous Prostration from Mental and Physical Excesses. It is the greatest antidote ever discovered for Excessive Eating or Drinking. It corrects the stomach, promotes digestion and relieves the head almost immediately.

No household should be without it. For sale by all druggists.

☞ For a history of the Springs, for medical reports of the power of the water over diseases, for marvelous cures, and for testimonials from distinguished men, send for pamphlets.

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**HANDSOME AND CONVENIENT
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Made expressly for "TO-DAY,"

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Will be furnished in handsome cloth,

And is arranged in a very simple manner, so that the numbers can be inserted each week as received.

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SUITABLE TO PLACE IN THE LIBRARY.

We will forward this binder by mail, prepaid, to any address on receipt of

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Third, **THE ARRANGEMENT** of its advertising columns is such that no advertisement can fail to be seen. This has been effected by appropriating the first two and last two pages, or the four cover pages, to advertising purposes, and by so arranging the illustrations and reading matter as to make the second and third cover pages of equal value with the first and fourth pages.

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Ecce Homo,
Christ Blessing Little Children,
Parable of the Lilies,
Immaculate Conception,
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The Prayer,
First Lesson,
Overtaken,
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Seaside Pleasures,
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Hope,
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\$72.00 EACH WEEK.

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TO-DAY

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1873.

No. 26.



"WE WERE BETWEEN TWO BOISTEROUS ELEMENTS."—P. 488.

WAFTED ACROSS THE CONTINENT. TWELVE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE AIR.

BY PROF. JOHN WISE.

No. 2.

NIAGARA FALLS was deemed rather a tame sight by my companions as viewed from our position. We were 10,000 feet high as we crossed Goat Island, and a bottle of Heidsieck that was uncorked in honor of the world-renowned cataract made more of a commotion and a livelier spray than did the falls, to all appearances. Mr. Gager observed that it was "no great shakes, after all." Mr. Hyde thought it looked "frozen up." Mr. Lamontane said it would do for a clever little mill-dam—water-power. I felt inclined to play the part of Indian; and as Black Hawk said when I made a

balloon ascension for him and his chiefs, at Ninth and Green streets, in Philadelphia, that "he had seen that kind of thing before"—which really was the truth, as he had seen one ascend from the Battery, in New York, a year or two previously—I said, "Gentlemen, I have seen this thing before, and you will find some peculiar phenomena connected with this Niagara waterfall, if you will but listen and observe it more closely."

Do you see what a wonderful cloud manufactory this Niagara is? Cloud upon cloud is rising up from its evaporized water. See how orderly they take up their line of march eastward, as they rise up, perhaps to carry their treasured moisture to some distant parching land. It is a sublime spectacle this—a laboratory of Nature—an irrigating engine. Nothing is formed in vain. And now listen to its music. It is not a roaring, thundering, dashing, tumultu-

ous sound, but a music of sweetest cadence. Like an Æolian harp it sends up its vibrations. If it is not the music of the spheres, it is at least the rhythmic language of motion, wherein we perceive that noble proverb illustrated that "order is Heaven's first law."

All great noises proceeding from the earth, and reaching the ear when one is in the air some 10,000 or 15,000 feet, act upon the acoustic organs with measured accent. It is an interesting and charming phenomenon, and never fails to elicit the admiration of the observing aeronaut. An ordinary mill-dam plays this music to the ear of the air-sailor as he passes over or nearly above it. And the heterogeneous noise of a great city gradually merges into vibrations of harmony, as it comes up to balloon heights.

Several beautiful miniature rainbows were displayed over the falls. These gave the place a fairy-like appearance. Although the cataract looked contracted in its dimensions, and the motion of the water could not be seen, still, its surroundings and the attendant phenomena above described made the spectacle a very interesting feature of the voyage. The proximity of the two great sheets of water of Lakes Erie and Ontario, with the life-teeming country between them, was of itself a magnificent sight. Buffalo made a beautiful appearance, swinging, as it were, at the eastern extremity of Lake Erie. Its harbor was lined with water craft, and the smoke of its manufacturing establishments was curling up from a hundred chimneys.

Fort Erie, Fort Niagara, Brock's monument, Lewiston, Lockport, Black Rock, were all in view. Indeed, there was so much of interest to be seen at one time that it was difficult to dwell upon any single sight without losing a great portion of the whole scene, for we were moving very rapidly over the land.

I mentioned before that we were riding the advance wave of a coming great storm, and the sky all around us was assuming the certain characteristics of its near approach. Heavy cumulus clouds were forming out of the agitated and compressed atmosphere, and this had much to do with the rapid formation of vapor from the rising spray of Niagara Falls. Although the sun was still shining through the blue spaces that were unclouded, the air between and above them was assuming the peculiar milk-like appearance that indicates the incipient rain-forming condition of the atmosphere.

Just as we were passing over the most interesting places of our voyage, the condition of the weather and the limited amount of ballast yet remaining on hand caused a solicitude for our future welfare that absorbed nearly all my thoughts in the contemplation of what course it was best to pursue. My three companions were not fairly conscious of the pending storm, nor had they the slightest conjecture of what was revolving in my mind, for I spoke little, and kept thinking as hard as I could.

Mr. Hyde had never before been up with a balloon. Mr. Gager had had but one ascension heretofore. Mr. Lamountane had but a novitiate's experience in half a dozen aerial voyages I had conducted for him, but his experience as a practical seaman made him more proficient in the management of sailing paraphernalia, and probably in the prognostication of weather, although he expressed no particular solicitude as to the war of elements in preparation around us. It is a trite saying that "misery loves company," but really in this case I would much rather have been alone, as then I could have acted more decidedly upon the emergency of the moment. As the reader may well appreciate, moments are of great value when you are drifting along at the rate of a mile and a half per minute, at which velocity we were now moving. I hesitated to say, at this juncture of affairs, that we were sailing between life and death.

We had now got into full view of the city of Rochester, and the balloon coursing her way to Lake Ontario. Mr. Gager, who I observed had been closely scanning the land below, now addressed himself to me, in his usual cheerful mood, in the following words:

"Professor, what keeps you so quiet, and what in the world makes you look so contemplative?" To which I replied, "Did you perceive anything extraordinary below

when you looked so earnestly earthward?" "Yes," said he; "I could see that the wind was very strong below, and I could hear the limbs of the trees crack as if they were splitting from the trunks; but," said he, further, "I was just thinking that we might effect a landing near Rochester, leave Mr. Hyde and myself off to take our mail down to the city of New York, while you and Lamountane pursued the journey as much farther as you wish."

"All very well considered, my dear friend," said I; "but do you see the fences getting blown away into the air, the grain flattened down to the ground, and the trees bending their tops in acknowledgment of the powers of the air? How do you think our fairy vehicle would stand such usage?"

"True enough," said Mr. Gager; "there is considerable of a breeze below there, and I see we are moving at a tremendous rate of speed; but what's to be done? Our ballast is spun out."

In the mean time Hyde and Lamountane had also become engaged in a close observation of the state of things below. The situation had by this time developed itself to the understanding of the whole party, and this, to some extent, calmed the emotions of my mind as to how I should open the question to my companions. With all this rapid speed of the balloon, and with all the commotion in clouds of dust below, and the miniature performances of the whirlwind on the surface of the earth, in our position there reigned a dead silence, and the fibre of a cobweb would not have been ruffled if suspended in our car or basket at the height we were still sailing.

It was a remarkable illustration of two very opposite conditions, wherein the mind could not fully become alive to the noise and force of nature as going on below, on account of the profound stillness that surrounded us above.

CAUGHT IN A TORNADO.

Feeling now at ease to make any suggestions regarding the situation in which we were placed, I proposed a consultation as to the most expedient means of safety. The first idea suggested was to attempt a landing, and some of all of us to get off, as circumstances might afford. To this I should most readily have assented, could it have been even possible for the three in the boat below, which would strike the earth first, to make their exit, as then I should have regained sufficient power to rise up high above the tornado, and by that manoeuvre to escape the line of its track. The balloon was now gradually settling down, and our sand ballast was all gone; nothing but the propeller gearing, which had been dismounted and was lying in the bottom of the boat, could now serve us to escape contact with the earth.

When we had descended far enough to hear the crashing of the trees and the rumbling turmoil of the tempest, and could discern more vividly the rushing speed of our silken-bodied ship, we became truly sensible of the difficult task of jumping ashore, as was proposed.

Lamountane cried up to me at this moment, with emphatic voice, "Professor, what's to be done?"

"Throw everything overboard that you can lay your hands on," was the reply, "or we shall be torn to pieces if we strike the ground."

Overboard went the machinery in a hurry, and in a few seconds was heard the thud as it struck the ground. This enabled us barely to clear the tree-tops of a piece of woodland over which we were passing, and in a few moments thereafter we were mounting upward once more.

The question was again asked what had best be done, to which I replied, "Be prepared for the worst; the prospects before us are dismal enough." On this the other question followed, "Is there any great danger of our lives?"

"Yes," was the unequivocal reply; "I see no earthly chance of a clear and safe alighting, unless we take to the water." The chance between throwing and that of being mangled into mincemeat among the rocks and trees was enough to appal the hearts of strong men; but a more noble trio I never beheld than the men in the boat. Almost simultaneously issued from their lips the cry, "As long as there is life there is hope; so let us do the best we can."



"THE BALLOON WENT CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST."—P. 488.

"Well said, my brave companions," was my mental reply.

Now came the trying time of our voyage—it may be safely said of our manhood. I called Mr. Gager up into my car. When he got up and seated himself by my side, he seemed quite composed. He broke silence by asking me in a serious manner what I really thought of the prospects before us. It must be remembered by the reader that we were still sweeping smoothly along, and everything painfully quiet, but with the moral certainty that we should sink down on the angry billows beneath us before we could reach a shore more than a hundred miles ahead.

I told Mr. Gager that it seemed to me best to swamp the balloon in the lake, if we should be fortunate enough to intercept or be intercepted by some craft. While thus engaged in conversation, the balloon was nearing the water, and in order to keep her up, my valise and several bottles of champagne given us by a friend in St. Louis, to be drunk when we landed in New York, were now thrown overboard. Away went the valise, with all my clothing and a silver cigar-case presented me by a friend when we started. Next went the wine; but as Mr. Gager was about throwing over the last bottle, and the descent of the balloon being checked, I proposed to open it for refreshment. I handed Mr. Gager my penknife, with which to pry off the wire; and when I perceived that he was sawing with the sharp edge of the blade, I admonished him not to ruin the edge of the knife. He turned up his eyes in a very characteristic manner, and said, "Do you expect ever to have use for this knife again?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply.

"Then," said Gager, "you don't calculate to die very soon?"

"No, my dear friend," said I; "I have an abiding faith that I shall get out of this with life and limb, but cannot really see why I think so, for the chances are very much against us." I further said, "If you have any preparations to make for the other world, you had better make them now, as our time is growing short." In the mean time, Mr. Gager had poured out a cup of wine and put it to his lips, but without drinking handed it to me, with the remark, "I can't drink it." I drank the wine, and threw the bottle and cup overboard. This left us with nothing more disposable but a hatchet and the grapnel and rope.

I rose up from my seat to look down after Hyde and Lamountane. Hyde was sitting in the boat with pencil and paper in hand, but whether to make notes of the voyage or to write his last will and testament I could not tell. I requested him and Lamountane to come up into the car, as we would soon be dashed into the billows of the lake. Mr. Hyde says in his account truly, "For me a lifetime was concentrated in that awful perilous moment. I looked round at my companions: they were calm, but their countenances gave me no assurance." Hyde now mounted into the car, but Lamountane remained in the boat. I again requested him to come up and we could cut the boat loose, and by this means be able to rise up again. On this, Mr. Lamountane suggested that he would cut out the double bottom of the boat first, and thus get rid of it piecemeal, and as the emergency of the case might require. I handed him down the hatchet; but before he got well under way of cutting out the bottom, the boat was dashed violently

on the water. For a moment it seemed to be grappled by a foaming wave, and in the next instant I saw Lamountane's hat rolling over in the white cap. I exclaimed, "Lamountane's gone." The words had hardly left my lips before I heard the voice of our heroic companion sing out, "No, I'm not; it's only my hat." He was lying in the bottom of the boat, with his arms clasped around one of the cross seats.

After a short struggle, the balloon made several bounds over the waves, and then rose up some six or eight hundred feet. Getting aloft once more, our sailor hero was enabled to complete the removal of the rest of the double bottom and to get it overboard. After that was done, he came up into the car. The boat had her side stove in, but the heavy canvas jacket which encased it kept it water-tight.

The storm clouds had now gathered thickly around us, and were running low. The scene was fearfully dismal. We were between two boisterous elements that seemed at that moment to be contending for the mastery. The lake was surging and foaming like a thing of wrath. The heavy black clouds above us were frowning down upon the crested billows, and lashing them into a perfect fury. The clashing of the elements filled the air with vapor, as does the smoke of the battle's cannon. It seemed as though the heavens were falling down and our air-ship was endeavoring to wedge itself through, as we were skimming over the watery foam.

Once more I broke the distressing silence of our party by saying, "I think I see a steamer in the distance crossing our track. Let us swamp the balloon, and trust to the chances of being rescued by it. What say you to this, gentlemen?"

"No, no, no!" was the response.

Lamountane complained of being sick and unable to stand the water. Mr. Hyde said, "If we are to die, let us die on the land if we can reach it." Mr. Gager expressed the same sentiment, and added, "We will try and rough it through." I had admonished them before this that in the event of our reaching a wooded country in this tempest, destitute of the means to lift us above the trees and rocks, we were in danger of being dashed to pieces.

All eyes were now gazing intently forward—all hoping, almost against hope itself, that some relief might come to hand; anything else than black clouds and foaming billows would relieve the intense anxiety of the past hour. Minutes seemed to the mind as ages. It was like a dream that was not all a dream, and yet in the next moment we might wake up in another world. In another moment something was seen to emerge from the thick mist. The propeller Young America hove in sight. As she neared us, my heart throbbed with emotion in the thought of losing the golden opportunity. In swamping, our boat would have filled with water and formed a dead drag, and with our car in the same plight, we might easily have been fished up with a line thrown us from the steamer. I had experienced that kind of rescue before by being picked up by a brig on Lake Erie. I said,

"Well, boys, if you will not be saved in the water, let us get ready to return the salute of the steamer," for by this time its bell was ringing out its lusty peals, its steam-whistle was piping its shrillest notes, and all its passengers were paraded on the forward deck to cheer the aerial craft. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the men began to hurrah. This cheered me up, and I said,

"Now, boys, for a hearty hurrah, if it should be the last one of our lives."

We made the effort, but such a sickly hurrah I never heard before. Indeed, it sounded to me like the death-notes of a forlorn hope. The people on the boat thought without doubt that we were going along nicely enough. Little did they dream that we were sailing with death-warrants in our hands.

We had now drifted for a hundred miles or more just above the tempest-tossed water, occasionally thumping against its angry billows, and no land to be seen yet. Going with a velocity of at least a mile a minute, the idea of striking the shore seemed to afford but little hope of our safety. To me it was far more terrible to contemplate than was the necessity of going out upon the water as we left the

last land. To my companions it was a solace when I assured them that we should surely reach the shore in less than half an hour, as I knew we were approaching the eastern limit of the lake.

It was just one o'clock and thirty-five minutes P. M. when land loomed up in the distant east. Mr. Hyde cried out in a hopeful voice,

"I see land, but it seems a million miles off!"

"Too near for our comfort," was my reply.

I bade the men take good hold of the rigging, as it was my determination to swamp the balloon some hundred yards before it reached the shore. I suggested at the same time that one should be appointed to jump from the car as soon as it touched the land, as there was a dense woods before us, otherwise we should be dragged through the tree-tops and be torn to pieces. To be sure, the ropes and lashing were very strong, and I had taken the precaution of hooping our concentrating ring with iron, to which all the ropes of the balloon and the car and the boat were fastened, as also the rope of the grapnel.

Now, had the plan of leaving one of our crew on the beach reaching the shore succeeded, the balloon would have risen to three miles' height, drifted out of the main trail of the storm, and landed us finally on the shores of the St. Lawrence. But Fate willed it otherwise, and before I could bring the air-ship down to the water-level, it thumped with a violent crash upon the margin of the shore. Instantly I threw out the grapnel. This was made of bar iron, and an inch and one-eighth thick.

The balloon rebounded from the earth and shot up over the tree-tops; the grapnel caught in a tree, but it was like Leviathan tied to a fish-hook. A sharp jingle of breaking metal followed, and in another moment the balloon was dashing along through the tree-tops like a maddened elephant through a jungle.

Our grapnel was made useless; and as the balloon went crashing through the forest, the iron-rimmed hoop served to cut away the branches. It now became evident that a balloon had a tremendous power when propelled by a swift wind. Limb after limb was torn from the tree in which the rigging happened to become momentarily fastened. Bound upon bound went our air-ship. It would plunge from one point of the forest to another, and ever and anon we would all be thrown in a heap to the bottom of the car. It appeared almost past belief that we could survive this dashing and crashing process for a minute longer, but still onward plunged this furious enginery of the air. Once the car had become fastened in the fork of a tree, and there the silken demon was held, swaying to and fro like a meteor of destruction. The folds of the half-emptied balloon were cracking and flapping most fearfully. The wind was piping its shrill notes through the cords and network. Not a word was uttered by any of the crew while this fearful suspense lasted. Each one was holding on with a desperate grip for life.

In another moment a limb of the tree seven or eight inches thick was torn from its trunk, and was swinging in the rigging of the balloon. Another squall, and the air-ship bounded out of the woods and lodged in the side of a high tree, with the limb still hanging to it, and then collapsed. It split open in a number of places, and some of the pieces were carried off high in the air.

We had now sailed over six degrees of north latitude and over sixteen degrees of east longitude, making the longest aerial voyage that has ever been made. The distance from St. Louis was variously computed by our surrounding friends from a thousand to twelve hundred miles. Taking the curve line of our course, it would measure about twelve hundred miles.

Here we were hanging on the side of a tall tree, our feet still fastened by three ropes at one end of it, suspending it at an angle of about sixty degrees. After stretching our limbs in order to learn whether any were broken, to our joy we found that nobody was hurt. Our garments only were a little the worse for the wear. A party of about half a dozen people standing near by had watched our coming, and were as much astonished as ourselves at this final result of the flight. An elderly lady with spectacles made the remark that she was really surprised and astonished at

see so sensible-looking a party as we appeared to be ride in such an outlandish-looking vehicle. She anxiously inquired where we came from; and when told from St. Louis, she wanted to know how far that was from there; and when informed that it was over a thousand miles, she looked very suspiciously over the top of her spectacles, and said, "That will do now."

Our landing was effected—that is, when we had clambered down on the inclined plane of our boat to the earth from the elevated lodgment in the tree—on the place of Truman B. Whitney, in the township of Henderson, in the county of Jefferson, in the State of New York, at thirty-five minutes past two P. M., July 2, 1859. It was within a few hundred yards of a settlement and among a hospitable people. Everything that could minister to our immediate comforts was generously proffered, and by special invitation we repaired to the house of Mr. Justus Wayne, where a substantial repast had been prepared for us.

When it is considered that this voyage was undertaken for the purpose of demonstrating the truth of what I had repeatedly mentioned—that in our latitude and over the breadth of the temperate zone there existed an air stream from west to east—and that it was made with an air-sailing apparatus far from possessing the perfection to which this kind of machinery can be brought, it will, I trust, elicit the consideration due to its importance, and to which all new and progressive demonstrations are entitled in this marvellous age of improvement.

A STRANGE STORY.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.

[Translated expressly for To-Day.]

I.

SOME fifteen years ago (began Mr. Ch.) official duties made it necessary for me to spend several days in the government town of O—. I put up at a tolerable hotel, which had been erected half a year before by a fortunate Jewish tailor. They say it did not flourish long—a thing very common with us; but at the time of my arrival it was still in its glory: the new furniture cracked at night like the reports of a pistol; the bed-clothes, table-cloths and napkins smelt of soap, and the painted floors of varnish, which, however, in the opinion of the waiter, an exceedingly refined, albeit not very cleanly, individual, prevented the vermin from spreading. This waiter, a former *valet de chambre* to Prince Z—, distinguished himself by his ease of manner and his self-consciousness. He constantly wore a dress-coat which had been on other shoulders before, and shoes trodden down at the heels; had a napkin under his arm and a lot of pimples on his cheeks; and gesticulating freely with his sweaty hands, delivered short but very impressive speeches. To me he behaved patronizingly, looking upon me as one who could appreciate his culture and knowledge of the world.

His name was Ardalion.

II.

I HAD some visits to pay to some officials in the town. Ardalion procured me a carriage and a servant, one as unsound and shabby as the other; but the servant wore a livery, and the carriage was blazoned with armorial bearings.

Having finished all my official visits, I drove to the house of a landowner, an old family acquaintance, who had long since fixed his residence at O—. I had not seen him for twenty years, during which time he had married, got a goodly family, had become a widower and grown rich. He speculated in leasing land for brandy distilleries—that is to say, he loaned the securities to the lessees at heavy rates of interest. "Risks are for noblemen to bear." There was, however, little risk.

In the course of our conversation, a tall and thin girl, of perhaps seventeen years, entered the room with an irresolute but light step, as though on tiptoe.

* A Russian proverb.

"This is my eldest daughter, Sophia," said my acquaintance, "whom I have the honor to introduce to you. She fills the place of my sainted wife, manages the domestic affairs, and takes care of her brothers and sisters."

I again bowed to the girl (who meantime had silently seated herself upon a chair), thinking to myself that she little resembled a housekeeper, or one who brings up children. Her face was altogether childish, round, with small, agreeable but settled features. The blue eyes looked forth from beneath high, likewise unvarying eyebrows, with an air of attention, not to say astonishment, as if they beheld something unexpected. The full mouth, with its pouting upper lip, not only did not smile, but appeared not even to know what smiling was. Upon her cheeks the red blood could be seen in fine, longish, ever unchanging spots under the delicate skin; her fine, light hair was worn in thick curls on both sides of her little face; her bosom rose and fell quietly, and the arms were pressed in an awkward, rigid way against the tall figure. A checkered blue dress, made without plaits, like those for children, fell down to her tiny feet.

The whole impression produced upon me by the girl was not so much that of being sickly as that of being enigmatical. I did not see before me a plain timid miss of the provinces, but a creature of a peculiar and to me indefinable type. She neither attracted nor repelled me. I did not thoroughly comprehend her, and only felt that I had never yet met with a more sincere creature. Heaven knows why, but this young, grave, distressed-looking thing excited pity—yes, pity—within me.

"Not of this world," thought I to myself, though, strictly speaking, there was nothing "ideal" in the expression of her countenance, and though Mademoiselle Sophia had evidently come into the parlor to play the part of mistress to which her father had referred.

III.

HE began to speak of life in the town of O—, of its social pleasures and the comforts it offered.

"It is quiet with us," he observed. "The governor is a melancholist and the marshal an old bachelor. However, there is to be a grand ball at the governor's mansion the day after to-morrow. I advise you to go; there will be no lack of beauties, and besides you will see all the intelligence of our town."

My acquaintance, having at one time of his life been at the university, was fond of using learned expressions. He uttered them with irony, but with respect also. Moreover, it is known that speculation in leasing land for brandy distilleries develops in a man, with solidity, a tendency to philosophize.

"Permit me to ask one question," said I, turning to my acquaintance's daughter: "shall you be at the ball?"

I was desirous of hearing the tones of her voice.

"Father is going," she answered, "and I shall go with him."

Her voice was low, measured, and she spoke each word hesitatingly.

"In that case, may I ask you for the first quadrille?"

She nodded assent, but even then did not smile.

I soon took my leave, and remember that the look of her eyes, which were fastened upon me, appeared to me so strange that I involuntarily glanced over my shoulder to ascertain whether she was not gazing at somebody or something behind me.

IV.

AFTER my return to the hotel, and having eaten the inevitable soup *à la Julienne*, cutlets, green peas and a tough grouse for dinner, I took a seat upon the sofa and surrendered myself to my thoughts. Their object was Sophia, the enigmatical daughter of my acquaintance; but Ardalion, who had just cleared the table, interpreted my reverie in his own way. He ascribed it to *ennui*.

"Our town offers very few amusements to strangers," he began, with his usual unrestrained condescension, at the same time continuing to beat the backs of the chairs with a dirty napkin, this mode of cleaning being peculiar to

very accomplished waiters—"very few. Such things as concerts, theatres (Ardalion had travelled with his former master—had, perhaps, got even to Paris), dancing, *soirées* and evening parties among the nobility do not exist." He paused a moment, probably in order to let me mark the elegance of his language.

"People seldom see one another, and the consequence is that strangers in town are sometimes at a loss what to do with themselves."

Ardalion eyed me askance.

"However—perhaps—" he continued, stammeringly, "in case you should be inclined—" He looked at me again, but, perhaps, did not see in me the necessary inclination.

The accomplished waiter went to the door, reflected, came back again, stood for a while undecided, bent down to my ear, and said, with a gentle smile,

"Do you wish to see the dead?"

V.

I LOOKED at him in astonishment.

"Yes," he continued, in a whisper, "we have a person of this kind here. He is a simple provincial who cannot even read, but he does wonderful things. If, for instance, you apply to him, and desire to see any one of your deceased acquaintances, he will show you the individual without fail."

"How?"

"That is his secret. For although he cannot read—nay, it may almost be said cannot speak—yet he is strong in divine things. He stands highest in the esteem of the merchants."

"And is this known to all the town?"

"Whoever is to know it, knows it. And care has been taken that no fears need be entertained of the police; for whatever may be said to the contrary, these will ever be forbidden things, and tempting to the common people. The common people, you know, are always ready with their fists."

"Has he shown you any dead?" I asked Ardalion. I could not make up my mind to "thou,"* so educated a mortal.

Ardalion nodded: "He has. He showed me my father as though he were alive."

I looked at Ardalion. He smiled, and played with the napkin, looking at me condescendingly, but steadily.

"This is very remarkable," I finally cried. "Do you think I can get acquainted with this man?"

"Not with him directly. You must proceed in the matter through his mother, a very respectable old lady. She sells rotten apples by the bridge. If you wish it, I will ask her."

"You will do me a favor."

Ardalion hemmed: "And the sum you wish to give—a trifling one, of course—you must likewise deliver to this old woman herself. And I, on my part, shall tell her that she has nothing to fear, as you are a stranger, a gentleman—well, you understand, it is a secret—and that you will on no account cause her any trouble."

Ardalion took the tray in one hand, and gracefully balancing himself with his spinal column, turned to go.

"I can depend upon you, then?" I cried after him.

"Be assured of it," he returned, in his self-conscious tone. "We shall speak to the beldame and bring you her answer."

VI.

I SHALL not enlarge on the thoughts excited within me by the extraordinary fact Ardalion had communicated, but I must confess that I awaited the promised answer with impatience. Late in the evening he came, and informed me of his chagrin at having been unable to find the old woman. Nevertheless, as an incentive, I pressed a three-rouble note into his hand. Next morning he reappeared in my room, his face beaming with joy. The old woman had consented to see me.

"Ho, stripling!" Ardalion cried out into the corridor;

* In nearly all languages the pronoun "thou" is used in addressing servants and inferiors.—T.R.

"come this way, my honest workman." A child of ten years made its appearance, looking like a kitten, black with soot, his head shaven, clad in a torn, threadbare gown, and with huge overshoes upon his stockings feet. "Conduct this gentleman you know whither," said Ardalion, turning to the "honest workman" and pointing to me. "And you, sir, as soon as you are there, have only to inquire for Mastridia Karpowna."

The boy uttered a hoarse sound, and we started.

VII.

WE walked for a considerable time through the unpaved streets of the town. In one of them, almost the loneliest and most desolate, my guide at last halted before a two-story house; and wiping his nose with the sleeve of his gown, "Here, turn to your right," he said. I walked up the front steps into the passage, and knocked in the direction of my right hand. A low door groaned upon its rusty hinges, and before me stood a stout old woman, in a common colored *kassawoika* lined with bear-skin, and a motley cloth around her head.

"Mastridia Karpowna?" I asked.

"The same," answered the old woman, in a shrill voice. "Pray be kind enough to take a seat."

The room into which the old woman led me was so littered with rubbish, rags, pillows, feather beds, bags, that it was all but impossible to turn around in it. The sunlight hardly penetrated through two dusty windows. In a corner, behind a pile of baskets heaped one above another, I heard something moan and wail. What it was could not be surmised from the sound. It might be a sick child or a young dog. I sat down, and the old woman placed herself in an erect posture before me. Her skin was yellow, waxen and semi-transparent; her lips met in such a manner as to form a transverse line beneath the multitude of her other wrinkles. A bunch of white hair stared out from under the headcloth; but the inflamed gray eyes peered cunningly and piercingly from beneath the projecting temples, and the pointed nose protruded like a punch and sniffed the air, as if it would say, "I am a great rogue, am I not?"

"Well," thought I to myself, "you certainly know a thing or two."

She smelt, besides, of brandy.

I explained the cause of my visit, remarking that it was probably known already. She listened, quickly blinking with her eyes, and stretching and pointing her nose more and more, as though about to pick up something with it.

"Ay, ay," she finally said, "Ardalion Matweitch has told me that you are in need of my son Wassinka's art. We are only in doubt, sir—"

"About what?" I interrupted. "Do not feel in the least uneasy on my account. I am no informer."

"Gracious Heavens!" quickly put in the old woman; "what are you dreaming of? How should we dare to think anything of the kind about your worship? And wherefore, indeed, should you inform against us? Do we carry on anything sinful? No, dear sir, my little son is not one to lend himself for anything so unholy, or to engage in any kind of witchcraft whatsoever. Heaven and the holy Virgin forefend!" The old woman crossed herself thrice. "He is the greatest faster and prayer in all the government—the greatest, dear sir, your worship. But that is as it should be, for a rich mark of favor has been bestowed upon him. It is not a thing of his creating that my honey comes from above."

"You are agreed, then?" I asked. "When can I see your son?"

The old woman laid her hand upon her cheek: "Oh, sir, dear sir, we are in doubt—"

"Permit me, Mastridia Karpowna, to hand you this," I interrupted, and gave her a fifteen-rouble note.

The old woman instantly seized it with her swollen, crooked fingers, which reminded one of the fleshy claws of an owl, put it in her sleeve, mused a little, and then, as though she had formed a resolution, slapped both her hands against her lips.

"Come hither this evening after the seventh hour," she

said, not in her ordinary, but in another, more solemn and subdued, tone, "but not into this room. Mount the stairs at once to the second story, and thou wilt find a door to thy left; and opening this door, thou wilt enter, your worship, an empty room, and in this room thou wilt find a chair. Seat thyself upon this chair and wait, and whatever thou mayest see, speak not a word and do nothing, neither speak to my little son, for he is still young and has the falling sickness; he is easily frightened. He begins to tremble—to tremble just like a little chicken. It is pitiful to see."

I looked at Mastridia: "You say he is young. But if he is your son—"

"In spirit, dearie, in spirit. I have many orphans in my house," she added, pointing with her head in the direction of the corner whence the wailing tones came. "O holy and blessed Virgin, and you, dearie, your worship, have the kindness, before coming hither, to ponder well which one of your deceased relatives or acquaintances—the bliss of heaven be theirs!—you wish to see. Go over the list of your acquaintances, and having selected one, retain him in your mind—retain him till my son comes."

"And must I not tell your son whom I—"

"No, no, dearie, not a single word. He will himself read in your thoughts what he needs to; and as for you, you keep your acquaintance well in your mind, and drink two or three small glasses of wine after dinner—wine never does any harm." The old woman laughed, smacked her lips, passed her hand across her mouth and sighed.

"At half-past seven, then?" I asked, rising from the chair.

"At half-past seven, dearie, your worship."

VIII.

I TOOK my leave of the old woman and returned to the hotel. I did not doubt that I should be imposed upon, but in what manner? This excited my curiosity. With Ardalion I exchanged, all in all, only two or three words. "Did she grant your request?" he inquired, contracting his eyebrows; and on my replying in the affirmative, he cried, "That woman is a diplomat!" I prepared, in accordance with the "diplomat's" advice, to go over the list of my deceased acquaintances. For a pretty long time I was undecided, but finally fixed upon an old man who had died long before, a Frenchman, who had been my preceptor. I did not choose him because of being anywise particularly attracted toward him, but his whole figure was so original, so little like the persons met with to-day, that it seemed quite impossible to counterfeit without having seen him. He had a large head; thick white hair, combed back; bushy, black eyebrows; a hooked nose, and two big purple warts in the middle of his forehead. He used to wear a green frock-coat, with smooth copper buttons, a waistcoat with a standing-collar, a frill and cuffs.

"If he shows me old Dessère," thought I, "I must confess him a sorcerer."

After dinner, following the old woman's advice, I drank a bottle of Lafitte, of the very best quality (so Ardalion assured me), but with a strong taste of burnt cork, and a thick sediment of sandal-wood at the bottom of each glass.

IX.

PRECISELY at half-past seven I stood before the house in which I had conversed with the worthy Mastridia Karpowna. All the window-shutters were closed, but the door was open. I entered the house, climbed into the second story by means of a shaky staircase, and opened the door to my left. I found myself, as the old woman had told me previously, in an empty, tolerably spacious room; a tallow candle, standing upon the ledge of the window, diffused a dim light; by the wall, opposite the door, stood a wicker chair. I snuffed the candle, the burnt wick of which had grown pretty large, sat down upon the chair, and began to wait.

The first ten minutes passed rather quickly. In the room there was decidedly nothing that could engage my

attention; and while listening for any noise, I looked intently toward the closed door. My heart beat high. The first ten minutes were succeeded by others; half an hour elapsed, three-quarters of an hour—and if something had only stirred around me! I coughed several times by way of signifying my presence. I began to get tired and angry. To be fooled in such a manner was, indeed, more than I had expected. I was on the point of rising and taking the candle from the window to descend the stairs. I turned away my eyes. There was again a waster in the snuff of the candle; but on turning my eyes back from the window to the door, I started involuntarily. Leaning against the door stood a man; he had entered so cleverly that I heard nothing.

X.

HE wore a plain blue jacket, was of medium height, and rather brawny. With his hands crossed upon his back and head lowered, he stared at me. Owing to the dim light of the candle, I could not well distinguish his features; I only perceived a mighty mane of tangled hair falling upon the forehead, thick, crooked lips and whitish eyes.

I was about to speak to him; but remembering Mastridia's injunction, I bit my lip.

The man kept looking at me constantly; I looked at him likewise, and strange to say, at the same time I experienced something like fear, and almost began, as if I had been so commanded, to think of my old preceptor.

The man stood constantly at the door and breathed heavily, as though he were climbing a hill or lifting a burden; his eyes appeared to dilate, to approach me, and I grew uneasy beneath their fixed, stern, threatening gaze. From time to time his eyes would blaze with a lurid, internal fire; such fire have I seen in grayhounds when they descry the hare, and like a grayhound did this man's gaze pursue me when I "made a hook"—that is, attempted suddenly to take off my eyes.

XI.

IN this way passed I know not what time; it may have been a minute or a quarter of an hour. He looked steadily at me. I was continually feeling a kind of uneasiness and dread, and thinking of my Frenchman. Twice did I try to say to myself, "What nonsense! what jugglery!" and try to smile, to shrug my shoulders. In vain. Every resolution instantly froze within me; I can find no other word by which to express it. I was forced to admit that a kind of stupor had taken possession of me. Suddenly I became aware that he had already moved from the door, and was standing one or two paces nearer to me. He then took a little leap with both feet, and stood still nearer; then another, and his threatening eyes were turned fixedly upon my whole face, and his hands remained upon his back, and the broad chest heaved. To me these leaps seemed ridiculous; but yet I shuddered, and, what I could not at all comprehend, a sudden drowsiness began to come over me. My eyelids were glued together; the maned figure with the whitish eyes and in the blue jacket increased to twice its size, and then suddenly disappeared altogether. I recovered myself; he again stood between me and the door, but much nearer. Then he again disappeared, as if a mist was passing over him; appeared again, again disappeared; appeared again, and nearer, nearer. I already fancied I felt his panting breath upon my cheek; again the mist came on, and of a sudden there distinctly emerged from this mist, beginning at the white, stiff hair, the head of old Dessère. Yes, those were his warts, his bushy, black eyebrows, his hooked nose. That, too, was the green frock-coat, with its copper buttons, and the striped waistcoat, and the frill.

I gave a cry; I rose from the chair. The old man was gone, and in his place I again saw him with the blue jacket. He staggered to the wall, leaned his head and hands against it, and puffing like a jaded horse, gasped hoarsely the word, "Tea."

Mastridia, who appeared on the instant, sprang toward him, and with the words, "Wassinka, Wassinka, dear,"

wiped off the perspiration that was literally streaming from his hair and face.

I was going to approach him, but she cried so convincingly and in such a piercing tone, "Your worship, merciful Father, do no mischief! Go out, for Heaven's sake!" that I obeyed.

And turning again to her son, "Child, my dove, my support," she said, soothingly, "thou shalt have thy tea in an instant—in an instant. And you, dearie, take a cup, too, when you reach home," she cried after me.

XII.

ARRIVED at the hotel, I obeyed Mastridia, and ordered tea. I felt tired—yes, weak.

"How now?" asked Ardalion. "Were you there? Did you see?"

"He really showed me something which, I confess, I did not expect," I answered.

"A man of great wisdom," observed Ardalion, as he removed the tea-things; "the merchants in particular have a high esteem for him."

Pondering the occurrence after I had gone to bed, I thought I finally found its explanation. This man unquestionably possessed great magnetic power. By working—in a manner incomprehensible to me, indeed—upon my nerves, he had so vividly and distinctly awakened within me the image of the old man of whom I was thinking that it finally seemed as if he was before my eyes. Similar *metastases* and transfers of sensations are known to science. Well and good. But the power capable of producing such effects was still something astonishing and mysterious.

"Let others say what they will," thought I, "these eyes have seen my dear preceptor."

XIII.

THE following day was the one fixed for the ball at the governor's fine mansion. Sophia's father came to me, and reminded me of the invitation I had given his daughter. By ten o'clock we were already in the centre of the hall, lighted up by a multitude of copper lamps, and I was getting ready for the not difficult steps of a French quadrille, amid the discordant music from a military band. The hall was full; there were especially many ladies, and very pretty ones, but the palm would emphatically have been due to my partner but for her somewhat strange look of timidity and wildness combined. I observed that her eyes very rarely twinkled; their undoubted expression of sincerity did not counterbalance what was unusual in them. But she was charmingly built, and her movements were graceful, though somewhat timid. When she waltzed—throwing back her figure slightly and inclining her swan-like neck toward her right shoulder, as though she would keep at a distance from her partner—you could not picture to yourself anything more touchingly youthful and pure. She was dressed entirely in white, and from her neck a little turquoise cross hung by a black ribbon.

I asked her for the mazourka, and endeavored "to draw her out." But she answered little and reluctantly, listening with the same expression of musing astonishment which had perplexed me when I first saw her. Not a trace of coquetry, at her years and with her exterior. The absence of anything like a smile, and those eyes constantly and steadily bent upon the eyes of the person speaking to her—those eyes, which seemed to see, to be occupied with something else at the same time. What a strange being! Not knowing by what to rouse her interest, it at last occurred to me to tell her my adventure of the day before.

XIV.

SHE listened to the end with visible curiosity, but was not surprised at my story—a thing I had not expected—and merely asked me whether his name was not Wassili. I remembered hearing the old woman call him Wassinka.*

* Diminutive of Wassili.

"Yes," I replied, "his name is Wassili. Are you acquainted with him?"

"There is a godly man lives here named Wassil," she said. "I was thinking whether he might be the one."

"The godliness has nothing to do with it," I observed; "it is simply the effect of magnetism—an interesting study for doctors and natural philosophers." I prepared to set forth my views concerning the peculiar force termed magnetism, concerning the possibility of controlling one person's will by another's, and the like. But my explanations, which, to tell the truth, were somewhat feeble, seemed to make no impression upon her. Sophia listened, her hands folded, with the fan lying motionless there (she did not play with it—in fact, she never moved her fingers), upon her knees, and I felt that all my words glanced off from her as they would from a statue. She understood them, but she had her own convictions, which were not to be eradicated or shaken.

"You certainly do not allow wonders?" I exclaimed.

"I certainly do," she said, quietly; "and how were it possible not to allow them? Does not the gospel say that he who has but a grain of faith can move mountains? Faith is all we need—then there are wonders."

"There exists but little faith, it would seem, in our days," returned I, "for we hear nothing of wonders."

"For all that, there are wonders; you have yourself seen one. No, faith is not dead in these latter days; but the foundation of faith—"

"The foundation of all wisdom is the fear of God," I interposed.

"The foundation of faith," continued Sophia, without being in the least disconcerted, "is self-denial, self-abasement."

"As much as self-abasement?" I asked.

"Yes. Human pride, human haughtiness, these must be torn out root and branch. You mentioned the will before; it is the very thing that must be broken."

I ran my eyes over the whole figure of the young girl who uttered such words. "This child is not jesting," thought I to myself.

"Have you made the attempt?" I inquired.

"Every one is under obligation to do that which in him seems true," she answered, in a certain dogmatical tone.

"Allow me to ask," I resumed, after a brief silence, "whether you believe in the possibility of summoning the dead?"

Sophia shook her head gently: "There are no dead."

"How can that be?"

"There are no dead souls; they are immortal, and can always appear whenever they like; they are constantly hovering about us."

"What? You believe that there is at this moment an immortal soul by the side of yonder red-nosed major, for instance?"

"Why not? The sun's light falls upon him as well as you, and upon his nose; and does not the sun's light come from God? And what is the exterior? To the pure nothing is impure. We need only to find a teacher, a guide."

I confess that a conversation of this character in a ball-room seemed to me a little too eccentric, and I took advantage of my previous invitation that she would dance a figure of the mazourka, in order not to renew our quasi-theological dispute.

A quarter of an hour later I led Mademoiselle Sophia to her father. Two days after this I left the town of O—, and the image of the girl with the childish face, with the unconventional and, as it were, stony soul, was soon effaced from my memory.

XV.

Two years passed, and it was destined this image should come up before me again under the following circumstances. I was conversing with a colleague who had just returned from a journey to Southern Russia. He had spent some time in O—, and communicated to me some news re-

garding society there. "Apropos," he cried, "I believe you are well acquainted with W. G. B——?"

"I am acquainted with him."

"And you know his daughter Sophia?"

"I have seen her twice."

"Just imagine; she has eloped."

"What?"

"Yes. It is three months since she disappeared, without leaving a trace. And the wonderful part of it is that nobody can tell with whom. Just imagine; no surmise, not the faintest suspicion. She had rejected all her suitors. B—— is rich, you know, and she an heiress. And her demeanor was always most modest. Yes, yes, those pious and quiet ones! The scandal in the government is dreadful. B—— is in despair. And what could have been her reason for eloping? Her father did her will in all things. What is most incomprehensible, however, is that not one of the gallants of the government is missing."

"And she has not yet been found?"

"I tell you she has disappeared like a drop in water. There is one heiress less in the world—that's disagreeable."

This piece of news greatly astonished me; it was not by any means in harmony with the recollection I had of Sophia B——. But what will not happen?

XVI.

In the autumn of the same year fate again cast me, on matters of business, into the government of T——, which, as is known, adjoins the government of O——.*

The weather was rainy and cold; the jaded post-horses could hardly drag the light vehicle through the soaked black earth of the main road. I remember being particularly unfortunate one day. Three times the carriage stuck fast in the mire up to the very axletree; the postilion was continually driving out of one rut and dragging himself by his cries into another, which was no better, either. In a word, I was so worn out toward evening that I resolved, on arriving at the next stage, to put up at the inn for the night. They gave me a room with a broken wooden sofa, crooked floor, and torn tapestry on the walls. It smelt of kwas (a kind of beer), mats, onions, and even of turpentine, and the flies were everywhere in swarms; but it was at least a protection from the tempest, and the rain—as the phrase is—had put in a load sufficient to last him twenty-four hours fully. I ordered tea, and having sat down on the sofa, resigned myself to those indelectable wandering thoughts so familiar to the traveller in Russia.

They were interrupted by a heavy noise in the public-room, from which mine was separated by a thin partition.

The noise was accompanied by an irregular clanking, similar to the clanking of chains. And suddenly a rough masculine voice cried: "God bless all within this house! God bless! God bless! Amen, amen. Get thee hence!" repeated the voice, lengthening the words immoderately and strangely. A loud sigh was heard, and a heavy body sat down upon the bench with the same clanking.

"Akulina, handmaiden of the Lord, come hither," again said the voice. "See, how bare, how loose! Ha, ha, ha, fie! Lord, my God! Lord, my God! Lord, my God!" intoned the voice, like a chorister in the choir. "Lord, my God, King of my life, look down upon my wretchedness! Oho—ho, ha, ha! and blessing be to this house at the seventh hour!"

"Who is that?" I asked of the bustling landlady, who entered my room with the tea.

"That, dear sir," she answered, in a hasty, almost inaudible, whisper, "is a *jurodivi*,† a man of God! He has lately appeared in these parts, and has done us the honor now. In this tempest, too! And you ought to see the chains he wears; it is dreadful!"

* Russia is divided into provinces, called governments.—TR.
† By the term "*jurodivi*" the Russians understand certain fanatics who, like the santons of the East or the Indian fakirs, rove about the land, condemning the comforts of life. The common people regard them with reverent awe, treat them with the greatest respect, look upon their entrance into a house as attended with good luck, and seek to construe the most senseless utterances of these idiots as divine revelations and prophecies.

"God bless! God bless!" again sounded the voice. "Akulina, Akulina! And where is our paradise? Our delightful paradise? Paradise, paradise! And to this house—at the beginning of this hour—be there great joy! Oh, oh!" The voice murmured something unintelligible, and suddenly, after a long yawn, a hoarse laugh was again heard.

"Alas, what a pity Stepanytisch is not here!" softly said the landlady, who had remained standing at the door, with every sign of the most profound attention. "He must be saying some words or other of salvation, and I, poor woman! cannot understand them." She hastily left the room.

XVII.

In the partition of my room there was a long crack; I applied my eye to it. The "holy man" was seated on the bench, his back turned toward me. I could see only his maned head, which was as big as a brewing-pot, and his broad, crooked back, but partially covered by his wet shreds. Before him, on the floor, kneeled a weakly female, clad in an old jacket, likewise wet, with a dark cloth drawn nearly over her eyes. She was exerting herself to pull off a boot from the holy man's foot, but her fingers slipped from the dirty, greasy leather. The landlady stood by, her hands folded upon her breast, looking reverently at the man of God, who, as before, was muttering unintelligible words.

The woman in the jacket at last succeeded in pulling off the boot; she came near falling backward, but raised herself again, and began to unwind the rags that were around the holy man's foot. A wound in the instep was exposed to view. I turned my eyes away.

"Won't you have a cup of tea, friend?" I heard the hostess say, in a humble voice.

"What?" returned the holy man. "Pamper the sinful body? Oho! We ought to break every bone in it—and tea! Alas! alas! worthy mother, Satan is powerful within us. Send down upon him hunger, cold and the floodgates of heaven, the streaming rain—they will not harm him—he liveth. Think of the day when the Mother of God will intercede for thee. Thou shalt have—thou shalt have in plenty."

The hostess gave a faint cry of admiration.

"The old fiend, strong as adamant—as adamant—the demon—the evil one—ev-il, ev-il one," several times repeated the holy man, grinding his teeth. "The ancient serpent—serpent; but God shall arise—God shall arise, and his enemies shall be scattered. I shall summon the dead. I shall assail his enemies. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you not a little oil to give me for the wound?" said the other scarcely audible voice. "I have some clean linen."

I looked again through the crack: the woman in the jacket was still busy with the holy man's injured foot. "Magdalen!" thought I.

"One moment, one moment, love," said the landlady; and entering my room, she took a spoonful of oil from the lamp before the saint's image.

"Who is that nursing him?" I asked.

"We don't know, dearie, who she is. She, too, is on the road to salvation—perhaps she is expiating her sins; but ah, what a godly man he is!"

"Akulina, love, my child, my dear daughter," meantime said the holy man, and suddenly began to sob.

The woman lying on her knees before him raised her eyes to his face. Great Heavens! where had I seen those eyes?

The landlady brought her the spoonful of oil. She finished dressing the wound, and rising from the floor, asked whether there was not a clean little chamber in the house and some hay. "Wassili Nikititsch likes to sleep on hay," she added.

"Certainly," answered the hostess. "Be so good, dear friend," she said, turning to the holy man—"be so good as to dry your clothes and rest yourself." The latter groaned and rose slowly from the bench. His chains clanked again; and as he turned his face toward me, and his eyes sought the images of the saints, he crossed himself wildly.

I recognized him instantly: it was the same Wassili who had shown me my dead preceptor.

His features had altered but little; they had only grown more marked—still more repulsive. The lower part of his bloated face was overrun with a bristly beard. Ragged, filthy, wild-looking, he inspired me with more disgust even than fear. He ceased crossing himself, but his vacant look continued to glide now over the corners, now over the floor, as though he expected something.

All on a sudden he raised his head and turned round; then he stumbled and staggered. His companion instantly ran to his side and caught him by the arms. Judging by her voice and figure, she appeared to be still a young woman. To see her face was wellnigh impossible.

"Akulina, dear, my friend," again said the holy man, in a deeply-affecting tone; and opening his mouth wide and beating his breast, he uttered a moan. Then they both left the room.

I lay down on my hard sofa and meditated upon what I had witnessed. So my magnetizer had become a thorough *jurodivi*. To this point, then, had the power which no one could dispute he possessed carried him.

XVIII.

NEXT morning I got ready to leave. The rain was falling in torrents, as on the day before, but I could wait no longer. Upon the face of the servant who brought me water to wash with played a peculiar smile of suppressed scorn. I well understood that smile; it meant that in consequence of his high position he had learned something disparaging, or even offensive. He was visibly burning with impatience to communicate it to me.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, at last.

"Did you please to see the *jurodivi* yesterday?" at once began the servant.

"I saw him. Well?"

"Did you see his companion too?"

"Yes."

"She is a mademoiselle of noble birth."

"What?"

"I am speaking the truth. Merchants from O— have passed through this place; they recognize her; they even mentioned her name, but I have forgotten it."

It was as if a flash of lightning had enlightened me. "Is the holy man still here, or is he gone already?" I asked.

"I believe he is not yet gone. A little while ago he was sitting at the gate, and did such queer things as no one could understand. Fat, they say, makes dogs mad; and besides, he finds that to his advantage."

This servant belonged to the same class of cultivated domestics as Ardalion.

"And is the lady with him?"

"She is always with him."

XIX.

I STEPPED out upon the front steps, and discovered the maniac. He was sitting by the gate on a little bench, and resting his hands against the latter, rocked his lowered head to and fro exactly like a wild beast in its cage. Thick manes of curly hair covered his eyes and moved from side to side, as also did his hanging lips. A peculiar, scarcely human, murmur issued through them. His companion, who had just finished washing at the vessel that hung from a bar, and had not thrown the cloth over her face yet, was walking back to the gate upon a small narrow plank lying across the dark puddles in the dirty yard. I looked at that head, now bare of any covering, and involuntarily clasped my hands with astonishment. It was Sophia B—.

She turned quickly round and bent upon me her blue eyes, unvarying as they had always been. She had grown very thin; her skin had become rough and sunburnt, her nose was more pointed, and her lips better marked. But she had not grown ugly; with her former expression of musing astonishment there had only combined a different expression of concentrated enthusiasm, decided, almost bold. Not a trace of the child-like look any longer remained in that countenance.

I approached her.

"Sophia, Sophia Wladimirowna," I cried, "is it you in this apparel in such company?"

She was startled, looked yet more fixedly upon me, as if wishing to learn who it was that addressed her, and answered not a word, but rushed toward her companion.

"Akulina, dear," faltered the latter, sighing deeply, "our sins, sins—"

"Wassili Nikititch, let us go instantly. Do you hear? Instantly, instantly," she said, drawing the cloth over her forehead with one hand and seizing him by the elbow with the other. "Let us go, Wassili Nikititch. There is danger here."

"I am going, dear, I am going," obediently returned the maniac; and bending his whole body forward, he rose from the bench. "But first we must put on the dear little chain."

I went again to Sophia. I made known my name, and entreated her to hear me, to say but a single word. I pointed to the rain, which was coming down by the bucketful. I appealed to her to regard her own health and that of her companion. I reminded her of her father. But a kind of hostile and dogged agitation had taken hold of her. Without giving me a word in reply, but firmly setting her teeth and breathing in gasps, she hurried on the helpless maniac with short, low-spoken words of command, put on his belt, clapped a boy's cloth cap, with a broken brim, upon his hair, pressed a stick into his hand, threw a sack over her own shoulders, and passed through the gate into the street with him. I had no right to hold her back by force, nor would it have been of any use. At my last despairing cry she did not even turn round. Leading the "man of God" by the arm, she walked rapidly through the dirty streets, and a few seconds later the two figures of the holy man and Sophia were visible for the last time through the dim morning mist, through the thick web of falling rain. They turned the corner of a projecting cottage, and were lost to my view for ever.

XX.

I RETURNED to my room, and fell to thinking. I comprehended nothing of it all. I could not comprehend how so well-educated, young and rich a girl could leave everything—her father's house, family, acquaintances—how she could renounce all her habits, all the comforts of life—and for what? To follow a half-crazy vagabond—to be his slave. Not a moment could I entertain the thought that affection, though perverted, love or passion, could have occasioned such a resolve. One look at the godly man's revolting person was all that was needed to reject any such thought. No, Sophia was pure, and as she had once said, to her nothing was impure. I did not comprehend the step Sophia had taken, but I did not condemn her, no more than I afterward condemned other girls who likewise sacrificed all to what they held to be the truth, regarding this as their part in life. Though I could not but regret that Sophia had taken this path, yet I could not refuse her my admiration—nay even my respect. Not in vain had she spoken to me of self-sacrifice, of self-abasement—words and deeds were one with her. She had been seeking a guide, a teacher, and found him in whom? Great Heaven!

Reports subsequently reached me that the family had at last succeeded in finding the stray sheep and leading her back home; but she did not live there long, dying a "mute," without having spoken to any one.

Peace to thy heart, poor enigmatical being!

Wassili Nikititch, in all probability, carries on his trade to this day. The iron health enjoyed by these people is truly astounding. Poor fellow! I trust the falling sickness has not disabled him.

WELL for the man whom sickness makes more tender,
Who doth his prideful cravings then surrender,
Owning the boon of every little pleasure,
And love (too oft misprized) a heavenly treasure,
Finding at last a truer strength in weakness,
A medicine for the soul in body-sickness.

THE UNCERTAINTY IN REGARD TO REESIDE.

BY MAX ADELER.

THERE can be no doubt that Reeside had genius, but it was of an impracticable kind. When I knew him, he devoted all his time and labor to invention, and he constantly was turning out amazing machines which never did anything when they were turned out.

Down at the patent-office they got so at last that when a new model and specifications would come along from Reeside, the commissioner and clerks would grant him a patent on the spot, for they knew, from a rich and generous experience, that when Reeside invented anything it was perfectly certain to be unlike any other contrivance ever conceived by the mind of fallen man; and they were aware, at any rate, that nobody who was sane enough to be at large would ever want to interfere with Reeside's exclusive right to pin together such a bewildering and useless lot of cranks and axles and wheels. I think Reeside had about two hundred patents of various kinds; and besides the machines and dodges thus protected by the law, he owned scores of others which were never heard of in Washington or anywhere else but at Reeside's home.

They were always getting him into trouble. That "burglar annihilator" of his, for instance, filled him with gloom and remorse for years. Several houses in his neighborhood had been robbed, and Reeside made up his mind to checkmate any attempt to rifle his residence. So he bought half a dozen old musket-barrels and a few sections of gas-pipe, and rigged them up inside of his front door, with the muzzles pointing toward the street. Then he loaded the affair with ball cartridge, and invented some kind of a mysterious secret trigger, which was fixed to the door-knob, so that whoever tried to enter would meet with certain death. He set the "annihilator" one night, and by the next morning he forgot exactly how the secret trigger was arranged, so he was afraid to venture near the machine, and the family were compelled to go out and in through the kitchen.

The "annihilator" remained there two weeks, and during that time the house was entered eight times by burglars, who roamed recklessly through the chambers, waxed fat in the pantry, held receptions in the parlor, disported themselves gayly upon the stairs, and had bacchanalian revels in the dining-room, without going near the front door once. And when Reeside had become nearly insane with fury at these riotous festivities, his aunt called one day, and making too boisterous a demonstration at the door-knob, touched off the "annihilator," and was carried up stairs insensible, with four pounds of bullets in her venerable legs. She walks yet on a pair of Reeside's patent crutches.

He never succeeded with these things. That patent roof of his was as bad a failure. The shingles leaked, and so he covered them with concrete to the depth of three or four inches. In winter-time it was elegant; but when the hot weather came, the stuff softened, and the neighbors used to stop to look at the thousands of long black strings of tar which dripped from the eaves to the ground. And early in the summer Reeside and his wife began to be annoyed by the animated discussions of the cats in the neighborhood. The more he "shooed" them and flung his boots at them, the more fierce and awful were their yells. Night after night it continued to grow more terrific, and day after day Mrs. Reeside observed that the mysterious caterwauling continued steadily through the daylight.

At last, one moonlit night, the uproar became so outrageous that Reeside arose from his bed and determined to ascertain precisely the cause of the disturbance. It appeared to him that the noise came from the top of the house. He went up to the garret and put his head out of the trap-door. There he found one hundred and ninety-six cats stuck fast knee-deep in the concrete. Some of them had been there eleven days; and when they perceived Reeside, the whole one hundred and ninety-six doubled up their spines, ruffled their back hair, brandished their tails and gave one wild, unearthly screech,

which shocked Reeside's nerves so much that he dropped the trap-door and fell down the ladder upon the head of Mrs. Reeside, who, courageous and devoted woman that she was, was standing below dressed in a thing with a frill on it, and armed with a palm-leaf fan and a bed-slat, resolutely determined that nothing should harm Horatio while she was by.

Reeside had a kind of a "den" of his own in the garret. He used to shut himself up in this for hours together, while he perfected his inventions or conducted his chemical investigations. His last idea was that he could put together a compound which would rule gunpowder out of the market and make the destruction of armies and navies comparatively easy. And so, for a time, Mrs. Reeside, while bustling about in the vicinity of the den, instead of hearing the buzz and hum of wheels and the click of the hammer, would sniff terrific smells evolved by the irrepressible Reeside from the contents of his laboratory. And one day there came a fearful explosion. The roof was torn off and reduced to splinters, and Reeside had disappeared. Reeside's dwelling was in the town of Kingston, New Jersey. Kingston is in Middlesex county, but it is also immediately upon the boundary line between the counties of Somerset and Mercer. And so it was not surprising when, a few moments after the explosion, persons in all three of the counties perceived fragments apparently of a demoralized and disintegrated human being tumbling from the air. The pieces of the unhappy victim of the disaster were unevenly distributed between Somerset, Mercer and Middlesex. The last named got twelve of the fragments. There were persons who thought Reeside might have showed even greater partiality for his own county, but I do not blame him; he was in a measure controlled by circumstances.

I think the friends of the coroner complained with greatest bitterness. He was an enthusiastic coroner. He had been known, when one of Reeside's relatives returned from Egypt with a mummy embalmed fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, to seize that ancient subject of Pharaoh and summon a jury, and sit upon it, and brood over it, and think. And it is rumored that he put that jury up to bringing in a verdict, "The death of the deceased ensued from cause or causes unknown, at the hands of persons also unknown." And his enemies at the next election openly asserted that he charged the county with the usual fee, with compound interest from the time of Moses.

So of course when Reeside went up, he wasn't sorry; and the more Reeside was scattered over Middlesex county, the more serene and affable the coroner felt. When he had selected his jury, and looked around him a little in order to command the situation, he perceived that Reeside had put into his hands a tolerably good thing. The coroner spent the next three days holding an inquest upon each of the twelve fragments of the deceased. He empanelled a new jury every time, and then proceeded cautiously and deliberately in each case. There was by no means complete unanimity of opinion. The first jury decided that "the deceased met his death by being struck by something sudden." The second one advanced the theory that "Reeside was surreptitiously and insidiously blown apart." The others threw out suggestions respecting the probability that the trouble came from Reeside's well-known weakness for flying machines, or from his being lifted out and cut up by some kind of a private hurricane. Once the jury decided not to bring in a verdict, but merely to pass resolutions of regret.

And the coroner would sit there over the particular piece of Reeside in question, and smile and permit these manifestations of generous feeling to have full play. It didn't perplex him that all the verdicts differed. "Truth," he remarked to a friend, "is well enough. But as Reeside is certainly dead, what's the odds if we can't agree as to what killed him? Let us collect our fees, and yield with Christian resignation to destiny."

It was always interesting to me to hear that coroner converse upon the subject of resignation. He would rather have died than to have resigned while any of the Reesides were in town inventing explosive compounds.

The Somerset coroner discovered six pieces of the deceased within his jurisdiction, but his pride would not permit him to yield the supremacy in such a matter to his rival over the line. The Middlesex man had twelve inquests, and so would he, with more besides. And his juries used to go out and consult, and come in after a while with a majority report, declaring, perhaps, that deceased was killed by fooling with some sort of a gun, and a minority report insisting that he had been murdered and dissected by a medical student or students unknown. And then the coroner would disband the inquest and drum up a fresh jury, which would also disagree, until out of those six fractions of poor old Reeside the coroner got thirty-seven deliberations, with the attendant fees. And every time the doctors would testify that *post-mortem* examinations revealed the fact that the inside of the deceased was crammed with fragments of the Latin language; and invariably the jurors would sit there and try to look as if they understood those terms, although a dim impression prevailed most of the time that the physicians were indulging recklessly in profanity.

And when a relative of Reeside's testified before the thirty-seventh jury that "Reeside was a man of marked idiosyncrasies, and his brain was always excited by his irresistible fondness for chimeras of various kinds," the jury looked solemn, and immediately brought in a verdict that "death was caused by idiosyncrasies forming on his brain in consequence of excessive indulgence in chimeras, thus supplying an awful warning to the young to refrain from the use of that and other intoxicating beverages."

Only two pieces fell in Mercer county, but the coroner was animated by even greater professional enthusiasm than his neighbors across the border. He spent the entire season over as much of Reeside as he could reach. All his juries but one disagreed, and he had eighty-four. The sixth would have been unanimous but for an obstinate man named Selfridge. All the others were for a verdict of mysterious butchery, but Selfridge insisted upon attributing the disaster to nitro-glycerine. So earnest was he that he fought over the subject with a fellow-juryman named Smith; and he held Smith down, and remonstrated with him, and showed him the matter in different lights, and bit his nose, to convince Smith that the nitro-glycerine hypothesis was correct. And when the jury was dismissed, Selfridge, true to his solemn convictions, carried the war into the papers, and published an obituary poem entitled "Lines on the death of Horatio Reeside," in which he presented his views in this fashion:

"When Reeside got his glycerine all properly adjusted,
He knocked it unexpectedly, and suddenly it busted;
And when it reached Horatio, he got up quick and dusted,
And left his wife and family disheartened and disgusted."

It was discovered that one of the bones of the deceased had fallen directly across the boundary-line between Somerset and Mercer. As soon as the fact was reported, the coroner of Mercer rallied a jury upon his end; and just as proceedings were about to begin, the Somerset coroner arrived with a jury for the purpose of attending to his share of the work. While the authorities of Mercer mused at one end of the bone, the jurymen of Somerset reflected at the other end, and the result was that each brought in an entirely different verdict. But they were unanimous on the question of the collection of fees.

In all there were thirteen or fourteen conflicting verdicts rendered, and so some uncertainty prevailed as to the precise cause of Reeside's death. Men's minds were unsettled, and their conclusions were demoralized, in the presence of so much official authority of an indecisive kind. But nobody mourned over these differences. They were a blessing for the people of the counties. Almost every man in the neighborhood had had a shy at Reeside's remains, and some of them had served on the juries six or seven times. The farmers all bought new mowing-machines that spring with their fees. The doctors collected more money for post-mortem examinations than they would have done in a time of an epidemic of small-pox and sudden death. People fixed up their houses and paid off mortgages and laid in their pork and started grocery-stores and

gave hops out of the profits of Reeside's explosion. And there were men who cherished a wish that Reeside should be put together again and exploded once a month for the next decade. But that of course was impossible.

One day, when the tide of prosperity was at its height, the widow Reeside perceived a wagon driving up to her door. The man within the vehicle dismounted, and loaded four pieces of iron pipe sixty feet long. Presently another wagon arrived, and this driver also unloaded the same quantity of pipe. Then a third arrived and did the same thing. Then a fourth came, and Mrs. Reeside saw a man in it with a queer-looking object by him. It proved to be Horatio Reeside himself. Horatio had been out to the city at a machine-shop getting up a working model of a new kind of a patent duplex elliptic artesian pump worked by aerostatic pressure; and now he was home again. The remains scattered over the counties were merely Reeside's—*a lot of beef with which he had been trying to make a new kind of patent portable soup and an imperishable army sausage; and the explosion, he thought, must have been caused by spontaneous combustion.*

Reeside would have been happy, after all, but for this: all three of the coroners refused to recognize him. They said he was officially dead, and it would be impossible for them, without violating their oaths, to admit that he was alive, when they knew there had been no general resurrection in the State of New Jersey.

THE TEACHER.

With a longing look in her weary eyes
And a half-unconscious sigh,
She gazes out on the fresh green grass
And the glorious azure sky.

The warning bell is in her hand,
As she stands in the open door,
But mute and still the shadow lies
In the sunshine on the floor.

Her thoughts are wandering far away,
She takes no note of time;
It matters not the faithful clock
Is on the stroke of nine.

The dreamy sound of waving trees
And music of the stream
Invite her from her task to turn,
And only gaze and dream.

The merry group of boys and girls,
So busy at their play,
She watches with a half-formed wish
That she were free as they.

But soon the happy, joyous laugh,
And sounds of playful strife,
Recall her wayward thoughts again
To the humdrum work of life.

The same old round of irksome toil
She follows without change;
And is it strange her mind should seek
A wider, freer range?

'Tis hard, indeed, to bind her thoughts,
By pleasing fancy led,
Within the narrow sphere that Fate
Compels her feet to tread.

But she must break the dreamy spell
That she would fain have stay,
And turn again to the dull routine
She follows day by day.

But courage, weary, toiling one!
Your field of work is wide;
And though your lot may oft seem dark,
It has a sunny side.

The little seeds you daily sow
Will reach a fertile soil,
And by a harvest fair and bright
Repay you for your toil.



"OH, BERTIE, YOU WILL BREAK MY HEART."—P. 493.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMEYER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

BERTIE'S RESOLUTION.

"THAT is all very true, mother," said Bertie, wearily; "but if the thing is right, it must be done."

"If it is right," said Mrs. Lauriston, "but oh, my dear boy, you are taking so much for granted; you are crediting so much on the mere assertion of a woman—an actress—to whom you foolishly told the story of Archibald Lauriston's will, and who thought that it would be a good way of providing for her daughter if she claimed on her death-bed to be Godfrey Lauriston's widow. For my part," pursued the lady, decidedly, "I have not an idea that Godfrey Lauriston ever was married—to her or to anybody else."

Bertie sighed still more wearily. They had been over this ground so often during the last week—his mother and himself—that everything connected with it had come to be unutterably distasteful to him. He had so clearly made up his own mind to the sacrifice which was demanded of him that he was unable to conceive why his mother could not make up hers as well. "It is so plain," he said to her again and again. "An honest man can do only one thing." But in this view of the matter Mrs. Lauriston utterly declined to coincide. "You are mad," she would reply. "If there is any legal claim, let it be carried into an American court of law, and let us see if there is a jury

in the State that will take Lauriston from you to give it to the daughter of a Spanish actress." For the fiftieth time, perhaps, she repeated this now, and Bertie answered it as he had answered it often before:

"But that actress was the wife of Godfrey Lauriston."

"You have no proof of it beyond her word," said Mrs. Lauriston, vehemently.

"Pardon me," her son answered, gravely, "but I have proof of it beyond her word. For some reason—probably to baffle any inquiries which might be made for him—Godfrey Lauriston bore usually an assumed name, but he was married under his own. Everything relating to birth, death and marriage in France is susceptible of proof, and St. Julian, who has undergone the trouble of looking into the matter, says that both the civil and religious records bear his own name in full, together with those of his parents, and the place and date of his birth. There is no doubt of the marriage, mother; and the sooner you resign yourself to accept the inevitable, the better. Everything is so clear that it would be indisputable evidence even in an American court of law."

"Let it be taken there, then," said Mrs. Lauriston, almost fiercely. "We are the Lauristons, and possession—the possession of two generations—cannot, I am sure, be set aside. Oh, Bertie, oh, my son, do not give up the inheritance of your father without a struggle! Ah, if I were a man," she cried, passionately, "I would fight for it to the last gasp!"

"Fight whom, mother?" asked Bertie, with a chord of pain in his voice. "A desolate girl, who, so far from claiming her rights, does not even know of their exist-

ence? There would be scant fighting needed. Only a little silence, a little deception, a little holding fast to what is not rightfully our own, and the work would be done. Carmen Wyverne is as ignorant to-day as I was a month ago that she is the sole heiress of Lauriston."

"Then let her remain in ignorance," said his mother, eagerly. "Oh, Bertie, my darling boy, do not look at me like that! Only listen to me patiently for one minute—only let me explain what I mean. She is a mere girl, you say. Then why should you think it necessary to burden her with responsibilities which her father resigned, and which are far too great for any woman to bear? Acknowledge her as your cousin, if you desire to do so, and either leave her to be educated in the convent where her mother placed her, or, if you prefer it, let her accompany us when we return to America. I will undertake to care for her, train her, and bring her out in society with every advantage which I could give to my own daughter. Then, whether she marries or whether she remains single, settle on her such a portion as you would have given your own sister. Surely this is better than the quixotic sacrifice which you propose to make. Surely this is all that any one could expect of you."

"It is certainly a convenient form of compromise, mother," said Bertie, in rather a hard tone. "So far as I can see, it is only open to one objection, but that, I confess, appears to me insurmountable. It is dishonest."

"Bertie"

"Why should we hesitate over plain terms?" he asked, almost sternly. "I have not told you, what is none the less true, that Madame Alvarez proposed exactly the same thing to me, but I, for my part, cannot see that either you, or she, or I, have any right to assume the place of Providence in allotting to Carmen just that degree of prosperity which will be best for her. If she is a girl now, she will not always be one. Some day she will be a woman—she may marry, and she may have children. Mother, if so, how could I look them in the face?"

"You are a Lauriston: your right is as good as hers," she said, with a vehemence that seemed as if it strove to convince itself.

"Yes, I am a Lauriston," he answered, "and with the Lauristons personal honor has always been a distinguishing trait. I have never been particularly remarkable for pride of blood," he added, quietly, "but I should not like to be the first Lauriston who put a stain on the family name for the sake of retaining the family property."

"Oh, Bertie, you will break my heart!" Mrs. Lauriston cried, with a gasp, and then, poor woman! she burst into tears.

For some time her sobs were the only sound in the room. It was nearly dusk, but Bertie, who, although convalescent, had not left his chamber, lay on a low couch within the circle of the flickering firelight, which showed his pale face, and the burned arm still hanging useless in its sling. It would never again be the strong right arm which it once had been, the doctors said. Some important muscle or tendon—perhaps more than one—had been shrivelled away by the flames which had scorched the sound young flesh almost to the bone; and so far as active strength was concerned, it would always be useless. Bertie, proud from earliest boyhood of his muscular skill, had felt this deeply, though no one had heard him utter a word of complaint. "It might have been a great deal worse," he said to all who condoled with him. Despite this philosophy, however, the blow told severely—all the more because so much besides the strength of his arm had gone from him on that eventful night when he stood by the deathbed of the actress for whom all Paris mourned with the intense yet short-lived grief common to this fitful metropolis. All that was most brilliant in intellectual France had bowed around the bier of the beautiful Spaniard, and followed her funeral cortege; but although she had been resting scarcely a week in Père la Chaise, the story of her tragic fate had already been swept aside by new sensations. Even the burned stage had been refitted, and the theatre opened again with a new "star." Bertie Lauriston's crippled arm was perhaps the most tangible

thing remaining of that short and terrible real tragedy which had been enacted there.

As for Bertie himself, it was scarcely wonderful that so many causes—both physical and mental—operating together had thrown him into a state of depression strangely foreign to his usual disposition—a weary lassitude which even his mother's tears were unable to dispel. He heard them with a dull sense of pain and annoyance, but what could he say? Only one assurance would have comforted her, and that assurance he could not give. She was the most devoted of mothers, but she had been anything save a cheerful nurse for him during these eight days of pain. When she first came to his bedside—summoned from London by a telegram of St. Julian's—he had relieved his mind by telling her the whole story of Godfrey Lauriston's marriage, and it is safe to say that there had not been a day, nor scarcely an hour, since that he had not found ample cause to regret his own folly in having done so. Yet, poor fellow! he certainly had been the chief sufferer from the folly. In season and out of season, Mrs. Lauriston had exerted all her powers of argument and eloquence against the resolution which he had formed of resigning the estate to its new and, as yet, unconscious claimant. But Bertie—usually the most easily led of mortal men—now developed a degree of obstinacy which nearly drove her frantic. Her words seemed to fall upon his ears like water poured on granite. Woman-like, she refused to recognize that her cause was hopeless, and she argued and pleaded it with a perseverance which, in itself, might almost have been said to deserve success. But success never came. Morning, noon and night Bertie's answer was the same, until she spoke literal truth when she said that it seemed as if her heart would break over the blank and terrible prospect before her. Lauriston taken from them, or, more than taken, tamely resigned to the daughter of a socialist and an actress! Bertie's fortune and position gone! The plans and hopes of a lifetime brought to naught!

"Ah, I cannot bear it!" she cried out, suddenly, her voice smiting sharply on the soft, firelit stillness. "Bertie, you had better have killed me than given me such a blow as this. I cannot bear it. Foolish, headstrong, ungrateful boy, do you know that when you resign Lauriston in this absurd fashion, you will leave yourself almost penniless?"

"I know it, mother," Bertie answered out of the shadow corner where he lay. "But you are provided for—your own fortune is settled on you; and as for me, I am a man. I shall do very well."

"And do you think that you will be able to live on the income of my fortune as you have lived on the income of the great Lauriston estate?" she asked, bitterly.

"No," he answered, quickly, and the indignant chord in his voice almost startled her. "You might do me more justice than to imagine for a moment that I should ever touch your income. I should not have done so if you had cheerfully encouraged me to make the sacrifice of the estate; but in the face of your opposition, I should doubly despise myself if I disregarded your advice only to become a burden on you."

"Oh, Bertie, oh, my boy, I did not mean that," she cried, overcome with remorse. "I scarcely know what I am saying; but when I think of your surrendering—even without a struggle—the fortune to which you were born, is it any wonder that my head and my heart both fail me?"

"They are certainly hardly tried," he said, gently. "I almost wish I could feel as you do, but I cannot. I fear it is true that as a general rule men have stronger sentiments of personal honor than women."

"Your sense of honor is morbid," said she, quickly. "Oh, Bertie, if you would only be reasonable—if you would only be content with doing what her own mother asked, with giving her the portion that would have come to her if she had been your sister!"

"Hush, mother," he said, a little hoarsely. "Don't tempt me any further. This matter is between God and my own conscience; and although I should be a richer man if I listened to you, I am sure that, as far as honorable principle goes, I should be a ruined man from that hour."

There was something so grave and authoritative—so strangely unlike Bertie—in the tone of his voice, that for once Mrs. Lauriston was silenced. She caught her breath quickly, as if in protest, but she said nothing more, and so they were still sitting when there came a soft tap at the door a few minutes later.

"St. Julian, I suppose," said Bertie, adding, in a louder tone, "Come in."

The door opened, and a man entered, who, when he crossed the floor to the flickering circle of firelight, proved indeed to be St. Julian. He nodded pleasantly to Bertie, and after exchanging a few compliments and inquiries with Mrs. Lauriston, sat down. He was as variable in his appearance as in everything else, this eccentric man, and this evening he looked unusually handsome, as well as unusually animated, seeming to bring a breath of the bright outer world with him in his air, as well as in the cluster of violets at his buttonhole.

"Are you not tired of playing invalid like this, Bertie?" he asked. "Do you know I think it would do you good if you plucked up spirit or strength, or whatever it is you need, and ventured out a little? I have never seen Paris more charming than it is just now. The Bois was a sight worth seeing this afternoon. I thought of you and wished for you, *mon cher*, which is more than you would have done for me if our positions had been reversed."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Bertie, smiling languidly. "I am not so selfish as you think, St. Julian. We have been comrades too long to forget each other at a moment's notice. Even a misanthrope like you cannot break the chains of habit readily. So you were on the Bois?" he added. "With whom?"

"With Duchesnil," answered St. Julian. "He knows everybody in Paris, and is rather an entertaining companion consequently; but he talks too much. When I have parted from him, the drum of my ear fairly aches from the incessant stream of sound which has been pouring upon it. By the by, he was raving this afternoon over our blonde beauty below stairs. She is a magnificent-looking creature, and her carriage costume to-day was perfect. I confess I like to see a woman dress well."

"Miss Rivington, I suppose you mean?" said Bertie. "I remember her face as if it belonged to a dream. You know I saw her first and last on that terrible night; but if I am not very much mistaken, one does not often see such a face, even in a dream. Does Duchesnil know her?"

"Not yet, but he is very anxious to enjoy that distinction. As you are aware, however, I am a disobliging man about presenting people. He is counting on you for the purpose, I think, and looking anxiously, therefore, for your recovery."

"How disinterested of him! That accounts, then, for his card and his compliments having come up so frequently of late."

"Interested motives are at the bottom of most things in this world," said St. Julian, philosophically. "Here am I, for example, who have come to you in the character of a social visitor, yet in truth I am the envoy of the Davenport family, interestedly bent on inducing Mrs. Lauriston and yourself to walk down stairs and join their party this evening. What do you say, my dear madam?" he went on, turning to the lady. "The good people below are very anxious to see you, and I think a little bright society would help Bertie amazingly."

"St. Julian is at the bottom of the whole thing, mamma," said Bertie. "He has been plotting to draw me out of my shell for three days past. I hope you will go—a little bright society will do you good; but I shall frustrate his kind endeavors by staying where I am."

"It is no endeavor of mine that you will frustrate, *mon ami*," answered St. Julian, good-naturedly. "I rarely make endeavors even for you. I was waylaid by Davenport as I was coming up here, and carried into their *salon*, where Mrs. Davenport begged to know if I did not think you might be induced to come down to them this evening. They are quite concerned about you, quite anxious to see you, quite grieved lest you should injure your health and spirits with close confinement. 'A little pleasant society would do the poor fellow so much good, Mr. St. Julian,' the good

lady said; and I quite agreed with her. Therefore I consented to become the ambassador for the nonce."

"Don't you think you feel well enough to go, Bertie?" asked Mrs. Lauriston, a little anxiously. "I am sure it would cheer you a little."

"And I am sure it would not," said Bertie, ungratefully. "I am in no humor to be 'cheered,' which means having a fuss made over me. I abominate a fuss," said the young man, petulantly.

"So do I," said St. Julian, coolly. "Therefore, Master Bertie, I shall not waste any more words on you. I have made up my mind that you must come out of this shell; and if it cannot be managed otherwise, I shall ring for Louis, and between us we will carry you into Mrs. Davenport's *salon*."

"Try it," said Bertie. "My right arm is not good for much, but I think I could knock a man or two down with my left."

"In that case, Mrs. Lauriston," said St. Julian, "had you not better let me conduct you down stairs? I will return for this belligerent invalid."

"But if Bertie does not mean to come," said Mrs. Lauriston, hesitatingly.

"Bertie is going to come, my dear madame. I pledge you my word for that."

"Go, mamma," said Bertie. "I have a novel of Balzac's here which I shall read while you are away. It sets one up in the world with such a stock of pleasant, healthful philosophy. When I have sufficiently cultivated this branch of literature, I may blossom forth into a second St. Julian. Who knows?"

"No one, certainly," said St. Julian, dryly. "And therefore Mrs. Lauriston will not think of thwarting such an honorable ambition by her presence, I am sure."

Mrs. Lauriston looked doubtful. She evidently felt it her duty to stay with Bertie, as a model mother, and "cheer" his solitude; but the strictest sense of duty could not disguise the fact that it was very dull in this invalid chamber, and that the prospect of brightness and pleasant society to be found in the Davenport apartments was certainly alluring.

The matter ended, as might have been expected, in her allowing St. Julian to escort her down to the apartments in question, at the door of which, considerably to her surprise, he left her. "I am going back for Bertie," he said; and before Mrs. Lauriston could say that she really did not think it at all worth while to attempt to change Bertie's resolution, he was gone.

She consoled herself by giving the Davenports no hope whatever of seeing the interesting young invalid. "Mr. St. Julian has gone back for him," she said, "but it is really quite useless. Bertie is terribly obstinate. I do not know what has come over him of late." And then she shook her head with an air that suggested fearful things concerning Bertie's change of disposition.

So the group of expectant ladies who had resigned themselves to disappointment, and said a great many civil things—which, as it chanced, for once in a way, were also sincere things—concerning their regret at Mr. Lauriston's absence, were very agreeably surprised when the *salon* door opened after a while, and Bertie himself, escorted by St. Julian, walked in.

They were so much surprised that for a minute they almost forgot to be pleased. Then they greeted the young man with a rush of welcome which quite atoned for the first involuntary pause. After all, Bertie found that a "fuss" was not by any means so disagreeable as he had fancied, especially when it was made by pretty women who, with all their cordiality, had too much tact to be effusive. They could not shake hands with him, for his own were too tender yet for that amusement, but they gathered round him with their bright eyes and sweet tones; and although he felt a little uncomfortable concerning the incense of hero-worship which they were obviously tendering him, he could not but own that even this was a pleasant exchange for his sofa and Balzac.

It was only after the first stir of congratulation and inquiry had a little subsided, after he had been established in a charming chair, which Miss Belle wheeled near the

fire for him with her own fair hands, after the lights had ceased to dazzle and the voices to confuse him—after he had even found time to notice how unusually pretty the girls were looking in their fresh Paris dresses—that he glanced round the *salon* as if he were searching for some face which he had not yet seen.

"Are you looking for papa?" asked Amy, who was hovering near, like a ministering angel. "I am so sorry that he is not here, but we hardly hoped to see you; and since he came abroad, he has become so very dissipated that an evening at home bores him to death. So he went out when he found that we could not be induced to stir even for the opera."

"Not even for Patti?" asked Bertie, smiling a little, yet thinking with a sharp pang of the place where he had seen them last.

"Not even for Patti," said Amy, shaking her head with a laugh, her eyes adding, "Not even for Patti, when there was a hope of seeing you."

"We have been engaged on such a round of sight-seeing ever since we came to Paris," said Belle, chiming in, "that we were really glad to be a little quiet, especially since this quietness gave us a hope of beguiling your mother and yourself down to us, Mr. Lauriston."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Lauriston, "but I could not feel other than terribly selfish if I thought you stayed at home merely for the sake of brightening a dull invalid like myself."

"But we are glad to stay," cried Amy. "If one wants to know how domestic one really is, I think one ought to be exceedingly dissipated for a while. One learns to value home and quiet, and seeing one's friends at one's ease, then."

"So your recipe for making a thoroughly domestic young lady would be to send her to Paris and surfeit her with gayety?" said Bertie. "I fear it would prove a kill-or-cure practice; don't you think so, Miss Belle?"

"I am sure it would never cure anybody who loved gayety as well as Amy does," said Miss Belle, with unction. "I never saw anybody like her. Long after I am literally tired to death, she is ready and anxious to go on. If I gave you an account of all she does in one day, Mr. Lauriston, you could hardly credit it."

"Don't give it to him, then," said Amy, laughing. "I don't want him frightened so that he will never accompany us on any of our expeditions. Oh, Mr. Lauriston, it was too bad of you to get burned just as we came to Paris!" she cried, pathetically. "As soon as I heard you were here, I counted on you for such a pleasant cicerone, and then—Oh, pray excuse me," she stammered, hastily, as the change that came over his face rebuked her heedlessness. "I—I really forgot how it was."

"You forget everything, Amy," said Belle severely. "Mr. Lauriston, you would scarcely believe that she met Mr. Wolfe on the street just before we left home, and absolutely stopped him to inquire how his wife was, after she had been buried three weeks. And we were always such friends with the Wolfes, too, which made it the more atrocious."

"You should not tell such things on me, Belle," said poor Amy, flushing. "But my tongue is very heedless," she went on, looking at Bertie, "so I hope you will forgive me. It was not because I had forgotten that awful scene and your great bravery that I spoke so lightly. It is because I am bewitched, I think."

"Only your tongue, then—not your heart, I am sure," said Bertie, smiling faintly.

This check to the conversation gave him an opportunity, however, to change the subject, and make that inquiry for Miss Rivington which had trembled on his lip when Amy took it for granted that he was looking for Mr. Davenport. "I hope your cousin is well?" he said. "Has she gone out also?"

"Alice?" answered both the girls at once. "Oh no; she only stepped on the balcony just before you came in."

"Where Mr. St. Julian followed her, of course," said Amy.

"For they are really almost inseparable," added Belle.

"Indeed!" said Bertie, genuinely astonished. "Has St.

Julian taken to open flirting?—he who usually denies any charge of the sort as I might deny highway robbery!"

"To tell the truth, it would be a strange kind of man who could avoid flirting with Alice," said Belle, confidentially. "I cannot understand how she became so—so very fast in her manners, when she was reared in France, where only married women are allowed to flirt, you know."

"Was she reared in France?" asked Bertie, vaguely conscious of a jealous stirring at his heart, as he thought of the beautiful, clear-cut face into which St. Julian was at that moment, no doubt, gazing with his dangerous pool eyes, while he—Bertie—must needs sit by the fire and talk gossip with a pair of commonplace girls.

"Her parents always lived abroad," said Miss Davenport, with a significant shade of reserve in her tone—a shade meant to imply that, for some cause not explained, these parents were people only to be mentioned under protest to ears polite. "Alice is perfectly familiar with Paris. She took Amy down a narrow street the other day, and showed her a dingy old house where she used to live."

"And absolutely said that she was happier there than she is now," said Amy, in a tone which expressed, "Believe it if you can."

"Alice is very clever, and inclined to be literary—that is, to like literary people," said Belle. "Therefore I thought from the first that Mr. St. Julian would exactly suit her. I confess that he quite overpowers me."

"St. Julian is a genius," said Bertie, warmly; but as he spoke, the jealous pain stirred a little more, for he was perfectly conscious that he was not even "clever."

"So Alice says," remarked Amy. "And yonder they both come now. *On parle du soleil et en voici les rayons!* They must have found it cool on the balcony, or Alice means to sing."

"Does Miss Rivington sing?" asked Bertie.

Then against his will—for he was not a little piqued by the neglect of this fair syren—he turned his eyes in the direction of the balcony. As he did so, St. Julian drew aside the drapery of a long window, through which a woman even more stately and magnificent than he had imagined stepped into the room. Having entered, she paused for a second, glancing round, as if the blaze of light dazzled her, even though she had been overlooking a brilliant street; and as she paused, Bertie involuntarily uttered an exclamation.

"What a superb carriage Miss Rivington has!" he said. "Whoever sees her understands what Tennyson meant by the phrase 'divinely tall.'"

"Alice is horribly tall, I think," said Amy, flushing a little. "Really, I often feel sorry for her. It is so very inconvenient to be such a giantess."

As she spoke, the giantess in question crossed the floor with that grand sweeping step which some tall women possess—the step with which we fancy Diana following a stag over the green slopes of Thessaly—and came directly up to Bertie.

"How glad I am to see you, Mr. Lauriston!" she said, frankly and warmly, holding out a white, slender hand, which she drew back, however, when a glance showed her the condition of his; "how glad I am to know that you are recovering from your injuries! Are you one of the people who don't like sympathy?" she went on, smiling. "I confess that I have scarcely dared to pity the suffering which was so bravely incurred; but I may be very happy to learn that it is ended, may I not? I hope—I trust—that the worst at least is over with you."

"You are very kind, Miss Rivington," Bertie stammered. "Yes, I think the worst is over with me."

He felt that he ought to have said something better and more graceful, but in truth he was wholly overcome by this gracious sweetness, following so immediately after the neglect which had piqued him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived and apt to have ague fits.

DUMPS' LETTERS TO MIDGET.

No. 7.

DEAR MIDGET: I have waited and waited a long time to get a letter from you, but maybe it is lost in crossing, so I will write you how we get on in Paris.

I am still in this hateful school, but auntie will be back next week, and after that I shall not board here any more. I am almost starved; not a negro on the plantation would eat the messes they give us. Oh, Midget, I hope you will never be homesick in the stomach like I am. I dream sometimes I am drinking buttermilk out of a nice cool gourd in the back porch at home, and when I wake up—always before it gets down—my stomach feels so disappointed that I cannot help crying. If I ever do get back again to grandmamma, Paris will wait a long time to see me.

There is a nice English boy boarding across the street and going to school near here; and when I see him riding a velocipede, which he always does when we are out of hours and looking, I think of Rachett, and wonder if I shall ever be on his dear old back again. Write me if he is getting fat, and be sure to give him a lump of sugar and pat his head for me. If you don't mind, you might just kiss him once.

The only good laughs I ever get are at the English boy. He gets lots of tumbles, and I believe some of them on purpose to make us laugh.

The other day he was out with a pea-shooter, and made a cab horse start to run. Cabby got mad and called a policeman—and such running! The English boy put out his best legs, with his arms up, and ran like a racer. We all rushed to the gate and watched, and we got punished for it. But I didn't care a bit; it was the best fun we have had. It took three of these nasty little French policemen to catch him, and they would not have ever done it, but the cabman drove up, and followed and pointed him out to every new policeman they met.

He knew we had all been looking, and that evening he came under the window, when the teachers were drinking the coffee they never show us, and he told me they would never have caught him if he had once thought in time of turning into the side streets where the cab couldn't turn quickly. When they caught him, he talked English, and so they had to take him to the head police place, and then the man who could talk English told him not to be caught again, and let him go. What a lark! and he talks French perfectly well, but wouldn't, and so got off. He is a little rough, like Bob, but I like him. I think I would almost like Bob now, I am so sick of the French.

We go sometimes to see the grand churches with the teachers. Last Sunday we went to the Madaline. It is at the end of this long street. It is only one long street twisting a little, but it has two names. The first part of it is the Boulevard de Neuilly, and the down town part is the Boulevard Malherbes. Here most of the boulevards run into each other, and you may walk miles through them.

About the Madaline, the English teacher told us it is built like an old Greek temple—no windows at the side, but porches all around it, with niches for statues where the windows would be in other houses. And the porch is held up with fluted columns, and at the top of each column such beautiful wreaths all cut out of marble. I meant to count the columns, but forgot it, but there are a great many. Inside it is lit from the roof, and all around are pictures of different parts of Christ's life, and Magdalene wiping his feet with her hair. It is so beautiful, and somehow it made me sorry for Magdalene and sorrier for Christ than I ever was before. I like pictures in a church. If the sermon is stupid, you think about the pictures, but the English teacher says that is Romanism. If it is, Romanism is something good and pleasant. At old Shiloh you don't need pictures, for the big open windows let you see the trees and the sky, and they are the best pictures of all.

If you were taken away from home, and your eyes ached with nasty, hot-looking houses, you would know how nice

trees and flowers and country are. I am sure the pictures are better in the Madaline than it would be to have windows and look out at the streets and people. I know I thought a heap more about God than I would have done if I could have seen the carriages passing by. And how I wish you could hear the music! It just cries and sobs sometimes, and then I think of mamma, and I cry too, and wonder if she can hear up in heaven this music here, praying to the good Lord to forgive us all the bad we do; and I want to put out my hands and touch her, and ask her if she remembers the little baby she left with auntie, and won't she help me to be better. Oh, Midget, I have never known mamma here, but I know grandmamma; and if mamma loved me still more, she won't give me up even in heaven.

But I am crying and homesick, and I won't write any more to-night.

Your affectionate cousin,
HARRIET HASSLE.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

ROLLING OF SHIPS.—The following is the mode of recording the rolling of a ship in a sea-way, indicating also the form of the waves: A revolving cylinder covered with paper and turned by clockwork receives the marks made by several pens. One of these pens records time, jerks being given to it by an exact clock. The apparatus being placed at the centre of gravity of the ship, a pendulum oscillating in a plane transversely with the keel records continuously by a second pen the angles which the ship at each moment makes with the mean or effective surface of the wave. Another pen, actuated by a rocking arm, kept level by an observer on deck, and being pointed to the horizon, records by a third pen the angle the ship makes with the horizon. From the records thus obtained the amount of rolling of the ship may be at once shown, and the form of the wave could be easily worked out graphically. An apparatus has also been completed in which is employed a heavy stationary wheel, so delicately supported as not to receive any rotation from the motion of the ship. This wheel, placed transversely in the ship, will remain still without rotating, and thus supply the place of the horizontal bar above described, held level by the observer on deck.

CHARACTER AS WELL AS FEATURES TRANSMITTED.—In Galton's recent work treating of hereditary influence, he holds that there are certain marked types of character justly associated with marked types of feature and temperament. That the latter are inherited no one questions, and the same may therefore be inferred of the former. As examples, Galton instances the face of the combatant, which is square, coarse and heavily jawed, differing so strikingly from that of the ascetic, the voluptuary, the dreamer and the charlatan. But still more strongly marked than these are the typical features and characters of different races of men. The Mongolians, Jews, negroes, gypsies and American Indians severally propagate their kind; and each kind differs in character and intellect as well as in color and shape, forming a class of instances worthy of close investigation, in which peculiarities of character are invariably transmitted from the parent to the offspring.

THE OCCUPANTS OF SPACE.—The number of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire circuit of the heavens has been usually estimated at about 6000. An ordinary opera glass will exhibit something like ten times that number. A comparatively small telescope easily shows 200,000, while there are telescopes in existence with which, there is reason to believe, not less than 25,000,000 stars are visible. And yet when all of these are seen and numbered, the eye will have visited but a mere speck in the illimitable bounds of space.

M. VIOLETTE, of Lille, has succeeded in melting platinum in a Hessian crucible in a common furnace. It is expected that various kinds of precious stones may be artificially produced by melting alumina with borax.

TO-DAY.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

No. 6.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVING briefly considered the physiological and hygienic conditions of our school, I come naturally to its discipline or government. I have known something of the life of about twenty ladies' seminaries. If I were asked for my opinion about their faults, I should say that their gravest error is not in their lack of physical training, but in their discipline or government.

Girls are not absolutely angelic, as so many young men think, but they are human, and susceptible of demoralization. A certain system of discipline not uncommon in ladies' seminaries does more to demoralize them than any other influence or agency to which they are exposed. I will illustrate the vicious system to which I refer by an actual case.

In — seminary there are usually about one hundred and twenty girls. These girls are from fifteen to twenty-two years of age, and of a good class. They are almost all from families attached to one religious denomination, and I think that more than half of the pupils themselves are members of that church. There is a wall around the grounds of the establishment, and the girls are never allowed to go outside of it except when attended by one of the teachers, and none but certain prudent teachers of mature years are allowed to accompany them. The pupils are never permitted to correspond with any one outside their own family circles, and all their correspondence, no matter with whom, must pass through the hands of the principal, subject to such examination as she may think proper.

No young lady shall call upon another in her room.

Pupils must not speak to each other without permission, not even when passing in the halls of the dormitories.

Pupils occupying the same bed must not speak to each other after getting into bed, and so on, and so on.

When those one hundred and twenty girls entered that school, they came from their mothers' arms in great part transparent, honest and pure. More than one of them has assured me that she was shocked by what she saw upon

entering the school. One intelligent young woman said, "The greatest intellectual activity of the school was seen in dodging the rules. We were not allowed to speak to each other in the passage-halls nor to visit other pupils in their rooms. To make sure of obedience, a teacher or a teacher pupil was kept constantly at the end of each hall to watch. To circumvent this rule, we wrote messages on thin bits of paper; and squeezing them into little balls, we threw them across the halls into the bedrooms of our neighbors, or passing their doors, we dodged them in. Then we cultivated the sign language; and opening the opposite doors in a passage-hall, we communicated in that way. We might have nothing to say, but we contrived to think up something.

"We were called upon every morning after prayers to report if we had transgressed any of the rules. The rule was that we must not speak to each other in the passage-halls. I am confident that a large majority of those who actually did speak denied it, and those who did not speak concealed the communication in other ways. Another rule was that we must not converse with our bedfellows after we were in bed. When I wanted to speak with my companion, I addressed an imaginary person, and requested that imaginary person to whisper in the ear of my bed-fellow so and so. She in turn would request the invisible third party to tell me so and so. We sometimes kept up this conversation for an hour; and when we were asked to report any violations of rules, we said nothing of this communication through Bridget, for we had not conversed; we had corresponded through a third party, and that was not forbidden by the rules. Another rule forbade correspondence except through the principal. There was hardly a young man in town who cared to do it that did not correspond with one or more of our girls. Indeed, a girl who had not a stone-fence correspondent was considered rather slow, and one who had an active correspondence with two or more young men *vid Stone Fence* post-office was considered particularly bright. The letter was slipped under a stone in the fence, and perhaps the next day an answer was found in the same place. It was a perfectly understood thing among scores of young men. If among our girls there was one who had no correspondent outside the lines, another girl would arrange for her through her own correspondent. During the nine months thousands of letters were thus passed through the stone wall at the rear of our grounds."

I have given but a faint glimpse of the life in the school under consideration. In brief, it was a life of trickery, deceit and falsehood from day to day throughout the year.

Tens of thousands of the women of the better classes in our country have been sadly demoralized in this way. For myself, I had rather my daughter should never learn to read the name of the God who made her than to pass through such a school of cheating and lying.

I repeat what I said in the beginning—that the greatest error in the management of many ladies' seminaries is in the discipline. The pupils are systematically taught to conceal and deceive; and though they leave the seminary with additions to their French and music, they are no longer the simple, trusting, honest girls that came from their mothers three years before. It is this moral mischief which has broken the confidence of so many of our best people. Girls' private schools are waning. Schools which were flourishing a few years ago have disappeared. Their advantages in many respects no one doubts, but their moral training, their vicious discipline, has undermined public confidence. Many mothers have themselves

the victims of this bad system, and will not expose their daughters, and many others have heard and are frightened off. It requires, even here in educational New England, constant effort in advertising and personal appeal to keep up the patronage; and even with all this engineering, ladies' seminaries are constantly disappearing. I yet after a very considerable acquaintance with them, I am firm that their intellectual standard and training are high; that, indeed, outside of their utterly vicious system of discipline, these schools are worthy of public confidence and patronage. But without a radical change in the spirit of their government, they must entirely disappear. The system of the convent cannot succeed in this country. Such schools may flourish in Spain and France, but not in these States. The drift of woman's life in Spain is one thing, the drift of woman's life in America is another. In each country the school for young women must reflect public sentiment. A ladies' seminary in Spain which should admit personal liberty to its pupils would lose the confidence of the public, and die out. A ladies' seminary in America whose policy deprives its pupils of personal liberty must lose the confidence of the public, and disappear. In other words, a girls' school is a part of the life of the people, and must in spirit and manners reflect the intellectual, social and moral life of the people.

Excuse me for this extended criticism of some of our boarding-schools. It seemed to be necessary as a background for what I have to say of the government of the school at Lexington.

I had noticed that when young ladies were in society in a drawing-room with persons of their own age, and with people whom they respected, their conduct was good, they observed the laws of propriety, and promptly performed every duty. And yet there were no written rules. Why did they behave themselves so well?

I observed that in church, in the street, everywhere outside of the school, girls were admirable in their conduct.

Why do these creatures that realize our ideal of a useful life everywhere else need to be put under a strict rule, every step watched and every letter supervised, as though they were political prisoners, as soon as they enter a boarding-school? The consciousness of being the object of censure is itself demoralizing. It humiliates one and destroys one's self-respect.

I resolved that in the Lexington school this bad policy should find no place—that there, at least, girls should be treated with respect and their individuality recognized.

These pupils corresponded with their friends at pleasure. No laws were laid down to govern their conduct, no record kept of their behavior. They were treated exactly as gentlemen's ladies are treated outside of school, with respect and kindness, and they responded in school to this treatment just as they respond to it outside of school. They were the best-behaved persons in our community.

In order to secure these results there must exist a certain public sentiment.

At this point I must say something again of the character of our teachers. These were not selected on account of their familiarity with the text-books—though this was of some necessity—but because of their years, general intelligence, good manners and moral dignity. With a score of teachers of high character and refined manners—and no one should ever find a place in a school—a public sentiment soon grows up which makes it as difficult for a girl to do an improper thing, or neglect a duty, as to be guilty of impropriety in manners in a drawing-room under the eye of intelligent and refined people. The girls at

Lexington who had been in other schools were never tired of contrasting the spirit of our school with others.

"Here," they would say, "we are trusted, and could not think of doing a mean thing." One excellent girl, who had spent two years in the school referred to in this chapter, said, "There I had to be good, but I could not avoid joining in some of the tricks, or the girls would have laughed at me, but here I have not heard a dodge or evasion suggested. After being here two years, I have not heard a pupil hint at a disobedience. What, indeed, is there to disobey? If one of the girls should suggest a naughty thing, I am sure the rest of us would hoot her out of the school."

I am confident that the largest contribution to the development of our girls was in the moral region. Our girls learned to respect themselves and to act on honor. If they were inspired, it was toward a true, noble womanhood. With such teachers and companions as Mr. and Mrs. Weld and many others of our corps, even a common nature was soon filled with high and holy ambitions.

I have met teachers with the text-books at their fingertips who were no more fit to teach school than is a man who cannot read or write.

If you thrust your hand in the fire, you must not blame Providence for the suffering. And if you drink strong tea and coffee, eat every indigestible thing, sleep on feather beds, toast yourselves by hot stoves and neglect to keep clean, when you get a fever and are brought down to death's door, do not, we beg, insult God by asking why he should thus visit you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

F. H. S., P—P.—"I have a perfectly horrible fear of death. I go to bed never expecting to get up, and get up never expecting to go to bed. See no use in study, because I may die before I complete the particular study. Always fear to go home, lest some of the family have died or met with an accident during my absence, and, in fact, do not enjoy any one hour of my life, being haunted by just such thoughts. *Habits*.—Rise about 9; go to bed, 12-12; meals, irregular; occupation, sedentary."

I will not say that I felt myself insulted on the receipt of the above letter, but I will say that he who cannot discover in the above regimen a sufficient cause for the nervous sufferings in a system already morbidly sensitive must have very curious notions about the laws of health. Let this wretched sufferer go to bed at 9 o'clock in the evening, eat plain, nutritious food regularly, and work six hours a day out-doors, and in six months he will look back upon his present experience as a horrible dream.

SUSAN JANE, PATTERSON.—You think the corset may be worn so loose that it will do no harm. If worn so loose as not to interfere with respiration when you lean forward in needlework, then it will make the form look badly. A corset to look well must be worn snug and trim. And then you think the corset is important as a skirt-supporter. It certainly may be of service in this way, but it is not half as good a skirt-supporter as a pair of common gentlemen's suspenders. No, Susan Jane, the corset is bad, and only bad. It is not only a great enemy to health, but it may be spoken of as the great destroyer of female grace and beauty. A rigid stiffness in the centre of the body makes all the movements of the entire body stiff and ungraceful. As to the matter of beauty, it's a question between the Creator and the dressmaker. I take sides with the Creator; some folks take the other side.



THE SERENADE.

"Come where my love lies dreaming."

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

WHEN does the captain of a vessel commit self-mutilation? When he goes on shore and leaves his hands on board.

THE report that the Modoc Indians had been engaged to put whoops on barrels of army stores has been contradicted.

THAT was a thoughtful individual who went to church on Sunday, and took his flute along to amuse himself in case the sermon proved to be dull.

"I CAN'T drink liquor," said Bob; "it goes right to my head." "Well," said Bob's friend, "where could it go with less danger of being crowded?"

AN Indiana young lady died recently, but while they were preparing her body for the coffin she revived long enough to tell them to crimp her hair.

A SENTIMENTAL writer says, "It is hard to say good-bye." We don't think so. It is easier to say "good-bye" three times than to say "ichthyosaurus" once.

A CAMDEN young man, out of employment and health, desires to act as substitute for some pensioner of the war of 1812. No objection to going into the country.

THEY tell of a woman in Baltimore who has provided herself with two hundred pairs of stockings, woollen and cotton. She is evidently intending to organize a hose company somewhere.

A CLAIRVOYANT trio, two women and a man, have been travelling in the South, pretending to cure epizooty by the "laying on of hands." They practiced on a Kentucky mule the other day, and the firm has since dissolved.

AN Oregon town got on a landslide recently, and deposited itself in another county. And now the dishonest residents of that peripatetic village coolly refuse to pay their taxes, on the ground that they don't belong in that county.

A PEORIA man stayed out in the yard until two o'clock the other night, trying to freeze his dog to death. Five doctors buggies were standing in front of his house the next morning, and the dog is sucking eggs by day and howling by night, as usual.

A REVENGEFUL traveller on a certain railroad in this State packed a carpet-bag full of loaded revolvers, and handed it to a gentlemanly baggage-smasher who had

ruined three or four trunks for him already. The smasher flung the bag up against the wall savagely, and then threw it on the floor and stamped on it, and jumped up and down on it, as usual. At about the fourth jump firing began along the whole line. Forty-six revolvers went off in rapid succession, distributing bullets around the car with disgusting carelessness of the legs of the smasher, who was shot in six places before he could get out of the car. He rode upon the platform during the whole of that trip; and when he did enter the car, he encased his legs in stove-pipe, and ran an iron-clad snow-plough in front of him to push the baggage out with. He smashes, perhaps, fewer carpet-bags now than he once did in the blindest fashion; much fewer; and he is filled with gloom. The only loss he craves is that he may be present when the carpet-bag owner calls with his check. He says there will then be a conflict which will make the Franco-German war appear perfectly ridiculous.

WE have seen in one of the papers an article upon "The Power of Music," in which the writer describes how, when he would play his flute at his parlor window, a toad would come out from under the front steps and appear to drink in the delicious melody with an air of rapturous exaltation. This must be the man who lives across the street from us. We have noticed several times that a toad came out and sat on the steps when the man began to play the flute; but we always thought it was for the purpose of ascertaining what sort of an idiot it was making such a horrible racket in a peaceful neighborhood. Sure enough, day before yesterday, when the playing began, out came the toad, unable to stand it any longer. He had another toad with him, and they went and got the lid of an old blacking-box and fixed a string to it, and packed into it their little store of dead flies and things, and three or four small toads, and all their domestic comforts, and hitched on to that string and began to move down the street in search of a new residence. Yes, animals have an appreciation of music; and knowing that fact, we have often wondered how this toad stood it so long close to that man with the flute.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

TO WASH CHINTZ.—Boil two pounds of rice in two gallons of water till soft, and pour it into a tub; let it stand until it subsides into a moderate warmth; put the chintz in and wash it (without using soap) until the dirt disappears; then boil the same quantity of water and rice as before, but strain off the rice and mix it in warm water. Wash the chintz in this till quite clean; afterward rinse it in the water the rice was boiled in; this will answer the end of starch, and dew will not affect it.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL.—This may be employed for various kinds of ornamentation. It is made as follows: To two drachms of vermilion add one ounce of resin, and melt them together. Have ready the branches or twigs peeled and dried, and paint them over with this mixture while hot. The twigs being covered, hold them over a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly smooth. White coral may also be made with white lead, and black, with lampblack mixed with resin.

COURT-PLASTER.—To make court-plaster, take half an ounce of benzine and six ounces of rectified spirits, dissolve and strain; then take one ounce of isinglass and half a pint of hot water; dissolve, and strain separately from the former. Mix the two, and set them aside to cool, when a jelly will be formed; warm this, and brush it ten or twelve times over a piece of black silk stretched smooth. When dry, brush it with a solution made from four ounces of China turpentine and six ounces of tincture of benzine.

ALABASTER ornaments may be imitated by brushing over plaster of Paris models with spermaceti, white wax, or a mixture of the two, or by steeping the models in the warm mixture. Or instead of this process, they may be brushed over several times with white of egg, allowing each coating sufficient time to dry. Only models made of the finest plaster are suited for these processes.

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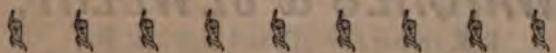
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TODAY

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 3, 1873.

No. 27.



"SHE SAT WITH HER EYES FIXED ON THE BRUTE."—P. 507.

MISS ST. CLAIR.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

"I wish I were dead, I do! I wish I were dead and buried!"

The speaker, a girl of sixteen, was sitting at the foot of a great oak in the midst of the deep woods. The place was so full of beauty that it seemed as if the saddest heart might have wished to linger for a while in a world so lovely.

It was one of the most perfect of October days. The frosts had been sharp enough to kill off the mosquitoes, or the most determined lover of solitude could not have indulged in meditation for two minutes. But the mosquitoes were gone, and there was no outward annoyance

to divert the eye or the heart from the glory of sunshine, shadow and color that filled the forest.

The ground was covered with ferns; and though some were brown and seared, others yet rose green and graceful over the mosses and the thick "bear's grass" below. There were the heart-shaped leaves of the coltsfoot, and here and there a stem of blue or purple aster or yellow golden-rod. Over the variegated greens and browns were the scattered leaves, orange, crimson, red and gold, and in a bit of swampy ground flamed on their leafless stems the scarlet berries of the bog-alder. There was no undergrowth, and the mighty trees towered up in crowding ranks, brown in the shadow, silver in the light, bearing aloft their many-colored glories. The oaks were deep blood-crimson, green and brown; the beeches and elms, golden; the maples blazed in every tint that frost can

paint. Here and there, as you looked up, you could see the sky intensely blue, and flooded with sunshine that fell into the forest aisles and on the mossy ground in a constant shimmer and change, as a light wind whispered through the woods.

But Miss St. Clair—as she would have wished you to call her—saw nothing of all this loveliness. She was not in the mood, and it seemed to her that Nature was a hard-hearted, unfeeling thing, to dress herself in her best and flaunt in sunshine and color when there was so much wretchedness in the world, and while she—Miss St. Clair—was so utterly miserable.

Miss St. Clair was pretty, and rather more than pretty. Even the forlorn old wrapper that she wore did not spoil her figure; and though she had cried till her eyelids and her nose were red and swollen, you could have seen how fair she was, and what fine gray eyes were hidden under the long, tear-wet lashes. Her long light hair had fallen from its comb, and lay all tumbled over her shoulders, thick and rich and silky.

She sat all in a heap on the ground, and never thought how her cousin David had killed a "ranger," alias masasenga, alias rattlesnake, in these very woods, only two days before. Her elbows rested on her knees and her head on her hands, and her shoulders were halfway up to her ears. She did not care; there was no one to see her, and she had come out especially to be alone and to cry.

She had wept and sobbed till she could cry no longer, and sat in a sort of stupor until a fresh wave of trouble came over her and made her cry out, as girls will do sometimes, that she wished herself dead.

I once knew a young woman who wished herself dead for the good and sufficient reason that her new bonnet had not come home, as expected.

Miss St. Clair's trouble was not about a bonnet. Her best was shabby and old-fashioned, but she wore it, and "did not care how she looked." Her troubles were of a far more serious nature; and as she sat there under the oak tree, they all came up before her in long procession led. She thought how she had been left an orphan two years before, when her father and mother had been killed in a railroad accident, how small was that inheritance which every one had supposed would be a comfortable fortune, how her aunt and uncle, who had always petted her, had grown so odd and cold, and how her cousin Ada, whom she had worshipped with a girl's adoring, exclusive friendship, had cast her off—slighted and neglected her. Ada's cool unkindness had been her first lesson in the hardness of the world, and it had left her in all the restless, unreasoning bitterness and scornfulness of youth. She went over in her mind that whole miserable time, and the old pain was renewed.

Her uncle had told her one day that she was to go and live with her cousin David in Michigan. She was glad to be away from a house where she had been so wretched, even though she knew nothing of her cousin except that he lived in the woods in a log house, and that her father had sometimes sent him magazines and papers.

She recalled her dreary, rainy journey along the monotonous Detroit and Milwaukee, the rough stage ride, her arrival at the log-house, and her whole life at her cousin's. Oh how tired, how tired she was of it all! She had no place to call her own but the tiny room where she slept—a place hardly large enough to turn round in. She could take refuge sometimes in this half section of woods, which belonged to her, but in summer the mosquitoes drove out even the cattle, and in winter the snow lay deep, and at home there was nothing to read but the newspaper and "Agricultural Transactions." How she hated the sight of Miss Ruby Ward's blue dishes with a castle on each plate, and how she detested the britannia spoons! How tired she was of seeing pies for breakfast, dinner and tea, and of saleratus biscuit with a great deal too much saleratus, and of endless fried pork, the gravy from which went into the crust of the aforesaid pies, to the unspeakable disgust of Miss St. Clair.

Miss Ruby Ward tried everything she could think of to tempt the girl's appetite. She made cake confectioned of soda and cream of tartar, blackberry puddings heavy as lead

and full of seeds, "preserves" all more or less partaking of the nature of molasses, and complained mildly that "Gerdy didn't like any kind of sass."

Miss St. Clair lived mostly on hasty pudding and milk, berries and baked apples. On this diet she grew plump and fair and rosy, and would have grown pretty had she not looked so sad and discontented, not to say sulky.

She thought how Jane Smith had said she was "stuck up," how Miss Ruby would address her as "Gerdy," and how the people who made the county map had on this very half section of land that was her own printed her name as "Emma Jane Sinker," instead of Ermengarde St. Clair. To Miss St. Clair there was a great deal in this name of hers. Her mother and grandmother had been Ermengarde before her. She knew very well that it meant the fortress of honor, and she liked to think that it was "a family name," and had come down to her from very old times, though her knowledge of the Van der Kirks, her mother's family, went no farther back than her great-grandfather. There was a dim tradition that the original Van der Kirk had been a refugee from Holland for conscience' sake, but this ancestor was altogether a shadowy and mythical person.

On the St. Clair side, however, the case was different. The first authenticated St. Clair had been one of Cromwell's captains, in spite of his Jacobite name. On the restoration of Charles II. he had left his home in Sussex and come to rocky Dorchester.

There was an idea in the St. Clair family that the old soldier had been a person of wealth and distinction, and had been unjustly deprived of a fine estate in Sussex which had been in the family "for hundreds of years." There was no sort of proof for this story, but the St. Clairs believed it, and prided themselves upon the captain the more in that he was "a fellow who had losses."

The captain had been a real person, and his name was on a flat tombstone in the old burying-ground at Dorchester, and from the captain the St. Clairs traced their family line from father to son.

The St. Clairs had never been wealthy, and they were proud of the fact. It might do for Smiths and Browns to make money, but St. Clairs were "different." They had never been particularly distinguished in any way, and of this also they were proud.

They all had a taste for books, pictures and music, the indulgence of which taste accounted in some measure for their lack of ready money. Miss St. Clair's father had all the family traits. He had added a fine collection to the libraries of his father and grandfather. He had possessed some fine pictures, and the sale of pictures and library had paid the debts which he had incurred in a hopeless speculation.

About five hundred dollars remained, and this sum, together with the half section of wild land, made Ermengarde's whole fortune. She had lost her place in life, the old homestead, the library, were all gone, but she was still "a St. Clair." It would seem rather an unsubstantial source of comfort, but it was much to Ermengarde. Her romantic pride in her own name helped to lift her above what was mean or unworthy. She knew all the family traditions by heart, and was a full believer in that estate in Sussex.

Then she had some way persuaded herself that the Sussex St. Clairs were descended from the "Lords of the Isles." If she would have exchanged her Christian name for any other, it would have been for Rosabella—a name borne by many ladies of that

"Lordly line of high St. Clair."

How she contrived to reconcile her Cromwellian ancestor's Puritanism with his supposed descent from a family always devoted to the Stuart cause, I do not know. She founded this notion on the fact that Captain St. Clair had had a daughter Rosabella. She had the sense to keep her ideas of her ancestry to herself, but she read every line and scrap she could find relating to the St. Clairs in the notes to the "Lord of the Isles" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." She liked to think that she was "the last of the St. Clairs," though the name is common enough;

and then there was her cousin David. He was the son of her father's half brother, Lyman St. Clair. Mr. St. Clair used to say, with a gentle sigh, that Lyman was "very like his mother's family." His mother had been a Miss Briggs, and who ever heard of a historical Briggs?

Mr. Lyman St. Clair had gone West and violated the family St. Clair tradition by making money, but he had vindicated his right to the name by losing it all, and leaving his son David at twenty-one to begin life on a new farm, in the township of Marathon, which, for the farther confusion of geography, lies in Doria county, between Calcutta and Copenhagen, the towns of Michigan having apparently been named haphazard out of the atlas.

David felt himself under some obligations to the uncle whom he had never seen; and when he heard of his cousin's destitute condition, he had sent for her and taken her into his own house. I cannot say that the comfort of that house had been much increased by Miss St. Clair's presence.

After a time Ermengarde rose from her seat at the foot of the oak and wandered listlessly on, not knowing or caring where she went. She liked to feel that the forest was her own, though it took half her income to pay the taxes. There was plenty of wild land besides, and she could roam for miles through the woods if she pleased.

She was wrong to stroll as far as she was going to-day, for she had hardly recovered from an illness which had brought her to death's door. Miss Ruby had nursed her through it all carefully and tenderly, but Ermengarde was not as grateful as she might have been. She wished that doctor and nurse had let her alone, and that she had been carried to the weed-grown graveyard.

Ermengarde knew in her "inner consciousness" that she was wrong and ungrateful, but she hardened her heart and "didn't care," and was as wilfully miserable as it pleases sixteen to be.

She knew that Miss Ruby would be troubled, and that David would very likely come to look for her, but she went on, for all that, and made her way into the swamp, where she had never been before. She caught her dress on the bushes, and she was obliged to take care lest in skipping from log to log she should fall into the mud, and the exercise rather raised her spirits.

The swamp was not wide, and she had soon emerged from it into a place she had never seen before. It was a deserted clearing overgrown with brushwood and brambles. The forest hemmed it in on all sides but one, where lay stretched for a mile away the gray-green marsh, level as a floor, and only broken here and there by a stack of "marsh hay" or a clump of willow.

In the midst of the clearing stood a log house, the windows gone, the eave-trough dropping from the eaves. On one side a few struggling apple trees stretched their arms over a wilderness of brambles.

A deserted clearing is always rather a melancholy place, as it seems to tell of failure and disappointed hopes. This whole place looked lonely and desolate, and Ermengarde wished herself at home as she looked about her and knew that no human creature was within call. She had heard plenty of wild legends and stories, and a nervous thrill came over her. She was no coward, however, and she pressed through the bushes, following a scarce traceable path that led to the doorstep, which was overshadowed by a cluster of snowberry bushes and a knot of flower de luce running wild and weedy. Something white caught Ermengarde's eye among the tangled branches of the snowberries; and parting the shrubs, she found they shadowed a grave and a marble headstone.

She pushed her hair from her face, and bent down to read the inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Alice Vinal, wife of Richard Vinal, who died January 1, 1848, aged eighteen; also her infant daughter.

"She was so pleasant."

"Poor thing!" said Ermengarde, with a sigh. "So young as that, and a wife and mother. And what a curious thing to put on a tombstone! 'She was so pleasant.'"

Some one seems to have cared for the grave once, but how forlorn it is! I dare say Richard Vinal has another wife long before this time."

Hardly thinking what she did, she began to pull up some ugly pigeon-weed that covered the foot of the grave, and rooted out with some difficulty a broad-leaved mullein.

"I will plant some violet roots here," she said to herself. "Poor Alice Vinal, 'aged eighteen,' with her little baby! Maybe there is some one living who would rather have flowers on your grave than weeds."

But Ermengarde was soon obliged to leave her work and sit down on the doorstep to rest.

"Oh dear!" she said; "the world is so full of trouble! I wish I were dead and out of it," she repeated, in bitterness of spirit.

She sat still for a moment with her face hidden in her hands, and then, as she looked up, the blood seemed to stand still in her veins. Not a rod from her was a huge black bear.

The creature had come suddenly round the corner of the house, and now stood looking at her as if in puzzled surprise. Fortunately for herself, the girl was too frightened to rise and run away. She sat with her eyes fixed on the brute, as he stood stock still, as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat. After a minute that seemed an hour, he wheeled round and trotted off into the woods.

At that season there is plenty of mast and nuts, and Bruin was probably not hungry. Fortunately, he went in a direction opposite to that in which Ermengarde's home lay. She did not faint, but she sat for a moment blind and giddy with the sudden fright and the sudden relief.

As soon as she was able, she hastened away from the deserted clearing as fast as her failing strength would allow. She made her way with difficulty through the swamp, her feet slipping, her hands trembling, her heart beating fast with dread lest she should meet the bear.

Having passed the swamp, she was so utterly exhausted that, frightened as she was, she sank down to rest for a minute at the foot of the great oak tree where we first saw her. The place brought back the thought of her trouble and of her wish. She could not but smile, half amused, half mortified.

"I don't suppose I did really wish to die," she said, "or I shouldn't have been so afraid of the bear."

For all her terror and her weariness, her heart was lightened. The start, the fatigue, her little kindly interest in Alice Vinal, had done her good. She even forgot herself long enough to think how uneasy Miss Ruby would be, and rose to go home. It was an unusual piece of consideration toward Miss Ruby, for, to tell the truth, Miss St. Clair was rather a trial to that sweet-tempered woman.

She had not gone far when she heard her cousin's voice calling her anxiously. She answered, and was soon joined by David, who looked relieved as he saw her safe.

"I'm glad to find you, Ermengarde," he said. "Sam Smith said a big black bear had been seen in the woods. Where were you? I looked for you here."

"I've been as far as the marsh, and I saw the bear," said Ermengarde, who, now that the adventure was safely over, began to feel pleased that she had it to tell.

"You did!" exclaimed David.

Ermengarde told her story, but she did not say how she had wished herself dead just before Bruin's appearance.

David drew a long breath:

"It's a mercy you're safe. But, Gerda, you look tired to death. You've been too far."

"I know it," said Ermengarde, with unusual meekness. "I won't go so far alone again."

David was pleased. Generally his cousin's answer to kindly caution or advice was some cross little speech implying that she could look out for herself, or a fit of sullen reserve more provoking still.

"There'll be a hunt," he said. "If I get the bear's skin, I'll give it to you. Were you much scared?"

"Rather," said Ermengarde, coloring slightly, for she was a little ashamed of her own extreme terror, and felt that she had hardly shown the heroism worthy of a St. Clair.

David St. Clair's log-house was rather larger than those of his neighbors. It had a room that served for parlor and hall, but the kitchen was at the back, and there were two small bedrooms down stairs besides the two in the loft above.

Of the two down-stairs rooms, Miss Ruby Ward occupied one and Ermengarde the other. Miss St. Clair never guessed what a trial it had been to Miss Ruby to give up that tiny spare room, nor how mortified she had been at Ermengarde's extreme and very evident reluctance to share with her the other chamber.

The furniture was of the very plainest description. Before Mr. Lyman St. Clair had come to this out-of-the-way quarter, he had wandered far and wide, to Iowa and Canada and Kansas, and such relics of better days as had been left to him had been scattered here and there. It never occurred to Ermengarde to think that her cousin was as much a St. Clair as herself, still less to imagine that he could have any right to share in her own pride of descent from the Cromwellian captain.

She had never taken the least pains to please either her cousin or Miss Ruby, though now and then, when she felt like it, she would be very agreeable.

That adventure with the bear had, however, shaken her mind a little out of the grooves in which it had run so long. She could not but feel glad to be alive, and a dim doubt began to rise in her mind whether she was so very miserable, after all, and suggested the question whether heroic blood might not enable its possessor to rise to such a pitch of endurance as should make bearable even britanna spoons.

As it happened, Miss Ruby had made for her some cream toast—one of the few dishes she knew how to prepare well; and Ermengarde sat down to the table in rather better spirits and temper than usual.

After tea a neighbor who lived some quarter of a mile away came in to ask Miss Ruby to go and see a sick child, and Ermengarde, when she was gone, betook herself to washing the dishes.

She was skilful enough in many household arts her mother had taught her, but some way she had never offered to help Miss Ruby. She was not more selfish than other girls of her age, but she didn't think, and her head and soul were fully occupied with her own trials and troubles.

She had been used at home to wash the breakfast china; but oh what a difference there may be between matters going under the same general name! At home her work had been done in the pretty dining-room, with a dainty little pan and a mop with a carved handle; and then what an odds there was between her mother's egg-shell china and old-fashioned silver and Miss Ruby's dishes and those dreadful yellow spoons that made the tea taste of brass!

David wondered a little to see Miss St. Clair begin to wash the dishes, and was inclined to regard it as quite a piece of virtue on her part, for the simple reason that he had never seen her do it before.

He had a patient, tolerant temper; and though he sometimes wished his cousin's "ways" were different, he had never spoken an impatient word to her since she had been in the house, far less had he remonstrated with her about her persistent discontent. He supposed she was like other girls, and girls were creatures whom he did not understand.

He settled himself to read by the kitchen fire the unflinching "Agricultural." As far as agriculture went, this oracle was probably a success; but considered from a literary point of view, it was rather a failure, as the literature was contributed by that portion of the youthful world who, yearning for the glories of authorship, consider print, like virtue, to be its own reward.

Ermengarde went on washing the dishes, her mind meanwhile "revolving on various thoughts." Some way, she could not but remember over and over again how she had wished herself dead, and how very much afraid she had been of dying, and then Alice Vinal's epitaph came back to her over and over—"She was so pleasant."

"No one would put that on my tombstone," she thought, with an injured feeling; and then something asked her if

she had deserved to be so remembered, or had ever tried since she came into the house to give its inmates a pleasant hour.

"David," she said, suddenly, "who was Alice Vinal?"

David looked up.

"What do you know about her?" he asked.

"Nothing, only I found her grave there to-day."

"Aunt Ruby can tell you about her if she will; but if I were you, I wouldn't ask her, Gerda."

And then David rose and went out to the barn. Ermengarde was interested. She saw there was a story, and yet who could imagine that Miss Ruby or David—"such commonplace people" as they were—could have met with many interesting experiences?

Before long Miss Ruby came in. The child whom she had been summoned to see, and whom its anxious mother had supposed to be at the point of death, had been cured by no more desperate remedy than a spoonful of "croup tea." Miss Ruby, who had toned her sympathies up to the pitch of at least croup, was a little disgusted with child and mother.

"I do hate a fuss about nothing," she said, with very unusual irritation, "but there's no use expecting sense of people when they haven't got it;" and she composed her mind and sat down to her knitting.

Miss Ruby Ward was a pretty old lady, nearer sixty than fifty. She had the sense to wear caps, and was fond of a bow of pink ribbon.

"Where did you go to-day, Gerdy, when you was out so long?" she asked, as Gerdy dropped down on the old lounge in her usual listless attitude.

"I went as far as the marsh—I never was there before—and to the old house there."

Miss Ruby took off her spectacles, and began to wipe them with her red silk handkerchief.

"How does the place look?" she asked, in a lower tone.

"It looks desolate and forlorn. It always seems to me as if a deserted house must feel lonesome."

"Did you find a grave there?" asked Miss Ruby, beginning to knit without looking up.

"Yes; and I pulled up the weeds from it as much as I could. It seemed so forlorn and uncared for."

"I haven't been near the place, not in years," said Aunt Ruby, with emotion. "If plantin' flowers on the spot was any use, I'd do it, but she ain't there."

"Who was she?" asked Ermengarde, gently.

"She was a cousin of mine, Gerdy, a great deal younger than I was. An aunt of her mother's at the East adopted her when she was a child, brought her up in an extravagant, expensive way, and then died and didn't leave no will, and the other relations had everything and Alice nothing. She had to come home to her father. He'd married a second time, a dreadful, violent-tempered, rough kind of woman, and he was—well, he wasn't a very steady man. Alice hadn't very good times of it. Finally, after about six months at home, she married Richard Vinal. Everybody wondered at Alice, with her lady way, taking Dick Vinal, for he was a rough sort of fellow, and could hardly read and write, but she liked him, and he loved her as well as any man ever did a woman. They moved out on this quarter section of land down by the marsh. I lived over in Calcutta then, doing dressmaking, and I used to come over and see her when I could."

"Alice had dreadful hard times, but she was one of the sort that gets along with things, and I must say that Richard took every straw out of her way as far as he could. He was a rough fellow, but she made the best of him. She taught him a good many things; and I tell you, Gerdy, a man has to think a great deal of a woman before he'll let her teach him what she knows and he don't."

"She was only sixteen when she was married—just your age; and when she was eighteen, her second baby was born. Whether she wasn't managed right, or whether she'd worked too hard beforehand, I don't know, but we all saw she wasn't going to get well."

"I was with her the night she died, and then she told me, and she told Richard, she wanted me to have the bringing up of her children. I promised her I'd do what

I could for them—there was little Dick and the baby—and after that there seemed to be a sort of weight lifted off her mind, for she sank into a sort of still peacefulness, and never spoke again, only once she whispered about 'the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.' The little baby only lived a few hours after its mother, and was buried with her.

"Richard only stayed long enough with us to have that stone put up over Alice's grave. He wouldn't have a verse on it, but put on it the words I dare say you read. People thought it was queer, but that was what folks always said of Alice, 'She was so pleasant.'"

"Richard went off and enlisted in the regular army, and six months afterward we heard he was killed by the Indians, and I was left with the little boy to take care of.

"There wasn't anything for the child but that clearing, and it was such a lonesome place and so near the marsh that people wouldn't buy or rent it, and the house just stood empty.

"Folks say no one but a mother can tell what a mother's feeling is for a child, but I don't believe any mother ever loved a son better than I loved Dick. He was a beautiful boy, and I took a pride in his beauty, and he was so bright. He learned his letters before other children can speak, almost; and when he went to school, he stood at the head of his class. Till he was twelve or thirteen, I never had a bit of trouble with him. He used to say, 'Aunt Ruby, I'll take care of you when I get to be a man.'

"Then Tom Hicks and his family moved into our neighborhood. He had three boys a little older than my Dick, and they went to the same school. Boys has a dreadful sight of influence over other boys. Some way, just as soon as Dick began to go with those Hicks, every good and pleasant thing he'd ever been taught seemed to slip away from him like water off a duck's back. He got a dreadful notion of being 'independent,' and lotted on having his father's farm when he was twenty-one. All I could do and say, he would get into bad company, and Calcutta is a hard place. Many's the night I sat up for him in fear and trembling of what he'd be when he came home. I tell you, Gerdy, I suffered, for I kept on loving him more and more all the time. Sometimes he seemed to repent and take a start for the better, but it never lasted—it never lasted; and I couldn't help seeing that he never made any sign of caring for me unless he wanted something out of me directly afterward. I paid money for him more than once, and I had to work hard to live, but I managed to save up a little something; I had it in the house.

"Dick was about eighteen then. One night in the fall, he came home earlier than usual. He had a place in a store then, and he gave me fifty dollars that he said the man he worked for had just paid him.

"Put it with yours, Aunt Ruby," he said; 'it's something toward my debt to you.'

"It was a sight of comfort to me to hear him say that, and I began to hope he'd taken a turn. I went and put the money with mine in a little tin box in an old trunk where I'd kept it hid away, and he held the candle for me.

"Gerdy, next morning he was gone, and all the money with him. I found afterward he'd robbed his employer.

"It's no use to make a long story of it. I used to hear from him once in a while after a long time. He always told some pitiful story, and wanted money. He never wrote unless he did want something.

"I had no one but myself to think for, and I always sent him something; though, mind you, Gerdy, I don't say but it was silly in me.

"By and by I got so I could not sew any more; and then David asked me to come and keep house for him. David's good—yes, Gerdy, he is. Folks talk about him as if he was close and stingy, because he's been saving every cent he could to pay some of his father's debts.

"He wasn't bound to by law; 'but,' says he, 'nobody shall have a word to say against my father's name. So far as ever I heard, the St. Clairs were honest people, and I don't mean to be the first of the set to live on other people's money;' and he's denied himself everything to do it, and to do his duty by you."

"Haven't I enough to pay—that is, to carry me round the year?" asked Ermengarde, suddenly, raising her head.

"Law bless you, dear child! if I hadn't thought you'd known, I wouldn't have told you. Do you suppose that fifty dollars a year, when you take out seventeen or eighteen dollars taxes on that there land, is going to pay for your board and clothes? Not but what you're as welcome to it as the day is long. Don't you ever trouble yourself about that.

"I was going to tell you the rest of my story.

"I didn't hear from Dick in a long time, and I dare say you'll think I am an old fool, but there wasn't an hour in the day when I didn't think of him. Finally there came to me a letter from a little town in York State. He'd been there at work some—that is, now and then—and he'd been hurt with a fall on the ice, and it crippled him entirely; and he took sick, besides.

"They'd taken him to the poorhouse—Alice's son—my own blood relation, the little fellow I'd nursed and tended. He said they were good to him, and that he didn't want for nothing. When he was laid up and come to think, he began to have a sense of his wrong-doing. The minister came to see him; it was him that wrote the letter. He said that Dick wouldn't let him write before because he'd all along expected to get well, and said he didn't want to write to me again till he could work and earn some money to send me. His having that thought makes me feel as if his had been a real conversion. When he felt he wasn't going to get well, he asked the minister to write to me and tell me the whole story, and say that if it were possible, he'd like to see me once more before he died and tell me he was sorry for all that had passed."

Miss Ruby stopped and wiped her eyes.

"And didn't you go?" asked Ermengarde, in a low voice.

"Why, you see, dear, it was a long journey and an expensive one, and just then, you see, I'd paid away about all the ready money I had," said Miss Ruby, hesitatingly. "I wrote to Dick, and said all I could to him to comfort him, and the next I heard he was dead. The minister said he died very peacefully, and that the most he regretted was that he couldn't see me once more."

"Oh, Aunt Ruby," said Ermengarde, in wonder, "it seems to me I would have gone if I had to beg the money. How could you stay here?"

"Well, you see, Gerdy, it was when you were sick, and I couldn't leave you; and then I knew there'd be the doctor's bill and one thing and another for David to see to, and then I couldn't find any one that would come and stay with you but old Miss Smith, and you couldn't bear the sight of her—"

But here Miss Ruby stopped, astonished, for Ermengarde rushed across the room and threw herself on her knees, with her head in the old lady's lap, in a passion of shame, contrition, sympathy and gratitude.

"Oh, Aunt Ruby, Aunt Ruby!" she said, through her sobs, "I am a wretch—I am the meanest creature on the face of the earth! I've been as blind as a bat—a perfect vampire bat; and I've had no more sense of your goodness and David's than anything. I'm not fit to carry your shoes after you, nor his either!"

"Hush, hush, dear," said Miss Ward, soothing her. "No one expects a young thing like you to think very much."

"I'm not a young thing, I'm sixteen," asserted Ermengarde, with vehemence. "I'm old enough to have known better. Oh, Aunt Ruby, do forgive me and show me how to be a better girl, and to be like you and have some sense; and I have been 'stuck up,' just as Jane Smith said, and I'm a piece of pretence, for I said I wished I was dead over and over, and I didn't any such thing. I know I didn't, or I shouldn't have been so scared at the bear. I've been as provoking and vexatious as I could be."

"No, indeed, you haven't. You've been a real comfort," said Miss Ruby, stretching a point, "and you've come through a deal of trouble, losing your parents and all, and your own relations not being kind to you. I'm sure they were not, by the way they wrote about you."

David. He was just disgusted with that letter, David was, and he says, 'The child shall come to us. We can be kind to her, at any rate.'

"David had plenty of crosses himself. He was set on going to college, and he might have got himself through if he'd have left his father, but your uncle never could have got on without David, and he gave it up. He used to try to study and prepare himself, in the hopes he'd some time have a chance to go, but finally he said his Latin and so on took his mind off his work and made him discontented, and he just locked up his books, and said he didn't mean to read anything for a year but what would tell him about farming, and then he's anxious to make money as much for your sake as his own, because you're just the same as his sister, and you've had your mind taken up with your own trials, and no wonder."

"Oh dear!" sobbed Miss St. Clair; "you make me more and more ashamed of myself. And I've never done the least thing to help him or you, and I've felt above you, and I'm ever so much below you and David, and you ought to have shaken me and put me to work."

"Gracious!" said Miss Ruby, quite shocked at the idea; "we know you'd come through a sight of trouble, dear, and we hoped you'd feel better after a while."

"Oh, Aunt Ruby, it wasn't any real trouble I was crying about this afternoon. It was only the spoons."

"The spoons?" said Miss Ruby, puzzled.

"Yes; because—oh, because I was so silly, and thought I couldn't stand it because they were not silver, and then all the rest—all the other things on the top of that," said Miss St. Clair, incoherently.

"Well, dear, I know our ways ain't like what you've been used to, of course. David wasn't brought up economical, either, and I know it comes hard on him sometimes. They used to live real nice when your uncle lived in this part of the country—better than any one else; for David's mother, she was fond of seeing things pretty around her. All her furniture and things were sold and scattered and lost when your uncle's property went in that unlucky speculation and in their moving about. David feels the difference, I know he does, only he's one of the kind don't make no fuss when things can't be helped; but says he to me to-day, 'Aunt Ruby, when I get a little forehanded, the first thing I do will be to get half a dozen silver spoons, if it's only to please Gerdy!'"

"He shan't do anything to please me," said Miss St. Clair, still in the depths of self-abasement. "I'll set me to work, and let me do something for you or for him. Oh, when I think what a selfish, conceited humbug I've been, I want to burrow right down into the ground like an angle worm, and never come up again."

"Why, Gerdy, what ever is the matter?" asked David, who entered the room just then and stood astonished.

"Oh, David, I am so ashamed," said Ermengarde, in a fresh burst of emotion; "and you've been so good to me, and I never had the sense to see how good you were, and I was so proud of being a St. Clair, and you were a great deal more of a one than I was, and I've been so silly and ungrateful, and so I am so ashamed!"

"Why, Gerdy, returned David, more and more surprised, I don't know that I've done much. Anything for you and then I suppose is natural, my dear, and don't be so full of set in that way, and you've said so many times."

"I've made as many mistakes as I've had," said Gerdy, weeping bitterly; "but I want to be a better girl, and I'll do it, even if having patience with me a little longer. Aunt Ruby, I don't have the spoons and want them, please. I want to be some help to you if you only let me."

"A. I. thought I ment the spoons—an even in which both Miss Ruby and David regarded as a 'disgrace' and it was so her part, for it is a curious fact that the less you do for others, the more happy will the world you do be come, here."

But Miss St. Clair, however, had been shaken from her throne of selfishness by the kindness of, and day by day her heart grew more and more

She found the way hard and difficult. She had many slips and falls, many discouragements within and without, but she persevered. She learned to spin; she gave her mind to cookery, and was able greatly to improve on Miss Ruby's methods; she looked after the poultry, and learned to make butter.

She made David bring out his old books from the bottom of his chest, where he had buried them in sadness of spirit. She recalled what French and German she knew for his benefit, and studying with him, waked up in his mind the family taste for literature which the cares and burdens of David's life had only obscured, not destroyed.

She no longer kept herself apart from the joys and sorrows of the household, but identified her own interests more and more with those of Miss Ruby and David; and moved by the ambition to be of some use to her protectors, she no longer hung upon their hands a melancholy, helpless, careless burden.

"There's a sight of difference in that girl since a year ago," said old Mrs. Smith to Aunt Ruby, without in the least minding that Ermengarde was present. "What's come over you, Gerdy? Have you got religion?"

A year before, Miss St. Clair would have deeply resented Mrs. Smith's question, and would have been haughty and scornful to the last degree, but now she only said,

"I'm glad you think me improved," and ran away.

Miss Ruby followed her, a little apprehensive that she might have been hurt or offended.

"You needn't mind what Mrs. Smith says," she began. "She means well, but law! you know Mrs. Smith."

Miss St. Clair caught Miss Ruby and kissed her:

"I didn't answer her; but, aunty, I don't know but I did."

"Did what, dear?"

"Got religion, as she says. It's such a funny way to get it, just as if she'd said getting the whooping-cough; but if being converted is being turned round, I do think I was turned round that night."

"Well, dear child, I am very glad if you are contented, but we can't expect to keep you always," and Miss Ruby sighed.

"Yes—but—you—will," said Miss St. Clair, dropping out the words one by one and turning pink to the roots of her hair.

"All girls talk that way, Gerdy, but you'll change your name some time."

"I—I— Oh, Aunt Ruby, we meant to tell you last night, only you would go to see that tiresome baby. I know I shall never change my name, because—because David is just as much a St. Clair as I am."

And though many years have passed since then, and the two have known the cares and troubles of their kind, I do not know that Miss St. Clair has ever been tempted to wish herself dead.

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.—Dr. Johnson, it is said, never forgot anything he had seen, heard or read. Burke, Clarendon, Addison, Locke, Tillotson, were all distinguished for strength of memory. When alluding to this subject Sir William Hamilton observes: "For intellectual power of the highest order, none were distinguished above Aristotle and Pascal, and Gassius and Pascal forgot nothing they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler were not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their memory, and both could repeat the whole of the 'Enéide.' Democritus knew the 'Corpus Juris' by heart, and yet he was one of the profoundest and most original speculators in jurisprudence. Ren Jansen tells us that he could repeat all he had ever written and whole books that he had read. Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the name of every soldier in his army. Horatius after giving the greatest oration of Rome, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, correctly enumerated from memory all the things with their prices and the names of their purchasers. Neither the historian was so less distinguished for his memory than for his acuteness. In his youth he was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark. Part of a book of accounts having been destroyed he recovered it by an effort of memory."



SYMPATHY.

Yes, clasp her fondly, child, and kiss
 Her gentle lips and tearful eyes;
 Nothing can charm away like this
 The sorrow that within them lies.
 How many a grief has been beguiled
 By kisses from a loving child!

Strange to the little orphan's heart
 The formal ways, the measured rule,
 And often, as she sits apart,
 Her thoughts fly far beyond the school;
 Voices that from the playground rise
 E'en now bring tender memories.

The old home-garden where she played,
 The pigeons flying to her call,
 The arbor by the ash tree made,

How plainly can she see it all!
 The orchard where, in childish glee,
 She chased her sister merrily.

And then a shadow over all,
 Voices all hushed—a darkened room—
 A grave close by the chancel-wall—
 A loved name written on a tomb—
 Widow and children say, "Farewell,"
 And strangers in the rectory dwell.

No wonder that the teardrops start,
 Yet time shall soften sorrow's sting;
 Sunshine shall cheer the sad young heart,
 And flowers shall bloom and birds shall sing;
 And a child's love its aid shall lend
 The kisses of a little friend.

THE BATTLE FOR LIFE AMONG THE PLANTS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

In our minds the idea of battle is closely knit up with the roar of artillery, the shouts of combatants, and all the pomp and circumstance of war. Yet a warfare, unceasing, implacable, but unobtrusive, is constantly waging around us, unseen save by the keen glance of scientists.

Thus the brute tribes are engaged in perpetual battle, fighting for their very lives. Food is limited, animal increase unlimited, and only by a fierce struggle for existence can the stronger creatures maintain their lives, crowding their weak brethren off the field.

So savage man keeps up a constant struggle for life; civilized man for comfort, wealth and a thousand superior ends. Here untold stratagem is employed, no quarter is given; we hear the din of the strife, see the proud march of the victors, the dejected mien of the defeated; we silently bury the slain, and rush again into the conflict.

But all around us proceeds a warfare, endless and implacable, no mercy shown, no rest allowed, yet with no alarm-gun, unless in the sharp crack of a seed vessel; no visible struggle, save where a climbing vine strangles in its embrace some haughty tree.

We allude to the battle for life among the plants. This seems a strange phrase to apply to that kingdom of nature which affects our senses only with ideas of beauty, grace and innocence. In our gardens, redolent with perfume, brilliant with the richest hues, graceful with the endless charm of form, who would imagine strife, who see battle, where all seems beauty?

Is the rose, the favorite of the poets, the queen of the flower kingdom, a gladiator of the garden? Is the pure and saintly lily selfish and implacable? Are the tender violet, the fragrant woodbine, the shrinking sensitive plant, alike greedy and inexorable?

So science tells us. The war goes on, heedless of beauty and grace, the lusty seed, the vigorous root, strangling their feeble brethren in the cradle and rising in all the pride of victory.

The amount of plant nutriment in the soil is limited. The charming forms which seem made but to gladden our eyes are voracious eaters and drinkers. Each hungry plant seeks food for itself in selfish unconsciousness of the wants of its neighbors; each seeks to plant its own progeny of seeds where they may starve out their weaker competitors. Hence the strongest and best adapted inevitably triumphs over the weak, and every plant we see vigorously growing is a token of dozens of other possible plants that have died in the seed.

Man enters into this battle as an ally of many of the feeble plants, and by destroying their adversaries gives the fields to his grains and flowers, his edible roots and favorite trees. But let him remove his hand for a season, and the weed shoots up, strangling and starving his well-tended plants, and filling their places with endless obnoxious forms.

There are unseen agencies which produce victory—circumstances of soil, climate and plant constitution—which we cannot determine. Others of these agencies are easily seen. One of the chief of these is great root extension, the plant thus favored being able to gather food from a wide circle of soil, and thus gaining an advantage in its life-struggle. Those plants particularly which send up new stems from joints in their roots are hardy and intrusive, mining far under ground and exhausting the soil of food.

Abundant leafage is another important element. Air and sunlight have a prominent share in sustaining the plant, and it can no more flourish with weak foliage than man with contracted lungs.

The power to climb enables many plants to exist where others are crowded out.

In dense forests, where the sunlight cannot reach the ground, only tall trees and climbers which can lift their leaves to the light can hope to flourish. Humboldt tells us that some of the South American lianas show almost a

reasoning power in this particular, refusing to climb up certain trees, while those which they apparently select are just those which are best adapted by nature to their purposes.

Any change in the conditions of the soil makes a rapid change in the vegetation, giving new plants an advantage over those previously flourishing. Darwin describes a heath that was partly planted with fir. These varied conditions caused a marked change in the vegetation, the proportions of the original heath plants entirely changing, while twelve new species appeared, besides new grass forms. The ground thus seems to be a magazine of ungerminated seeds constantly waiting their opportunity to develop.

Frequently a foreign plant, of no special prominence in its own soil, will overrun and crowd out the native growth of a new country.

We may instance the watercress, unobtrusive in its native streams, which, transplanted to New Zealand, has so clogged up the streams as to become an utter nuisance. In like manner the American waterweed has become a vexatious obstruction in English streams. In other localities the white clover has overrun and crowded out the native grasses. As another instance, we may mention a particular species of grass which has invaded the South Russian steppes, driving out nearly every other species. In the island of St. Helena the natural vegetation has almost entirely disappeared before the invasion of foreign plants.

Mr. Hoffman, an English gentleman, experimented upon this invading power of plants. A manured and cultivated plot was left for several years to itself. It was found that the advantage of possession was only of minor importance. Numerous weeds sprang up, and one by one the original plants died out, till even the hardiest fell a victim to these strong aggressors. And now the battle went on among the weeds themselves. One after another of these withdrew defeated from the conflict, until a few combatants remained masters of the field, and these the strong-rooted, large-leaved warriors, whose vigorous powers of absorption and digestion gave them a decided advantage over their antagonists.

There is thus, as we have said, a real and incessant struggle, in which flower, tree and grass alike take part, and in which only the strongest and best fitted to the locality can conquer, unless man's strong aid gives the victory to weaker forms of vegetation.

LYING IN STATE IN SIAM.—A traveller in Siam thus describes a dead king lying in state: "Amid the grand colonnades of his palace hundreds of mandarins are walking about, formerly his civil and military officers. We pass under eight porticoes; slaves draw back a vast curtain—we are in the throne-room. The dead king, in his urn a-top of his altar, holds his court precisely as he held it in life. We are told to bow—we do so; great satisfaction of the mandarins in line on the left and right, their faces on the ground, all in white, which is mourning. One of the pages goes to the catafalque and takes from it some huge cigars, which he brings to us in a basket of red filigree. He whispers some words, which are translated for us to mean that he offers them on the part of the second king, and is about to light them at a funeral taper. Long silken cords of white and gold extend from the lid of the golden urn in all directions, like the threads of a spider's web, and at the extremity of each is a mandarin in adoration. They believe that these cords bear their words and prayers to the king, and they press them to their lips with lively faith and emotion. Lastly, a great golden basket stands upon the first step of the mausoleum, filled with letters and petitions addressed to the deceased since last week; and the replies are confidently expected. The entire spectacle is incomparably strange, stupefying and enchanting; and as we make profound reverences to his bottled majesty, we gravely thank him for his gracious reception and his excellent cigars, and hope that he may burn as well as they do. All this time his harem is kept up precisely as during his lifetime. At sunrise and sunset hundreds of women come to talk, by means of the white and golden cords, to this calm and inoffensive husband."

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER FIRE.

"BUT you have not told me yet," said Miss Rivington, "whether or not you object to sympathy."

"Does anybody object to sympathy?" asked Bertie, smiling; "especially when it is offered by you," he would have added but for the many listening ears around.

"Indeed, yes, I have known a great many people whom nothing more exasperated," answered Alice, smiling in turn. "I did not think you would be one of them, however. I fancy they are almost always people who, if not exactly ill-natured, are usually described by their friends as 'eccentric' or 'cross-grained.'"

"Like me," said St. Julian, who had also joined the group by this time. "That is what my friends say of me, Miss Rivington, and I prove the truth of the description by abhorring sympathy."

"Have you any friends, Mr. St. Julian?" asked Miss Rivington, opening her eyes. "I really thought that was one of the luxuries of life with which you wholly dispensed."

"And yet you esteem yourself a judge of character," said he, with a slight inflection of good-natured contempt in his voice.

"I am a judge of character," she answered, quickly. "I have told you that your cynicism and misanthropy are all on the surface, but still I thought you honest in practicing your creed. Now, I cannot fancy Timon transformed into Damon and Pythias."

"But as it chances, I am not Timon, nor yet Damon or Pythias," said he. "Cannot one be allowed to be one's self, and not a reproduction of any character, good or bad, who may have lived and died in history or fiction?"

"With all my heart," answered she. "But I submit the question to Mr. Lauriston whether, in being one's self, one ought not also to be consistent?"

"And I submit to you, Miss Rivington, whether there would be any spice in life if one was not allowed to be inconsistent?" answered Bertie, laughing. "Why, the mere thought is appalling."

"I suppose I may be allowed to suggest," said St. Julian, "that a man cannot well be inconsistent unless he has some decided opinions and principles to contradict. Now, I have none."

"Oh, Mr. St. Julian!" cried Belle. "No opinions or—
or principles!"

"Socially speaking, none," answered St. Julian, coolly. "I take it for granted that we are speaking of social matters. Of course," he said, with a shrug, "it is nobody's affair that I have a few rules of taste which I am often compelled to violate. Not to talk of myself is one of them," he added, dryly.

"I am in fault for your doing that, am I not?" asked Miss Rivington, smiling. "Let us change the subject, then, and talk of Mr. Lauriston. He has just been good enough to utter a plea for inconsistency, which I will stake my reputation as a judge of character—of which I am very proud—that he has no personal need to do. Mr. St. Julian, I appeal to you: is he not unusually consistent?"

"You should not have asked the question in his presence," answered St. Julian, smiling. "I am so little used to complimenting Bertie, that it may turn his head if he hears me say that he is one of the few—very few—thoroughly consistent people whom I have ever known."

"St. Julian," cried Bertie, aghast, "I—I never heard anything as monstrous! Don't believe a word of it, Miss Rivington," he went on, turning to that young lady. "The fellow is absolutely perjuring himself. Why, anybody who knows anything about me knows that I am a perfect weathercock. I scarcely ever think the same thing, or believe the same thing, for a week at a time."

"You are very much of a weathercock in your fancies

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and your tastes," said St. Julian. "But we judge a man's consistency by the tenacity with which he adheres to his opinions and principles—those things in which Miss Davenport is shocked to hear that I am wholly lacking; and judged by that standard, my dear Bertie, Miss Rivington is right. You are unquestionably consistent."

"What is the good of principles if one does not act up to them?" asked Bertie, flushing. "I cannot see why a man should be entitled to any credit for that. You might as well praise him for not picking locks and cutting throats."

"And don't we praise him for that?" asked Miss Rivington, smiling. "Don't we all say again and again that 'an honest man is the noblest work of God'? But I beg your pardon for having given the conversation such a personal turn, Mr. Lauriston. Only, when one conceives an idea about the character of a new acquaintance, one likes to learn whether or not one is right, you know. I see Belle is looking quite shocked at the freedom of my researches."

"I have always heard that it is very ill-bred to discuss people's characters before their faces," said Belle.

"Well, now," said Miss Rivington, "I should think it was infinitely better than discussing them behind their backs."

"Infinitely preferable to the person discussed, certainly," said Bertie, laughing. "What a good thing it would be, to be sure, if we could only bind over our friends to talk of us while we are present, instead of indulging in that amusement during our absence!"

"Good Heavens!" said St. Julian. "Don't look startled, Miss Davenport. I am not going to be profane if I can help it. But you cannot expect one to remain cool while Bertie enunciates such horrible sentiments. Why, what would become of us if one of the few sources of genuine enjoyment which we possess was ruthlessly cut off? It would make a worse revolution than the triumph of the socialists!"

"Speaking of socialists," said Amy, "we heard such a romantic story the other day about that poor Madame Alvarez—don't you remember, Belle, Mr. Wayne was telling us?—how she fell in love when she was a young, beautiful girl, at the height of her fame, with one of these socialists—a queer enough idea it was, too, for they wear blouses and smoke pipes all the time, don't they?—and how she left the stage and married him, and was poor and struggling, and had an altogether dreadful time, for I don't know how long, till he was shot or hanged or something. Did you ever hear the story, Mr. St. Julian?"

"I have heard it," answered St. Julian. He had his face under perfect control, and he flattered himself that it was about as expressive as a dead wall just then.

But Bertie had never acquired this enviable power of stolidity, and his change of countenance was so marked at the first sound of Madame Alvarez' name that Alice Rivington's keen glance at once perceived it. She was scarcely surprised—for she had known ever since the night of the accident that there was some tie between Bertie and the actress—but her curiosity was interested, and besides her curiosity, that natural bent for analyzing character and motives which some people possess in extraordinary degree.

"Have you ever heard the story, Mr. Lauriston?" she inquired. Yet a moment after she felt almost sorry for having asked the question, when she met Bertie's eyes—eyes with a look of pain in them, though they were so quiet and grave.

"Yes, I have heard it," he answered, as St. Julian had answered before him, and somehow the first tone of his voice—indifferent though he strove to make it—put an end at once to the discussion. Even Amy felt that she had made another blunder, though it was hard to say how or in what.

It was fortunate that just then the door opened, and two or three visitors were announced. Their arrival made a diversion for which nobody was sorry. Bertie was not "nice" at all since he had been burned, Amy indignantly thought; and she was very glad to welcome instead a

young gentleman with a hay-colored moustache, who was of their own "set" at home, and knew all its gossip—gossip much pleasanter to her than all the topics Paris could furnish.

Meanwhile, Bertie, having run a gauntlet of congratulations, condolences, compliments and inquiries which might have tried the patience of even a more amiable man, rose to his feet.

"I fear that I am more of an invalid than I supposed," he said to Miss Rivington. "This is rather too much for me. I think I better say good-night, and go back to my shell."

"This is rather too much for you, I have no doubt," said she, with an almost imperceptible glance round the gayly-talking circle. "But need you go back to your shell in consequence? None of these people are friends of mine, so I have no hesitation in asking you to come to the other end of the room and give me your opinion of some prints we bought to-day. Would you like it? Pray say no candidly if you would not."

"Is it possible that I would not like it?" said Bertie. "You are very kind. I will say yes candidly if you please."

So they moved away, and there was little question but that Alice Rivington—a sorceress of no mean order when she chose to exert her many gifts for that end—made good use of her time for the next hour. Bertie had never before met such a woman—one who dazzled, fascinated and commanded all at once; and it seemed like a pleasant enchantment to sit, with a portfolio of pictures open on his knee, listening to the stream of graceful talk which she knew how to make so rarely attractive even while it seemed so light, and watching the constant play of expression on the fair face, with its matchless curves and tints, the white forehead, lovely as St. Cecilia's, with the glory of golden hair waving around it, and the

"Shining eyes with antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone."

It was the opening page of the old story—tranquil and charming as such opening pages mostly are—St. Julian thought, watching the progress of affairs keenly enough from his position on the other side of the room. He had fallen under the tender mercies of a young lady fresh in Paris, and bubbling over with the facile enthusiasm of eighteen about all things whatsoever—the promenades, the drives, the pictures, the churches, the opera, the empress, the fashions and the weather; but while the tide of rapture rippled on with many "ohs" and "ahs," he kept his attention on Bertie with a perseverance which would have surprised that young gentleman had he been aware of it. In truth, St. Julian was seriously disquieted and uneasy. Not with jealousy, as may perhaps be supposed, but with sincere and honest anxiety for his friend. He had seen enough of Alice Rivington during the last eight days to appreciate her power as it deserved, and to also appreciate—for he was a keen observer and clear-headed judge of women, as well as of many other things—her thorough worldliness and uncompromising ambition.

"If Bertie falls in love with that woman just as he is about to lose his inheritance," he thought, "there is no really telling what trouble will ensue. She is laying her nets for him now, but she would throw him overboard then as coolly as I would drown a rat. If she were an ordinary kind of woman, it would be no matter, but—confound her!—she is the farthest in the world from an ordinary woman. Just the woman, indeed, for a boy like Bertie to conceive a hopeless *grande passion* for. At any cost, the thing must be stopped. I shall carry Bertie off to-night; and if necessary, I will speak to the fair enchantress herself, and tell her the story of Godfrey Lauriston and the actress' daughter who is the heiress of the fortune for which she is angling."

Pursuant of this resolution, he rose, and with a careless excuse to the rapturous young lady, who confided to her friends afterward that *that* Mr. St. Julian was a perfect bear in his manners, crossed the floor to the pleasant nook where Miss Rivington and Bertie were looking over prints at an average of one print every twenty minutes.

"Bertie, my dear fellow," he said, "I hope Miss Riv-

ington will excuse me, but I am sure you will never have strength of mind sufficient to tear yourself away, so I must play the part of doctor and nurse in one, and order you to go. It is high time for an invalid to be saying good-night."

"I am not an invalid," said Bertie, petulantly. "You know I am not, St. Julian, and I detest the name as much as the thing."

"Your convalescence has been of remarkable rapidity, then," said St. Julian, dryly. "You were not only too well to appear in public when I first proposed a little social dissipation, but not much more than an hour ago I heard you proposing to say good-night on this very ground."

"I was afraid of being bored then," said Bertie, with charming frankness.

"Take my advice, and be afraid of being ill now," rejoined the other. "Seriously, you ought to go. What do you suppose the doctor will say if he comes to-morrow and finds you with a fever?"

"He is about as likely to find me with hydrophobia," said Bertie, impatiently. "Nonsense, St. Julian, don't bother. Miss Rivington has just promised to sing for me, as soon as those people yonder go."

"But you can hear me sing at any time," said Miss Rivington. "And I am sufficiently unselfish to beg you not to let such an inducement as that detain you, if Mr. St. Julian thinks you ought to go."

"St. Julian is absurd," said Bertie, with ill-concealed irritation. "I am as well as—as a horse. Have I taken your place," he added, turning sharply to St. Julian, "that you are so anxious to get rid of me?"

"My dear fellow," answered St. Julian, severely, "I am not sufficiently fortunate to claim or possess any place whatever; but if I had one, and if you had trespassed upon it, you may be sure I should find better means of ejectment than a proposal to send you to bed on account of your health."

Then he turned and coolly sauntered toward the piano, indulging himself in a slight shrug as he went. "The young fool!" he thought. "He is farther gone than I fancied. To think of his imagining that I am jealous of him!"

Meanwhile, Bertie looked up in the face of his companion, half penitently.

"Forgive me," he said. "I know I should not have spoken so, but I never knew St. Julian do anything like this before."

"Perhaps he may be right, after all," said Alice, a quick throb of gratified pride at her heart sending a glow of bright color to her cheeks. She, too, thought that St. Julian was jealous, or, at least, anxious to dispose of Bertie in order to enjoy her society himself; and since it was the first proof of her power which she had wrung from this impassive man, her elation of triumph, and perhaps, also, something better than triumph, was great. "Perhaps he may be right, after all," she said, again, looking at Bertie with her gem-like eyes. "Perhaps you ought to go. In that case I really could not assume the responsibility of letting you remain, especially since I detained you when you were about to leave an hour ago."

"I am very grateful that you did," said the young man. "What a dreary feeling I should have carried away if I had left then, while now—" He broke off abruptly. "If you think I ought to go, I will, however," he added. "After all, I can see you to-morrow, can I not?"

"Certainly," she answered, frankly. "At any time you please, when I am disengaged. Come down in the morning, and I will sing for you until you are tired."

"Thank you," said he, with effusion. "I shall certainly come. But to-night; will you not sing one song for me to-night? I will not be unreasonable enough to ask for more, but you know gourmands often take a morsel to whet the appetite in anticipation of a feast."

"But how if the morsel should assure you that it will be a very indifferent feast?" said she, smiling.

"I have heard you speak," answered Bertie. "Therefore I have no fear of that."



"IT SEEMED LIKE A PLEASANT ENCHANTMENT."—P. 514.

She smiled again, and rising, crossed the room to the piano, where St. Julian was standing, turning over some sheet-music half absently. Bertie followed, as in duty bound, not sorry either for an opportunity to make the *amende honorable* for his late petulance.

"I am going to be a good boy, St. Julian, and go to bed as soon as Miss Rivington has given me a sugar-plum in the shape of one song," he said. "You cannot grudge me that."

"Children must be bribed, I suppose," said St. Julian. "Let me only hope that Miss Rivington will not make her song very long."

"Are my songs ever long?" asked Miss Rivington. "If you have found them so, Mr. St. Julian, it is time that they were curtailed—for you."

"We will discuss that question to-morrow," said St. Julian, coolly. "Meanwhile, what shall I have the honor of placing before you?"

"Nothing there," she answered, with a glance at the pile of music. Then she turned to Bertie. "To-day," she said, "I chanced upon a magazine in which I found a little poem of Mr. St. Julian's, which pleased me so much that I could not banish it from my memory. You may know it, perhaps—it is called 'An Idle Dream,' and has a refrain which rings in one's ears, and from its rhythm seems to suggest music. I found an air for it before long—whether my own, or a mere recollection of some other melody, I know not, but you shall hear what you think of it."

Then, before either of the two young men could speak, she touched the key-board and began binding together

some soft minor chords into a prelude. It was a minute or two before she uttered her first notes on a low key—a key which precluded all possibility of "showing off" the high range of her voice, but which was the key of all others for a pathetic strain like the one she began to sing. As it chanced, Bertie had never seen the poem, but he was not surprised at its charming and tender grace. He knew well that none of St. Julian's cynicism ever found its way into his art, but that every fragment of verse which came from his pen had its own fresh, idyllic beauty, like a draught of clear, pure water springing from the great bosom of Mother Earth. The song in question was short and simple, but quite perfect in its way, and had, as Miss Rivington said, a refrain which seemed made for music. The melody to which she had arranged it was singularly sweet and very well harmonized—so well that St. Julian, listening in this, as in everything else, with the ear of a critic, could scarcely credit that the work therein involved had been her own.

He could not refrain from expressing this doubt after the song was over, and his thanks had been paid for the compliment she had rendered him.

"It is not at all difficult to harmonize song-melody," she answered. "At least not difficult to any one who has ever studied the science of harmony."

"But very few people outside the ranks of professional musicians ever do study that," said he.

"I was reared within those ranks," she answered, quietly. "I was never professional myself, but my father was always. He taught me both thorough-bass and counterpoint so well that I think I could stand an examination

in either to-day. But because I know how to arrange melody, I do not therefore fancy that I am able to compose it. On the contrary, I have no doubt but that the strain to which you have listened is a mere echo of the composition of some one else."

"Like the poem," said St. Julian, a little bitterly, "with its mock pathos and passion."

"Its real pathos and passion," she said. "You were not sneering when you wrote that, Mr. St. Julian, and so it has power to touch the heart—even as cold a heart as mine. Only it is so hopeless."

"The story of life, either in dreams or out of them, is hopeless," he answered. "But since his song has been sung, I suppose Bertie will be willing to go now. Good-night, Miss Rivington; and believe that I am very grateful for the honor you have done my poor verses."

"Good-night, Miss Rivington," said Bertie; "and since this has been St. Julian's song, I am coming to-morrow for mine. The morsel has whetted my appetite as much as I knew it would."

Miss Rivington extended her hand to St. Julian; to Bertie she gave a glance so kind and gracious that it quite thrilled him. "I hope that we shall see you both soon again," she said. Then she turned back to the piano; and as they made their other adieux and left the room, they heard her modulating soft chords and harmonies to herself, as a practiced musician often does in accompaniment to thought.

The two friends mounted the staircase in silence, and it was not until they found themselves again in Bertie's room that the latter spoke.

"What a charming woman Miss Rivington is!" he said, sinking back to his old place on the couch, while St. Julian sat down opposite. "I know you think that I am always raving about some divinity," he went on, smiling, "but you must acknowledge that in this instance even I could scarcely exaggerate. It is not often one meets a woman who unites so many gifts and attractions to such extraordinary personal beauty."

"She is very beautiful, and she has plenty of sense—too much for her good, perhaps," answered St. Julian, in his cool fashion; "but for those very reasons, Bertie, she is more dangerous than most women, and I should advise you, of all people, to steer as clear of her as possible."

"Advise me!" repeated Bertie, lifting himself up a little. "And pray may I ask what you mean by that? Why should I, of all people, be advised to steer clear of Miss Rivington?"

"I should think you might know why without asking," responded St. Julian, quietly. "Alice Rivington is beautiful and clever, and ambitious to the core—a woman who will never marry at all if she cannot marry as brilliantly as she fancies she has a right to do. You are a man who falls in love at a minute's notice, Bertie, and who, in a week, will be ready to put your heart and your life, and anything else you may have convenient, at her feet. Now, if you mean to remain Mr. Lauriston of Lauriston, I have nothing to say against this; go in, and win her by all means. I fancy it would not be difficult to do. But if you mean to resign your inheritance, you will be wise if you never see Alice Rivington's face again."

He spoke very gravely, but with greater consideration than usual, for he felt more sorry than he would have cared to acknowledge for the young fellow who had not yet half realized the extent of the sacrifice he was about to make, and who looked up now half startled, with paling lips.

"I—I did not think of that," he said. "It is hard to grow used to a great change at once. I have been Lauriston of Lauriston all my life, you know, and I have not been able to realize the other yet."

"I am sure of that, my dear boy," said St. Julian, kindly; "but you will realize it too soon and too bitterly if you singe your wings in the flame of that beautiful light down stairs. Bertie, I don't often give advice, as you know, but I wish to Heaven you would listen to me now, and let this girl alone. She is a dangerous woman for a man in your position to trifle with. I know more of the world and of women than you do, besides which, I have

the incomparable advantage of a cool head, and I tell you that the wider berth you give her, the better."

"But you are taking her worldliness and her ambition for granted," said Bertie. "How can you tell what she would or would not marry? It is very unjust to believe that every beautiful woman is of necessity a necenary. I am not thinking of marrying, myself," he went on, shrugging his shoulders. "You are right in saying that my change of prospects renders it impossible, even if I had a mind that way. But I can surely admire Miss Rivington and enjoy her society with as much safety as—as myself, for example."

"But I am not in love with her."

"Heavens and earth, man! neither am I!"

"You will be, then, which amounts to the same thing. When will you learn that you are one of the men who are born predestinate fools of women, Bertie? Now, this Rivington girl is one of the women who delight in making fools; and nothing would please her better than to make first a fool and then a slave and finally a ruined man of you. I speak plainly, you see, which is not my usual custom, since it involves more trouble than I am willing to take for many people; but I made up my mind to-night when I saw her spreading her toils for you, that I would make one effort to save you if I could. You were foolish enough to think that I was jealous when I came over and interrupted your flirtation. You may think so now, but I ought to know. But I have discharged my conscience, and the rest is with yourself. I have told you, and I tell you again most forcibly, that you cannot too soon begin to avoid this woman. If you see much of her, you will fall in love with her, as certainly as the sun will shine in the heavens to-morrow; and to fall in love with Alice Rivington and to resign your inheritance are two incompatible things. I cannot impress that upon you too plainly or strongly."

"Are you tempting me to retain the inheritance?" asked Bertie, hoarsely.

"God forbid! I am only warning you of a danger which you may avoid now, but which a few days hence may be too late to avoid."

"But why am I tried like this?" asked Bertie, sharply. "Why are other men spared such contests and sacrifices? Even you, St. Julian—you who preach to me—have no such necessity for murdering all your own prospects and hopes of happiness laid upon you."

"No, my poor fellow," said St. Julian, almost tenderly. He had risen to his feet a few minutes before this, and now he laid his hand on Bertie's shoulder. "Forgive me if I have preached as one who did not feel," he said. "I only desired to warn you. This pain is great, but it might be infinitely worse. The sacrifice is hard upon you now, but it might become even more intolerably bitter than you can conceive. Bertie, if I could only think that you would heed me!"

"Don't, St. Julian, don't!" said Bertie, shrinking away. "I cannot talk any more about it now."

St. Julian's hand dropped, a little sadly. He felt that he had said all that he could say, and that it had proved almost, if not altogether, useless. He felt instinctively that Bertie distrusted him—distrusted the motives and the sincerity of his appeal; and this consciousness made him more sad than indignant. "I can do nothing with him—nothing," he thought. "Even such power as I had is at an end, since he conceives the absurd idea that I am jealous of him."

It was while the two men were still standing thus that Louis came in to see if his master had not returned, and was not ready for bed. "Yes, it is quite time you went," said St. Julian to Bertie. So he bade him good-night, and took his departure from the room.

He had certainly meant to take his departure from the hôtel as well; but as he was passing the door of the Levenport apartments, he suddenly paused—struck apparently by a strange thought—and glanced at his watch.

"It is not so late as I thought," he said, half aloud. "There is time to go in and see how mademoiselle will look when she hears the true and authentic story of the Lauriston estate. It is the last chance to save Bertie; let

if she gets him into her hands again under the belief that he is the owner of Lauriston, he will be bewitched beyond all hope of cure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIALS OF THE SICK.

I AM an invalid—a *genuine* invalid; not one of the kind that lie abed all one day, and then walk six miles, perhaps, the next, with perfect impunity, to gratify some foolish caprice; nor, indeed, do I belong to that class of persons that are always having frightful diseases that bring them very close to death's door every time, but from which they emerge looking fresh and rosy as if they had just been quaffing from the fountains of eternal youth. Alas! no; my face is lined painfully and deep; my eyes are hollow, and my hands like claws. I do not want to die, although life is only a wretched burden and perfect rest an unattainable delight.

My friends have the most cold-blooded way of dissecting me metaphorically, as if I were made of wood and stone, injured and decaying under the influence of time and climate. This ordeal of tender analysis is particularly enlivening to an invalid. One lady says that she is sure it is my heart that has become delinquent, and entertains me with a minute enumeration of all the cases of sudden death that have come within her knowledge. One pleasant little incident she has related ten times, I am quite sure—how her sister woke up one morning and saw her husband lying dead beside her. Another is certain that my lungs are entirely gone, and still another blames my liver for all the pains I suffer. "The poor liver!" as a certain crusty old doctor once said; "if people can't think of anything else to blame, they lay it all upon the poor unfortunate liver."

I was visiting in the country a few days ago, hoping for some benefit. Three ladies called together, their faces all drawn up into the appropriate pucker of sympathy and condolence.

"Oh, Miss Thorpe," one of them exclaimed, "you should go to the Magnetic Springs; they would certainly help you. I know several instances of people being brought there on their beds, perfectly helpless from rheumatism, who in a few weeks were able to walk as well as I do."

"But I have not rheumatism; I am not lame."

"Oh, well, I know they'd help you, any way. There was Mr. Stephens, paralyzed for ten years. He is perfectly well now."

"But I am not paralyzed, and never have been, madam."

"No, perhaps not; but then the baths are good for any one, and so delightful. I knew of one case—Mrs. Jones. She had had neuralgia for years—suffered horribly. She looked as scraggy as you do. She is well."

"But I am not troubled with neuralgia," I replied, somewhat pettishly. No one likes to be called scraggy.

"I think," another suggested more timidly, "that the Waukesha waters might perhaps suit you. Thousands of persons suffering from dyspepsia have left there entirely cured."

"I never said that I had dyspepsia," I rejoined, growing absolutely savage.

"Did you ever try the homœopathic treatment?" inquired one of my tormentors.

"Oh yes," interposed another, with cutting irony, "she looks as if sugar pills had been her principal diet for the last ten years."

People are not much inclined to flatter the genus invalid; and as I look out from my sick-chair upon the world, and think of the many annoyances that might be spared me, I am inclined to consider *tact* the most heavenly attribute that can be bestowed upon a human being.

LETTICE THORPE.

For thinking, one; for converse, two, no more;
Three for an argument; for walking, four;
For social pleasure, five; for fun, a score.

GENIUS AND METHOD.

THE methods of composition employed by authors have been as various and interesting as the lives of the authors themselves, and the history of these methods is one of the most entertaining and important passages in literary biography. Old Burton kept a commonplace book, the contents of which he poured into his "Anatomy of Melancholy." Thomas Fuller, who advises everybody to follow his example, did the same. Barthius, Turnebus, Scaliger, most of the mediæval scholars, and notably Butler, who by that means enriched his "Hudibras" with such an amount of learning, adopted a like method. So did Southey, and the "Doctor" is the produce. Bentley bought all his books with wide margins and jotted on the side whatever struck him in the reading, and thus supplied the defects of a memory exceptionally imperfect. Poe and Gilbert Wakefield did the same, and so did Coleridge. Pope was for ever collecting materials, and at once noted down a thought which struck him even in conversation in a crowded room. He would ring his servants up at all hours of the night to get him writing material for the purpose. Sheridan and Foote were ever on the alert for wit. Addison took notes for his essays. Johnson pursued the same course for his "Rambler," and Hogarth would sketch on his nail any face that struck him, and in this way he managed to furnish his wonderful galleries of portraits. Æschylus, if we are to credit Elian, could never write until he was intoxicated, and according to Horace, this was the case with Ennius and Cratinus. Ben Jonson wrote best under the influence of canary; Sheridan prepared his marvellous speech on the Oude Charge in a tavern after swallowing tumbler after tumbler of brandy. The younger Pitt was often under the influence of port when he spoke, and Dundas, if we may believe one of Porson's epigrams on the subject, could never speak till he was "far gone." Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" with a bottle of port before him, and Beckford "Vathek" supported by constant draughts of the same. Shadwell stimulated himself by opium. The arch impostor Psalmanaazar, Coleridge and De Quincey used the same stimulant. Dryden and Fuseli ate raw meat to inspire vivid dreams. Voltaire was never without his coffee, and Byron wrote "Don Juan" under the influence of gin. Many literary masterpieces were written at a sitting. The first draft of "The Castle of Otranto" was nearly finished thus, the author only desisting because he was physically unable to hold his pen. "Vathek" was completed in three days and two nights of incessant effort. Dryden finished "Alexander's Feast" in a day and a night, and it is said that Mrs. Browning wrote "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in twelve hours. Shelley, Byron and Theodore Hook wrote with amazing rapidity; so did Scott, who seldom or never corrected. Dryden tells us that his thoughts came pressing in so fast that he had scarcely time for selection. He composed the "Parallel between Poetry and Painting" in twelve mornings, and the "Medal" in a few days. It was the same with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who wrote his admirable "Life of Savage" in a little more than thirty-six hours, and his Oriental romance of "Rasselas" for the purpose of obtaining funds to defray the expense of his mother's funeral.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes the women who are accustomed to and at ease in the society of men superior to their sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of rivalry; and the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their natures polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it could ever be done by those of men.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 8.

THE HALL.

THE hall introduces us to the house, and the introduction ought to be a pleasant one. There is a certain feeling of incongruity in stepping from a bare, dark, dismal and uncomfortable passage into an elegantly furnished apartment; and yet people too often concentrate all their efforts on the decoration of the parlor, to the neglect of the other portions of the house, and especially of the hall, which should at least give a hint of what is to be expected beyond it. Some halls, we admit, are very difficult to decorate, and the long, narrow and dark entries of many city houses are especially uninspiring to the home artist. Even these, however, may be made to appear inviting by the judicious use of agreeable tints on the walls, and by suitable floor covering. In most of the houses now being erected in our large cities, the long and narrow entries are being done away with, and by sacrificing a little of the width of the parlor and bringing the stairs forward, halls which really afford the decorator some opportunities are formed. The improvement over the old arrangement is very great, and in our opinion the decreased size of the parlors is more than compensated for by the decidedly more pleasing appearance of the hall.

The ideal hall we very seldom see even in the best of our city houses. We occasionally meet with close approximations to it in suburban and rural residences, and we more frequently find instances where proprietors of country-houses have lamentably failed to take advantage of all their opportunities in this particular. Our ideal of a hall is a passage ten or twelve feet wide, running straight through a house from front to rear, with apartments on each side of it. Near the rear end is an angle in which the stairway is placed and the passage leading to the dining-room or kitchen is located. The rear door opens directly upon a garden, so that in summer-time the fresh air may be invited in the most hospitable manner possible to make itself at home; and that the invitation may be thoroughly cordial, and not liable to be misunderstood by the shy zephyrs, the doors front and rear are both wide and lofty.

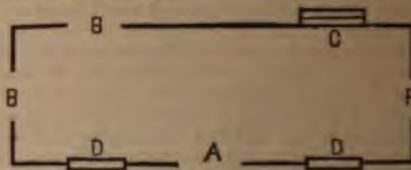
There are, of course, inside doors with glazed panels, forming a vestibule at each end, where people can clean their boots in bad weather, leave their umbrellas and over-shoes, and otherwise make themselves presentable. These doors furnish all the light that is necessary for a pleasant semi-public sitting-room, where the members of the household, the neighbor and the stranger, be he come for business or pleasure, may meet in an informal sort of way on neutral ground, the inner sanctities of home being kept in reserve. Such a hall, properly furnished and adorned with a few choice works of art, is not merely an avenue of communication with the different rooms, but it is at certain hours and seasons very apt to be the most popular and most frequented of all the apartments of a house, particularly with people who are really sociable in their tastes. To a hall of this kind a conservatory is a very attractive appendage, especially in winter, when a little "sunny spot of greenery" is worth all the other decorations of a house combined in its pleasure-giving qualities.

The ideal hall, or something closely approximate to it, is not so difficult to obtain as some of our readers may imagine. The furniture, the floor coverings, the wall decorations, the works of art, need not be costly, and it is especially desirable that a hall shall appear to be a hall, and nothing else. With good management it may be fitted up in a much less elaborate manner than the other parts of the house, and yet have infinite attractions. The evidences of refinement, culture and taste which it presents may be few in number, but they ought to be genuine. It should not only be pleasing in itself, but it should inspire in the visitor a desire to see farther into the house, and to make the acquaintance of the people who dwell in it.

For a man who is able to build a reasonably good-sized house, there is no better general plan in vogue than the one

we have hinted at—a hall in the centre with rooms on each side of it. Such an arrangement is compact—a great desideratum in the present scarcity of good servants—while it is quite as capable of picturesque adornment as any other.

In many of our modern rural residences, however, a large central hall is not included in the plan. Instead, we enter either through a small vestibule, which communicates by different doors with the stairway—passage and the various ground-floor rooms—the hall proper being done away with altogether—or we are introduced into sometimes a square, sometimes an octagonal apartment, which holds the stairway, and through which we gain access to the various parts of the house. Some of these arrangements are very good indeed, even if they do not equal the ideal hall. One of the best we know of is explained in a rough way by this diagram:



A is the front door, B B B the doors to the ground-floor rooms, C the staircase, and D D the windows. This plan has many merits, and such a hall is capable of being made an exceedingly attractive feature of a house.

With regard to the decoration and furnishing of the hall, the general principles are the same, whether it be large or small, circumstances ruling in the matter of details. To commence with the floor, we have no hesitation in saying that both from a practical and an artistic point of view there is nothing more suitable, more elegant, or, in the long run, cheaper, than encaustic tiles. These are almost always unexceptionally good in color and design, and some wonderfully rich combinations can be made with them. They are cleanly, as they do not get dirty easily and are readily washed, and it is not their least merit that it is impossible for vermin of any kind to harbor in them. The objections to them are that they are somewhat cold in winter, that they are more noisy than a carpeted floor, and that their first cost is considerable. This last objection is to our thinking the most serious. Tiles cost somewhere about four or five times as much as tolerably good carpet or oilcloth; but if properly laid down—and the owner of the house should see to it that they are—they will outlast a hundred carpets, there being practically no wear-out in them. A man, therefore, who has enough cash in hand to permit the necessary immediate outlay, will find a hall flooring of tiles to be better and cheaper than any other he can possibly procure. We shall not attempt to reproduce any tile patterns, as it would be impossible for us to give an adequate idea of their effect without the aid of color, and it is the less necessary, as they are almost always in excellent taste, so that it is not easy to make a mistake in selection. We would suggest, however, that there should always be a border, and that very frequently a centre figure may be advantageously used.

While upon the subject of tiles, it may be proper to remark that they are admirable also for kitchen flooring on account of their cleanliness and durability. Women complain, however, that they are objectionable because of their hardness, it being tiresome to stand and walk about on them for hours together. We do not know how much force there may be in this objection, but fancy that it might be done away with to a considerable extent by placing a few strips of rag carpet about the kitchen, especially in front of the tables and the sink. We doubt, too, whether it is any more tiresome to stand on tiles than it is upon oilcloth or a bare wooden floor.

Encaustic tiles would make very rich decorations for chimney-pieces, and would be no more expensive than some of the materials in common use, while they would be much handsomer. We have often wondered that they have not become popular for this purpose. They are very much more beautiful than the old-fashioned pane-

lain tiles with which our great-grandfathers were accustomed to adorn their chimneys; and if a few persons will try what can be done with them as chimney-piece ornaments, we are confident that they will speedily come into general use. Tile chimney-pieces are beginning to be fashionable in England, but we have not seen as yet more than one or two experiments in that line in this country.

To return to our hall floor, however, it may be presumed that a majority of our readers are unable to afford the immediate outlay required by tiles, and desire something cheaper. Within a few years past what is known as wood carpeting has come into use, and has met with much favor as a covering for the floors of halls, vestibules, libraries, and sometimes even parlors and dining-rooms. It is made of thin strips of wood glued to strong cotton cloth, and is frequently worked into very pretty and effective patterns. For the less ornate kinds, the cost is about the same as good ordinary carpet. The pattern pieces are more expensive, the prices varying according to the more or less elaborate character of the design. In most halls the best method of producing an agreeable effect with wood carpeting is to have a central pattern and a border, to obviate the somewhat formal appearance which a series of straight and narrow strips of alternate light and dark wood must produce, especially if a large surface is covered. Unless something very elaborate is attempted, a wood carpet ought not to cost more than a good Brussels, while it has many advantages in the way of cleanliness, etc., that should commend it to careful housekeepers. It is said to be very durable, but upon that point it is not possible to speak with certainty, as it has not been long enough in use for its merits to be thoroughly tested. We have seen specimens of wood carpeting, however, laid in the vestibules of churches, theatres and other public places which have stood a great deal of very hard usage under circumstances that would speedily have demolished any ordinary carpet.

Persons who build their own houses, and who do not think it indispensably necessary to cover every inch of floor with woollen carpeting, can save money by arranging the floors in patterns in the first place. Parquetry flooring, as it is called, is of course somewhat more expensive than the common kind; but as with it carpeting of any kind can in many parts of a house be dispensed with, an actual saving can be effected by using it.

There is a decided prejudice in this country in favor of heavy woollen carpets for all the floors. This prejudice, we presume, we have inherited from our English ancestors, and it has been kept alive by the rough and unworkmanlike manner in which many of the details of our houses are finished, our floors especially needing covering of some kind to hide their unsightly construction. On the Continent of Europe bare floors are the almost universal rule, and carpets the exception; and as the climate of a large portion of this country more nearly resembles that of the Continent than that of England, there is no good reason why we should not imitate the people of France and Germany in the matter referred to, rather than to continue to follow a British precedent, not the least objection to which is its costliness, for carpeting is one of the heaviest items in the list of house-furnishing expenses; and if it can be reduced, there will be so much more available cash to expend upon other objects which go to make home attractive.

With properly laid floors, carpets may easily be dispensed with altogether for four or five months in the year in the extreme Northern States, and much longer in the South. With merely a plain floor, a small hall or a small room may be made to look very pretty indeed, and even elegant, by means of a good-sized piece of carpet, with a handsome border in the centre, and a few rugs displayed about here and there. In almost any hall a rug or two will alone be necessary either for comfort or ornament, if the walls or ceilings are properly decorated, and sufficient furniture of good pattern and a few pleasing pictures are introduced. The following is a style of parquetry that is elegant enough for any house, large or small. It is of course more costly than ordinary flooring, but it is not beyond the reach of persons of moderate

means, especially if they conclude to economize in the matter of carpets.



Even this, however, may involve an outlay that some cannot afford, and we accordingly suggest the following as being less expensive, and scarcely less elegant.



This floor may be made either of one wood, or of two kinds—a light and a dark laid alternately. If this is too costly and a variety is still desired, every alternate board may be stained, so as to look very nearly as well as genuine dark wood. Such a floor as this, smoothly planed and well oiled, is very stylish, and is not difficult to keep clean—in fact, so far as cleanliness is concerned, an uncovered floor has many advantages over a carpeted one. In Europe parquetry floors are polished by being frequently rubbed with wax, and they are much more beautiful when treated in that manner than they are when simply oiled. We need not expect, however, that waxed floors will be common in this country until the servant-girl problem is nearer a satisfactory solution than it appears to be at present.

We have, however, reached the limits of our space, and will defer a further consideration of the subject of hall decoration for another article.

JUST MARRIED.

SHE stands down-looking on the sparkling tide
Of the bright river, half in bashful fear,
Half bounding joy, to find herself a bride;
Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
Her lips apart,
Her color raised, and you may almost hear
Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank, his eyes
Upturned to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if earth supplies
To him no object half so beautiful;
One ringlet fair
Has left its sister curls, and nestling lies
In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer eve;
A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As though the lingering sunbeams sighed to leave
That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
With honeyed words,
'Mid flowers and rippling streams, low humming bees,
And singing birds.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

No. 7.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN my last I discussed the subject of discipline in the light of our Lexington experiences. I desire to add a word on the subject of school government.

Some years ago I attended a teachers' convention, in which the subject of corporeal punishment was up for discussion. There was a remarkable difference of opinion among the speakers, and I fancied, as each speaker rose, I could tell from his face before he spoke what his opinion would be. One man got up, and I whispered to my companion,

"He will go in for the rod strong."

He referred immediately to Solomon's injunction, and expressed the conviction that one of the duties of children was to obey. And if they would not obey willingly, they must be made to obey unwillingly. Without obedience there was no organization, no school, no education. He was as much in favor of kindness as any man—always preferred moral suasion to whip suasion; but when moral suasion failed, then, of course, etc., etc. Immediately upon his taking his seat another person rose, and I touched my companion, and whispered,

"Now you'll hear another story. This one won't go in for lick-suasion."

His opinion upon the subject of beating children in school was written all over him. He began with,

"Mr. President, I agree with the last speaker. We must have obedience. Without it a school is a pandemonium and education impossible."

Then he went on to give something of his own personal experience. He said, "I have taught school twenty-two years. During the first year I whipped four boys, and am ashamed whenever I think of it. Never since then have I been guilty of such a brutality. I have taught in several schools reputed to be unruly, and which had had serious struggles or actual fights with my predecessors, but I have in no case been obliged to resort to corporeal punishment. In one instance it seemed to me I had come to the end of my moral influence, and must appeal to the

whip. Indeed, I secretly provided myself with a rawhide, and had made up my mind that upon the recurrence of a certain impropriety on the part of a certain pupil, I would fall back on Solomon and the rod. After thus fully arming myself, I suffered a revulsion of feeling, and determined to try one other expedient, which I had often thought of, but never resorted to. I requested about a dozen of my largest pupils to remain after school, for a little consultation. When all the others had left, I opened my heart to seven girls and four boys. Expressing a thorough abhorrence of the whip, I told them that I saw nothing but resignation or a resort to the old barbarism. I reserved nothing, but spoke with them as if they had all been teachers, and concluded by asking them if they had any suggestions to offer. After some moments of reflection, one of the larger girls said, 'Will you let Mary, Susan and myself speak to Dan—"labor with him," as the church folks say?'

"I need not tell you that the three girls were made a committee to labor with my refractory pupil. I am sure I need not inform you that the girls were completely successful. From that time to the end of my connection with that school my relations were peculiarly pleasant. Nothing appeals so successfully to the better nature of the larger pupils in a school as to be called to consult with the master in a matter of discipline. I have never forgotten that lesson, and have ever since looked back upon it as the most fortunate incident of my career as a pedagogue. That teacher who cannot squelch any insurrection by a confidential appeal to his older pupils must be on very bad terms with his school, and ought not to be permitted to kick and cuff and beat his way through his term."

The first speaker sprang to his feet at this point, and in a loud voice wished to know if the gentleman would permit him to ask a question. Upon being assured that he might ask questions, or have the floor to speak, at his pleasure, he replied by saying,

"I wish to ask one question: Does the gentleman mean to say that he regards whipping under all circumstances as brutal and barbarous? If he does, I will inform him that he is now in a company of brutes and barbarians, and I would advise him to seek better company."

The moral-suasion gentleman replied that in the discussion of so grave a problem he should not engage in mere personal sparring. If it appeared that a school could be managed without resorting to personal violence, he should not hesitate to pronounce the infliction of physical torture as brutal and barbarous.

I came away from the discussion with the conviction that the proper subject for debate in that convention was not, "Is corporeal punishment necessary in the government of a school?" but, "What degree of intellectual and moral development is necessary in a school-teacher?" That some persons can teach school—even a large unruly school—without a resort to corporeal punishment is admitted by all. I have known several striking illustrations of this power. Indeed, I think it is common with reference to the management of an average school.

When I was a boy, our school was reported unruly. Mr. Jennison came first. The boys put a big cat in his desk, which jumped out in the middle of the forenoon when he opened his desk to get his reading-book. There was a great laugh, and the teacher gave us a long and angry lecture, and told us that if the thing occurred again, he would certainly find out who did it, and that that he would never forget his punishment the longest day he ever lived.

Tom Goodrich, who put in the cat, said he would never put in another cat, because the teacher was displeased with it, and for his part he would never displease a teacher, not if he knew it. He thought it was wrong for scholars to disobey their teachers. He put no more cats into the teacher's desk, but he succeeded in finding some other means of annoyance, and the master was soon compelled to leave.

Samuel Lathrop was our next teacher, and he stayed almost a month. For a teacher among us, he got to be almost an old settler, but after four long weeks he got into trouble, and left. The mischief began in that fatal desk. Tom Goodrich, the bad, was unfortunately an ingenious boy, and contrived what he called a back-action friction machine, and put it into that desk. It was so contrived that when the lid of the desk was opened, it set a bunch of matches going, and that instantly ignited a little train of powder which ran in among six bunches of fire-crackers. It worked perfectly the first time the master opened the desk.

After the screaming was over, the frightened girls coaxed back, and the smoke had cleared away, the master called out, "Thomas Goodrich."

"Yes."

"Come here."

Tom went to the teacher as quick as he could go.

"Thomas, do you know who put those fire-crackers in my desk?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"It was me."

Tom was a great fighter and a rowdy, but he had a capital habit of telling the truth. Sometimes he wouldn't answer questions about certain neighborhood scrapes; but if he spoke at all, his worst enemy would assure you that it was certain to be the truth. The master, looking Tom strong in the face, cried out, in fierce tones, "Thomas Goodrich, what did you do it for?"

Tom looked at the master in the quiet manner of a bulldog, and answered,

"For fun."

"Thomas, take off your coat. I'll show you another kind of fun."

Off went the coat, and Tom stood still, with his arms folded, while the master pulled out a large whip from behind a seat.

"Thomas, stand here and put up your arms."

Tom did as he was told, and down came the whip.

Tom had great confidence in a clinch. In that he had never been beaten. The girls and young children screamed and fled, but the large boys formed a ring around the combatants, and no matter which was on top, the boys cried,

"Let 'em alone; keep your hands off; give 'em fair play."

For some minutes the result seemed doubtful. The master was a success in body-work, but in face-work Tom was undeniably the better man. In biting and gouging he had won a high reputation. The antagonists, after some minutes of struggling, stopped for breath, and the master contrived to extricate himself and get on his feet. He gasped out,

"Now take your seats! I'll teach you to put fire-crackers in my desk."

But the woeful condition of his face and coat made his assumption of authority and superiority too ludicrous; and when Tom, without a scratch on his face, stood up and

said, in his quiet, bull-dog way, "If you want t'other eye shet up, and the rest of your clothes torn off, just say the word, and I'll try to accommodate ye," it was too much for the master, and he sneaked away to his boarding-place, and that night disappeared. He never came back for his month's pay.

Charles Clapp was our next—a slight, pale young man. He began with a little speech, in which he said that he came to teach, and not to fight—that just as soon as he could not get on without beating his pupils, he should leave.

The district had a reputation as being the hardest in all the country; and as soon as the new teacher had announced that in no case should he whip his scholars, the wise ones gave him three to five days to stay in our school. The irrepressible Tom came to the front again. His success with the last teacher had made a lion of him, and now, as it was agreed all round that Clapp could not stay long, Tom was determined to multiply his honors. Young Clapp had studied medicine, and was now teaching to get the needed funds for his last course of lectures and diploma. Tom called him the young quack, and the pupils generally caught it up, and the master was spoken of among the scholars as the young quack. Then Tom put four ducks into that fruitful desk; and when the master opened it, the creatures began the cry of quack, quack, quack! to the great delight of the pupils. There was a long and uproarious laugh. The master took out the ducks one after another, smoothed their backs and set them at liberty at the door, and then joining in the laugh, turned to his work as if nothing had happened. But Tom was not discouraged, and watched for another opportunity. It was not long wanting. He wrote the word quack on a bit of paper; and making a hook with a pin, he contrived, when pretending to ask the master's assistance about a sum, to hitch it to his coat-tail. As he moved about, the scholars saw it, and the amount of snickering was prodigious. At the end of the first week things looked pretty bad, but the teacher kept on in the even tenor of his way, doing his own part of the school-work promptly, cheerfully and well. Soon the larger girls and boys, whom he arranged to give three lessons in history each week, meeting in the evening here and there among the patrons of his school, became greatly interested in the new master, and before long it became evident to Mr. Clapp that a new current had begun in the school. In a month it was a model school; and when the spring came, the trustees responded to a petition signed by almost every patron of the school, when they offered to double the master's salary if he would return the next autumn, but he had made up his mind that he would launch his medical bark.

From the beginning to the end of the school at Lexington, the policy in the government was to preoccupy the minds of the pupils. A pupil who is interested in her studies will always behave well.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—Beauty in woman is in considerable part a matter of health. A sick woman's face may be exquisitely moulded; she never appeals to our imagination. But even an ugly face all aglow with health and spirit, and with sparkling eyes, becomes beautiful. Such a woman appeals to the imagination; she charms and attracts us by a subtle magnetism. Whether as maid, wife or mother, health is woman's great good.

ALL who start in life with good constitutions have the elements of old age within them.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

BORACIC ACID AS A PRESERVATIVE FOR MILK AND BEER.—Boric acid has lately come largely into use in Sweden for the preservation of milk, and a mixture of equal parts of this acid and alum has been applied for the preservation of meat, as well as for improving its appearance when discolored by packing in oaken barrels. The former is being sold under the name of aseptic, the latter as double aseptic. Hirschberg has lately made experiments in order to ascertain the precise value of the acid for the purposes described. In June, 1871, he dissolved fifteen grains and a half pulverized boric acid in two pounds fresh milk, and kept it at a temperature of 54 deg. F., and for purposes of comparison he left some pure milk in the same room. This was tested at intervals of 6 hours; after 96 hours a very slight acid reaction was noticed; this did not become plainly visible till 120 hours had passed. The milk containing no boric acid indicated a slight acid reaction after only 36 hours, and a strong acidity after 48 hours. The cream separated completely from the latter in 48 hours, while on the former only very little was found even after 120 hours. From these experiments, it seems that boric acid may be considered a very effective preservative of milk. A similar experiment was made with beer. On October 7, 1871, fifteen and a half grains of this substance were dissolved in a bottle of lager beer brewed on August 30th, and the same quantity was dissolved in beer brewed on October 2d. Both bottles were left loosely corked in a temperature of 56 deg. F. Both kinds indicated a slight acidity, owing to carbonic acid, which was present before the boric acid had been dissolved in them. This reaction remained after the addition without increase for a week. From October 14th to November 14th the beer was left at a temperature varying from 35 deg. to 63.5 deg. F., whereupon it became opalescent; but still no increase in acidity could be perceived (although, as has been stated, the bottles had been only loosely corked), but it was no longer fresh. The opalescence disappeared again after the bottles had been allowed to stand in a room with a constant temperature of 63.5 deg. F., but the beer was not spoiled till the end of the month. It remains to be seen whether boric acid is similarly useful in the hot summer weather.

OZONE.—The general results deduced from observation tend to show that the amount of ozone at places of low elevation is insignificant, and near rivers quite inappreciable. On the other hand, it is found that at places of high elevation ozone is shown nearly at all times, and at intermediate situations occasionally. The presence and amount of ozone would therefore seem regulated by the elevation of the land, and to increase according to ascent. It is found that the amount of ozone at the seaside, at the same elevation, is nearly four times greater than at inland places. The mean amount of ozone at inland places, at a height of 85 feet, is found to be 0.6; at 170 feet is 1.3, and at 255 feet is 3.8. These figures confirm the law indicated above, of the amount of ozone being graduated by the degree of elevation.

CONDENSING LIQUID STEEL.—At the Austrian Steel Works of Neuburg, Styria, Chevalier Stummer has carried out a large series of experiments in order to weld the interior particles of cast steel to each other as strongly as possible, and to prevent honey-combing. The principal result of the experiments is that it is quite possible, by exposing the semi-fluid metal to great pressure, to unite all the pores within a very limited space in the centre of the steel block. This fact is of importance in the manufacture of heavy steel ordnance. A pressure of from six to nine tons on the square inch is sufficient to compress a red-hot steel ingot before its solidification, and give it an even structure throughout the whole mass, whereas the impact of even a 50-ton steam hammer is principally spent on the outer part of the block. Only very heavy hammers or rams will effectually overcome the *vis inertiae* which a very heavy casting opposes to them.

THE INFLUENCE OF VEGETABLE PERFUMES.—An Italian professor has made researches which lead him to

assert that vegetable perfumes exercise a healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxidizing influence. The essences that develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, lemon and bergamot; those that give it in less quantity are anise, nutmeg, cajuput and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope and lily of the valley develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have a slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. As a corollary from these facts, the professor recommends the use of flowers in marshy districts and in places infested with animal emanations, as the powerful oxidizing influence of ozone may destroy them. The inhabitants of such regions should surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

IRON made into best steel, a rod one-fourth of an inch in diameter will sustain 9000 lbs. before breaking; in steel, 7000 lbs.; iron wire, 6000 lbs.; bar iron, 4000 lbs.; inferior bar iron, 2000 lbs.; cast iron, 1000 to 3000 lbs.; copper wire, 3000 lbs.; silver, 2000 lbs.; gold, 2000 lbs.; tin, 300 lbs.; cast zinc, 160 lbs.; sheet zinc, 1000 lbs.; cast lead, 55 lbs.; milled lead, 200 lbs. Of wood, box and locust, the same size, will hold 1200 lbs.; toughest hickory and ash, 1000 lbs.; elm, 800 lbs.; beech, 650 lbs.; poplar, 450 lbs. Wood which will bear a very heavy weight for a minute or two will break with two-thirds the force acting a long time. A rod of iron is about ten times as strong as a hempen cord. A rope an inch in diameter will bear about two and a half tons, but in practice it is not safe to submit it to a strain of more than about one ton. Half an inch in diameter, the strength will be one-quarter as much; a quarter of an inch, one-sixteenth as much, and so on.

SPONTANEOUS DECOMPOSITION OF AN ALLOY OF LEAD.—It appears that among the collection of coins and medals belonging to the University of Munich there are preserved some copies of medals and coins made of a soft alloy—bismuth and lead—which was found to consist (when unaltered) of various proportions of the metals alluded to, viz.: 1. Lead, 66; bismuth, 34. 2. Lead, 86; bismuth, 14. 3. Lead, 88; bismuth, 12. It is apparent that these alloys were not all made at the same time. In some instances the medals cast in these alloys had not only become somewhat oxidized, but had even fallen to powder, which effervesced on being treated with acetic acid, and the solution was found to contain chiefly lead, but bismuth was also present. It is rather curious that alloys kept in well-closed show-cases should have become thus altered and deteriorated; the cause is ascribed to the tendency of bismuth to crystallise, whereby a molecular change is first effected, and thus oxidation is rendered more easy.

CHLOROFORM AMONG THE CHINESE.—According to a reputed discovery by M. Stanislaus Julien, it appears that so far back as the third century of our era the Chinese were in possession of an anæsthetic agent, which they employed in the same manner as we use chloroform and ether for producing insensibility during surgical operations. A description of this was discovered by M. Julien in a work preserved in the "Bibliothèque Nationale"—called "Kou-kini-tong," or a "General Collection of Ancient and Modern Medicines"—which appears to have been published in the sixteenth century. In a biographical notice of Hoa-tho, who flourished under the dynasty of Wei, between the years 220 and 230 of our era, it is stated that he gave the sick a preparation of chanvre (ma-yo), who in a few moments became as insensible as one plunged in drunkenness or deprived of life; then, according to the case, he made incisions, amputations and the like. After a certain number of days the patient found himself re-established, without having experienced during the operation the slightest pain. It appears from the biography of Han that this chanvre was prepared by boiling and distillation.

The ancient gates of Constantinople, which endured the attacks of decay for more than 1100 years, were made of cypress wood.

Publishers' Department.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that a yearly paid subscription to TO-DAY entitles each one to a copy of our beautiful oil chromo, "JUST SO HIGH." This will be mailed free to any subscriber who sends us the money direct, or will be delivered by the agent, if the subscription is given in that way.

IN our next number we will publish a new story by Mr. John D. Stockton, whose beautiful sketch, entitled "The Clock that Loved the Little Girl," which appeared in our Christmas number, was so much admired. This story is entitled "The Banishment of Kriss Kringle," and it relates how— But no, we will not tell our readers anything more about it, but will let them have the pleasure of discovering its merits for themselves. It is written in Mr. Stockton's most graceful manner, and it has been exquisitely illustrated by Mr. W. L. Sheppard.

IN our next number we will also, under the title of "The Land of the Montezumas," give the first of a series of papers on Mexico. These will describe the characteristics of the scenery, the people, etc., of the neighboring republic, and we believe that our readers will find them both interesting and instructive.

MR. JOHN WISE, the author of the very interesting narrative of an aerial voyage of twelve hundred miles, which appeared in the last two numbers of this journal, is one of the most experienced aeronauts in the world. He has made nearly seven hundred ascensions in balloons, and has met with some startling experiences, such, for instance, as having his balloon explode at the height of half a mile. Most of Mr. Wise's ascensions were made for scientific purposes, and he has achieved some very valuable results in this direction. He is a man of solid scientific attainments, and his position as secretary of the Meteorological Section of the Franklin Institute, the leading institution of the kind in the world, enables him to give his discoveries the widest possible publicity in the most available form. Mr. Wise has been engaged as a regular contributor to this journal, and we shall give at intervals important articles from his pen. In an early number of TO-DAY will appear an account of observations made by Mr. Wise while in a balloon in the midst of a thunder-storm.

TO LADIES.

THERE is no better or more healthful employment for ladies than canvassing for such a publication as TO-DAY, certainly none that will yield so large a return for the amount of labor. The work is particularly well suited to women, as they usually have that fine tact in dealing with prospective subscribers which renders them successful where male canvassers cannot obtain a hearing. It also has the advantage of taking them a great deal into the open air, to the great benefit of health, while it is not by any means so laborious as other work in which women engage with much less profit to themselves. Canvassing is a perfectly respectable employment which women can properly follow without discredit, and it is really surprising, in view of its many advantages, that more women do not take to it. Our terms for those who canvass for TO-DAY are exceedingly liberal, and enterprising agents cannot fail to make money. The paper itself has acknowledged merit, and it has already obtained a high standing in the estimation of the reading public, while the charms of our chromo need no arguments to recommend them. With it in hand to show to persons from whom subscriptions are solicited, success is easily achieved. We can furnish employment for agents in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada; and as those who apply first

will be likely to win the largest profits, ladies who wish to earn money by their own exertions should apply at once. The agency business is increasing enormously every year, and there is no reason in the world why women should not avail themselves of its advantages in order to support themselves if necessary, or to obtain the means of surrounding themselves with little comforts and luxuries of which they would perhaps be otherwise deprived. A great many of the women who have taken up canvassing have done remarkably well, and their success should induce others to follow their example.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following are selected from the congratulatory letters we are constantly receiving:

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Your beautiful chromo "JUST SO HIGH" came this morning. It has ever since been holding a levee of all the little ones in the neighborhood, who admire it greatly because "it is so natural," and a critic could hardly say anything better. However much people who wish to convey the impression that they are *au fait* as to high art may sneer at chromos, these pretty cheap pictures do a world of good; and as for myself, I assure you that no amount of supreme contempt shall spoil my comfort in "JUST SO HIGH."

C. F. G.

BEVERLY, N. J.

Much against my will I was persuaded to subscribe for TO-DAY, but have never ceased congratulating myself that I yielded to the persuasion, and with every weekly number that presents itself my congratulations are renewed. . . . For the editor's chats with the people, paragraphs of Popular Science and the "How to make Home Attractive" papers I care a great deal. These articles are worth the price of the paper.

A.

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

MESSRS. Lee & Shepard have published in a neat volume a series of the hitherto uncollected essays of Leigh Hunt, including such of *The Wishing-cap Papers* as have not yet been given in any of the editions of Hunt's works, with numerous other contributions which he made from time to time to the various periodicals with which he was connected. Leigh Hunt is deservedly one of the most popular of essay writers; indeed, we scarcely know of any one who is entitled to a higher place in the regards of the general reading public, unless it is Charles Lamb. Always animated, often poetical, and with a fine vein of humor running through them, his essays treat of familiar things in such a delightful way that common every-day life is surrounded with a sort of poetical halo. Leigh Hunt's descriptions of places are picturesque, and his sketches of men and manners are exceedingly graphic, while his philosophy, if not always profound, is so based upon a faith in the best qualities of human nature that even his censure of things which he could not approve has a geniality about it that blunts the point of its sting. The essays in the volume before us are not the best of Leigh Hunt's writings, but are rather the odds and ends which have been overlooked by other compilers. They are all worthy of preservation, however, and the volume is one that is well deserving of a place upon the shelves of any library.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have also published a new volume by Mr. B. P. Shillaber, entitled *Partingtonian Patchwork*, in which the sayings and doings of "Mrs. Partington" and that boy "Ike" are related in mirth-provoking fashion.

From the same house we have a volume which contains sketches of the members of the troupe of Jubilee Singers, from Fisk University, Tennessee, whose performances during the past winter in many of our Northern cities and towns excited so much interest.

The above-mentioned works are for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE," etc.

MR. McFETRIDGE, having paid his landlady an extra price for a quiet room on a floor where there are no crying babies or young children, feels discouraged when the Amphion brass band begins to rehearse in an adjoining chamber at 11 P. M.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

WANTED—A needle to sew a patch on the pants of a tired dog.

WHY would a tax on tarts be objectionable at sea? Because it would be encouraging pie-rates.

THE latest problem for civil engineers is to make one of the keys of a piano fit the lock of a canal.

WHY should Ireland be the richest country in the world? Because its capital is always Dublin.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war-horses of the trade." A heavy charger, probably.

A WESTERN journal offers this inducement: "All subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-class obituary notice in case of death."

OUT of forty girls at a boarding-school, none of them could tell how many years George Washington was President, but they knew to a cent the cost of any kind of bustle in the market.

BELSHAZZAR SMITH had a very bad and very dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that during some one of his somnambulist saunterings he would charge out of the window and kill himself; so they persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and to tie one end of a rope round his body and the other end round the waist of little William. The very first night after this arrangement was made, Belshazzar dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger. So he crept over to William's side of the bed, stepped over William's slumbering form, jumped out on the floor and slid under the bed. He stayed there a while fast asleep; and then, his nightmare having changed, he emerged upon the other side of the bed, and got under the covers in his old place. The rope, it will be observed, was beneath the bed, and it was pulled taut, too. Early in the morning, Belshazzar, about half awake, scrouged over against William. To his surprise the movement jerked William clear out of bed. Belshazzar leaped out to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzar, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath the bedstead; as he did so, he heard William skirmishing across the blankets above his head. Once more he rushed out, just in time to perceive William glide over the other side. Belshazzar just then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pulling him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself. And perhaps little William was not mad! He was in the hospital undergoing repairs for about three weeks,

and when he came out, he had a strange desire to sleep alone. Belshazzar anchors himself now to an anvil.—*McAdeler.*

ALCIBIADES BOTTELER used to keep a barber-shop up near our house some years ago. He was of an inventive turn, and it occurred to him one day that he might construct a shampooing machine which would perform the work more quickly and effectively than the human hand. So he fixed up a contrivance with a kind of an iron stand, from which two jointed arms with steel claws protruded. These claws were covered with chamois skin, and the arms were moved in any direction by a series of cranks and levers. Steam-power was obtained by means of pulleys from the factory next door, and Mr. Botteler, being all ready, invited a couple of friends in to see how the concern worked. Mr. Botteler thought he would take the first shampoo himself. So he instructed the shop boy how to start the machine, and then, seating himself in a chair, he placed a claw on each side of his head, and told the boy to begin. We never knew how it was exactly, but that boy must have pulled the throttle-valve out about a foot too far, for in about a minute the steel claws clutched Botteler's head so that he thought his skull would crack, and the shampooing-machine began to rear and plunge and tear around the room, and it lifted Alcibiades from his chair with a jerk, and brained one of the bystanders with one leg, while it jammed the other leg through a looking-glass and scooped Botteler around among the jugs of hair dye and beat him against the ceiling and soused him into the wash-basin and raked him around among the shaving-mugs and the razors, battered his head against the wall, and all the time the steel claws worked and scratched and grabbed for a better hold on his head until they shut off steam in the factory, when Alcibiades Botteler was found with his legs through the window-sash and his neck elongated at least six inches. The patent for that shampooing machine can be bought cheap. It never came into general use, even in Botteler's own place. He said it seemed more economical, somehow, to shampoo customers with the hand.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

TO CLEAN FEATHERS.—Feathers may be cleaned of their annual oil as follows: Take for every gallon of clean water one pound of quicklime; mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clear lime-water for use. Put the feathers to be cleaned into another tub, and add to them a portion of the clear lime water, sufficient to cover them about three inches when well immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers, when thoroughly moistened, will sink down, and should remain in the lime-water three or four days, after which the foul liquor should be separated from them by laying them in a sieve. The feathers should afterward be well washed in clean water and dried upon nets, the meshes of which may be about the fineness of cabbage nets. The feathers must be from time to time shaken in the nets; and as they become dry, they will fall through the meshes and may be collected for use. The admission of air will be serviceable in drying. The process will be completed in three weeks; and after being thus prepared, the feathers will only require to be beaten to rid them of the dust.

To clean white, brown or fawn-colored feathers, dissolve some fine white soap in boiling soft water, and add a small piece of pearlsh. When the water is just cool enough for the hand to bear it, pass the feathers several times through it, squeezing them gently with the hand. Repeat the same process with a weaker solution of soap, and then rinse the feathers in cold water, beating them across the hand, to expel the water. When they are nearly dry, draw each fibre over the edge of a small blunt knife, turning it round in the direction you wish the curl to take. Then, if the feather is to be flat, place it between the leaves of a book to press it.

Black feathers may be cleaned with water and some gall, proceeding as above.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1873.

No. 28.



"THEN WE BANISH YOU FOR EVER."—P. 527.

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There was reason for this unusual zeal. For some time there had been a tendency to hilarity and joy in the

town of Thule, which had caused the selectmen and other grave authorities much anxiety and sorrow. Even Sunday, which from time immemorial had been a day of gloom, was now tinted with a sober cheerfulness, like the sunshine on the ivied walls of the church. The children especially were falling into habits of merriment, and it was observed with alarm that they took more pleasure in their sports than in their studies. After profound deliberation, they had discovered, or thought they had, that Christmas was the cause of this improper levity. The schoolmaster reported that the boy who was whipped consoled himself in his tears by thinking of Christmas, thus destroying the moral effect of the rod; and the boy who woke up in the night, startled by dreadful dreams, tried to banish their memory by visions of that happy time. Christmas disturbed the quiet of the whole year,

and now it was coming, and the wise men did not know how to meet its dangers. "We cannot abolish it," said the town clerk, "for it is in the almanac." "It is also in the psalm book," said the deacon. "No matter where it is," said the schoolmaster, sternly; "it can be regulated;" and that it should be regulated was firmly resolved.

This could only be done by first getting rid of one Kriss Kringle, who had for a long time paid his yearly visit to the town of Thule, and had been kind even to the schoolmaster when he was a boy, though this the schoolmaster had forgotten. Had he visited the town in a proper and respectful way, asking the advice of the authorities, or had he applied for a license like a peddler, Kriss Kringle would not have been so obnoxious, but the truth is, he was a vagrant. In a sledge said to be drawn by deer he travelled over the country, entering the village secretly at night and departing secretly before day. His habits were disreputable, his character suspicious, his influence subversive of order, and therefore the authorities of the town of Thule determined to bring Kriss Kringle before them for trial, and the town constable was ordered to take him into custody. This was the reason why, contrary to all custom, that important officer was out so late at night, watching for the approach of this dangerous and incendiary enemy.

That he slept the watchman always denied; but as he leaned his back against a tree to think, his chin buried in his coat, his hands in his pockets and his lantern at his feet, he heard suddenly the sound as of a thousand silver bells, and on the snow above the patter of rapid hoofs, while something bright and swift flashed by in the air, and was gone before he could speak. "Kriss Kringle," he cried, "I arrest you in the name of the law;" but there was no answer, save the echo. Only from the roof, the snow sliding down, as if disturbed by his shout, saluted him with a blow and covered him with shining flakes.

The report of this event convinced the selectmen that it was much easier for them to order the constable to arrest Kriss Kringle than it was for him to do it, and even their great wisdom was at fault. It was at last determined that the town crier should make proclamation that Kriss Kringle should appear before the authorities and show cause, if he could, why he should not be expelled from the town. It was also prudently resolved that if he should refuse to obey this summons, they would treat him with the contempt he deserved, even to the extent of affecting to disbelieve in his existence.

The day of the trial came, but no one thought that Kriss Kringle would come with it. As evening drew on, the selectmen, sitting in the town-hall, speculated on the chance that, dismayed by their energy, he had abandoned that part of the country. But when the sun was nearly set, and the western sky was all aglow, the beadle, looking out of the window, saw, descending a path on the hillside, the figure of an old man. He was short and stout, and his long beard and hair were like the snow on which he trod. His blue eyes shone brightly, and his cheeks were ruddy like winter apples. He had neither pack nor reindeer, and yet the beadle knew him. He tumbled back in his chair. "He's coming," he gasped. "Who is coming, you old fool?" exclaimed the chief magistrate. "Kriss Kringle!" shouted the beadle. "I don't believe it!" cried all the selectmen in chorus, when the door opened, and Kriss Kringle stood before them. The wise men stared at him in silence. This, then, was the famous personage of whom all their lives they had heard, but had never seen; this was the enemy of solemnity and regularity in the town of Thule. The beadle and the constable edged together in a corner, the chief magistrate pushed back his chair, and Kriss Kringle stood looking upon them all with a smile.

"You have summoned me," he said, "to answer charges which I do not know. I am here to be questioned. But I say to you frankly that I should not have come, and that your constable might have searched for me a whole month of Christmases, had it not been for the proposition which that man in the corner has made." The beadle trembled. "I consider his plan for stopping up all the chimneys outrageous and infamous. New-fangled flues are bad enough without such barbaric methods of warfare. What have I

done to deserve this treatment from the good old town of Thule?"

"You are a vagrant," said the chief magistrate, who was not used to this kind of language; "you have no license."

"He in whose name I come had no license," said Kriss Kringle, reverently.

"Blasphemy!" exclaimed the sexton, who, being connected with the church, was supposed to know what blasphemy might be.

"Equivocation, Kriss Kringle," said the chief magistrate, sternly, "will not serve you. You have for a long time been a disturber of the peace in the town of Thule. Your goings on at Christmas have caused these gentlemen, by common consent the wisest of our townsmen, great anxiety. Who is it but you that throws our entire juvenile population into excitement, making my learned friend miserable? Who but you fills the imaginations of the children with idle dreams of dolls, sledges, trumpets, picture-books, drums, soldiers of tin, toys and innumerable other trumperies? You keep them awake at night wishing for you. You make them pester us by day asking about you. You are in league with fairies, elves and devils in hand-boxes. You are an accomplice of Robinson Crusoe, Tom Thumb, one Sinbad, and certain outlaws known as the Forty Thieves. You drive over our roofs at night, in violation of an ordinance which forbids such excursions except to cats, which cannot be prevented; and finally, you set an example to burglars by descending chimneys, so that no house—no, not even the humblest cottage or the proudest palace—is safe from your visitations. These are your offences, and because of them we propose to banish you henceforth; but being just judges, we grant you the privilege of defending yourself as you may, though we warn you now that nothing you can say can alter our fixed resolve."

"To all these charges, though not as you express them," replied Kriss Kringle, "I plead guilty."

"He pleads guilty!" exclaimed the beadle, joyfully.

"It is only to defy us," said the clerk, with more penetration.

"Shall I arrest him?" asked the constable.

"Silence!" said the chief magistrate; "let the prisoner speak."

"The prisoner, as you are pleased to call me," said Kriss Kringle, "will speak, though not so much in his own defence as in that of others who are dear to him. The children whom you neglect are my care, and the pleasures you deny them all the dreary year it is my easy task to bestow in one brief season. I am sent forth by the Babe who lay in the manger at Bethlehem to bear his birthday gifts to the child-world he loves. Only as the infant do I know him. All that he is more is as far and strange to me as the stars under which I speed, and of what he requires of you, who are old and who say you are wise, I am ignorant. In the holy Christmas-time the children alone are mine. Are they the worse for my coming? Let the answer come from the firesides I make brighter, the cradles to which I bring glad dreams, the little eyes whose tears I dry and the little lips I clothe with laughter and joy. The child paupers in the almshouses and the orphans in the long hospital wards are my witnesses. You say rightly that I visit alike the hovel and the palace, and there is no place, however mean and desolate, into which I will not go, if but one of these little ones be there. If these be crimes, condemn me. I repeat, I am guilty of them all."

"But what does he say to the chimneys?" the beadle asked.

"If he confesses he is guilty," said the sexton, "what need of waiting?"

"Only this need," answered the accused—"and it is but for a moment that I ask you to hear me—only the need of your own children. Can you grieve them by banishing me? Think of what you would do, O wise men! Would you destroy Christmas?"

"We propose to do nothing of the kind," said the chief magistrate, austerely. "We intend to regulate Christmas on hygienic and rational principles. Plum cake and such indigestible food will hereafter be forbidden, and none but

useful presents allowed. You, Kriss Kringle, are to be replaced by a board of directors, who will avoid the ridiculous mystery you affect. The board will not permit the hanging up of stockings; and if I understand its character, it will not enter houses by the chimney, but in a decent manner by the door. The board, in short, intends to divest Christmas of the senseless legends and foolish customs with which time has encrusted it, and hopes to make it as plain and practical a day as any in the year. Could you be induced to reform, change your vagrant habits, give up your sledge and deer, and drive a respectable donkey-cart, the board might even take you into its employment. You might be made useful as a porter. This is the last concession we can make."

"And if I refuse?" said Kriss Kringle.

"Then we banish you for ever."

"Better no Christmas at all," said Kriss Kringle, sadly, after he had looked in vain for any sign of regret in those wise eyes, "than such as you would make. I refuse your offer."

"Then go!" cried the chief magistrate, springing up in anger—"go, and never return."

"Never," echoed the selectmen, beadle and all—"never let us hear of you again."

Kriss Kringle passed out of the hall and along the street where the children were playing, and crossed the stile where the path led over the hills. When he had reached the top, he paused and looked back upon the town of Thule. The last rays of light were fading from the walls and windows, and a few pale stars, as tremulous as tears, made beautiful the darkening east. He heard from far below the voices of the children, and stretched forth his arms above the town. With this gesture he turned and passed beyond the hills for ever.

THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

A RAMBLE THROUGH MEXICO.

No. 1.

THE CITY OF THE TRUE CROSS.

THE traveller who journeys to Mexico by sea will probably obtain his first glimpse of that historical land from the deck of his ship as it floats in the harbor of Vera Cruz. As the vessel drops her anchor, he will see close to him a dark gray wall rising from the surface of the sea, its oblique façade and loop-holed parapet proclaiming it to be a fortress. From its summit rises a flagstaff, from which floats the Mexican tricolor, while beneath lie the guns which once hurled shot and shell down upon the beach where were the brave American soldiers who, after a brief space, entered the fortress and flung the stars and stripes from its staff. It is the far-famed castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

Looking landward may be seen a city standing so close to the water's edge as to appear sea-washed, compact as a picture in a frame, the houses of Moorish aspect, flat-roofed, horizontally terraced, with here and there the tops of palm trees appearing over their parapets, the horizontal line at frequent intervals interrupted by towers, domes and cupolas, some of these glistening under a tessellated covering of parti-colored Spanish tiles.

Looking farther shoreward, the eye may roam over an extensive tract of silver-gray sand, rising in downs or dunes, and enclosing a semi-circular plain, on which the city stands, scarce a spot of verdure mottling its dreary monotony, till in the far distance beyond the gaze rests upon a purple expanse, separated by an irregular waving line from the azure of the sky, mountains, one rising thousands of feet above its fellows, cone-shaped, carrying the eternal snow.

Looking upon this scene, with the Hispano-Moriscan architecture in the front, one might almost imagine himself in a seaport in the south of Spain, or on the coast of Morocco, the mountains being the Sierra Morena, or a distant chain of the Atlas, while the vultures perched upon the parapets of the houses, and playing like swallows around the cupolas, would not dispel the fancy. But the flag on San Ulloa tells the story that the town is the

"City of the True Cross," and the mountains beyond a chain of the Mexican Andes, the one with the snow-clad cone being the volcano of Orizave.

The traveller is landed from the steamer upon a jetty, which projects for a considerable distance into the sea toward the fortress. It is the favorite promenade of the Vera Cruzanos, and a crowd of both sexes is always collected upon it when a steamer comes in, some to make new acquaintances, others to welcome home friends who have been abroad.

Vera Cruz may be regarded as one of the smallest of cities, its population not exceeding 20,000. It is nevertheless a city in the true sense of the term, showing a fair share of civic grandeur in its private dwellings as well as public buildings. Among these the numerous churches are conspicuous, most of them in the Italian architectural style of the seventeenth century, with low towers and tall cupolas, the latter covered with colored jappanned tiles. The private houses are in the Spanish-Moorish style not only in outward aspect, but also in interior arrangement. The walls are massive, in height some of them reaching a third story, though the greater number have only two. The windows are usually without glass, protected by iron bars set vertically, and often with projecting balconies. Nearly all have a quadrangular courtyard in the centre, around which are the different apartments, their doors opening upon a covered piazza, which is carried partially or wholly around the sides. This quadrangular court is the *patio*, and is reached from the street by a wide doorway capable of admitting a carriage, along an arched or covered passage.

The piazza is the favorite lounging-place of the family, and is capable of being screened from intruding eyes or the rays of the sun by Venetian lattice-work, sometimes curtains of Chinese cloth or matting that run upon rollers.

On one side a stone stairway is carried up to the second story, where, in houses of the better class, the piazza is repeated. The stairway continued leads on to the top of the house, where there is a flat roof of tiles or brick-work, surrounded by a slight parapet. The roof is a favorite loitering-place, but only in the cool of the morning or late in the afternoon, when the sun is down near the horizon and his rays have lost a portion of their tropical strength. Flowers in pots, and even trees set over the roof, add to its attractions. Palm trees are thus occasionally placed, and their tufted tops, curving gracefully over the parapet, lend a truly southern aspect to the dwelling. The courtyard below is also used as a conservatory, where rare plants are kept in pots or large vases. In passing along the street and looking in through the shaded blinds, you may often see the female servants, or catch a glimpse of the fair señoritas of the family sitting among the flowers.

In Mexican cities where a head of water can be obtained, there is usually a fountain in the courtyard, either of marble or ornamented mason-work, with a sparkling jet that flings its spray over the foliage and flowers. In Vera Cruz, however, built upon a bed of sea-sand, running water is not to be had. Even that required for domestic purposes has to be caught in cisterns, of which there is one, usually of stone, attached to nearly every house. But even in such houses the supply of water for drinking is furnished by a carrier, who goes his rounds regularly with a mule, bearing four small barrels set in a framework upon its pack-saddle.

The sojourner in Vera Cruz will be struck by the great variety of complexions that are seen upon the streets, for, in addition to the Iberian, two other distinct races have contributed to form its mixed, motley population. The white or olive-white Creole and Spaniard, the brown *mestizo* or mixed blood of Spanish and Indian, the darker brown Indian himself, the *bistre* brown mélange, between Indian and negro, known as the *zambo*, the pure negro, his crosses with the white, mulattoes and quadroons, are all encountered in the streets of Vera Cruz. It is not the same with most other Mexican cities. Only in the eastern seacoast towns—Matamoras, Tampico, Campeachy, Tabasco and Vera Cruz—or in the adjacent low-lying hot lands, does the negro appear as a notable feature of the population.

The costumes and many of the customs of Vera Cruz strike the traveller as picturesque and peculiar. The Church, represented by priests lounging about in Don Basilio hats and long black robes reaching to their ankles; monks with shaven crown, cowl and scapulary; soldiers in straw hats and uniforms of cheap, coarse linen; negroes clothed in white cotton, jabbering at every corner and violently gesticulating; the Indians, more silent, seated beside the wares they have brought to market—fruits of a score different kinds, wild birds in their cages, fire-flies for the adornment of the hair, and perhaps an armadillo or an agouti,—all will be new to him. And then there is the Creole citizen, of sallow complexion, slight and slender-limbed, dressed in half-Mexican costume, with short, round jacket and pantaloons fitting tight over the hips; the countryman in his splendid *ranchero* dress, with brightly-colored cloak, wide velvetene trousers, boots and grand spurs, and the señora or señorita in rich silk, with high shell-comb in her head and a black mantilla falling over her fair shoulders, going to or returning from church, moving along with that majestic step said to be peculiar to the dames of Andalusia.

At certain seasons of the year the streets of Vera Cruz present an animated spectacle. This is in the winter months, when foreign ships are lading at port, and the *arrieros*, with their long mule trains, come down to the coast to bring produce to be exported, and to take back the import goods. In the hot summer months, however, when the dreaded *comito* becomes dangerous, and sometimes desolates this devoted city, active life seems for a time suspended, and the streets are left to the straying dogs, who, quarrelling with the vultures, contest with them possession of scraps cast out. Then Vera Cruz becomes what it has often been called—"a city of the dead."

Vera Cruz is a walled city, and you cannot enter it or go out without passing through a gate, with a sentry standing, or it may be sitting, guard by it, and a squad of slovenly soldiers lounging under the shadow of its portals. These gates are of the old fortified city type, with guard-room attached, though for any obstruction to an enemy, they would be of slight service. The chief object in maintaining them is the collection of a duty levied upon all produce and other commodities that enter the city for sale. It is, in fact, the octroi of Mexico and other parts of Spanish America—one of those absurd imposts only causing an obstruction to trade there as elsewhere.

There are three of these gates giving exit from Vera Cruz. One, the *Puerta de la Merced*, leads out southward for Alvarado and other towns along the coast. Only on this side is there anything like a suburb, and that but a few buildings connected with the cemetery, the alameda, or public promenade, and of late years the railroad station. That opening northward—*Puerta de Mexico*—is for the Jalapa road, leading also to Villa Antigua, the Vera Cruz of Cortes, on the Antigua River. On this route there are no suburban houses, nor are there any on the third road, which, passing out through the *Puerta Nueva*, about halfway between the other two, strikes at once into the interior of the country.

Vera Cruz is not only a walled city, but a fortified one. There is a battlement or breakwater on the sea side of coral rock, defending it from the tidal wash, while landward it is girt by a wall of the same material, with fortresses at each flank, and redoubts here and there all around. The wall is about ten feet high, and presumptively meant as a work of defence. During the siege of 1847 the American artillery found no difficulty in breaching it, round shot smashing through the madrepore and knocking it to pieces. The city is in shape almost an exact semicircle, the seawall, of about a mile in length, forming its diameter. At each extremity is a fort, Santiago on the south, and Concepcion flanking it on the north. Midway between the two the mole projects toward San Juan, which lies directly abreast, about twelve hundred yards from the pier-head. The streets of the city cross one another rectangularly, and there is a large public square in the centre. The "Plaza Grande" is a characteristic feature of all Mexican cities. It is always in a central position, having the cath-

dral or church upon one side; a second occupied by the government buildings, a block of warehouses, with a covered footway in front, taking up a third side, while the fourth is usually enclosed by a line of shops. It is the chief place of rendezvous at all times, but more especially in the later hours of the evening, when the sidewalk under the shade of the *portales* is frequently crowded by promenaders, and presents a very animated scene.

One of the striking and not very pleasant features of Vera Cruz are the black vultures, which are as tame as domestic pigeons, roosting upon towers, cupolas and house-tops. They are protected by law on account of the valuable service they perform as scavengers. No one is allowed wantonly to destroy them. Twenty-five dollars is the penalty for shooting or otherwise killing a vulture.

Among the groups which are prominent in the scene of Vera Cruz, one may be seen which is not a pleasant one. The visitor's ear is assailed by the clanking of chains; and looking around, he sees a number of men of swarthy skin and savage physiognomy, half naked, half clad in filthy rags, carrying brooms, shovels and scrapers. They are coupled two and two, and it is the clank of their iron couplings that has caused him to look around.

In their midst, or standing beside them, are two or three soldiers, in slouching attitudes and slouchingly tired, but with their bayonets fixed, showing that they have these ruffians in charge. It is the chain-gang, composed of prison malefactors temporarily taken from their cells to act as scavengers of the streets. Many of them are known, noted robbers, and not a few red-handed murderers.

In Vera Cruz the *sereno*, or night-watchman, is a character sure to make himself known and heard, sometimes to the disturbance of those who would fain go to sleep. He perambulates the pavement at all hours of the night, making it hideous by his shrill treble, as he calls out the time along with the state of the weather, which he does four times in every hour. Like everybody else in Mexico, the *sereno* wears a broad-brimmed hat, and a sort of loose frock belted at the waist. In the cooler hours of the night he is swathed in a ponderous cloak reaching down to his heels. In one hand he carries a long spear and in the other a clumsy old-fashioned lantern, while from his waist-belt is suspended a watchman's rattle, wherewith to sound an alarm of fire, a discovery of thieves or a difficulty with drunken roysterers. The *sereno* occasionally takes up a thief or captures a burglar, but more frequently permits both to follow their vocation free, himself preferring to enjoy a nap in the portico of some church or convent, with his lantern upon the step beside him, and not unfrequently he awakes to find it gone, and also his rattle, carried off by the young "swells" returning from the gambling-room or the ball.

Another curious character seen in the streets is the *evangelista*, or public scribe. He is an old gentleman, probably, and you will find him under the shade of some portico or projecting wall, upon a low stool, with a piece of board laid across his knees. Upon this rests a sheet or two of writing-paper, while his ink-horn and pen show that he is ready to commence writing at a moment's notice. He is simply a professional penman; and in a country where education is so little attended to, his services are in frequent requisition. His clients are chiefly among the lower classes—servants, artisans, laborers and very often Indians, who are all ignorant of the art of writing. By these he is employed to write letters of business, congratulatory epistles to friends who have had a stroke of good fortune, or condolence when the reverse, petitions asking favors, notes requesting payment of an account, and invitations to festivals or fandangoes. Love, however, is the staple commodity in which he deals, and the principal source of his support. His business is to compose *lettres d'amour* for lovers whose education does not enable them to do the epistolary part themselves. Often a pretty young woman may be seen bending beside him, with her lips close to his ear, earnestly dictating the impulses of her passion in low tones. With her scarf over her head, although it be broad daylight, she is not easily recognized, for only her dark flashing eye may be visible through the

slight opening. At other times it is a lover of the masculine gender who seeks the assistance of the evangelista, some strapping fellow with a *serape* over his shoulders, and broad-brimmed hat shading his swarth face, as he pronounces the words he wishes conveyed to his sweet-heart.

Thus placed between the two parties, and made the depository of the secrets of both, the evangelista possesses a rare power, and he is suspected of sometimes using it for improper purposes. There are some who do not hesitate to apply to him the epithet of a "go-between."

The scribe also does a little business in retailing pens, ink, envelopes and small stationery in general, and he often makes a considerable income by his labors.

It is in the evening hour the streets of Vera Cruz offer the most agreeable promenade. Then the hot tropic sun has disappeared behind the crest of the Cordilleras, and the cool sea-breeze circulates through the town. Down in the street doors and up in the window balconies, or, higher still, along the terraced roofs of the houses, you may see the grand señora of true Andalusian type, dressed in silk and flirting her fan. Enter the street of less note, and you behold a similar spectacle. Here it is the *poblano* who is the belle reigning supreme. She stands in the open window or doorway, freely chatting with her group of admirers. Neither in beauty nor in the tastefulness of her attire need she feel humiliated by comparison with the more aristocratic señora of the mansion, while in point of picturesqueness she leaves the latter far behind.

The *poblano* of a Mexican city is the representative type of the belle of the people, known in Cadiz, Seville and Madrid as the *manola*. The costume of the latter, however, is somewhat different from that of the Mexican beauty, which has certain features which are altogether indigenous and national. The bust is covered with a loose chemise of white lawn or linen gathered around the neck and elaborately embroidered, with short sleeves, lace fringed and prettily contrasting with the olive tint of the arms. Around the waist is a sash of silk crape, which helps to sustain the white petticoat, with a skirt lace-bordered, and so scant as to show underneath the ankle and foot. Above, a pair of dark brown or jet black eyes, glancing under a profusion of dark hair, adorned with an abundance of flowers, and often still further ornamented by the sparkle of the magnificent firefly of the tropics, whose sheen of diamonds, emeralds and flame becomes brighter and brighter as the twilight darkens down, until in the deep obscurity of the night its coruscation far excels that of precious stones, even under the glare of gaslight. It is usually the belles of the lower orders who affect this species of adornment, though the firefly sometimes appears in the hair of the fine lady.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"LEAVE MINE HONOR FREE."

WHEN Bertie entered the Davenport *salon* the next morning, he found it empty. The servant who admitted him told him that Miss Rivington was at home, though the other ladies were out, but he found no sign of her. The windows were open to the bright sunshine of a spring day—brighter in Paris than anywhere else, it seems; there were violets on the table, and notes and cards; a new song was standing open above the gleaming key-board of the piano, a light shawl was thrown across a sofa, there were those signs of cheerful occupation everywhere which give so pleasant an aspect to an apartment. Empty though it was, it suggested bright faces and the ripple of gay tones, and Bertie felt his desponding mood lifted away as if by magic when he entered. He even forgot his lost inheritance and his useless arm. The atmosphere was full of buoyant life, the air which was stirring the sap of dumb trees stirred also his healthy young blood with a thrill of

enjoyment; the sunlight which was making the birds sing as if they would burst their throats made him unconsciously smile as he had not smiled before for days. Crossing the floor to the window, he stood idly watching the brilliant street, and a body of troops marching past with glittering bayonets and martial music. Then wandering back to the piano, he sat down, and although he could not touch the keys, began to study—for he was not particularly quick at reading score—the notes placed above them. It was while he was engaged in this way that a door at the farther end of the apartment opened, and Miss Rivington entered the room. He was not aware of her presence until she reached his side, and in her clear, bell-like voice said, "Good-morning, Mr. Lauriston." Then he started, sprang to his feet, and turning, faced her.

"Good-morning, Miss Rivington," he said, bowing. "Pray excuse me, but I did not hear you enter. Surely you must be shod with silence, to steal upon me unawares so softly."

"Not by any means," she answered, "but you were very much absorbed. Was it in thought or in the music?"

"In neither," he answered. "I was only trying to divert my mind and keep myself from being impatient till you came. I am an impatient person," he added, smiling, "and never good at waiting for anything."

"That is an inconvenient characteristic, is it not, considering that the vast majority of mankind spend their lives in waiting for something?" asked Miss Rivington. "But perhaps some good fairy presided at your birth and made you an exception to the general rule."

"I don't know that there was any fairy in the case," he answered, "but certainly I have never had to wait for anything of importance—yet." He added the last word after a short pause, and in a different tone, for just then a thought of his changed prospects came over him, and he remembered that waiting is, as a general rule, one of the chief occupations of a poor man's life.

"You have never had to wait for anything—yet," repeated Miss Rivington. "Let us hope, then, that you may never need to begin. That it is a far from pleasant amusement I can testify from personal experience, for no good fairy presided over my cradle, Mr. Lauriston, to exempt me from this curse of mortality."

"The fairies who came gave you so much that they could afford to dispense with that," said he, in a tone of sincere earnestness.

But the beautiful face at which he was looking hardened a little.

"All gifts are useless when fortune is denied," she said, in a voice which had hardened also. "Do I need to tell you that, Mr. Lauriston? But then I forget fortune was not denied to you."

"No," said Bertie, but he said it in a tone which had changed also—suddenly, blankly, wholly changed. It was true enough. Fortune had not been denied to him when he was born—had been his, indeed, in bounteous measure up to this time; but was it not to be denied now? Would it not have been better never to have known it than for it to be wrested from him just when the glory of youth was at its freshest, and manhood's brightest and fairest hopes were quickening at his heart? He had shaken off these depressing thoughts when he entered, but they all came thronging back at those last words of Alice Rivington's, and he was indulging a vague wonder concerning the fatality which had given the conversation such a turn, when her voice broke the pause which had fallen over them:

"Will you not come and sit down, Mr. Lauriston, in preference to standing there leaning against the piano in that uncomfortable manner? If I knew what nerves were—which Belle will assure you in a tone of great contempt that I do not—I should say that you made me nervous. Are you anxious for me to stop talking and sing at once? Is that why you cling so persistently to the instrument?"

"Not at all," said Bertie, moving with alacrity to the couch where she was sitting, and where she moved aside



"I CANNOT DO IT," HE SAID, "NOT EVEN FOR YOU."—P. 532.

her drapery—a blue morning-dress that fitted the beautiful figure as if it had been moulded to it, and enhanced the fairness of her skin and the turquoise hue of her eyes, until she looked like a lovely incarnation of the morning—to make room for him. "On the contrary, much as I like to hear you sing, I like still better to hear you talk. You are uttering your own words when you speak, not the words of another; and then your voice is music itself."

"I am afraid you cannot care very much for music, or you would not talk in that manner."

"I do not care for it extravagantly, but I trust that I know how to appreciate it when it is good."

"Like mine? Pray be obliging enough to give my vanity the benefit of saying so."

"Of course I meant it," he said, eagerly. "You do not need for so poor a critic as I am to tell you what an exquisite voice you have, or how perfectly it is cultivated. One rarely hears such a voice in private life."

"Mine was not meant for private life," she said, quietly. "I told you last night that I was reared among professional musicians, but I did not tell you—what is nevertheless true—that I always expected to be one of them. I was in training for my debut on the lyric stage when my father died, and my uncle came for me."

"And you gave up your intention, then?"

"Yes, I was young, and my uncle was very kind. I yielded to his wishes, and have been sorry for it ever since."

"Why?" asked Bertie, quickly, too much interested to think of the incivility of these direct questions.

"Because I should have been free, independent of everybody and everything, if I had once succeeded, as every competent musician who ever heard my voice declared that I should succeed. Think!" said she, smiling; "instead of singing for ignorant, inappreciative people in society drawing-rooms—people who say, 'What a fine voice Miss Rivington has! It reminds me of Miss Smith's, who sings in our church choir,' and then ask for 'Under the Daisies'—I should have been singing for the audience who will greet Patti to-night—I should have won fame and money, and the power to live always in my beautiful Paris!"

"And you like all these things?" said Bertie, wistfully. A month ago they would all (excepting the fame) have been his to give, or at least to offer, her. Now he could no longer have plucked down the stars from heaven had she had a fancy to desire those.

"Who does not like them?" asked she. "Are any of us so philosophical, so cynical or so devout that we can honestly say we do not desire wealth, or at least the power and the freedom which wealth can give? You who were born to it," said she, looking at Bertie, "you to whom it has come like the air you breathe, can never understand what a magic talisman to all things it is."

"Not to all things, surely," said poor Bertie, on whom every word was telling with a power which even she who weighed them well could but dimly understand. "There are a few things in the world which cannot be bought, Miss Rivington. Love is one of them."

"Yes," said she, calmly, "love is one of them. But there is a spurious article which passes current very well

in the market, and obtains such ready sale that this fact is really of small importance. You know

"The hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts."

"In that case," said Bertie, brightening a little, "a poor man would have this incomparable advantage over a rich one—that if a hand was given to him, he might be sure a heart went with it."

"If a hand was given to him," said Miss Rivington. "But how many a poor man has been debarred by his poverty from winning either a heart or a hand which might, perhaps—who knows?—have been his if he had only dared to claim it!"

"The man is a coward, rich or poor, who does not dare to claim any heart or hand which might be his," said Bertie, almost fiercely.

"Allow me to suggest, Mr. Lauriston, that you have never been poor," said Miss Rivington, very coolly. "You are not, therefore, able to appreciate that there are such vulgar needs in the world as food and raiment and shelter. Men, however, who have known what the wolf of poverty is, may be excused if they hesitate before asking the woman whom they love to share privation and struggle with them."

"But are women never willing to share these things?" asked Bertie. "Good Heavens, Miss Rivington! do you mean to tell me that women always estimate the length of a man's purse before they think of marrying him?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Lauriston, you will find any number of foolish women who are willing to embrace poverty with the man they love—that is the correct phrase, isn't it?—and then, after the honeymoon is over, to make his life miserable with regrets and repining. But do you think you would care a great deal for such love as that? Not much more, I fancy, than a sensible woman would care for the selfish passion that asked her to share sordid anxieties and cramped desires."

"Good Heavens!" said Bertie, again. He was quite aghast. This cold, keen, feminine philosophy was almost worse than St. Julian and St. Julian's uncompromising advice, he thought. The poor fellow's heart sank down into his very boots. He felt instinctively that the beautiful goddess who preached such doctrines would not be likely to cast her sapphire eyes low enough to see him or any love he had to offer after he had stepped from the pedestal on which wealth and position placed him.

"You do not know what you are saying, Miss Rivington," he said, at last, in a low tone. "You do not know how mercilessly you close the door of hope in the face of all men to whom the accidental gifts of fortune have not come, or from whom they have been taken away."

"I close the door of hope on them!" said Miss Rivington, laughing lightly. "But, my friend, I am not a dictator, a lawgiver or a queen. I thought we were merely discussing an abstract question, and I gave you the benefit of my observation and my opinion. That is all."

"It was more than an abstract question to me," said Bertie, hastily, carried away by an impulse, as impulses were very apt to carry him away. Then he looked appealingly into her face. "The question of the disabilities of poor men interests me," he said, "because I am one of them."

"You!" said Miss Rivington, starting. She had held this point in view from the first—had, indeed, led the conversation up to it with singular adroitness; but now that it came, it startled her not a little. So it was true, after all—not, as she had been half inclined to fancy, merely a jealous manoeuvre of St. Julian's to direct her attention from Lauriston, but so true that all her hopes, the airy castles on which she had built so much, were worse than dreams. She was not a woman, however, to surrender even a losing battle. She girded up herself, as it were, with a remembrance of her own power over such impressionable material as the man before her, and looked at him with a dazzling smile in her blue eyes.

"In sympathy, perhaps you mean," she said. "I have heard of rich men who sometimes amused themselves in that way."

"I mean that I am a poor man in fact," he answered,

quietly—"a poorer man, Miss Rivington, than you can well imagine or I well realize."

"But how can this be?" asked she, who knew perfectly well how it could be. "Are you not jesting, Mr. Lauriston? You! How can you possibly be a poor man?"

"One is not likely to jest on such a subject as this," said poor Bertie, a little ruefully. "No doubt you are surprised, Miss Rivington, but everybody will hear the story before long, and I—I thought I would let you know how much of personal interest I had in all that you said."

"You should not have let me say it without telling me this, if it is true," she said, almost angrily.

"Why not?" asked he. "Can you not imagine—you, who are evidently so quick at imagining—that I was glad to learn something of the prospect before me—glad to know whether there was any hope of the poverty which I go to meet being cheered by a woman's smile or a woman's love? It is as well to realize at once that even to dream of such a thing is only selfish passion."

"Mr. Lauriston, you are unjust," said she, gravely. "You have no right to make a particular application of a general remark."

"But you made it without reservation," said he, "and it proved to me that for once St. Julian's cynicism was true worldly wisdom."

At the sound of St. Julian's name her eyes gave a slight flash. It was as if a new interest came into them.

"Does he preach such philosophy also?" she asked.

"I don't know that he preaches such philosophy in his own person," Bertie answered, "but he holds that it is the philosophy of a great many women—yourself, Miss Rivington, among the number; and you have proved the justice of his opinion by giving me the benefit of your sentiments, in language as cynical as he could have imagined, during the last hour."

"And pray when was Mr. St. Julian kind enough to canvass my possible or probable sentiments—of which I do not remember that I ever gave him the benefit—in this manner?" asked she, haughtily.

"Last night," answered Bertie, frankly. "You must not think that he said anything against you," he added, quickly, fearing lest he might do St. Julian an injury. "He was only warning me with a sincerity which I appreciate now better than I did then. He represented what you were likely to think more mildly than you have expressed it yourself, when he told me that you were not a woman whom a poor man could afford to—to know."

"In other words, he was warning you against me?"

"Yes, he was warning me against you."

"And may I ask why such a warning was esteemed necessary?"

"Only because he did not wish me to throw away my heart without any hope of return," said Bertie, flushing. "Pardon me, Miss Rivington, but you asked the question."

"And therefore cannot complain of the answer which I have drawn upon myself," said she, coldly. "True enough."

"But you see his warning came too late," said Bertie. "It must be an old story, and perhaps a wearisome story, to you, that men should fall in love with you at first sight," he went on; "so you will not wonder that I did it. But you may pity me a little in that it has added, and will yet add, much additional bitterness to the sacrifice of fortune which I am compelled to make, and that in resigning my inheritance I must also resign all hope of winning you, as otherwise I should at least strive to do."

It was the absolute recklessness of despair—the sense that he could not harm a cause which was already hopeless—that made the young fellow speak like this. What did it matter whether or not he roused Alice Rivington's anger? At least she should know, he thought, and so thinking, looked up without any intention of appeal into her face.

The kindness of that face startled him. The lips were smiling a little, the eyes had a certain dewy softness in their earnest regard. When he ceased speaking, she bowed her golden head slightly, as if in acknowledgment.

"Thank you for thinking so well of me, Mr. Lauriston,"

she said, quietly but sweetly. "Of course it is not worth while to discuss what you have said, since we were strangers yesterday, and this is something which you may very readily forget to-morrow. Nay," as Bertie was about to interrupt her, "I do not mean to doubt the sincerity of your declaration, but you have spoken on an impulse, and impulses are generally best forgotten. I cannot be sorry, however," she went on, quickly, "that you have given me an opportunity to ask you why you are standing on the brink of poverty, why you think it necessary to rob yourself of your inheritance and—and of any hopes of happiness which the future may offer you."

Her tone said more than her words. Her eyes said more than her tone. As they looked full at Bertie's, he gave a gasp. Was it his own wild fancy, or did they say, "Why do you think it necessary to rob yourself of your inheritance and of me?" He had thought before that it was hard to resign all hope of winning her, but now the conviction went suddenly home to him like a flash that it was not hope only which he would resign, but herself. In a moment he knew that this woman would marry him if he came to her as the master of Lauriston, but in the same moment he felt that St. Julian was right in telling him he had never realized before that he was not the master of Lauriston, nor likely ever to be again. His heart beat as if it would suffocate him, and his throat felt dry and parched, as he strove to answer her, so that it was fully a minute before he spoke.

"I will tell you why," he said, hoarsely. And then he told her the story which of late he had told so often that it began to seem like a horrible necessity which had been imposed upon him by the cruelty of fate, as if a man sentenced to death should be ordered to execute the sentence on himself. She listened with the closest attention—listened as if she were noting every particular in her mind, and seeking perhaps for some discrepancy with the same story already told—but she did not interrupt him by a single comment or question at any point of the narrative. She was even silent for so long after he finished that he spoke again.

"You see there is no help for it," he said, a little wistfully. "I feel ashamed of regretting the necessity as I do, but at least I recognize that there is no alternative. The sacrifice must be made, let it cost what it may."

"Must it be made?" she asked. Her voice was very low, and sweet as that wind of the western sea concerning which Tennyson wrote, but it thrilled him to the core. "Must it be made?" she repeated, gazing at him with eyes so perilously lovely that his resolution almost melted like wax exposed to steady flame. "Do you not think that you are looking at the matter from a very generous—a rarely generous—but a very quixotic, point of view?"

"I am looking at it from an honest point of view," said Bertie; and he could not help a certain cadence of hardness in his tone, of which he repented the moment after. "Women do not understand these things," he said. "It is a matter of legal right. I have no power to retain Lauriston if I wished ever so much to do so."

"But it is yours," said Miss Rivington. "I am a woman, as you say, but I am fully capable of understanding the legal question involved, and I am sure that you are wrong to think of surrendering the inheritance which came to you fettered by no condition whatever. Why is not your right to the family property as good—nay, far better—than this foreign actress' daughter of whom you speak? Is not your Lauriston's blood as pure as hers?" she asked, almost haughtily.

"Quite as pure," he answered. "But purity of blood does not give legal right of possession."

"I think you are wrong," she said—"nay, I am sure that you are wrong. Mr. Lauriston, does anybody—do any of your friends—advise you to take this step?"

"I have spoken to no one but my mother and St. Julian," he said. "She does not advise me to do it. As for St. Julian, he is non-committal, and has offered no opinion of any kind. But I do not need advice," he said, with a sudden light coming into his eyes. "I know what is right, and I must do it."

"You think you know what is right," corrected Miss

Rivington, "and you have elevated your own thoughts into standards of action. Mr. Lauriston, this will not do. If no one else will extend a hand to stop you, I must try to do so," and she did literally extend her hand, and laid it on his arm, where it looked like a fragment of rare marble on the dark coat-sleeve. "We have not known each other very long," she went on, in a tone full of sweetness which was allied almost to tenderness, "but I think you will let me speak to you as one who cares for your interest; I hope you will heed me when I beg you not to cast away your inheritance for a vision—an idea—a chimera of honor like this. Ah, if you only knew how terrible a life of poverty and struggle is! Ah, if you only knew what you are throwing away!" Then she bent a little closer. "Promise me," she said, "that you will not do this. Promise me that you will not resign your position and your fortune."

Her eyes were turned in pleading beauty to his face, the light touch of her hand on his arm thrilled it to the bone; as she bent forward, the faint fragrance from her hair rushed over and unnerved him. He felt as if his senses were absolutely reeling under the temptation, for he knew that he had only to say, "I promise," and the bargain between them would be virtually ratified; the woman who pleaded like this for his inheritance would never refuse to share it with him. There was a minute's pause. What hung on that minute, who can say? Who can estimate the results flowing from our least actions or our lightest decisions? and here the decision was one which would revolutionize two lives at least, and change no one could say how many more.

"Do not tempt me like this," he said, hoarsely, at last. "It is tearing the heart out of my breast to say no to you, but I cannot promise not to do what is honest and just."

"Can you not do whatever is honest and just—can you not care for this girl as your cousin—without resigning your rightful inheritance and ruining your life?" she asked, her voice taking a tone of deeper earnestness and passion.

How they all said the same thing! There seemed to Bertie a kind of fatality in it. Madame Alvarez herself had bidden him care for her daughter "as his sister"; Mr. Lauriston had proposed such a compromise; and now this enchantress, with her tongue of music and her eyes of beguiling magic, whispered the same suggestion. After all, were they right, and was he alone wrong? Were they sane, reasonable people, and was he a mad fool? The young man asked these questions half vaguely, but the answer was as clear and definite now as it had ever been. Lauriston belonged not to him, but to the daughter of Godfrey Lauriston. No sophistry could mistake or disguise that fact. He was not one of the people who could juggle or mislead himself into believing anything he liked, this Bertie Lauriston. Nature had not given him what is commonly known as "brilliant parts," but she had given him a certain power of distinguishing truth from error (not in people, but in principles), and a certain tenacity in adhering to the former, which is worth all the brilliant parts in the world, when we consider that man is infinitely more important as a moral than as an intellectual being. Just now he was tempted as few men, fortunately for themselves, are tempted, on a point where duty and inclination clash, but he scarcely wavered. He only looked up at Alice Rivington with an infinite wistfulness in his eyes.

"I cannot do it," he said—"I cannot, not even for you. You can never know how hard this is to me. I would give you anything else in the world that I have—God knows I would!—but I cannot give you my honor! You do not feel as I do—you are a woman, and cannot understand; but when I tell you that my honor is at stake, surely you would not wish, surely you could not ask me, to forfeit it that I might be rich?"

He spoke with a passionate earnestness impossible to describe—a pleading as if for one word of encouragement on his thorny road of sacrifice from the lips which had spoken so many to hold him back. But that word did not come. On the contrary, the white hand lightly dropped

from the arm it had thrilled, and the lovely lips parted, to smile faintly.

"I see that you, like many others of your sex whom I have known, Mr. Lauriston, are profuse in tendering every sacrifice save that which is asked of you," she said. "Perhaps I ought to beg pardon for having ventured to suggest a proper course of action in a matter so personal to yourself. It was presumptuous, undoubtedly, and my sole excuse is that I have known so well what you have yet to learn—the bitterness and hardships of poverty. Now, shall I sing a song or two, and try to make you forget this disagreeable topic?"

"Not now," said Bertie, following her eagerly, as she rose. "Oh, Miss Rivington, pray do not end everything like this! Listen to me for one minute! Give me one minute to tell you, to prove to you—"

"Hush!" said she, almost sharply. "Do you not hear a voice? Some one is coming! And so you have such very bad taste that you do not like Schumann?" she said, in a different tone, reaching the piano, and beginning to turn over the music, as the door opened.

"We left Alice at home this morning; I do not think she has gone out," said Belle Davenport. "No; here she is, with Mr. Lauriston. Walk in, Mr. St. Julian."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE BRIDGES.

WHETHER the Chinese are right in assigning to their portion of the world a much greater antiquity than many are willing to allow may be fairly questioned, but certain it is that in China many of the arts and sciences have been known at a period when the European nations were sunk in barbarity and ignorance. The ancient Greeks and Romans knew little or nothing of China. To that vast country, the southern part of which was known imperfectly to the people of India, they gave the name of Tsina some time before the Christian era, and this is the name by which the whole empire is called by the Russians even at the present time.

The names both of China and Tsina are unknown to the Chinese. The early history of this nation remains shrouded in fable, but it is certain that civilization was considerably advanced among them when it was only dawning on other nations. They have records now in existence, consisting of the writings of Confucius, which date as far back as five hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ, from which period they descend in an unbroken series to the present day. The emperor of this immense region is styled "Heaven's Son," and is accountable only to Heaven. He unites in his person the attributes of sovereign, pontiff and supreme magistrate, and his government is an unlimited despotism.

The first intercourse was attempted by the English with China in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the vessel sent did not reach its destination. No satisfactory results with regard to intercourse with China were obtained till about thirty years ago, since which time all nations are at liberty to visit the country, under certain restrictions.

Some of the bridges in China are of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. There is one near Pekin built entirely of white marble, elaborately ornamented. Others are found over the canals of still greater magnificence and with a grand triumphal arch at each end; and some, instead of being built with arches, are flat from one side of the canal to the other, marble flags of great length being laid on piers so narrow and airy that the bridge looks as if it were suspended in the air. From the amazing facilities afforded by the numerous canals for transportation of goods by water, these bridges do not require to be built of great strength, for only foot-passengers use the bridges, which is the reason they are of such an elegant and fanciful construction. These bridges are built with a number of arches, the central arch being about forty feet wide, and high enough for vessels to pass without striking their masts. The great elevation of these bridges renders steps necessary. They resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of Venice, on which you ascend by steps on one side and de-

scend on the other in the same way. Chain bridges were not made in this country for more than eighteen centuries after they were known in China.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

BY JOHN FORD.

I SAT beneath the tree to-day
Where, twenty years ago,
I carved my darling's name and mine
What time the roses blow;
And one by one, as freighted ships
Sail in from distant shores,
The golden hours of youth returned
Through memory's open doors.

Gay banners borne in life's fair morn,
Bright hopes and brighter themes,
Came drifting backward from the past
Like half-forgotten dreams;
And silvery voices, silent long,
The echoes woke again
With many a glad, familiar tune,
And many a wild refrain.

Again we climbed the daisied hill,
Her dear hand clasped in mine,
Or lingered by the sylvan stream
Its bordering flowers to twine.
Again we breathed the fragrant air
Of June, within the grove,
While on the sturdy beech I drew
The token of our love.

That day our young hearts danced for joy,
For gathered round us were
Such charms as nature only yields
Her truest worshipper.
We envied not the busy world
Its honors, fame or gold;
As perfect then our paradise
As Eden was of old.

She watched me with her soft blue eyes
While earnestly I traced
Each letter there, and, laughing, said
They soon would be effaced.
But twenty sweet and bitter years
Their courses since have run,
And still our names—two names—remain,
Though blending into one.

O happy days! O golden hours!
O joys for ever flown!
Why come ye not in truth to me,
And bring me back my own?
The brightest visions ye unfold,
The treasures ye reveal,
Though beautiful as fairy-lands,
Are, like them, all unreal.

Now hushed and still my darling sleeps
A-nigh those scenes of mirth,
Her lullaby the stream's low voice,
Her couch the breast of earth.
In vain I strive to pierce the veil
That shrouds the grassy mound;
Nor song, nor sigh, nor tears shall break
Her dreamless sleep profound.

Ah me! the weary days march on
With slow and measured tread,
And many a shadow hovers near,
And many a hope lies dead;
But patiently I'll wait the hour
Their marchings will be done,
When, like our names, her life and mine
Shall blended be in one.

THE DOMINION OF THE SAVAGE.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

WHEN we consider man in his primitive condition, armed only with sticks and stones, exposed half naked to every assault of nature, warring with the fiercest animals, depending for subsistence on his power of overcoming beasts too ferocious or too agile to be easily conquered, it becomes a mystery by what means he has been enabled to maintain himself against such fearful odds, and to remain master of regions infested by these powerful foes.

There is no more striking evidence of the power of mind over brute instinct than is evinced in this domination of the savage races of mankind. Yet we are apt to consider the matter from a wrong point of view, taking civilized man as our example, and imagining how helpless he would be if exposed unarmed to such conditions.

It is surprising what muscular power, what endurance, what bodily agility and dexterity in the use of primitive weapons, are acquired by savages, hardened by their life in the open air, and by their constant encounters with wild beasts and hostile men. No animal is too large or too fierce for them to attack; neither strength nor speed secures the brute tribes against the rude weapons, strong arms and agile feet of these human foes.

A few facts gleaned from the customs of existing savages will serve to illustrate these points, and to place in a strong light the vigor and dexterity with which the wild man of the plains and the woods meets and overcomes the perilous necessities of his condition.

There are some creatures in the brute creation from which we would imagine that man would shrink, and use all his powers to escape from their dangerous vicinity. Yet we have instances of savage tribes boldly attacking the strongest of these, and coming off victor in the seemingly unequal contest.

Thus the Esquimaux, aided only by their faithful dogs, their only arms being harpoons pointed with fish-bone, or, in rare cases, with iron, encounter the formidable polar bear, and overcome this fierce denizen of the realm of ice. With like fearlessness the Rocky Mountain Indian attacks the most dangerous of the bear tribe—the ferocious grizzly—and proudly displays around his neck its captured claws, as evidence of his valor and success in the unequal contest. In another continent we behold the South African savage entering into battle with the fiercest of animals—the lion, the rhinoceros and other strong and agile beasts—and coming off victorious.

Adding to the powers which he holds in common with the brute races the artifice and perseverance springing from his superior mental endowments, man has thus everywhere gained a superiority over the other tenants of the forest and the desert, and reigns supreme lord of animated nature.

The simple bow and arrow, the lance and javelin, the club, the stone hatchet and other primitive instruments of offence, are the weapons of these tribes, in whose use they have acquired such skill as makes them no mean competitors of the European, despite the great superiority of his arms. The Caffre has shown this in his wars with the English. Equipped with his simple club-like weapons, he seems insensible to danger, and has proved himself—in bush-fighting—a fair match for the best English troops.

The peculiar missile of the Caffres, called the assagay, is held between the thumb and forefinger, its point in front. The weapon, on being thrown with great force by a rapid movement of the arm, is given a vibratory motion by striking the shaft against the wrist at the instant of its leaving the hand; and still vibrating in its passage through the air, it seldom fails in striking the object aimed at.

Another weapon employed by them—the knob-kerris—is a stick of an inch in diameter and four feet long, ending in a large round knob. In using it they lay hold of the shaft of the weapon, measure the distance with the eye, and throw the stick so that the inner end of the circling missile shall strike the ground a few feet from the point

aimed at, and the knob falls, in the rebound, directly upon the victim.

The expertness acquired by savages in the use of their weapons is indeed, if we may credit the accounts of travellers, truly wonderful. There is something astonishing in the force with which our Western Indian sends his arrow. At a surprising distance he will transfix a horse, or even a buffalo, with this simple instrument. The Australian natives, who rank among the lowest of human beings, display a like remarkable skill in the employment of their weapons.

Some natives of Cape York, in Australia, who were brought to England in 1853, were able, without taking deliberate aim, to invariably strike with their javelins, at a distance of twenty paces, a small object fastened to a stick. Captain Gay relates that they are generally secure of killing a bird at that distance, and Starbridge informs us that the natives of Victoria dive, spear in hand, into the river Murray, and never return without having transixed a fish.

There are tribes of Patagonians who live almost solely on fish, which they sometimes take with the hand by diving, sometimes from the shore with wooden spears. The South Sea Islanders surpass even these in dexterity. They are so at home in the water that, descending among the coral reefs, they thrust the forefinger into the eye of any fish they have marked for prey, and thus bring it to land.

Other tribes are as expert as those we have mentioned in their use of missiles. A stone in the hands of a native of Tierra del Fuego is a perilous weapon of offence, as skilful is he in throwing. The Hottentot shows an equal skill in the use of his rakum stick, an instrument with which he despatches the feeblest species of animals at a distance of forty or fifty yards.

The boomerang of the Australians is another missile exceedingly effective in the hands of the savage, though dangerous only to himself in the hands of an European thrower. It is simply a curved stick, cut in a peculiar fashion, and moving in a strange and baffling manner. The savage stands with his back to the object aimed at, and hurls the stick as if to strike the ground in front. Instead of doing so, however, it rises, with a whirling motion, vertically in the air. Having attained a considerable height, it commences to retrograde, finally passing over the head of the thrower and striking the object behind him. The peculiar properties of this missile were known to the ancient Egyptians, but we have no evidence of their discovery by any other nation.

There are other instruments, however, equally odd in their principle and effective in the hands of their users. We may mention the bolas, employed by the Patagonians against the puma or American lion. It is a simple strap, loaded at each end with a stone, and is thrown so as to twine itself round the neck of the animal. Throttled by this tight thong, he is easily despatched. The Esquimaux avail themselves of a similar missile, used in the capture of birds. A yet more adroit use of the thong is that of the half-barbarous Gauchos of South America, whose skill in the use of the lasso gives them the mastery over countless herds of wild cattle.

When thus we see the North American Indian conquering the huge buffalo with his simple weapons, see the polar bear attacked by a single Esquimaux armed only with his lance, see boys of twelve to fourteen years among the Siberian savages attacking and killing bears with spears five feet long, and the South African native mastering the most ferocious animals with like primitive means, we must cease to wonder at man's dominion over the beasts of the fields, and attain a striking conception of the remarkable superiority of human reason to the mental powers of the brute tribes.

THE man who always prefaces his opinions with the remark, "Now I always speak my mind freely," is a terror to nervous people; but what this person calls his mind will be found upon analysis to be nothing but a number of dogmatic statements which are ruled by his prejudices.



TWO KISSES.

I.

Two kisses: one when day
Sheds its first rose on the bay,
And we kneel a while to pray
That the sovereign Soul of Being, space and light,
Will leave us love to cheer
The life which we lead here,
And everything that's dear
To feeling, thought and sight.
Scenes, books, music to enjoy
In all hours of sun and gloom.
Health and vigor to employ
Our souls, that they may blow
Fully, richly, while below;
And still brighter, broader glow
In the life beyond the tomb.

II.

Two kisses: one when fade
From the window hill and glade,
And the world in its own shade
Covered half in solemn slumber speeds through space
For a while, without the sun
Shining other lives upon—
Happy, if that we have done
Aught to benefit our race—
Aught our spirits to improve,
From the present, from the past,
In knowledge and in love,
Whose divine sky has no west;
Ere life's daily death in rest,
A night kiss, sweet and blest,
And calm as 'twere our last.

T. C. IRWIN.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 9.

THE HALL.—Continued.

MANY persons, we know, will not agree with us as to the desirability of leaving the floors uncovered, and will insist upon indulging in the luxury of carpets, at any sacrifice of convenience and elegance in other matters. To such we say, Purchase a first-class Brussels if you can afford it, avoiding patterns which represent landscapes, huge bunches of flowers, scrolls and other similar monstrosities. After Brussels, a good Venetian carpet is the most desirable, but ingrain will do very well, if good taste is exercised in the selection of a pattern.

The following will give an idea of what we consider a tasteful style of pattern for a hall carpet. It is in two



tints of either green or crimson, light upon dark, and with a light border. Something like this, in chocolate on a



white or gray ground, is as handsome as any one need wish. The very cheapest ingrain carpets can be found with patterns of this character, so that the attainment of real elegance need not involve a heavy expenditure of cash.

Many persons carpet their halls, parlors and stairways alike. We think that this is a mistake. The stair-carpet certainly ought to be harmonious with that of the hall, both in pattern and color, but an agreeable variety will be obtained by making it different. With regard to the furnishing of different rooms, it may be laid down as a fundamental principle of household taste that each should have a distinct character of its own, and there ought to be as much variety as possible in the carpets and other furniture. It may be worth while to remark in this connection that pads laid under stair-carpeting will ensure its wearing much longer than if they are omitted. Their cost, if procured in the shops ready made, is very trifling, and they will be worth all the money invested in them in the increased wear of the carpet, which, without having them as a protection, is pretty sure to be soon rubbed threadbare where it overlaps the steps.

The least desirable covering for a hall floor, or, indeed, any floor except perhaps that of the kitchen, is oilcloth. The cost of good oilcloth is considerable, and it has very few advantages over a bare floor, whereas it is far more

unsightly when it gets worn, as it speedily will do if much used, or if it is scrubbed with soap or water in which soda has been dissolved. If it is considered expedient, however, to cover the hall floor with oilcloth, patterns in which gaudy colors are used in large quantities should be avoided. Bunches of flowers and big glaring patterns are vulgar, while imitations of parquetry, marble, etc., are pretentious, and objectionable on account of professing to be what they are not. The best patterns for oilcloth are made with perfectly flat tints, the prevailing color to be light or dark according to circumstances. A very neat oilcloth for a hall has a buff or oak-colored ground, on which black and chocolate figures are repeated alternately. Some of the simple tile patterns may also be commended as less objectionable than imitations of wood and marble, from the fact of the tints being laid in flat without any attempt to represent graining or veining. Indeed, such patterns as these need not be called imitations of tiling at all, for they are just as appropriate in the one material as the other, while they have the great advantage of being at once neat and elegant. Persons who rent houses may find oilcloth useful, and even necessary, but those who build for themselves may easily avoid it if they wish.

We shall not dwell upon the adornment of the hall walls at present, as the general subject of wall decoration will be discussed under another head. It is proper to remark, however, that as most halls are dark, the walls should be painted or papered in light tints. In case there is plenty of light, the same rules will hold good as for other rooms. It will add very much to the appearance of a hall, as it will to that of any room, if what is called a "dado" is formed by drawing a line about three feet from the floor, and filling it in with a darker color than the rest of the wall. For the purpose of a hall dado nothing better or handsomer can be found than plain dark-red tiles bordered with a handsome pattern. For those who cannot afford tiles, however, a decidedly elegant effect can be produced with very cheap paper; in the majority of instances perfectly plain paper of a dark slate or chocolate color is to be preferred.

Wall papers in imitation of mouldings, pilasters and heavy-carved cornices are vulgar in the extreme. In the vast majority of instances the things imitated would be out of place, for no one wants a row of fluted pilasters with Corinthian capitals or elaborate cornices in an ordinary hall. If the reality would be objectionable, the cheap imitations are much more so; and if it is considered desirable to break up the blank walls, it can be done much better and at less cost by other means. Papers printed in imitation of marble, granite and wood graining are also in bad taste, and perfectly plain tints are very much handsomer.

The long entries of some of our city houses cannot be made very attractive, but they can be made at least not oppressive by their funereal aspect if a good-sized picture is hung opposite each parlor door, if there is a hall table fashioned so as to take the eye, and a few quaint chairs. The hat-rack and umbrella-stand we would recommend to be put out of sight, if possible; they are useful, but are scarcely ornamental, notwithstanding the extravagant shapes into which they are tortured by the cabinet-makers. They will serve, however, to fill up a hall in dearth of other furniture, and may very appropriately be used for that purpose.

In place of a hat-rack we would have a table; one similar to that which figured in the fifth number of this series would be suitable. With such a table a cover is unnecessary, especially if the top is made of a piece of wood with a pretty grain. The following is a much cheaper table, which is not without some artistic merit, and which any village carpenter can easily make. Indeed, the master of the house, if he is handy with tools, can make it himself, and get more satisfaction out of it than he will out of many considerably more expensive ones to be found in the shops. For a man who can afford to spend a considerable sum of money in furnishing his house, we would recommend something more elaborate; but as we are writing especially for the benefit of persons of very moderate means, the examples we give will for the most part be such as will involve but a small expense.

Above the hall-table a mirror should be hung. If the hall is a large one, a large mirror will be appropriate, but in a moderate-sized apartment a small one will answer



very well. For a hall of average size, a glass fourteen by eighteen inches will be quite large enough. As cheap looking-glasses are seldom tastefully framed, it would be well to buy a glass and have a frame put on it. A very neat and very cheap frame for such a purpose is made of half-inch walnut moulding. This moulding usually comes with a gilt strip on the inside, but we think it looks prettier and really more tasteful without. This, however, is a matter of individual fancy, and it will cost no more to retain the gilt if it should be considered advisable. A somewhat more expensive, but still a very cheap, frame is made of ebony. It is flat, thirteen-sixteenths of an inch wide, and has a narrow gold line about an eighth of an inch from the inside edge. If something more elaborate still is desired, a great variety of tasteful frames—such as are used for engravings and water-color paintings—can be found in the shops. In a future article on parlor furniture we will describe a very effective style of mirror which is suitable for either parlor or hall. The glass should be hung by means of a cord from a nail driven just under the cornice, and it will play a not unimportant part as a wall ornament for the hall.

On each side of the glass, and wherever there is a large blank space of wall, pictures should be hung, for which the same kind of frames as those mentioned may be used. For hall pictures bold and striking effects of light and shade should be selected, or else something that will attract the eye immediately either by the vigor of its execution or by its oddity. Pictures that require close examination should be reserved for the parlor and the other apartments proper. As we shall discuss the subject of art works hereafter, we will only say that really excellent pictures, such as no man with any genuine love for art need be ashamed to hang upon his walls, can be procured for a very trifling sum, so that there is really no reason why even the humblest of our homes should not be decorated with them.

In addition to the table, the mirror and the pictures, the hall should be furnished with several chairs—two or more, according to its size. The chair figured in the next column is easy of execution, and ought not to be expensive.

We have seen in some of the furniture-shops lately a style of hall-chair which is decidedly artistic. The seat and back are of wood perforated with a number of holes which form a sort of pattern. This chair is far from uncomfortable, and has the merits of being attractive in appearance and not very expensive. Bamboo chairs are also excellent for hall purposes, but they cost more than many persons are able to pay.

In a large hall a settee of some kind will be found both useful and ornamental. We have a very good design for a cheap article of this kind, which is equally well suited for use in the dining-room or sitting-room or hall, and will accordingly reserve a description of it for a future number.

The best material for hall furniture is oak, but walnut is also to be recommended. Those who cannot afford either oak or walnut will find that common pine rubbed with walnut stain and oiled is a material not to be despised, either from a utilitarian or an artistic point of view.

In leaving the subject of the hall, we would say, Have large doors, if it is proposed to use the hall for a place to sit in, and make as liberal provisions for the admission of light as is practicable. If there are windows, let them be of goodly size, and provided with means for the partial or total exclusion of the light if it is considered expedient to exclude it. Our American housekeepers are for the most part too much afraid of light and fresh air in their houses, and our doors and windows—windows especially—are almost always too small. Nothing adds so much to the cheerfulness of a room as an abundance of light, and both for economic and hygienic reasons large windows are better worth having than handsome furniture. Better buy cheap



furniture than fill the rooms with expensive articles from which it will be necessary to exclude the blessed sunshine from fear that they will fade before the money's worth of wear is had out of them.

THE RUSSIAN WINTER PALACE.—The home of the Russian imperial family from October to June, every year, is the Winter Palace. The immense building has a frontage of more than seven hundred feet, and is large enough to lodge six thousand persons. A curious story is told how, some time ago, the forty-three watchmen stationed along the roofs of this palace built huts under the shelter of the chimney-stacks to protect themselves from the inclemency of the weather, and how after a while, being lonely, they brought thither their wives and children, and commenced housekeeping. The little colony prospered, and hens, and geese, and goats, and swine were gradually introduced into the premises. All might have gone on very prosperously for an indefinite time, but unfortunately a cow was taken up, and she became so uneasy that the czar learned the whole affair, and the colony was dispersed. All the arrangements of the Winter Palace show great wealth, consummate skill and exquisite taste. The suites of apartments occupied by the empress and by Alexander, the present heir-apparent, and his family, are fitted up with great beauty and appropriateness. The children's nursery is one of the most interesting rooms in the whole palace, containing little furniture, but a good supply of toys of every description. A room fitted up as a study, and which was appropriated to the crown prince and the grand duke Alexis in their boyhood, contains firearms, swords, military accoutrements and models of all kinds. A huge model of an iron-clad ship of war, completely and beautifully rigged, occupies a whole side of the page-room. Everything indicates the wisdom and care bestowed in the education of the sons.

To FEEL most free because most firmly bound
Is friendship's privilege; so now I go
To rest a while the mystic nerves and brain,
To walk apart, and long for you again.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

BY COL. A. D. BAILIE.

WE have chosen the heading of this article rather as expressive of the different states of the body and mind of which we are about to speak, than with any intention of dwelling upon the advantages and disadvantages of a residence in cities or among woods and fields.

It is a generally received belief that as civilization and its natural consequences—a high and naturally advancing cultivation of the mental powers—progress, the vigor and freshness of both body and mind proportionally weaken. The constant polishing of the steel gradually wears it away, till strength is at last sacrificed to beauty, and the only use of the otherwise feeble weapon lies in the keenness of its delicately-fine edge; and it is of this belief that we are about to speak, and endeavor to ascertain its reality and the causes which induce so undesirable a result; and as these are naturally more in operation in large cities than among the inhabitants of less populous districts, from the greater abundance of the various means by which the intellect is forced and the whole character moulded in the type of an advanced and artificial state of society, we may fairly expect to trace the transition from one of those states of society to the other, in the differing character of the inhabitants of these two localities.

First, then, we cannot but conclude, from the history of the past and the experience of the present, that it is the evident tendency of a high state of education, of refinement and of luxury to soften down, and, as it were, round off, the distinct and strongly-marked angles or characteristics which may be observed in a more natural development of mind and body. We do not say that this is an inevitable result, and shall presently attempt to show that it may be considerably averted, but the fact itself is unquestionable, and may be attributed to both physical and mental causes. The enfeeblement of the bodily frame forms one great and prominent feature of this state of things, for it gradually but surely follows the exhaustion of the mental powers, and in turn acts upon them, till both are alike prostrated by the over-tasking of the brain in the wear and tear of study, or of the constant struggle which seems the normal state of modern society. The whole physical system becomes deranged from the unnatural cramping of its development—the freedom of limb and muscle, the healthful play of each organ, the vigor of the whole frame, are all more or less injured by the habits which have gradually become second nature in our present state of society.

The amount of study, the degree of application to business, which is necessary to keep pace with the demands of the age, not only make a severe draught on the physical system, but occupy so much time that little is left for practicing the different means to invigorate it. And thus, year by year and generation after generation, bodily strength diminishes, and the race or the particular family exposed to these influences gradually becomes physically degenerate, even if the actual health and length of life are not affected—thanks to the discoveries of science and prevailing habits. And as the body acts most irresistibly on the mind, it is easy to trace the consequence of the softening of the physical energies. Strength of will, freedom of thought, manliness of purpose, will all be enfeebled by it—the very consciousness of physical weakness has an injurious, if not fatal, effect on moral and mental courage, the spirits suffer, the judgment becomes biased, and the whole man is cramped in the exercise of his noblest faculties by the enervation of his physical frame. We do not deny that this is sometimes successfully and wonderfully resisted, and we could adduce many bright examples in our own day to show how energy can triumph over bodily weakness; but as a rule, we feel sure that the contrary will be found to be correct. So much for the natural influence of a high state of civilization on the bodily frame.

We now pass to the mental and moral system under its influence. We need scarcely stop to notice the good it has

conferred on society, the refinement of ideas, the graceful polish of manner, the cultivation of the intellect, the heightening of necessities into comforts and comforts into luxuries, which have all gradually spread from the few to the many, from the learned to the ignorant, from the high to the low, till the whole human race is more or less pervaded by its gracious and benign influence. It is rather our object now to show some of its evils, and if possible the mode in which they may be remedied.

One of the most prominent of these evils is the conventionality of judgment and action which is induced by the constant obedience to certain laws and modes of thinking which have been gradually established in society, as its angles and asperities have become outwardly smoothed down by the progress of civilized habits and rules. Moreover, this fault has been materially increased by the uniformity which prevails in the modes of education by which rational and thinking beings are trained, like soldiers, by one system of drill, without due attention to and cultivation of their respective characteristics. The consequence of this blind or indolent submission and undistinguishing training is a weakness of the reasoning powers, and perhaps frequently no less of the moral character also. The judgment lies dormant. No subject on which the customs or generally-received laws of society have once pronounced a verdict is taken into free and unbiased consideration as to its correctness or even moral propriety, but a sort of indolent, well-satisfied assent is given to each commonly-held opinion and long-established custom. The shrewd countryman rarely errs in this respect. He seldom fails to have an opinion of his own which at once strikes home by its plain sense and quietness. Nor do we think that the error prevails among the inhabitants of towns so much as in large cities, where the masses are so closely wedged together that individuality of character too often disappears in its enervating and oppressive influence.

Surely this evil is perfectly capable of being remedied by individual exertion, either for ourselves personally or for others, under the process of education. Let persons accustom themselves, and train those under their influence, to the habit of thinking freely and carefully on the various subjects which come before them, and decide according to the apparent justice and real truth of each case. No doubt they may often be mistaken—often fall into error both of opinion and action; yet they will at least attain the invaluable freedom from slavish dependence or indolent submission to a sort of mystic oracle before whose invisible power the great majority of beings gifted with reasoning faculties are content to bow. It is, moreover, impossible to overrate the importance and advantage of this habit of freedom and manly independence of thought and judgment, or the vigor and decision which it gives to the character, the stability to action and the firmness to purpose.

We have already remarked that it is more commonly found away from great cities and from large masses of society. Another fact proves what is the cause of the deficiency so evident in the majority of persons mingling much with the world. It is frequently seen that persons who have been wanting in the independence and freedom of thought and action of which we are speaking have completely changed their character in this respect when removed from the influences of the high-pressure civilization of modern times. Take the emigrant to California or Kansas. Induced perhaps to leave his native eastern city by sudden reverse of fortune, see him before he is removed from the taint of old habits and associations, and then again after experiencing the invigorating influence of self-dependence, of unbiased judgment and action. He appears a new man; a vigor, a manliness, a pith, is infused into his whole being, such as we find in the records of the deeds and habits of our forefathers ere our artificial state of society had reached its present height. He has all the "native worth" and nobility of a being intended to hold himself accountable to his Creator, and not to the capricious verdict of a shifting state of society.

We pass to another and kindred effect of our rapid progress in every civilized and artificial custom and appliance which science and skill can furnish for the conven-

ence of man. This height of luxury, this supply of every possible want, in the most eligible possible shape, is mischievous in two ways. On the one hand, it leads to the actual creation as well as to the ready gratification of wants and wishes, and a consequent injury, if not absolute destruction of all hardness of character, physical and mental, and on the other, to a strife, a feverish effort to obtain them, which is almost equally pernicious. This unhealthy desire for the gratification of artificial wants, and for an equality with those whose means of supplying them are greater than our own, is widely different from the wholesome exertion of each faculty and noble emulation which are the surest elements of success. It is thoroughly demoralizing in its tendency, and binds the man who indulges it in hopeless and helpless slavery to his own self-created necessities. There is no truer happiness, no more powerful assistance in the cultivation of a noble independence, and manly vigor and freedom of will and action, than simplicity of habits, and consequent limitation of wants and wishes. There again we find the evil naturally prevailing more in cities than in country places. The habits are more luxurious and artificial, persons are more constantly witnessing the novelties, the elegances, the lavish splendor of others, and the very display in the shops which continually meets the eyes reminds them of what they could obtain were their means equal to the opportunities of gratification. Consequently, the temptation to avail themselves of them is far greater than in the secluded and simple life of the countryman. History and philosophy alike teach that there is nothing so enervating to either nations or individuals as this indulgence in luxury, which has always been the result of an excessive civilization. It softens all that is manly and courageous, it warps the moral sense of right and wrong. It is the cause of the decay and fall of kingdoms, and no less the source of half the family and commercial distresses of our social and private life.

We need only glance over the first outlines of history, or recall the events of the last few years, to be convinced of the truth of this assertion, and to draw a useful lesson from the mistakes and the miseries, the hollow prosperity and fearful downfall, of nations and individuals. Moreover, while this mischief prevails, it is hopeless to look for any remedy to the physical degeneracy at which we glanced at first. So long as every faculty must be strained to the utmost, every day and every hour employed, either to gain the prescribed amount of education or to obtain the means of "living as other people do in the same rank of life," so long will children's brains be overtaken and men's energies break down in the unequal strife. How is it possible to expect the free and natural development of mind and body in early life, or to preserve the vigor and health which are as essential to a full exercise of the mental and moral as to the animal powers, under our present system of "cramming" and forcing students of either sex, or while the so-called necessities of city life demand such constant and feverish exertion? Were more attention paid to training the judgment and general character, and less to the attainment of a variety of opposite accomplishments during education—were there greater simplicity of manners, greater moderation and noble self-denial prevalent in our domestic life—the derangement of the nervous and digestive system which was so little known to our forefathers, and which forms the torment alike of patient and physician in our day, would soon become as rare and as accidental a malady as in less artificial times.

We must, however, guard carefully against an unmerited and indiscriminating depreciation of the advantages of both education and civilization, against any exaltation of the past over the present, or even of the inhabitants of the country over those of the city. The evils which we have enumerated are abuses to which every good is liable among erring and imperfect human beings, and it rests much with individuals to correct them. Every man is master of his own character, of his own habits, and need not, save by his own free will, become a victim to the Juggernaut of modern luxury, or to the arbitrary will of the phantom idol "Society." It depends on himself whether he will avail himself of the fruits of long ages of

gradually progressing science and learning, without plucking the unwholesome fungi which spring up under its shade. And again, the comparative freedom of those who reside far from the temptations of cities—from the errors we lament—is no exemption from failings of a different and often more serious character.

Our object in selecting this subject has been to call attention to daily increasing changes, to rapidly growing evils, which we believe are threatening the best interests of our social life. We are justly proud of our noble land, proud of our brave, independent race. Let us take care to endanger neither the glory and the very existence of the one nor the well-merited character of the other. Americans have gone triumphantly through many an imminent peril, have overcome almost hopeless obstacles, by their courage, their energy, their intense love of freedom. Let them hold fast these qualities, for they may be needed again. Let them not live in the noble past, and insensibly degenerate from the vigorous, self-denying character of their forefathers, who raised their country to her glory and power. We know full well that the men of the present generation of Americans have the true blood in their veins, and that the same characteristics are yet in being when some emergency shall call them forth, but we would urge them to bring into every-day life the qualities which have secured to them a country which to-day holds the proudest place among the nations of the earth.

THE ARABS.

PERSONS of the middle class have sandals instead of shoes; they are single soles, or thin pieces of wood, fastened to the feet with leathern thongs. Richer people wear slippers, and the women always use the latter covering for the feet. Drawers, with the addition of a shirt, always form the female dress. At Hedsjas, as in Egypt, they veil their faces with a piece of linen, leaving only the eyes uncovered. In Yemen, the veil is much larger, and covers the face, so that even the eyes are not discernible. At Sana and Mokha the women wear a transparent gauze veil embroidered in gold. They are very fond of rings on their fingers, arms, wrists and ears; they stain their nails red, and their hands and feet of a brownish yellow, with the juice of a plant called *el henne*; they also paint all around their eyelids, and even the eyelashes themselves, with *ko hel*, which renders them quite black. Men even sometimes imitate this fashion, but it is considered effeminate. The women of Yemen make black punctures on the face, which they consider improves their beauty. Fashion shows its influence in this country most particularly in the manner of wearing the hair and beard. In the states of Sana all men, whatever their rank, shave their heads; in other parts of Yemen it is the universal custom to knot the hair up behind and wrap it in a handkerchief. Caps and turbans are not in use here. In the mountain districts the hair is left long and loose, and is bound with small cords. All Arabians of rank have one curious addition to their dress. It is a piece of fine linen upon the shoulder, which probably was formerly intended to keep off the heat of the sun, but is now used only as an ornament. Carreri states that the Arabian women wear black masks with elegant little clasps, and Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation. In Moore, also, we find these lines:

"And veiled by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids—
A mask that leaves but one eye free
To do its best in witchery."

In many parts of Arabia the women wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. All the young women of the East are particularly fond of being able to gaze upon their own fair countenances, and seldom go without a looking-glass. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known and they may receive the homage due to them.

THE JAPANESE CAPITAL.

A DESCRIPTION OF YEDO.

YEDO, or To-kei, the capital of Japan, is situated chiefly in the province of Musashi, a small part being in the province of Shimosa. It is, like Nineveh of old, "an exceedingly great city of three days' journey," and the traveller who cannot extend his visit beyond a week must be an exceedingly clever and observant person to carry away more than a very fragmentary knowledge of it.

Yedo, which covers an area of thirty-six square miles, is situated at the head of a beautiful bay, and being on undulating ground, presents a most picturesque appearance when viewed from an eminence. It is intersected by rivers and numerous watercourses, canals, etc.—*hori*—over which fantastic wooden bridges are thrown. At intervals elevated spots occur, and these are often crowned by temples or daimios' palaces, now belonging to daimios no more.

The palaces of the daimios are long one-storied buildings, commonly whitewashed, and very uninteresting in appearance. The cognizance of each daimio is emblazoned on the doors and panels of the woodwork; and as the inhabitants are well acquainted with these so-called *shirushi mon-dokoro*, they know when to do honor and when to pass unconcernedly by. These buildings are not crowded together; they have their outer and inner courts, in which flourish magnificent trees. The palaces are usually approached by private bridges, as the dwellings are frequently surrounded by watercourses. Within these residences all is peace and tranquillity, and all are alike scrupulously clean. The mansions of the great present no difference from the dwellings of the poor or of the artisan class, except in their extent, and the fineness of the quality of the mats and the value of the screens which adorn them.

The great river Oō-gawa, otherwise called Sumidagawa, divides the city into two parts. The large suburb on the east of this river is designated Honjo. Yedo itself, on the west of the Sumidagawa, consists of three principal parts. 1. The *Shiro* or citadel, surrounded by a moat, and capable of being entirely shut off from the rest; 2. The *Soto-Shiro*, or the part outside the citadel; and 3. The *Matsi* or town, including the suburbs. In the *Shiro*, erst the stronghold of the Tycoon, and where his palace and those of a few near relatives were situated, now dwells the Mikado. In the *Soto-shiro* are many palaces of former daimios, the government offices and certain temples.

The most prominent objects in the city are the temples, of which there are a great number. The two great religions of the empire are well represented. These are the Shintoist and the Buddhist, and they seem to be a good deal mixed up, though the great temple of Kwanon—the Kwanyin, or goddess of Mercy, of the Chinese—is specially set apart. This is near the Asakusa Tera, not far from the Adzuma Bridge over the Sumida River. Another temple in the same quarter, close by, is the Higashi-Monzeki, or Eastern Monzeki (Buddhist temple), the Western (Nishi) Monzeki being some distance away near the shores of the bay on the way to Shinagawa.

The Confucianists are represented by halls where lectures on the doctrines of Koshi (Confucius) are delivered. The Japanese deem these schools of philosophy rather than temples. The chief place of this sort is the Shohekō, otherwise called Daigakkō, near the Shohe Bridge. Here, at stated times, lectures are delivered upon the ethical-political doctrines of Confucius.

Among the most famous places in Yedo are the temples and the mausoleums of the Tycoons. That one especially noted is at Toyozan, also called Uyeno, where were interred the four immediate successors of Iyeyas, the ancestor of the late reigning family. Iyeyas himself was buried in a lovely spot, called Nikkō, among some hills, a day's journey north of Yedo. But a memorial temple was erected near Toyozan, and dedicated to him under his posthumous title of Tosho Gongen Sama. Toyozan, before the late revolution, which reinstated the Mikado, was a magnificent place; but having been fortified by the Tycoon's party, it

was partially destroyed, in the contest which ensued, by the troops of the Princes Satsuma, Choshin, Tera and others.

Another place of sepulture for the Tycoons is the temple of Zozoji, in Shiba, near the Tōkijji, or "reclaimed ground" near the sea-coast, where the foreign settlement is, and where the foreign legations are situated. The tomb of the Tycoon who is buried here is very imposing. In the outer quadrangle a large number of stone lanterns are erected of granite, bearing the names of the daimios who dedicated them to the memory of the Tycoons. Within are many bronze lanterns of similar pattern. They are all massive in structure, and are like small lighthouses. The mausoleum is rich with gold and lacquer and superb carvings.

The Tycoons were buried in stone vaults within a sort of sanctum, into which none but the chief appointed guardian and priest was allowed to enter, and he only barefooted. The door to these vaults is of solid bronze, and within sits the effigy of the deceased Tycoon as in life, with his incense-box, table and its appurtenances before him. At one time it was impossible to get admission to the quadrangles, but now the guardians of these holy places are not unwilling to accept a gratuity and grant *entrée*.

It may be said of Yedo that it is well watered everywhere; and as the rivers and streams are many, so the bridges are numerous, there being some eight hundred in the whole city. The boundary of Yedo on the south is Shinagawa, on the west Itabashi, and on the north Senji. Through Shinagawa the Tokaido, or great Eastern Road, runs from Kioto to Nihon-bashi (or the Bridge of Japan). The road northward from Nihon-bashi is called Oshii Kaido (or Way to Oshiu), a northern province. At Shin-bashi (or New Bridge), about two-thirds of the distance between Shinagawa and Nihon-bashi, is erected the terminus of the Yokohama and Yedo Railway, which has been opened by the Mikado himself quite recently.

As the traveller enters Yedo, he passes the execution ground, situated just by the Tokaido. As he advances, he finds the streets crowded with a busy multitude, and a striking peculiarity is the absence of wheeled vehicles. Many passengers are on foot, men, women and children, the latter playing at shuttlecock or flying kites; but some ride in a strange conveyance—the *kango*, which means simply a basket of a large size. If we suppose a box three feet and a half long, by two feet and a half high, suspended on a stout bamboo pole, and fancy two holes in the sides of the box, so that a person might get in and sit with his knees near his chin or his legs tucked under him tailor-fashion, we have a very fair conception of what a *kango* is, remembering, of course, that the whole is bamboo-work, and consequently very light. This is the common conveyance in Japan and its dependencies. The Loochooan *kango* is exceptionally uncomfortable.

The houses of Yedo are all very low, never having more than two stories. This is deemed desirable, as earthquakes and fires are of frequent occurrence.

Following the Tokaido, we come at last to its end, at the Nihon-bashi, or Bridge of Japan. This is not the largest, but the best known, bridge of Yedo. A merry crowd is rushing over it. The workman with his barrow, the market-man with his fish, the maiden or youth on some errand, all are speeding their way in haste, but without collision. The civil power is ever ready to see that the commonalty behaves itself. The most dangerous and troublesome class is that of the Ronins, men who for some misdeed have forfeited the favor of their master, the feudal lord, and who must wander hither and thither to seek a livelihood. They have the privilege of wearing two swords, and in times of excitement they can readily use them. Happily, this class is dying out; the whole country having undergone a complete change, the distinctions of class are gradually becoming less marked.

There is much to see in Yedo; the shops, the temples, pleasure-grounds, the amusements, the offices of government, etc., all are possessed of interest to the foreign visitor.

THE VALUE OF THINGS.

ONE of the most frequent errors we all make in life is the valuing a thing according to the difficulty of obtaining it, and this error is universal. We do not believe that anybody is free from it. No doubt the desire of overcoming a difficulty was implanted in the human breast for very good reasons, but we have carried this desire to an extreme, and it mostly renders us blind as to the real value of the object we pursue.

In love, for instance, the easiest conquest is the best. We know that this is a very daring remark, but we are persuaded that it is a true one. The love which soonest responds to love—even what we call love at first sight—is the surest love, and for this reason, that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last—incomprehensible, undefinable, unarguable about. But this love often fails to satisfy man or woman, and he or she pursues that which is difficult to obtain, but which, from that very circumstance, is not the best for him or her.

The same thing occurs in friendship. The friends that are the easiest made are the best friends and the most lasting. But often an ill-conditioned or even a cantankerous man offers some attraction, by reason of difficulty, to other men to gain his friendship. After much effort, what friendship this man can give is perhaps gained, and is ultimately found out to be worth but little.

As an additional argument for not being led away by the difficulty of the pursuit, let us remember how very short life is.

In material things the folly of pursuing them eagerly, merely because the pursuit is difficult, is very apparent. A man will seek after some almost hopeless honor, or some station in society which he never attains, or finds worthless when attained, and all the time he neglects the pleasant things in life which are round him and within the reach of his hand. The daisies and the primroses and the violets he passes with an unheeding eye, caring only for some plant that blossoms once in a hundred years.

We repeat our belief that the most frequent error in life is the placing an inordinate value, merely on account of its difficulty, upon that which it is difficult to attain; and we would have for a motto one that has never yet been selected by mortal man, and which should run thus: "Choose the easiest."

We are not afraid of quelling men's efforts in high endeavor by this motto. They will always be prone enough to run after what is difficult.

ARTHUR HELPS.

COMBATS ON THE OCEAN.—Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur.

The swordfish go in schools like whales, and the attacks are regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the carcass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows.

The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of his adversary, the whale is lost, for it receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for the defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and finishes him at a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoid the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the

water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes him on every side, kills him and flies to other victories.

Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It then dies like Maccabæus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

AIR-GUNS.—Probably the most perfect air-guns in the world are those made in London for the use of British poachers. As they make no smoke, and consequently no smell, they are not so easily detected as firearms when used in game preserves. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that they make no noise. When charged so as to produce the effects above described, the report is quite sharp—fully as sharp as that produced by gunpowder. When lightly charged, the report is of course diminished; but the force with which the bullet is projected is also proportionally lessened, and so is the recoil. As a weapon for secret assassination, therefore, the air-gun does not possess much advantage over a good rifle-bore. Few persons are, however, aware of the slight charge of powder or air that is necessary to produce a fatal wound at short distances. Experience teaches us that a bullet that will go through a half-inch board will kill a man if it strikes him in a vital and not too well-protected part. Now, a bullet can be projected from a rifle with a force sufficient to pierce such a board at twelve paces by means of a charge of powder not greater than that which will lie on a silver three-cent piece; and provided the charge be ignited quietly, as by a pill lock, the noise of the explosion will not attract the attention of persons who are sixty yards distant. The small pistols in common use make very little noise except when discharged in confined places; and yet if the ball should strike a vital part, death may be caused instantaneously by a wound from them. The only advantages possessed by the air-gun are its perfect cleanliness and the fact that the parts are not liable to be corroded and rusted. It never requires cleaning, but the labor of charging the condenser may be fairly offset against the labor involved in cleaning ordinary firearms after they have been used.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—A French paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saloon of great magnificence; his servant has but one eye, and the effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is conveniently tried in this servant's head, so that the customer can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. The charge is about fifty francs per eye. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn for a time and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at reduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India and the Sandwich Islands.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON, of the Coast Survey, has been making observations on the Sierra Nevada, at an elevation of 7200 feet, to determine the relative importance of different altitudes in the use of the astronomical telescope. Prof. Young has been at the same time making experiments at Sherman, on the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of 8240 feet. From the reports of these observers it is probable that the great refracting telescope, now being constructed for the government at an enormous cost, will be placed at one of these stations. Prof. Young points out the fact that the atmosphere is much steadier at the elevation of Sherman than at lower altitudes, and that a star has been recognized as double from that position.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1873.

A CHAT ABOUT MAD DOGS.

HYDROPHOBIA OR RABIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TO-DAY there is no doubt in the minds of scientific men who have carefully investigated this malady that rabies sometimes originates spontaneously. A great majority of cases are traceable to the bite of an affected animal, but that it occurs where such infection is impossible must now be conceded.

Its appearance at long intervals in isolated countries, in farm-dogs quite separated from the world, and in lap-dogs which never leave observation, long since suggested the spontaneous origin of the disease. For instance, it has appeared in Algeria, an isolated country, and then disappeared for many years. Upon its reappearance there would occur a single case only, or it would appear simultaneously in various parts of the country. It is simply impossible that rabies, after an absence of forty years from an isolated country, should reappear, if we assume that the disease originates only in the bite of a rabid animal.

Tardieu cites a case of rabies in a cat produced by taking away her kittens, and another case in which the disease was induced by a burn.

Climate has its influence. The malady is rare in extreme latitudes. It appears almost exclusively in the temperate zone, and principally during the cool season. About six times as many cases occur in the spring months and in the autumn months as in the summer. During the winter season there are about three times as many cases as during the summer season. It is in the cold season that a rabid animal is most likely to bite. In those countries where dogs abound, and suffer most from hunger and thirst, as in Turkey, Syria, Egypt and Africa, rabies is less frequent than in those countries where dogs are better cared for.

The evidence from every country where rabies has been systematically studied proves that the female dog is quite as likely to suffer from the disease as the male.

The disease does not begin with fits of fury. The dog is at first very quiet, though even in this stage its saliva is poisonous. The danger is not now from its biting, but from its licking your face and hands. As the disease pro-

gresses, the dog becomes fidgety, prowls about, sniffs and scratches. It snaps at nothing; it seems to be haunted by phantoms. It has a gloomy and ferocious aspect.

Up to this time it is docile and obedient to its master. It seems to be even more affectionate than usual, and shows it by its desire to lick its master's hands and face. And indeed this wonderful creature, so completely dominated by the spirit of devotion, continues perhaps in a majority of cases of rabies to obey its master to the very last hour.

The mad dog has not the least dread of water. It is indeed strange that this notion has got afloat. It constantly tries to slake its thirst as long as it can swallow, and even long after this it continues to plunge its face into the water and gulp at it. In the early stages of the disease it continues to take food, and sometimes eats with great voracity.

When the desire to bite is developed, it first attacks inanimate substances, such as wood, leather, its chain, carpet, hair, coal, earth, and accumulates in its stomach the remains of the substances it tears with its teeth.

A mad dog has a dry mouth. The common notion that it foams or froths at the mouth is in the majority of cases an error. The voice is always changed. It barks much, and the sound is husky and jerking.

The sensibility of the animal is curiously blunted. It emits no cry of pain when it is struck, wounded or harmed. It will sometimes wound itself severely with its teeth, while the poor creature, still faithful in death, will carefully avoid wounding his master or other members of the family.

The mad dog is always greatly enraged at the sight of another dog.

When the ferocious stage gains the ascendancy, it flees from home, and after two or three days' wandering, during which time it tries to gratify its mad fancies on all the living creatures it has met, it often in its last moments crawls back to its master to die. At other times it escapes in the night, and after doing much damage returns in the morning. The distance a mad dog will travel even in one night is often astonishing.

The paroxysms of fury are followed by periods of calm, during which the appearance of the creature is liable to mislead the observer.

A mad dog attacks other creatures rather than man. When at length the poor creature is exhausted, it staggers along, its tail and head near the ground, its eyes wandering, and frequently squinting, its mouth open, with a bluish-colored tongue soiled with dirt protruding.

But even in these last moments the terrible desire to bite continues; and although it may not have the strength to turn aside to attack, it will continue up to the moment of complete paralysis and suffocation to bite every living thing that comes in its way.

The voice of the rabid dog is one of the most reliable signs of the malady.

"The tone is hoarse, altered in *timbre*, indistinct and lower in pitch. A preliminary bark is made in a somewhat elevated tone. This is immediately succeeded by five, six or eight decreasing howls, which appear to come from the depths of the throat, the jaws not coming together and closing the mouth during each emission, as in the healthy bark."

Bouley gives an account of two veterinary students who were returning to the Alfort school one night and heard the peculiar howl of a rabid dog proceeding from a house in Charenton. They awakened the proprietor of the house, and warned him of his danger. He consented to have his watch-dog chained for the remainder of the

night, and that he should be removed to Alfort the next morning. Mr. Bouley certified that the dog was mad; and indeed, as soon as it was placed in the cage for sick dogs, the symptoms of the disease became painfully evident. Its master could hardly believe that the creature he held in his hand, still affectionate, docile and obedient, could be laboring under the dreadful disease. The dog was very large and powerful; and but for the careful attention of the students, whose ears had become accustomed to the peculiar voice of the rabid dog in their veterinary hospital, the animal would in all probability have got loose and done great damage.

A characteristic sign is the excitement produced by the presence of another dog. The rabid dog may be perfectly docile in the society of its master and the children of the family; but let another dog appear, and the quiet creature, which may at the moment be patiently submitting to the caresses of the children, will fly at the other dog with determined fury. It is a mysterious fact that if the rabid animal be a horse or sheep, or any other creature, the presence of a dog will produce this strange exhibition.

The same curious phenomenon has been observed in human patients.

A rabid dog remains ordinarily quiet, though nervous, until some external object excites it. Therefore, whenever a dog usually quiet suddenly becomes aggressive toward another dog, it is wise to be on your guard.

It is very remarkable that other dogs—even fighting dogs—lose their courage in the presence of a rabid dog, and crouch away in the corner, trembling with fear.

The above is a description of what is known as "furious rabies." About three-fourths of the cases of rabies are of this description.

There are two other varieties, known as "dumb madness" and "tranquil madness."

Dumb madness takes its name from the inability of the sufferer to produce the characteristic bark or howl of rabies. Its lower jaw falls down, and the poor creature cannot close its mouth. Of course it is unable to eat or drink, but will thrust its face into a vessel of water in vain efforts to obtain relief until the approach of death. The friends of such dogs often imagine that their favorite has something in its mouth or throat, and thrust in their fingers to find the cause. Then, if there is an abrasion or the skin of the hand is wounded on the teeth, the most horrible malady may be produced.

In tranquil rabies the dog lies rolled up, and pays no attention to movements or noises that may be going on about it.

Of animals bitten by mad dogs, only a small proportion have the disease. Lafosse states that out of sixty animals thus bitten, twenty-one died. Renault testifies that out of two hundred and forty-four dogs, seventy-four become rabid. Hertwig says out of one hundred and thirty-seven dogs, sixteen died. Out of one hundred and twenty-seven sheep, fifty-one became rabid. Lafosse entertains the opinion that the malady is transferred in from one-third to one-eighth of the cases.

Renault records that out of two hundred and fifty-four bitten, one hundred and sixty-four became hydrophobic. The bite of a rabid wolf seems peculiarly malignant. Dr. Camescasse of Turkey gives the case of forty-seven persons bitten by a rabid wolf, forty-five of whom perished.

Tardieu mentions that out of ninety-nine persons bitten by rabid animals other than wolves, forty-one were taken with hydrophobia. A report from France informs us that six out of ten generally died from hydrophobia. Aiken

states that out of one hundred and fifty-three persons bitten by rabid dogs, ninety-four perished. Watson says that of fifteen persons bitten by a mad dog, only three succumbed. John Hunter knew an instance in which twenty-one were bitten, and but one died. He estimates the mortality in those bitten as only five per cent. Vaughan relates an instance in which twenty or thirty persons were bitten, and only one perished. Sully speaks of four persons and twelve dogs bitten by the same rabid dog. The dogs all perished, and the people escaped.

I knew myself a case similar to this mentioned by Sully. In 1843, in Central New York, a rabid cur bit one horse and three dogs, all of which died from rabies. The dog bit likewise five persons, one of whom, a man much intoxicated at the time, was terribly lacerated in one arm. Not one of the persons suffered the dreaded malady.

The period which elapses between the bite and the development of the disease varies in the dog from the seventh to the fifteenth day, but is usually from four to ten weeks. In the cat the period of incubation is from two to four weeks. In the horse, from two to eight weeks. In the ox, from one to twelve weeks. In man the period of incubation is from fifteen to two hundred and fifty days, the average period being from four to seven weeks. According to Tardieu, in twenty-six cases it was less than a month; in ninety-three cases it was from one to three months; in nineteen cases, from three to six months; and in nine cases, from six to twelve months. Occasionally well-authenticated cases have been recorded in which the dreaded malady has been developed several years after the bite.

Fleming, to whose excellent work I am greatly indebted, gives many figures, but they sustain the general teachings of the statistics already given.

Professor Pillwax of Vienna reported that during 1862, when rabies prevailed in Vienna as an epizooty, five hundred and fifty-two mad dogs were brought to the veterinary institute for examination, and it was found that of the whole number only thirty-two were really mad, though a large majority of them were queer, and had bitten people.

The professor says that since 1848 he has examined at the institute in Vienna from three hundred to four hundred dogs annually which had bitten people, and were supposed to be mad. The number of these animals amounts to more than five thousand, but not one of the persons bitten by them has had hydrophobia.

There are several common diseases among dogs that are sometimes mistaken for rabies. Epilepsy, in which there are sudden fits, foaming at the mouth, short cries of distress, lying on the ground and struggling, is most common. In true rabies there is never anything like this—no loss of consciousness, no convulsive struggles on the ground and meaningless champings of the jaw.

Spasmodic colic produces severe pain and such irritability as to give a disposition to bite, but the animal never barks or howls, as in rabies, and the symptoms are intermittent.

There is another disease, known as the distemper, often confounded with rabies. In this there is discharge from the nose and eyes similar to that in rabies, and it sometimes results in a paralysis of the hind legs. But otherwise there is a wide difference between the two maladies. The distemper commences with sneezing and cough, then comes a thin and watery discharge from the nose and eyes, which soon changes to pus. The disposition to rove, which is so marked a characteristic of rabies, is entirely absent in this distemper, while there is no irritability or desire to bite.



A PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

A PASSENGER on an Ohio railroad, aroused from a serene slumber by the tooting of a whistle, exclaimed petulantly, "The train has caught up with those cattle again!"

"GOOD Gracious!" exclaimed a grieved chap, as he braced himself against a post in front of a saloon on Washington's birthday, "can it be possible that that great and good man is dead?"

A WORTHY old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about the furniture."

FERGUSON says he always gets mad when he goes along a street about nine o'clock at night, and passing a shaded porch where a young man is bidding his beloved a good-night, hears the girl exclaim, in a loud whisper, "Oh, stop, George! you haven't shaved."

A LADY, hearing the remark that the storm signal was sent, inquired what that meant; and being told that the Signal Department at Washington now watches the weather and telegraphs all over the country, replied: "Now, isn't that convenient for washerwomen?"

"DON'T put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, and cheeks like a darnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

FINE writing is getting to be a disease, vide the following from an Eastern paper: "In the pale translucent moonlight which now lightly bathes the earth, the distant roar of the falls, the weird note of the peacock and the hoarse snort of the bull calf make life up town a perpetual romance."

A FARMER living several miles out of town came up to Danbury recently to trade, accompanied by a little dog. The Danbury dogs never saw this dog before, and went for it. Every once in a while, despite the owner's surveillance, the pup was pounced upon. Toward night the farmer departed for home with what was left of the animal done up in brown paper.

WE have gone into horticulture a little bit this spring. We bought a century plant. The man who brought it around to the house said it had belonged to his grandfather, and he wanted to sell it only because he was in extreme poverty. He said that the plant grew only half an inch in twenty years, and blossomed once in a century. The last time it bloomed, so the man's grandfather told him, was in 1776, and it was certain to burst out again in

1876. So, impelled by patriotism and by a desire to possess such a curiosity, we borrowed fifty dollars and paid the man for it. We planted the phenomenon on the north side of the house, up against the wall. The next morning we were surprised to see that it had doubled in length during the night. In two days it had grown fifteen feet, and before the week was out it reached halfway to the roof. This seemed strange after what the man said about its growing only half an inch in twenty years. But we concluded that the rapid growth must be due to the extraordinary fertility of the soil, and we exulted to think how we had beaten that man by getting a century plant so much larger and so much more valuable than he had suspected. We thought how woefully mad that man would be when he called to see that century plant of his grandfather's getting up out of the ground so splendidly. Just about this time we were obliged to close the house and leave town for three weeks. On the trip home we thought we would go around and look at the century plant the first thing. We saw it as soon as we got home. The plant had grown during our absence. It had a trunk about a foot in diameter, and the branches—each of them as thick as a man's arm—ran completely over the four sides of the house; over the window-shutters, which were closed so tightly that we had to open them with an axe; over the trap-door on the roof, which had to be sawed off; down the chimneys, which were so filled with foliage that they wouldn't draw; under the crack beneath the front door and up the stairs, intertwining the baluster rails and wrenching off three or four of them, and into the very garret, where they were tightly wrapped around six or seven old trunks. The roots, we found, had thrown out shoots over every available square inch of the yard, so that we had about four million century plants in a very thriving condition. A number of shoots had also pushed through the foundation-wall of the house, so that when we went into the cellar it looked like an East India jungle, and it took six hours of hard labor with a cross-cut saw to get at the coal-heap. We are sorry now that we bought that century plant. We have half an idea that the man who sold it was a humorist, and that his Revolutionary grandfather was an octogenarian fraud. We will sell out that century plant cheap—very cheap; and we are the more anxious to do it because the fifty dollars are not yet paid. This seems to be a fine opening for a young agriculturalist who does not want to wait long for his vegetables to grow.—Max Adler.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

GUM STARCH.—Pound two ounces of fine white gum arabic to powder; put it into a jug, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of tenacity required; cover the jug, and let it remain for the night. On the following morning, pour the liquid carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of this, stirred into a pint of starch which has been made in the usual manner, will give to shirt fronts, wristbands, collars, etc., a fine gloss which not only enhances their appearance, but tends to preserve them for a longer period than ordinarily.

LIP SALVE.—Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, half an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of rose-water; set a mortar in a vessel containing boiling water, and put in the wax; cut into very small pieces into the mortar. When the wax has melted, take it out of the mortar, and add the oil by degrees, beating with the pestle until it is cool; then mix the rosewater with the mass. If it is desired to be colored, rub up a little carmine with the oil before mixing it with the wax.

TO CLEAN MERINO.—Grate two or three large potatoes; add to them a pint of cold water; let them stand for a short time, and pour off the liquor clear, when it will be fit for use. Lay the merino on a flat surface, and apply the liquid with a clean sponge, till the dirt is completely extracted; dip each piece into a pailful of clean water, and hang it up to dry without wringing. Iron whilst damp, on the wrong side. It will then appear almost equal to new.

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Vol. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1873.

No. 29.



"SHE LOOKED A LITTLE SURPRISED AT THE SCENE BEFORE HER."—P. 549.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEIRESS OF LAURISTON.

NOT more than half an hour after St. Julian walked into the Davenport salon, Mrs. Lauriston, who was writing a letter to her brother, detailing with many woeful exclamation points the sad story of Bertie's determination to resign his estate, was a little startled by the sudden appearance before her of her son, looking pale and resolute.

"Bertie!" she said, starting, as she glanced up at him. "My dear boy, what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, mother," answered Bertie, sit-

ting down in the first convenient chair, and looking as a man might who was on the "dead-beat" point of exhaustion. "But I have sent Louis for a carriage, and I want you to put on your bonnet, if you please, and go out in it."

"Go out in it!" repeated Mrs. Lauriston, a little blankly. "Go out in it where and for what? If you want anything, Bertie, of course I shall be glad to get it for you, but I assure you I do not care to go out on my own account."

"I do want something," said Bertie. "I want you to go to the convent—I forget the name, but I have it noted down—where Carmen Lauriston is staying, and bring her here. I would do it myself, only you are the more proper person for the purpose; and I hope you will not object to going."

"Bring her here!" repeated Mrs. Lauriston, aghast. "Good Heavens, Bertie, for what?"

"To tell her once for all what her rights are, and to take her with us when we return to America," he answered, curtly.

"Oh, Ber—"

"Not a word, mother," interrupted Bertie, more sternly than he had ever spoken before. "I will not listen to another word. I have heard too many already. I have been tempted, and I have listened to the temptation until—God knows—if I do not do this thing immediately, I may not have sufficient strength to do it at all. I have no intention of inflicting anything disagreeable upon you, however," he went on. "If you do not wish to go for the girl, I will do so; but one of us must go at once."

"I will go," said Mrs. Lauriston, meekly. She was always meek when Bertie took this tone. "I will change my dress and go at once, Bertie. You shall never be able to say that I have given you trouble. I spoke for your own good, but you did not choose to heed me, and that is an end of the matter. I shall not tempt you any farther."

"Thank you," said Bertie, very sincerely.

So the matter ended. With the air of a martyr going to the stake, Mrs. Lauriston took her departure when Louis announced the carriage, and St. Julian, coming up a few minutes later, found Bertie standing by an open window looking very disconsolate indeed.

"I had the honor of putting *madame votre mère* into her carriage," he said, smiling, "and she told me where she was going, in a tone that would have suited the announcement of your execution, Bertie. I think you are quite right to have sent for Mademoiselle Carmen, but what is the meaning of this about going to America?"

"The meaning is that I am going to start to-morrow," answered Bertie. "Why should I not? Have I the means to be living here in Paris? You know as well as I do that I have not. You know that every dollar I spend is a dollar that is no longer my own. You were right in saying last night that I had not yet realized my changed circumstances, St. Julian, but I think I realize them now."

"Helped thereto by Miss Rivington," thought St. Julian, with a mental smile, though his voice was grave enough when he added, "It is a good thing that you should realize them, Bertie, but don't run into foolish extremes. Remember that the income of the estate is not only legally yours until you have formally resigned it, but it is rightfully yours as well. You could not know by instinct when you came to Europe that you would find Godfrey Lauriston's heir here. Therefore you are entitled to sufficient means for all your expenditures. By the bye, we are such old friends, you won't mind, I am sure, if I ask what your prospects are after you go back to America?"

Bertie laughed a little—not a very pleasant or cheerful laugh to hear.

"It is a pity all questions were not as easily answered," he said. "My prospects are—nothing."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Heaven knows—I don't."

"Have you thought of nothing?"

"Of nothing. What can I think of? With fortune gone, position gone, even this gone"—and he touched his right arm bitterly—"what is left out of which to carve a new beginning of life? I am not eligible as a coal-heaver."

"Don't talk nonsense," said St. Julian, sharply. "You have had a heavy fall—nobody knows that better than I do—but the world has not come to an end for you yet, Bertie, and you should not feel as if it had."

"Hasn't it?" said Bertie. "That is rather a pity than otherwise; don't you think so? When one considers how I shall be cast adrift—as useless and helpless as any log—one might be pardoned for thinking that the sooner the world came to an end, so far as I am concerned, the better."

"This is not like you, Bertie," said St. Julian. "I fancied you would have more pluck even in the face of

a knock-down blow like this. Why, heavens and earth, man, haven't you your brains and your hands and your friends left?"

"Have I?" asked Bertie, in a tone of still more reckless gloom. "But as you are well enough aware, my brains are not brilliant, my hands are those of a useless idler, and my friends were the friends of Mr. Lauriston of Lauriston."

"So you are turning cynic," said St. Julian, with a sigh of resignation. "But neither despair nor cynicism suits you at all. Lauriston was a very fine place and a very pleasant place while it was yours, but you should not let the loss of it embitter your life."

"Do you think it is the loss of Lauriston which embitters me?" asked Bertie, with a flush. "Of course it is not agreeable to resign it, but that alone would not prove such hard lines to me. It is my mother's despair, the realization of my own utter incapacity for any kind of labor and—the conviction that the door of more than one hope has closed in my face for ever, which has unnerved and made a coward of me like this."

"I know all about it," said St. Julian. "But I know also that the sooner you shake off these thoughts, the better for you. Come out for a walk. There never was a brighter day, even in Paris; and if you go no farther than the Tuileries, it will do you good."

"I am in no humor for a walk."

"All the more reason why you should take one. Come, and perhaps by the time Mademoiselle Carmen arrives, you will be able to face her with something besides the tragic gloom of Hamlet."

"One can afford to laugh at the misfortunes of other people," said Bertie, a little piqued.

"By Jove, I never was farther from laughing in my life!" said St. Julian; "though I think a good laugh would be about the best thing that could happen just now. Seriously, Bertie, I insist upon your coming. After you have been out for a while, you will feel like a different person."

"Any other person would be an improvement," said Bertie, smiling faintly.

He felt too thoroughly indifferent to contest the point any farther, so they set forth. It certainly proved more good natured in St. Julian than people in general would have given him credit for, to burden himself with such a listless and moody companion as Bertie was that morning. The young fellow seemed full of a reckless despair which even the bright scenes of the bright outer world could not dissipate. That more than half this gloom was attributable to a woman whom he had scarcely met until the night before in nowise lessened its intensity. Such things seem absurd enough to those who have no part in them, but to the immediate sufferer they are full of the gravity of fate itself. It was the loss of Alice Rivington more than the loss of Lauriston which was weighing upon Bertie. It was the consciousness that in resigning his inheritance he also resigned all possible hope of winning the fair, proud woman who rated her price at something like a king's ransom which lent so much darkness to his future. He said nothing of this to St. Julian, partly because he remembered the conversation of the night before, and disliked (as human nature will dislike) to justify so completely the opinion which he had then disputed, and partly because he had an instinct that St. Julian would judge more severely than he had done of the eager pleading for his inheritance which Alice Rivington had made. The pleading had not revolted Bertie as it might have revolted some men, for he was firmly persuaded, in the first place, that women do not "understand" a man's code of honor; and in the second place, like many another of his sex, he was lenient to the spirit of words which were whispered by lips of coral and seconded by eyes of azure. He was ready to forgive almost anything which came from such a source, more especially since it was dictated by thought for him.

Now, it may readily be supposed that a man who has lost his fortune and his right arm just as he chances to have fallen headlong into a hopeless *grande passion* is

not likely to be cheered even by the resplendent brightness of Paris on a bright spring day. Go where they would—and they went to many places—do what they would—and they did many things—St. Julian found that Bertie remained so hopelessly wedded to his own gloomy thoughts that as they rose from luncheon at their favorite café—the same café where Duchesnil had told them the history of Madame Alvarez—he proposed their return to the hôtel.

"You will probably find Mademoiselle Carmen there," he said. "By the bye, Bertie, would it not be an easy path out of all your difficulties if you married the heiress of Lauriston? I wonder you have not thought of that. Is she pretty? We must take it for granted that the daughter of Madame Alvarez cannot be other than charming."

"I have not an idea what she is," said Bertie. "Do you think I was looking to see whether or not she was pretty at such a time as—as that when I saw her? As for marrying, I would not talk nonsense, St. Julian, if I were you."

"But why should it be nonsense?" said St. Julian. "It seems to me that it would be the most suitable thing in the world."

"And you may add, the most unlikely," retorted the other.

"Unlikely things are the things most proverbially likely to happen," said St. Julian.

But Bertie was not to be beguiled from the stern facts of the present by such fancies with regard to the future as this. On the contrary, he shrugged his shoulders and thrust them aside with an impatient "Stuff! One would really think you wrote novels, St. Julian. That would be a novel-writer's solution of the whole difficulty, but such things don't occur in real life."

"There you are mistaken," said St. Julian. "A novel-writer of the sensational school would quite scorn anything so humdrum as that the dispossessed heir should marry the pretty girl who comes into the property. He might perhaps endeavor to marry her, being a designing villain of the deepest dye, but she would repulse him so scornfully that he would have no alternative but to take to some other mode of recovering his rights—poisoning by the Medicean or Borgian method, most probably. He could not ask anything better for his purpose, by the bye, than to have such undisputed and uncontrolled possession of the heiress as you will have for some time to come. Doesn't it almost tempt you to think how neatly and cleverly you might dispose of her, and no 'questions asked,' as they say in advertisements about stolen property?"

"What an amount of nonsense you do talk!" said Bertie, with another shrug.

"What an unreasonable person you are!" said St. Julian. "Neither sense nor nonsense appears to suit you."

"Nothing suits me to-day," said Bertie, with perfect truthfulness.

Under these circumstances, it was not remarkable that the former speaker made his adieu when they reached the Hôtel du Louvre. "I'll look in this evening to see if you still think of taking wing to-morrow," he said, and then he went his way, truly glad to have shaken off such an incubus as the companion he left behind. "It is to be hoped he will leave to-morrow," he thought. "Another day sacrificed like this on the shrine of friendship would make an end of me, while another interview with La Rivington would make food for the fishes in the Seine of him. It would really be laughable, if it were not pitiable, to see how she has bewitched him. What the deuce did she say to him this morning, I wonder? Poor Bertie's face told me that something tragic had occurred as soon as I entered the salon; but what it could have been, the devil only knows, for la belle was scarcely likely to have brought matters to an issue with a penniless man."

Bertie, meanwhile, passing through the crowd of loitering couriers and servants about the grand entrance of the hôtel, had mounted with a somewhat lagging step to his own apartments. He knew that his mother must have returned long before this, and he felt conscious of shrinking nervously

from meeting the girl whom he had seen last at her mother's deathbed, and who was the innocent cause of all his present suffering.

It was a relief when he entered the salon to find it empty, though the first thing which he did was to cross the floor and ring the bell, the next to inquire of Louis, who answered it, if Mrs. Lauriston had returned. Hearing that she had done so, and that "a young lady had accompanied her," his interest seemed at an end. "Very well," he said, and sat down quietly, sure that his mother would soon enter an appearance of her own accord.

No doubt he would have been justified in this belief, if, as it chanced, some one else had not entered an appearance first. But as he sat with *Galignani* before him, reading a little and thinking still less of what he read, the door of the apartment adjoining slowly opened, and looking up, he saw a slender, black-clad figure standing framed in the doorway. In a second he knew who it was, and in a second also he rose to his feet. He had not fancied that he should meet her so soon and so unexpectedly; but having met her, there was no retreat possible. She hesitated a moment, evidently startled by his appearance; and as she hesitated, Bertie advanced with his best bow and his best French.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am very happy to see you—I am very happy to know that you are with us. I"—it is impossible to deny that Bertie stammered a little—"I am very glad my mother was able to induce you to return with her at once. Only my illness has prevented her from seeking you and offering her protection sooner."

"I have been at home, monsieur," answered she, quietly. "My convent is almost the only home I have ever known. I have needed no protection. No doubt it was better that I should be there—at first. I have accepted your mother's kindness, however, and come to you because it was my mother's dying request that I should do so. Farther than that I know nothing, and," added she, with an inflection of unconscious pathos in her voice, "I care very little."

"You are aware, however, that you have come to your kindred?"

"So she told me. Until then I did not know that I possessed any kindred."

"You have never heard your father's story then, mademoiselle?"

"I saw it," she answered, looking at him with some surprise. "I was not a child when my father died, monsieur. His life of struggle and his death in prison are well known to me."

"I mean his early story," Bertie answered—"his story before he came to France or met your mother? I thought it scarcely probable"—as she shook her head—"that you ever had. Will you come and sit down while I tell you the story?" he went on. "I thought my mother would have been here, but perhaps it is as well that I should speak to yourself alone."

"Is it a story which I need to hear, monsieur?"

"It is one which you certainly need to hear, else you cannot understand the position in which you are at present placed."

"If you mean the dependent position," said she, flushing a little, "that needs no explanation. I was reared in poverty, and I do not feel it a hardship to be dependent for a time on one who strove to save my mother's life."

"Dependent on me!" said Bertie. "I see that my mother has told you nothing. You are not dependent on me nor any one else, mademoiselle. Instead of that, you are an heiress in your own right."

"I, monsieur?"

"You, mademoiselle. Now," said he, smiling, "will you come and listen to me?"

She came at once, moving across the floor with an elastic step that reminded him of her mother—almost the only thing in her personal appearance which did—and taking her seat with singular self-possession for a French convent-bred girl. But then Carmen had not been "bred"

in a convent. Fourteen years of her life had been passed in the midst of a very Bohemian freedom from all social restraints; and although she had taken kindly to the quiet seclusion which, as she said, made almost the only home she had ever known, she had not caught the timid reserve of those who had lived among those green shades from earliest childhood. Something in her manner seemed, indeed, to suggest that in health and happiness she might be frank and daring to a fault, but just now the pathetic dignity and quietness of sorrow was set upon her like a seal. Looking at her—at the pale, wan young face, with its hollow eyes and faded lips—Bertie saw that sighs and tears had been her meat and drink for many days. Everything suggestive of bloom and brightness had been wept away; for who weeps like the young? What grief is like the grief of youth? The tornado may not last for ever, but as it sweeps over the soul, it leaves desolation behind, not peace. "I have no more tears to weep," Carmen had said only the day before to one of the nuns, but now, as she gazed at Bertie—not only at his bandaged hands, but at his face, which she had seen last in her mother's death-chamber—a sudden keen throb of anguish beyond all words came over her, and the rain of tears sprang forth again, piteously as ever.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said, through her sobs. "I know I am paining you, but can I fail to think of when we met last? Ah, I see her—I hear her—I live the agony all over again! Monsieur, is it not strange that one can live through such agony? But I am strong, oh, so strong! Nothing could kill me, I think. I should have been glad—more than glad—to die with her, but you see I am here. Ah, why was I not in your place?" she cried, passionately. "Why was I not able to rush into the flames and save her or die with her? Monsieur, your mother tells me that you have suffered very much for her. I am her daughter, but I cannot thank you. Thanks are not for such service as that. But I feel all that you did in my heart, as I feel nothing else on earth. I place my gratitude to you next to my gratitude to God, and I would freely die to prove it."

"Do not talk so," said Bertie. "I did nothing more than any one would have done who was near as I, and, alas! it was very little—too little to be remembered. Let me tell you the story of your father," he said, quickly, to change the subject. "These other thoughts are too terrible for you to dwell upon yet."

"Very well," she answered, sinking listlessly back. So again—for the second time that day—poor Bertie began his oft-repeated tale. Of all who had heard it, this listener—the most deeply interested—was the most indifferent. It was not until he had gone over the principal part of the narrative twice that she even comprehended what she heard—comprehended that her father's inheritance was hers, or that what she gained Bertie would lose. Then all indifference vanished from her face, and her eyes turned on him with a light that almost startled him.

"Did my mother know this, M. Lauriston?" she said. "If so, how came it that she said no word to me of it—that she only told me she had commended me to your 'care'?"

"Your mother knew the whole story," he answered, "and spoke to me of it that night. If she only told you that she had commended you to my care, it was doubtless because she knew that 'care' meant justice."

But the eyes fixed on him were very keen for eyes so young, and a certain change of his face even while he answered thus had not escaped them.

"M. Lauriston," said she, directly, "did my mother request you to resign this fortune to me?"

"Your mother did not think that necessary, mademoiselle," he answered. "She trusted that I was an honest man, and that I would not retain what was not justly mine."

"Did she request, then, that you would not resign it?"

Her eyes were fastened on him in point-blank appeal, and Bertie, vexedly conscious of flushing under them, could only stammer,

"Mademoiselle, why—why should you imagine such a thing?"

"I imagine it because I know my mother, monsieur," she answered, gravely, "and I know that she could never have wished you to resign your inheritance to me."

"But you mistake," said Bertie. "Women will mistake. The fortune of which we are speaking is no inheritance of mine. Since you—the daughter of Godfrey Lauriston—are living, I have no more right to it than the merest gamin in the streets. It is yours, your father's inheritance."

"Monsieur," said she, with sudden energy, "when my mother sent every one away to speak to you alone—she was dying, did she not ask you to retain this fortune?"

"If she did, mademoiselle," said Bertie, seeing that concealment was useless, "she had no authority to do so. You are the heir of the estate, and she had no more right to bestow it upon me than I should have to bestow it upon some man who had not a drop of Lauriston blood in his veins."

"She had authority in my eyes, monsieur," said the girl, in a tone of almost stately dignity. "Her last wishes are sacred to me, whether the law would recognize her right to speak them or not. I was sure that she could never have desired to deprive you of your fortune—you who risked your life to save hers; and I, who owe you a debt I can never repay, would have refused it even if she had left no request which is as binding on me as if a hundred lawyers had written and witnessed it. Monsieur, I absolutely decline to accept this fortune, which is yours, and not mine."

"Mademoiselle, excuse me if I say that you are talking utter folly," said Bertie, provoked by this unexpected opposition from the quarter he had least expected. "Your mother had no possible control over the fortune, and neither have you at present. You are a minor, and of no more legal importance, so far as any act of your own is concerned, than if you were six months, instead of sixteen years, old."

"I am eighteen," said she, with dignity.

"You have no more power at eighteen than at sixteen to say what you will or will not accept."

"And when shall I have this power?" asked she, impatiently.

"When you are twenty-one."

"Then when I am twenty-one I will refuse this fortune."

"We will defer the discussion until you are twenty-one," said Bertie, shrugging his shoulders. "Now let us change the subject; and tell me how you should like to leave Paris to-morrow for America?"

"It makes little difference to me," she said, sadly.

"Besides her grave, I shall leave nothing which I need regret."

"Then you would be willing to go?"

"When you please," she answered, like a child.

"You will go to your father's old home," he said, smiling a little. "Do you remember him much? Tell me something about him. Do you know that we are the last of the family—you and I? We are such near cousins, too, that you must not call me 'monsieur,' as you have been doing. Your mother said that you were to be my sister; and sisters call their brothers by their names, do they not? Mine is Bertie."

"Bertie," she repeated; "I never heard it before."

"It is the diminutive of Herbert," he explained. "We Anglo-Saxons are not like you Spaniards, who, when you want to diminish a name, add a syllable or two. We always shorten, if possible."

"We mean to express affection," said she. "Yes, perhaps, are only thinking of sparing time."

"You are right enough," said he, smiling. "Now, the diminutive of your name, for example—"

"Is Carmensita."

"Which is certainly longer than Carmen, but infinitely sweeter, inasmuch as it is full of 'syllables that breathe of the sweet South.' How unlike our English names!—as much as you are unlike English or American girls."

"Am I unlike them?"

"Is a lily unlike a rose, or a magnolia unlike a daisy?"

She glanced at him a little curiously, and would probably have asked a farther question or two relative to this distinction, if the door just then had not opened, and Mrs. Lauriston entered the room. She looked a little surprised at the scene before her—the *tête-à-tête* beside the window through which a glow of sunset came—but there was no trace of this emotion in her voice when she advanced and began an apology for her absence.

"I am sorry you did not find me when you came in," she said to Bertie; "but Mademoiselle Lauriston had lain down, and I thought would be likely to rest after her fatigue, so I went down to Mrs. Davenport's apartments for a short visit. I have been gone longer than I intended, but you know how they all talk. They were quite shocked to hear that you think of leaving to-morrow, Bertie, and have promised to look in upon us for a while this evening."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Bertie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

PUBLIC attention has recently been directed to the movements of Russia in that far-off region known as Central Asia, a land of which we knew next to nothing a few years ago, when Vamberg, at the peril of his life, penetrated to the heart of its mystery, but which is now rising into importance in view of these aggressive movements. For centuries past one object has undeviatingly occupied the attention of the Muscovite race. Since Czar Ivan, early in the sixteenth century, imagined the establishment of a great Tartar kingdom, all the emperors of Russia have made the accomplishment of this object a prominent feature of their military policies.

The eastern limit of their country bordered, throughout the long range of the Ural, on Western Asia, while in the Caspian Sea they possessed a water-way reaching far into the central regions of this continent. But the Asiatic borders of the Caspian are sandy deserts; and long after the conquest of the Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan extended the Russian dominions to the Ural, an unaccountable ignorance of the vast regions beyond these mountains prevailed.

In the year 1580, a Cossack leader of a band of robbers, being outlawed by the government, led his two hundred adventurers across the Ural. After pillaging the Tartars until his band became too much reduced to maintain itself, it occurred to Yermak to return to Moscow, announce his discoveries and make peace with the czar. The robber at once became a hero, and was given command of an expedition for the conquest of Siberia. Within eighty years from the date of this movement nearly all the Siberian tribes were subdued by Russia.

From this not very creditable beginning arose the long career of Muscovite conquest in Asia. The Cossacks, conquered by Russia about the middle of the fifteenth century, have ever since served as her military pioneers, and have been indispensable in this Asiatic movement. This hardy race overran Northern Asia with remarkable rapidity, and in 1639 stood on the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk, having in about fifty years taken possession of the whole vast width of Siberia, and established many thriving settlements. Spreading southward, they discovered the Amoor River, that magnificent stream which traverses the western half of Siberia, and opens a grand water-way to the Pacific.

Here they had no longer the barbarous Tartars to deal with, but infringed upon the borders of the great Chinese empire, through whose northern limit this river ran. In their daring depredations upon the Chinese villages they suffered a signal defeat, followed by a treaty which secured China from molestation for two hundred years.

But in these two centuries China had been going down and Russia up the hill of progress; and when the next aggressive movement was made, in 1854, the result was in

strange contrast to the futile efforts of the seventeenth century. A strong fleet sailed down the river, built forts and quietly took possession of the whole north bank. A treaty with China followed, which wrested from the latter kingdom this acquisition, together with an important province on the Pacific to the south of the river. The northern half of the island of Saghalien was seized, and in 1861 an important island in the Straits of Corea was annexed. A year or two ago Russia drove out the Japanese garrisons from the southern half of Saghalien, and coolly possessed herself of the whole island. These forcible acquisitions have given her a very important coast-line on the Pacific, and she will have a controlling voice in the future of that region.

The Russian influence is being gradually extended more and more southward into the Chinese empire, and at any moment her astute politicians may discover that her natural boundary-line lies somewhere in the heart of Chinese Tartary. For years she has been preparing for such a discovery.

While thus possessing herself of the vast extent of Siberia, with all its great wealth of metals, minerals, fur-bearing animals, timber, etc., together with the fertile soil of the south, so prolific in agricultural products, she has been no less active in other directions. South of Western Siberia lies the immense region possessed by the Kirgheez nomads, a mighty desert, yet with oases and mountain valleys that give subsistence to a considerable population, and to vast herds of cattle, sheep and horses, the property of these wandering tribes. The Muscovite plan of conquest embraced this region, and for years Russia has been quietly extending her influence over the inhabitants, till now her authority is almost supreme. By cajolement of the simple-minded natives, by purchase, by forcible seizure, by cunningly aiding their dissensions and establishing agents among them so as to take advantage of every opportunity of aggrandizement, and by severely punishing every aggression on an established fort or settlement, this authority of Russia has been extended, till the whole vast desert region has been devoured by the hungry Russian empire. Every acquisition has been secured by a line of forts, successively abandoned as the boundary stretched southward, while important towns, such as Kopal and Vernoe, arose in the region left behind by the onward sweep of aggression.

Michie, in his "Overland Route," tells us: "The Cossacks at Russian stations make raids on their own account on the Kirgheez, and subject them to rough treatment. An outbreak occurs which it requires a military force to subdue. An expedition for this purpose is sent every year to the Kirgheez steppes. The Russian outposts are pushed farther and farther south, more disturbances occur, and so the front is year by year extended, on pretence of keeping peace. This has been the system pursued by the Russian government in all its aggressions in Asia."

This movement, however, is but a means to an end. South of these steppes lie the settled regions of Central Asia, the thickly populated kingdoms of Toorkistan, on which Russia has had for centuries a covetous eye. This region, too, is in great measure a desert, its nomad inhabitants being more warlike than the Kirgheez. It includes, however, three great oases, with several smaller ones, in which the soil is of the highest fertility. Each oasis has its distinct government, forming the khanates of Khiva, Bokhara and Kokan, which have been ruled with the most absolute tyranny. Their principal cities—Khiva, Bokhara and Samarcand—which appear vast in the mirage of Oriental extravagance, and the latter of which has a reputation reaching far into antiquity, are described by Vamberg as chiefly mud-built towns, far below the Persian cities in character, while these latter are immeasurably below the grade of a European city. Through this region run the two great rivers of Central Asia—the Syr-Daria, which empties into the Sea of Aral, and the Amoo-Daria, which traverses Khiva and Bokhara, and has its mouth in the Caspian.

Toorkistan is the headquarters of Islamism, its inhabitants displaying a fanaticism and a fierce intolerance of other creeds which make the life of an European not worth an hour's purchase throughout the whole region. Vamberg, in his travels in this country, was in constant

danger, though he had spent years in perfecting himself in the language and in the habits of a dervish, and though he travelled in all the rags and discomfort of the most bigoted fanatic. No portion of the earth making the least claim to civilization can equal this in ignorance and fanaticism. Their Islamism is of the most rabid cast, and so intolerant that they endure the members of the opposing sect of the Mohammedans, to which the Persians belong, only as slaves. The fierce Toorkoman tribes of the desert diversify their pastoral labors by piratical excursions on the Caspian and by raids into Persia, whence they annually bring large numbers of captives, to be sold into slavery in the neighboring oases.

This exclusiveness, which has rendered the khanates to the present day almost *terra incognita*, has kept their inhabitants in ignorance of the world of outside barbarians. They imagine that the mantle of strength and intelligence, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries rendered this region the richest and most enlightened in the East, and its cities centres of Islamic learning, has descended upon their shoulders, and they despise the exterior infidels accordingly. The Turkish invasion of Europe, and the dismay into which it threw all Christendom, remains to them a thing of yesterday, and they entertain extravagant ideas as to the power and influence of the Sublime Porte. To their ignorant fancy Europe still bends in cringing submission to the Turk, and they imagine that a bare promise of assistance from the sultan would drive the invader in terror from the holy soil of Toorkistan. They depend also on two other powerful aids against aggression. One of these, and the most effective in our eyes, is the extensive deserts surrounding their territory. The other, which in their view is far more efficacious, is the large number of Moslem saints buried in their soil. They seem to imagine that the bones of the saintly dead will rise against aggression and form a spectral cordon utterly impassable to infidel feet.

The aggressive movement of Russia in this direction dates back to 1602. In this year the Cossacks took the city of Khiva, but were attacked and defeated in their return across the desert. Again, in 1703, during the reign of Peter the Great, the khan of Khiva placed his dominions under Russian rule. But since the commencement of the present century a change in the ruling dynasty has destroyed the friendly disposition of the Khivans, and they have become bitterly hostile.

It was not until 1835 that the modern advance really began. In that year a post on the eastern shore of the Caspian was seized and a fort built, while several armed steamers were placed upon this sea for the purpose of suppressing the Toorkoman pirates. In 1839 war broke out with Khiva, and a Russian expedition was sent into the latter country. It proved unsuccessful, except in frightening the khan into the release of some four hundred Russian prisoners whom he held.

But the most available avenue of advance into this region was its rivers, the desert proving a dangerous obstacle to land expeditions. The most favorable of these in position—the Amoo-Daria—is full of shifting sand-banks, and its waters are drawn off to such an extent by the irrigating canals of agriculturists that it is not safely navigable. The Syr-Daria is navigable for a long distance, and forms the only safe route to Kokan through the wide desert that intervenes.

Russia made her first hostile appearance on the Sea of Aral in 1847, building a fort at the mouth of the Syr. This excited the hostility of the Khivans, and several attacks occurred. Steamers were accordingly brought, in sections, from Sweden, and put together upon the Syr. These advanced up the river, in connection with a land expedition, which marched through the fertile belt along its shores. Several conflicts occurred with the Kokanians. The latter had built a strong fort about six hundred miles up the river, which was used as a base for incursions upon the Kirgheez.

For two years the Russians sought to take this stronghold, and finally carried it by assault. This was a severe blow to Kokan, who attacked with a force of 13,000 men

the Russian garrison of 1000, but was defeated by a sortie of the latter.

Year after year the movement up this river continued, till finally, in 1864, the important town of Tashkent was seized, and in 1866 a large portion of the khanate was occupied. This aggression excited the hostility of Bokhara, whose forces had in 1862 conquered Kokan. The emir proclaimed a holy war against the infidels, religious emissaries were sent throughout the country, and "Death to the invader!" was everywhere preached. By such means a powerful force was soon raised, and the Russians defeated, the latter having marched into Bokhara for the purpose of liberating Colonel Struve, the imprisoned Russian ambassador.

But while the emir was exulting over his success, his foes were completing their conquest of Kokan. In May, 1868, deceived by an eastern movement of the Russian forces, the emir again proclaimed a holy war, and marched against the Russian garrisons. The troops of the emir rapidly returned, entered Bokhara, defeated the forces of the emir, and took possession of the city of Samarcand. Thus was the foot of the infidel at length planted upon the very heart of unadulterated Mohammedanism, in a city the date of whose origin reaches back beyond the birth of history, and the story of whose first capture is one of those remote legends which have floated down to us from prehistoric ages.

The furious Mussulmans vigorously sought to retake this holy city, driving the Russians into the citadel, where they were closely besieged for eight days. They were relieved, however, and the emir driven from the city. In July, 1868, a treaty of peace was made, whose terms were highly advantageous to the Russians. Samarcand was ceded to them, along with three other stations, shrewdly chosen to give them military control of the country. Other important advantages were gained, the long policy of seclusion being ended, and fixed rules of commercial intercourse established. During the five years which have since elapsed the Muscovite power has been more and more strengthened in this quarter, till the two khanates are now virtually provinces of the great Russian empire.

While these events were transpiring, Khiva, the most westerly of these kingdoms, lay unmolested. Its occupation, however, was an established part of the programme, and this portion of the military game is now being played. Russia is preparing a force which will be irresistible by the barbarous troops of the khan, and within another year all Central Asia will be but an outlying province of that mighty, growing empire which now embraces the whole of Northern Asia and of Eastern Europe.

But this last movement has excited opposition in another quarter. England has long viewed uneasily these aggressive movements, which brought an ambitious power within striking distance of her Indian possessions. It is not the open acts, but the secret intentions, of the czar that she fears, and her late protest is called for by reasons not visible on the surface.

For what we have detailed is but the apparent flow of the Russian stream into Asia. Beneath this military wave lies a strong current of diplomacy which the astute Muscovite has been for years industriously forwarding, and a vital change in the habits and modes of thought of the Asiatics which the leaven of civilization is producing. She is not content with the work of the sword. The school and the newspaper, settled government and security to life and property, accompany her progress. The conquests of the Cossack are rapidly succeeded by the advance of the farmer, with his family and stock. Every fort becomes the centre of a thriving colony, and all the advantages of civilized life are laid open to the grasp of the wondering barbarians. Russia has gone into Asia to stay, and she is taking a course which is rapidly converting her late foes into quiet and contented subjects.

In a political point of view, Russia is becoming the central figure in Asiatic affairs. She has impressed the value of her friendship on all the nations, and by the aid of gold, diplomacy and all the tricks of policy has gained a footing with her influence much farther south than her sword has gone. The Russians, in spite of their fair com-

plexion, are more than half Asiatic, and know how to meet the Oriental on his own ground. No plain-dealing suffices here. Craft must be encountered with craft, policy with policy, patience with patience. Time is seemingly a matter of indifference in their calculations. Each works for the weak point of the other, and will spend hours over a matter which a blunt European would cut through with a word. Hence it is that the Englishman is at such a disadvantage. The Russians understand not his bluntness, nor he their intricacy of diplomatic intrigue, and they apparently prefer to be cheated diplomatically than served directly.

The Russian diplomat has all the suavity of his Asiatic congeners. He can glide through their closest nets of policy without displaying an angle of his body. He conforms to their customs, and allows them to delay and prevaricate to their hearts' content. But a point once gained, he is unyielding. He is an adept at bribery, has emissaries everywhere—is, in fact, at home in Asia, and is too fully imbued with the Oriental spirit for European patience. As Michie says, "You must beat about the bush with the Russians. You must flatter them and humbug them. You must talk about everything but the thing. If you want to buy a horse, you must pretend you want to sell a cow, and so work gradually round to the point in view." This well illustrates the character of Asiatic diplomacy, and shows how the astute Russian has made his way with the half-barbarous Orientals.

The Briton in India pursues a strikingly different course. There is no assimilation between him and his subjects. His conviction of superiority induces an arrogance which the natives bitterly resent. He is not only overbearing toward them, but, worse yet, he fails to appreciate the hereditary differences between them and himself, and constantly offends their prejudices and interferes with their local customs. The submission of India to England is greatly the result of fear, and lacks that feeling of interest and citizenship which the Russian implants in the minds of his new subjects.

No one can predict the result of these movements. Within ten years Russia has absorbed Central Asia. In Lower Asia her influence is becoming preponderant. Persia has been bought over, and is ready to become her tool. Afghanistan is treacherous to the English, and a friend of the Russian. Secret agents of the court of St. Petersburg are supposed to be constantly on hand in these countries, taking advantage of every opportunity to advance the Muscovite interests.

The Cossack advance is within fifteen days' march of India, and England has reason to be alarmed at the approach of this ominous cloud of war. In the event of a war between the two powers at home, how long would the mountain barriers of Northern India protect her soil? Were the Cossack troops strengthened by a powerful force of Afghan and Tartar recruits—warlike races for whom the Sepoys are no match—and strengthened by Mohammedan defection in India, the rule of England in this region would be greatly imperilled.

Projects are on foot which may give Russia a continuous water-way from St. Petersburg to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains. Thus massed in force on the northern border of India, with a fertile and submissive country in the rear and the warlike and friendly Afghans in front, India would lie open to invasion at any time that European troubles might give pretext for such a course; and in the event of any home difficulty between England and Russia, we may safely look to the war's being transferred to the plains of Hindostan, and fought out on the banks of the Ganges.

PLAIN FEATURES.—Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet attractive and interesting in countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. There are no rules to be depended on for the settlement of beauty, and still less can ugliness be defined otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman, we could not reply.

THEN AND NOW.

SHE stood at the threshold that evening;
She was clad in her bridal dress;
She knew he was ready to greet her,
And she longed for his fond caress.

'Twas the robe she would wear on the morrow,
And she wanted her love to see
How fair was his chosen flower,
How beauteous his darling could be.

And Hope with her glittering finger
Bade her look to the life before,
And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit
As she stood at the study door.

Years passed—three short years of gladness;
And the stream of her young life flowed
Like the stream of a laughing rivulet
When the sunshine knows no cloud.

And again does she stand on the threshold
Where she stood on that happy night,
But her eyes are no longer laughing,
Her dress is no longer white.

And the sorrow that plays o'er her features
Is as dark as the robe she wears,
And a wreath of undying flowers
To lay on the dead she bears.

For he never again shall greet her,
He shall rise to receive her no more;
The voice which she loved is now silent
As she waits at the study door.

Then her step was so firm and eager,
It is now so subdued and slow;
Then 'twas he who had stooped to kiss her,
She must kneel to kiss him now.

But e'en so, with consoling finger
Hope points to the life above,
Where beyond the dark night of sorrow
Is the dawn of eternal love.

THE WARNING.

THE morn was as bright as a morn could be,
Blue glowed the sky, blue laughed the sea;
Sunshine and flowers were met together
In the joy and glory of summer weather;
But the old man pointed where, far in the west,
Lay a cloud like a sail on the sky's broad breast;
And he said, as he looked at its ominous white,
"There'll be mist ere noontide and storm ere night."

The dream was as bright as a dream could be,
He was so gallant, so fair was she;
As glad as the sunshine they moved together
In their gracious love through the golden weather;
Till a trifle jarred on the sensitive chords,
Smiles that were mocking, and idle words,
And the old man said, "O youth, take heed!
The thistle grows from the chance-sown seed."

The flush of young love and the break of the day,
What is so fair or so fleet as they?
Gather the buds while the dew-drops shine,
Garner hearts' love in its birth divine;
From doubt and anger, from careless touch,
Who can guard the delicate bloom too much?
For the love forgiven, the sunrise o'er,
Renew their first glory, oh, nevermore!

SILENCE is one great art of conversation.



"I GAZED UPON IT WITH ADMIRATION AND AMAZEMENT."—P. 553.

IN A THUNDER-CLOUD WITH A BALLOON.

BY PROF. JOHN WISE.

THE first time I was ever swallowed up in a storm-cloud, it happened to be in a suddenly generated hail-storm nimbus during an ascension from Carlisle, Pa. A hail-storm is not a very large meteor, but it is very violent in its gyratory action; and when it sucks a balloon into its vortical air-hopper, the aeronaut may look out for a little rough usage, and not the least of his troubles will be a nausea similar to that of sea-sickness, following the swinging to and fro, compounded with gyrations, of the air-ship. I will, however, for the present, describe an experience of travelling inside of a thunder-gust for a distance of nearly a hundred miles along the Ohio River, in a balloon voyage from Portsmouth, Ohio, to Point Pleasant, about twelve miles below Gallipolis. Straight across the country from Portsmouth to Gallipolis is not much over half the distance it is by the course of the river, but thunder-storms have a penchant to trail their watery drapery along river channels.

The ascension was made in the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, and right in the face of an approaching thunder-gust coming from the north-west. On attaining a height of three-quarters of a mile, I discovered a second thunder-gust coming along from the south-west. My balloon was situated on the apex of the two lines of the approaching storms, and already gave indications of being *gobbled up in the vortex of centralizing air incident to*

storm-clouds. I made up my mind to go into the whale's belly, not entirely regardless of consequences; but being well provided with gas and ballast, I was consoled with the knowledge that I could escape from this leviathan of the air by using the means of gravitation in letting out gas, or of levitation by disposing of ballast.

The two storms were now approaching, as it were, in grand battle array, with thundering explosions. The discharges of lightning came vivid, sharp and frequent; and when the two storms clashed, they became terrific. It was a scene of awful grandeur. I had a mind to escape by one or the other of the means just mentioned, but like Lot's wife, I was curious enough to look back—not to be turned into a pillar of salt, but certainly to be well shaken—hurled round and round as it were by the nape of the neck.

The intelligent reader may here be reminded that a thunder-storm is not an accidentally condensed, irregularly massed body of watery vapor, as viewed from the earth, but a geometrically formed and individualized meteor, and of mathematical precision in its motion and compensating balances. It is more or less governed in its onward progress by the undulations of the earth's surface—the channels of rivers, valleys and mountain gorges. These meteors often take short turns to pass into a deep valley. When they happen to plunge against a mountain-side that lies in their direct course, they often become tangled in the mountain-top, swaying to and fro like things of life, and this gives rise to those destructive mountain torrents known as "cloud bursts." The rain that would be otherwise spread over a great surface is by this stand-still of the meteor

down against the immediately underneath surface mountain-side.

requires no strained imagination to give interest to scenes as viewed from above them and in their midst, and when it is considered that a balloon is not in the predicament of a ship at sea as in a storm, the scene is viewed with an assurance of safety that is never found on the water. The sea-ship has two elements to contend with. The air whirling it around in the vortex form, and the thousand times denser water holding it in embrace, brings upon the sea-ship a leverage and that crashes and cracks it to pieces. The balloon has but one element to contend with, and it matters not whether the current is one mile an hour or one hundred to the air passenger it is all the same, for he knows that he is moving at all unless he can see some land to give him an idea of motion. In a thunder-cloud, however, there is a perceptible motion, not violent, but ceaseless. The motion is gyratory—a swinging to and fro going round in a circle at the same time—and this produces nausea like sea-sickness. The huge black clouds of nimbi, or the brilliantly illuminated lava-cumuli, have not the terror-giving character to the sea-passenger that the coral reefs and lee-shore rocks have to the sea-passenger. The reader is now better prepared to resume the thread of the narrative with composure, since dashing against an atmospheric boulder will not shock him.

Two storms merging into one having met at an angle in the course of the river where it trends off from a west to a north-east direction of stream, it followed the course of the Ohio up to the mouth of the Kanawha, and there it made a turn up that watercourse. In this meteor, I was constantly surrounded by electrical phenomena. While the discharges of lightning were most incessant, thundering and crashing out of the vapor with livid, zigzag bolts darting down toward earth, they never seemed to explode near to the balloon. Most of the time the balloon was sailing in clear air between the upper and lower cloud, though in front of it, and within a few hundred yards, the upper and lower clouds were joined in the form of a water-veil, and from this conjoined mass the discharges were taking place, though occasionally a more distant discharge would occur. The central explosions were so violent and terrific that I dare not let the balloon rock in the vortex, and in order to avoid this, I had to pay ballast and gas, causing the balloon to rise and fall, which means be thrown outward in the upper cloud, or the lower cloud had rocked it too near the centering air-shower. This kind of manoeuvring has been learned from former experience in these meteors.

At the time the balloon got so far to the rear of the centre vortex between the upper and the lower cloud that it was into the rays of the sun. This produced one of the most beautiful spectacles of rainbow light in the form of a parhelion aureola, as it is technically termed, that my eyes had ever seen. It threw upon this black central cloud a beautiful prismatic arch of vari-colored light, not as a rainbow, but in the form of a twisted ellipse, no doubt, by the difference of density of the watery vapors acting as the screen. I gazed upon it with admiration and amazement. All this time the celestial fire continued in full blast, banging and booming like guns, and the hissing of electrical streams of fire was truly appalling. It seemed to me like the crack of a whip, and while it made my hair bristle and my heart throb, it seemed still to say, "Stand from under," for the thunderbolts were all hurled downward. So my reason could direct, I felt it safer to look at it from above than from below; besides, the country below was mainly forest and river, as seen from an occasional glimpse through an open chasm of the lower cloud.

The balloon was totally involved in a mass of vari-colored flame. This was evidently "sheet lightning" playing between the upper and the lower cloud. I was for a moment paralyzed, not by an electric shock, but by the suddenness of fright, as it seemed for the moment that my vessel was in a blaze. In an instant more I felt easier

in mind, seeing that the fire had not harmed the balloon. The thought now occurred, Am I not venturing too far upon my philosophy of safety in a thunder-cloud? Besides, my ballast was pretty well exhausted, and I had been riding in a storm for more than an hour, so that I must be many miles from the place of departure.

The beautiful grotto of fire would appear and disappear as the balloon happened to fall in and out of the sunbeams blazing in between the upper and the lower cloud. The balloon refracting the rays of light passing through it caused the prismatic arch. The rain was discharged from the lower cloud, and but seldom a few heavy drops would fall on to the balloon from the upper stratum. From the rushing noise of water, it was evident that the rain was descending to the earth in torrents, and this, with the heavy and constant discharges of thunderbolts and the remarkable beauty of the aureola illuminating the interior of the storm-cloud, gave it more the character of a scene of enchantment than one of reality. There was a fearful fascination in the grand phenomenon; and while it made one's heart beat with emotion and a feeling of awe, it still persisted in dragging one along as the soldier is dragged along in the thick smoke of the battle's cannon. It is impossible to fully and fairly portray with words the condition of mind and its surrounding phenomena when sailing in the midst of a good-sized thunder-storm. It is a sublimity not realizable on the surface of the earth, grand and majestic as these meteors present themselves to an observer on terra firma.

Having now sailed within the folds of this electrical meteor for over an hour, and for a distance of nearly a hundred miles by the course of the Ohio River, and viewed it from various positions, the limited amount of ballast remaining on hand admonished a preparation for descent. Before coming down, a dozen or more copies of the Portsmouth daily paper were thrown overboard, and they were soon drawn into the vortex of the storm. One of them fell into my hands again the next day, as will be explained in the conclusion of this narrative. I now commenced to descend slowly and cautiously, in order to look out for a safe landing-place. As this process was going on, the storm was moving forward and away from the balloon. On coming down through the lower cloud, I found the surface of Gallia county hereabouts covered with forest; but some distance ahead in my line of direction a log cabin peered out from a little "clearing," and I struck for this, and made a lodgment before the cabin door in the rain, greatly to the surprise of the family in the house. Seeing the suddenly-appearing apparition was nothing more than flesh and blood, the good housewife cautiously, with the door slightly ajar, ventured the question of, "Who are you?" In dripping garments and with the most gentle speech at my command, I answered, "A stranger, madam, in a strange land; will you please help me a little?" Still holding the door in her hand, she said, "What is that?" pointing at the air-craft as it was swaying over her head. "A balloon, madam, just come out of that cloud." The door immediately flew open, and at the same time she exclaimed, "Come out, Joe; here's a man in a balloon that you read about in the paper the other day."

The next morning I went to Small's Landing, a few miles off, to get on a Pittsburg and Cincinnati packet to return to Portsmouth, and there I found one of the papers referred to above, and which they told me had fallen down from a black thunder-cloud that passed overhead the day before much to their astonishment until I had explained to them by what kind of an express it had been carried to the distance of ninety miles two hours after it came from the press.

There are scenes in our lives that seem to become as indelibly impressed upon the tablet of the brain as is the image on the photographer's albuminoid membrane, and these storm scenes are of that character. The secret majesty of Nature therein asserts its superior divinity, and makes man shrink into the insignificance of a microscopic monad, with all his boasted intellectual powers, when compared to the intelligence of the great Ruler of the universe.

THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

A RAMBLE THROUGH MEXICO.

No. 2.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

STANDING in the belfry of the great cathedral of the city of Mexico, the traveller commands a panoramic view for picturesque beauty not easily matched, and full of intense interest, particularly to the lover of history, for here were committed the heroic but bloody deeds of Cortes. This is the famous valley of Mexico.

The city stands a little to the west of its centre, but from any elevated point of view the eye may take in the entire area of the valley to its extremest limits in every direction. Around the full horizontal circle can be seen no real horizon, only a profile of mountains piled high against the heavens—so high at certain points as to have the summits shooting several thousand feet above the line of perpetual snow. On the south-east, one of these, Popocatepetl, or the "smoking mountain," shows an almost perfect cone. A little to the north of it, and on the same sierra, with only a depression between, is Ixtaccihuatl, or the "white woman" of the Aztecs. Away westward, and a little to the south, another tall mountain, Toluca, raises its crest crowned with never-melting snow.

In any part of the valley of Mexico, as in the city itself, standing upon any of the flat housetops or walking along the streets, you cannot turn your eyes toward the horizon without seeing mountains.

If down upon the pavement, it will depend upon what street as to whether the mountains be snow-clad. But in any case a mountain meets the view; and although it may be fifteen or twenty miles off, it will appear close up to the suburbs of the city and barring the passage beyond, so fine and clear is the rarefied atmosphere of the Mexican table-land.

It is customary to speak of the mountain-girded tract of territory upon which the Mexican capital stands as the "valley," and we have done so here. The name, however, is calculated to mislead. The spaces intervening between the mountain-ranges of the Mexican Andes, also those of South America, are not valleys in the American sense, but simply plains. Table-lands or plateaux they are sometimes called, with reference to their elevation above the surface of the sea. Of these the plain upon which the city of Mexico stands certainly is one of the most remarkable, lying between seven and eight thousand feet above the ocean level, and yet having a large portion of its superficial area occupied by lakes. Of these lakes there are six, all of considerable size.

It is hardly necessary to say that these great sheets of water—one of them, Tezcuco, showing a clear surface of over a hundred square miles—aid in giving variety as well as beauty to the magnificent landscape. The Mexican plain is still further diversified by isolated eminences rising out of it, usually of rough, rocky aspect, with sides sometimes bare, sometimes scantily clad with vegetation, in which the agave and cactus are the principal plants. A large number of these are ancient volcanoes, now extinct, but with craters to prove their origin, as also extensive fields of lava at their bases, the last showing a rough, seamed surface in places quite impossible for either horseman or pedestrian. Of the plain, the lakes, the floating gardens and some of the historic places of wondrous interest near the city we shall speak in future papers. Let us now take a look at the city itself; and it is worth looking at.

The present capital of the Mexican republic stands on only a part of the old Aztec city destroyed by the Spanish invader, and it is not nearly so large as its predecessor. But it is far from wanting in beauty. It is indeed a superb metropolis, inferior to none in the world in the grandeur of its appearance and the nobility of its site. It is in the Spanish style, of course, but travellers have declared it to be more imposing and majestic than any city of Spain but the capital. Mexico is laid out in the form of a square, and the streets cross each other at right angles. The blocks formed by the thoroughfares are nearly of the same size throughout the city. The streets are long, broad and

straight, and, singularly enough, none of them has the same name through its entire length, as in other cities. A separate appellation is given to each square, and this causes infinite perplexity and confusion to the stranger. The houses are for the most part of three stories, built of stone, and they have no spaces between them. A solid block of dwellings runs through the square, and in the interior of each house is a courtyard communicating with the street. The roofs, as at Vera Cruz, are arranged so that they can be used as lounging-places.

The great square is in the very heart of the city, and is a place of magnificent proportions. It includes an area of twelve acres, and is covered with a marble pavement. Around this Plaza Mayor are grouped the prominent public edifices of the metropolis. The chief of these is the grand cathedral, which stands upon the north side. This noble building is five hundred feet in length and about four hundred and twenty in width. It stands upon the site of the great Aztec temple which commanded the admiration of Cortes. It was begun in 1573, and ninety-four years were consumed in its construction. The architecture is an odd mixture of two or three styles, but the effect is very striking. The front is richly decorated with carving, which extends for a considerable space upon each side of the door to the pinnacle of the roof, while two towers ornamented by statues rise to a considerable height. The interior is rich and magnificent, being adorned with candelabra, reliquaries, crucifixes and vast quantities of jewels of enormous value. The cathedral once contained a remarkable relic, in the shape of a block of porphyry about nine feet in diameter, which is covered with inscriptions. This is called "the stone of sacrifice," and is supposed to have been used by the Aztecs for the sacrifice of human victims. Another singular stone will attract the attention of the visitor to the cathedral. It is a circular block, also of porphyry, weighing nearly twenty-five tons, and covered with signs representing the months. This is set in the wall of the building, and it may be regarded as one of the most interesting of the many Aztec relics to be found in the city.

The national palace stands upon the east side of the grand square, and is a very handsome building several hundred feet in length. In the time of the Spanish dominion it was the palace of the viceroys. It is now the official residence of the president of the republic, and it contains also the mint, the halls of congress and two prisons. The city hall stands at one corner of the grand square, and the rest of the plaza is occupied for the most part with private dwellings. In the immediate vicinity, however, there are a university, a scientific school and a great market. The schools, like almost everything else in Mexico, have fallen largely to decay.

The city contains about sixty churches and religious institutions, many of them possessing considerable beauty and having very rich ornamentation. There is also a large penitentiary, and of course a Plaza de Toros—an arena in which the bull-fights are held. A favorite plan of building in the city is for the pavements to be covered by a colonnade, beneath which the people promenade and examine the shop-windows. These are favorite loitering-places, especially in the cool of the evening. To the west of the city there is a park of some twelve acres and a long promenade planted with double rows of trees.

The capital is supplied with water by two aqueducts. Both are grand structures, worthy of a civilization more advanced or more progressive than that of the present Mexico. One of these aqueducts brings water from out of the rock of Chapultepec, and is more than a mile in length, with, of course, a corresponding number of piers and arches. The other, called San Cosme, is a much more extensive affair, having a longer conduit. Its water is drawn from a mountain stream running valleyward from a source far beyond Chapultepec. At the base of this isolated eminence the two approach very near one another, then diverge widely, to come close again at their fountain débouchures in the city. At each end of these there is some architectural ornamentation worthy of being examined—columns, pilasters, urns, statues and inscriptions. At either, and during all hours of the day, a crowd may

be seen who have come to supply themselves with water. The professional *agudor* will be conspicuous with his leathern skull-cup and two straps over it, front and back, sustaining two red earthenware jars that balance one another in the bearing. As there are no water-pipes in Mexico, the water-carrier is an institution.

These Mexican aqueducts are not things of European introduction. Long before the discovery of Columbus or the conquest of Cortes, the Aztecs understood this mode of transporting water from one place to another, and practiced it on an extended scale. The ruins of their *acequias*, or irrigating canals, are found all over the land. If not the actual aqueducts now in existence, Cortes found water conduits of a very similar character, and carried from the same sources, conveying the precious fluid into the streets of the ancient city. These might not have been so grandly constructed as those now existing; still, they did serve the purpose required of them, which was to provide the subjects of Montezuma with drinking-water, as also for culinary uses. For bathing their bodies they had sufficient without aqueducts. The briny lake, Tezcuco, then approaching their city, sometimes and too often inundating it, gave them this to a surfeit. Within the last few years Mexico has received a supply of water from a fresh source, independent of the aqueducts. An enterprising engineer has bored a number of artesian wells within the city limits, and also in other parts of the valley, with very satisfactory results.

The city of Mexico is supplied with its marketing to a great extent from gardens which border upon the chain of lakes connecting with Lake Tezcuco. Most of these bodies of water are very shallow, and are covered almost entirely with a sedge of aquatic plants, through which canal-like water-ways are kept open. These curious canals, called by the Mexicans *acoteles*, are a feature of the lakes. The vegetation through which they run is so thick that a slender canoe can hardly be pushed through it. But for the canals navigation would be impossible, and even the canals themselves occasionally get choked with the floating herbage, and require to be cleared of it. Along these lakes are the villages and gardens of the Indians, who bring their produce to market in boats.

It is difficult to imagine a more animated scene than that which may be witnessed at Las Vegas, where the market-boats make their entrance to the capital. Alongside the canal there is a public drive, which is, however, only frequented by the fashionable at a certain season of the year. On any day, however, the spectacle at Las Vegas is worth witnessing. It is, in fact, one of the sights of Mexico to which all strangers are conducted. The boats are laden with fruits and flowers—both those of temperate and torrid zones—exhibiting a variety scarce to be observed elsewhere. The Indians who man them may be seen, with smiling faces, making the air ring with their merry voices, as they sing an occasional refrain to the accompaniment of a guitar. The women have their fine black hair adorned with the fairest of flowers. Along the roads also much produce is brought to the city. On almost any of them poor laborers may be met coming to the capital in scores, each bearing a burden, either upon his head or shoulders, of weight sufficient to break the back of a mule. One will be seen with a pair of planks several inches in thickness, and long enough to reach quite across the road. Another will have on his head at least two hundredweight of something else; a third carries upon his shoulders a crate of chickens and turkeys; another brings half-congealed snow from near the summit of Popocatepetl; a fifth, charcoal from the pine forests that clothe the mountain-slopes a little lower down; and many others with commodities of other different kinds; but all coming from a great distance, often spending days in the journey, where the value of the article would not pay an American for half an hour of his time. Mexican Indians have been known to enter their capital city with a fruit crate on their shoulders which they had carried nearly twenty miles, the contents of which, when sold, did not yield fifty cents.

The population of Mexico is of a singularly varied character, about one half being of whites of Spanish descent, one quarter of Indians, and one quarter of mestizoes, mu-

lattoes, zamboes, negroes, and foreigners of nearly all nations. Though many families possess immense wealth, the mass of the people are poor; and the lowest class of all—the *leperos*—are remarkably idle, squalid and vicious, resembling in character, as well as in number, the *lazzaroni* of Naples.

We have alluded to the fact that Lake Tezcuco, which is now two and a half miles from the city, at one time extended to the walls. The fact is, indeed, that the lake in the time of Cortes surrounded the Aztec capital and reached the hill of Chapultepec beyond. There were several large causeways leading to the mainland, and it was upon these that Cortes did some of his most desperate fighting. The lake in that day was certainly more than twice its present dimensions, and of far greater depth than it is now. This diminution in the volume of water is still going on, although very slowly. It is attributable partly to artificial causes, such as the diversion of a small river from the lake and the erection of a dike between Tezcuco and a sister lake. But even this will not account for the enormous decrease of the size, and a number of solutions to the puzzle have been offered, such as extreme evaporation, caused by destruction of the forests, a tunnel beneath the bed of the lake, and the filling up of the basin by washings from the neighboring mountains. But none of these can be regarded as entirely satisfactory. The fact remains, and it has so far defied scientific investigation and conjecture.

CHANGEFUL BELLS.

BESSIE DEAN'S BIRTHDAYS.

BY COL. A. D. HAILIE.

LONG AGO.

Ring out! ring out! ye merry, merry bells, ring out!
'Tis Bessie's birthday, and more.

SHE stands alone by her window, her head thrown forward a little, her hair playing lightly on her cheek, in a pause of pleasant fancy. Yes, it is true: she is betrothed. Calm as her heart lies in her pure girl's breast, Bessie has seen the sky of her life flush out of its natural summer beauty with the warmer hues of this new love; and many a tint of joyous changeful color plays about the bright horizon of her fancy, and throws a charm of speculation into the future which never spectre has risen yet to obscure. The little town was built—is now almost entirely owned—by her father. Bessie is its queen, its "Lady Bountiful," her birthday each year is a festival, and the chimes of the little village church ring joyously in commemoration.

Toll, toll, toll! Will they never cease, those fearful bells? A short ten months, and what a change! In a strange city, fatherless, poor, a woman's work thrust upon her ere the first blush of maidenhood has faded, Bessie stands, sad and careworn, looking little like one who in a week would be a bride, and those awful bells, with their ceaseless toll, that have been sounding in her ears since the day of her father's funeral, beat upon her heart with a dull foreboding of evil.

PARENTHETICALLY.

CHARLES DEAN, supposed to be one of the wealthiest of iron-miners, had suddenly been called away from earth. He had moved his family from the hills of Pennsylvania, where his mines lay, to the world-like city of New York, in anticipation of the marriage of his beautiful, proud, elegantly educated Bessie with her former playmate Philip Grey (the son of a departed friend), who, just entering the life of a literary man, had bounded at once into fame. 'Twas well, for Philip, too, was now poor.

Mr. Dean had died suddenly. His affairs were found hopelessly involved; all was lost save the little home

among her native hills from which he had taken his fair but weak wife.

With his last breath, holding fast to his loved daughter's hand, he said,

"Bessie, your mother, your little sister and brother, they are your charge. I leave them to you; never forsake them."

And Bessie had accepted the charge in its most exacting sense. No light one was it—a weak, almost foolish mother, a sister, bright little Nelly, three years of age, and the baby-brother.

None who knew Bessie Dean doubted but she would do her duty.

But Philip, he to whom not a year before she had plighted her troth, was anxious to marry at once, she to remain with him in the city, whilst her mother and the children retired to the little mountain home in Pennsylvania; but Bessie steadily refused. She would abandon all her hopes of happiness for life, give up Philip, and going with them, devote herself to those entrusted to her care.

All said she was foolish, unwise. Even Harry Ward—staid, sensible Harry Ward—told her the same. Harry was a fine young man, though his family were none of the most refined. He had been sent, through the kindness of Mr. Grey, Sr., to be educated at the same college as Philip. Now he was steadily winning his way amongst literary men, and upon the day of Bessie's wedding he was to marry her best friend, the gentle Carrie Grey, Philip's sister.

But Bessie held fast to what she considered her plain duty, and proud Philip, unwilling to relinquish his treasure, had at last given his consent—nay, seemed even anxious now that Mrs. Dean and the little ones should live with Bessie after her marriage.

So all was considered as settled, and the weddings were to take place upon her nineteenth birthday—one year since the betrothal. The families of Philip Grey and Harry Ward, all from the locality where the Deans had formerly resided, were in the city waiting the event. But poor Bessie looked little like an expectant bride. Try as she would to catch, in the air of hope, the happy chimes of the merry bells that were to ring her joy as Philip's wife, the toll, toll, toll, of the funeral was borne to her unwilling ears, and clanged upon her stricken heart.

"GOOD-BYE."

"CARRIE GREY will be a very young but very sweet wife," said Bessie. "I think your brother should be most happy to win her, Anna."

"I suppose so," said Anna Ward, shortly; "but you see, Miss Bessie, our Harry's doing well, and might have looked higher, meaning no offence to you, though it's true what Mr. Philip Grey said, when speaking about this. 'Ward,' says he—for they're very familiar—if you get no fortune with my sister, I will take care to see that you are bothered with nobody but herself, and that's a great comfort, for there might have been a whole family saddled on him, now that Harry's getting on in the world."

"What was it that Philip Grey said?" Bessie asked, in a very clear, distinct tone. "What do you say he said? Tell me again."

"He said Harry wouldn't be troubled with any of her family, that he would have only her to take care of, and a very great comfort it is. I always said he was sensible, Philip Grey. Eh! preserve us!"

For Philip Grey stands before her, his eyes glowing on her with haughty rage. He has heard it, every single word, and he is no coward. He comes in person to answer for what he has said.

Louder sound those awful bells—toll, toll! Slowly they gather over her the shadows of the night she felt was coming.

"This is true?"

She is so sure of it that there needs no other form of question, and Bessie stands firmly before him waiting for his answer. At this moment, when she should be most

strong, the passing wind of memory, as if in mockery, brings, mingled with the funeral bells of all her hopes, an echo of merry marriage-chimes—the happiness of Carrie Grey. But Bessie draws up her light figure, draws herself apart from the touch of her companions, and stands, as she fancies she must do henceforth all her life, alone.

"This is true?"

"I would despise myself if I denied it," said Philip, proudly. "I would not deceive you, Bessie, and yet am right—it is true."

And Philip thinks he hears a voice, wavering somewhere, far off and distant, like an echo, not coming from those pale lips which move and form words, but falling out upon the air, faint yet distinct, not to be mistaken.

"I am glad you have told me. I thank you for making no difficulty about it; this is well."

"Bessie, dear Bessie, you are not altered by this gossip's story? Is a woman like this to make a breach between you and me?"

Anna Ward, in stolid malice, sits still, in enjoyment of the mischief she has made, protesting that she "meant no harm," she "did it all for the best;" and then, as Philip, forgetful of his own acknowledgment, repeats again and again his indignant remonstrance, "A woman like this!" the mischief-maker steals quietly from the room, unnoted by either.

"No, she has no such power," said Bessie, firmly—"no such power."

"Then what does this mean? Is it mere trifling, Bessie?" said Philip, impatiently. "Deal with me frankly. What do you mean?"

"We will not discuss it, Philip. Let it simply be understood that our engagement is broken. I cannot trust you. I felt that you were not sincere when you urged our marriage, consenting to the conditions I named. Perhaps you will be better content if I speak more strongly," she continued, with a little trembling vehemence, born of her weakness—"if I say it is impossible, impossible—you understand the word—to restore the hope, the trust, the confidence that is past. No, let us have no explanation. I cannot bear it, Philip. Do we not understand each other already? Nothing but parting is possible for us—for me. I think I am saying what I mean to say; we will go away very soon to our old home, and I will work for those left to me. Good-bye."

"Look at me, Bessie."

It is hard to do it—hard to lift up those eyes so full of tears, hard to see his lips quiver, hard to see the love in his face; but Bessie's eyes fall when they have endured this momentary ordeal, and again she holds out her hand, and says, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye; I answer you," said Philip, wringing her hand and throwing it out of his grasp. "Good-bye; you are untrue, Bessie—untrue to nature and to me. Some time you will remember this. Now I bid you farewell."

Something like an angry breath—something rang in her ears, confused with the louder and louder tolling of those bells. Bessie can feel that she is alone in the room, and like a culprit she steals away—steals away not knowing where she goes—desolate, forsaken, feeling as if she had done some grievous wrong, and was for ever shut out from peace and comfort in this weary world.

Yes, lie down upon the ground, Bessie Dean—down, down, where you can be no lower—and close your eyes against the cheerful light and cover your ears from those bells. "Unwise, unwise," they now toll out. What should make it wise, this thing you have done? You yourself have little wisdom, and you took no counsel.

If it was not wise, what then? It is done, and there is nothing for it now but to be content.

But still the deep tones sound upon her heart, "Unwise, unwise."

FIVE YEARS.

A BRILLIANT company. The very newspapers would say so if they made a note of it. As fine a collection of lions, male and female, as one could wish to see are drawn

ther in Mr. Editor Ward's parlors to do honor to his fiftieth anniversary. The talk sounds somewhat professional—not unlike the regimental talk of military officers on the ladies pertaining to the same.

The young mistress of the house, she is surrounded by a circle of lady friends. She talks, when her heart is warmed by that all interesting subject, babies, of the marvellous feats of certain babies of her own. Carrie Ward has been a happy wife five years.

Ward himself, not a very stately host, attends to his guests with an unassuming kindness which charms these somewhat sophisticated people in spite of themselves; and he is full of the talk of the profession, and speaks great truths with the confidence of friendship.

There is a remarkable-looking person among Harry Ward's guests. Looking closely, you can just see some streaks of white among his hair, though he is a young man, and a settled cloud upon his brow gives darkness to his face. It is not grief, it is not care. A gloomy, self-possessed pride is more like what it is.

"That is Mrs. Ward's brother," answers a guest to the host's that "of an unaccustomed visitor. Mrs. Ward's brother! Is this all the distinction that remains to the name Philip Grey?"

And a literary man like the rest of us," continues confidently the informant, who is a critic and contemptuous in right of his craft. "He made a great success with his first publication six or seven years ago. I saw it on a table in the corner, covered with a pile of prints and signatures. They say Grey cannot bear to see it now. He spent a long time polishing, elaborating and re-elaborating his second book, expecting, no doubt, an universal acclamation. Poor fellow! The public never so much as looked at it. It was a dead failure."

"Was it not equal to the first?" inquired the original critic.

"Oh, there was merit in the book," said the critic, carelessly—"merit such as it was; and Ward here gave him a decided notice, and tried hard to get up a feeling; but he is a supercilious fellow, sir—proud as Lucifer. He is constantly running against somebody—advancing new ideas and so we put him down."

The critic turned to speak to another critic, and the informant stood aside.

The young author's life was not blighted. On him, a nightmare, sat a subtle spirit, self-questioning, self-doubting. He was disappointed. A bitter spring had sprung into his way, and by its side he walked, his eyes cast downward on it, pondering the evils of his fate, trying with a cold philosophy to believe them no evils, trying to despise them, yet resenting them with bitterness in his own secret heart.

Philip, look at this. Harry bought me a great lot of pictures, and this reminds me of the old home," said his friend. He mechanically took the picture of a little child which she put into his hand. As like as not, he would have put it down with a careless glance. Things which other people looked on with interest were matters of indifference to Philip Grey.

But he looks at this child's face that has been brought before him; insensibly a smile breaks upon his lips in answer to this sweet child's smile. He, who is a critic, and who it is no *chef d'œuvre*, and has little claim to be regarded upon as high art; but for once Philip thinks of the execution. He catches a likeness, and as a real countenance he gazes on this. These sweet little features seem to move before him with the throng of faces, childlike thoughts that hover over the unveiled brow—childlike thoughts, thoughts of the great simplicities that come nearest to angels and children.

This man, through his intricacies and glooms, catches in an instant a real glimpse of what that atmosphere is through which simple hearts look up into the vaulted heavens, for scarce a summer cloud could be between this child and the sky.

He moves to the corner-table, where lie many other pictures akin to this. He takes one in his hand. A face; is this not a portrait? The wind is tossing

back wildly the curls from its high white brow, and out of a heavy thunder-cloud it looks down darkly, doubtfully, with a look you cannot fathom. He lifts another, another and another. They are varied, but his keen eye perceives that every face among them which is a man's bears the same features, though altered, the same expression—through changed moods and tempers the same sole face.

The room swings about him as he looks. Is it a dream or a vision? What does it mean?

He has sunk upon one knee to look at them again. What memory is it that has kept this face? what sad recollection has preserved its looks and changes so faithfully and so long? He sees himself, changed in habit and in aspect, with years added and with years taken off, but he feels in every one that the face is his own.

Through secrets of his being which himself had never guessed a lightning eye had pierced like a sunbeam. Bessie Dean, Bessie Dean, little you wist, when your pencil touched so dreamily these faces, which were but so many shadows of one face in your heart—little you wist how strange a revelation they would carry to another soul.

"Something has happened to Philip; he will not hear me," said Carrie to her husband, when the guests had gone. "He makes no answer. He never hears me speak, but stands like a statue at the mirror, looking in his own face."

ANOTHER YEAR.

THE close of the year. Travelling with his face toward the north is one wayfarer on a lonely road over the hills. He knows the way, but it is long to his unaccustomed feet, and he is like to be benighted. The sky is cold and clear. The wind in wild, fitful gusts comes down upon the trees, seizing them in sudden convulsions. There is not a house in sight. Suddenly—it may be but a pile of stones, anything—but there is something on the edge of the road. Going forward, the traveller finds seated by the fallen trunk of a tree two children—a little girl drawing in to her side the uncovered flaxen head of a still younger boy, and holding him firmly with her arm. The little fellow, with open mouth and close-shut eyes, is fast asleep, and his young guardian's head droops on her breast. She watched long before she yielded to it, but she, too, has fallen asleep.

The traveller, touched with sudden interest, pauses and looks down upon them. What arrests him that he does not wake them? What makes him pause so long after his previous haste? Yes, look closer. The pale, faint light has not deceived you; neither has the memory which holds with unwonted tenacity the likeness of this face, for this is indeed the original. Sweet in its depth of slumber, its lips half closed, its eyelash warm upon its cheek, the same sweetheart you saw on the picture, the very child.

Nearly ten years old is Nelly now, and a hard task she has to keep little Charley out of mischief. So helpless, yet in such an attitude of guardianship and protection, the traveller's eyes, in spite of himself, fill with tears. He is almost loath to wake her, but the wind rushes with growing violence among the cowering trees. He touches her shoulder, she does not know how gently. She starts up broad awake. One terrified look Nelly gives him, another at the wild sky and dreary woods.

"You must not hurt Charley; it's all my fault," said Nelly, with a frightened sob; "and oh, it's a dark night, and we'll never get home."

"How did you come here?" said the stranger, gently.

"I don't know; it was Charley would run. No, it was me. I never came this way before, and we got lost in the wood. Oh, won't you tell me the way home?"

He put his hand upon her head kindly. This was not much like Philip Grey of old, who scarcely ever knew himself awakened to interest. There was a great delight of novelty in this new spring opened in his heart.

"Were you not afraid to fall asleep?"

Poor tired Nelly began to cry; she thought she had done wrong.

"I couldn't keep awake. I tried just as long as I could, and then I just thought I would ask God to take care of Charley, and then there would be no fear; and so I fell asleep."

A philosopher! But how have those tears found their way to his face? Again he lays his hand upon her head so kindly that Nelly looks up with a shy smile, and says,

"You are used to say your prayers, then?"

"Why, yes; every night and morning."

Nelly looks up again wistfully, wondering with a sudden pity. Can it be possible that this gentleman does not say his prayers?

"Say them here, little girl; I would like to hear your prayers;" and his own voice sounds reverent, low, as one who feels a great presence near.

"Oh, I can't; I don't like to; I can't say them to a man—only to our Bessie," says Nelly, in great trouble, clasping and unclasping her hands. "It's just God bless everybody, and take care of Charley and me, now I lay me down to sleep," added the little girl, solemnly, "for fear I should die before I wake in the morning."

There is a little silence. She thinks this kind stranger is angry with her, and cries; but it is only something of strong, unusual emotion, which he must swallow down.

"Now, you must wake up little Charley, and I will take you home. Is it far? You do not know, poor little guardian. Come away. It is near the furnace, I know, and we'll manage to get there. Come, little fellow, rouse up and give me your hand."

But Charley, very cross at the interruption of his repose, shook his little brown fist at the stranger and clung to his sister. So they went on, Nelly, with much awe, permitting her hand to be held in Philip's, and sleepy Charley dragging her back at the other side. They went on at a very different pace from Philip's former rate of walking. By this time it was very dark, and they plodded wearily along for some time. At last a shout came through the misty gloom. Philip answered, and soon he could hear voices and footsteps, as they approached. The brush parted at the side of the road, a dozen persons rushed toward the children, and a lantern threw a sudden glow of light full upon the dazzled eyes of little Nelly, who left Philip's hand with a cry of joy:

"Oh, it's Bessie! it's Bessie! We're safe at home!"

The lantern flashed about through the darkness. Philip's heart beat loudly. With a great start he hears her voice once more, and he could distinguish the outline of her figure, as she shaded the lantern with her hand. Then she raised it; he felt the light suddenly burst upon his face; another moment and it was gone. Little Nelly flew back to him dismayed; sister and light had disappeared as they came. He had no time to think, for the mother and others were there, who fell upon the lost children with words of mingled joy and blame.

"It was the gentleman brought us home; it wasn't Charley's fault."

The mother turned to pour her gratitude upon Philip's ears. He pushed past her impatiently. Bessie had seen him, and Bessie he must see.

He did not know if she had gone home; she might still be about. He wanders here and there, looking through the darkness in the hope of seeing her figure.

But she has reached her shelter already—she is in her own room, she has put out the lights. Again she stands by her window, this time in the darkness. She stands there pressing her white face against the pane, looking out, wondering if she will ever see you again—wondering why you Philip came here, praying in a whisper that you may not cross her path any more, but contradicting the prayer in her heart.

Philip still wanders about the house. He feels that he will, that he must, see her.

Very calm for many a day has been Bessie Dean's life and heart—contented, almost happy, and at rest. Her "traded," as she called it, brought comfort and even little elegancies to the humble home. Her pictures demanded a good price, even in the best markets, for she had talent, and had assiduously cultivated it. Success could not come without bringing content and satisfaction with it, and con-

stant occupation has restored health and ease to Bessie's mind, while almost as calm as of old, but with a deeper, loftier quiet, a womanly repose, light within her easel breast has lain Bessie Dean's heart.

And why this strange excitement now she cannot tell. She found him out so suddenly, flashing her light upon the face which least of all she thought to see. From her window she looks out wistfully, straining her eyes into the night, wondering where he has gone, and getting time now, as her agitation calms, to be ashamed and annoyed at her own weakness.

The neighbors have departed. She goes to the lower room and hears the whole story, Nelly anxious to convince her that "it was all my fault," and wondering "who the gentleman was and where he has gone."

The gentleman is here, outside the window, looking in, waiting to catch one more and one more glimpse of her, waiting, strangely excited, owning for once the sway of a passionate and simple emotion, and for the first time forgetting not only himself, but everything else. There, with uncovered head, stands Philip Grey.

Yes, look now. In her fireside corner sits Mrs. Dean, looking wistfully at her Bessie, on either side of whom stand the little ones. They are at evening service. Her delicate hand is on the open book, her reverent eyes cast down upon it. He follows the motion of her head and lips with an unconscious eager gesture—follows them with devotion, longing to feel himself engaged with her, and hears, his frame quivering the while, the low sound of her voice.

Now they are at prayer. Her face is folded in her hands, Philip, and there may be a prayer in Bessie's heart which Mrs. Dean's voice, unusually low and timid, does not say. Whatever there is in Bessie's heart, we know what is in your own—know at once this flood of overpowering yearning, this passion of hope and purpose, this burst of womanish tears. Now, then, you have seen her, and overmastered, subdued and won, turn away, Philip—turn away, but not till the poor mother, starting from her knees, has burst into a violent sob and scream. "I dreamt he came back this very night. I dreamt of him all night. Philip, Philip Grey!" But with an awed face she returned from the door to which she had flown. Philip Grey was not there.

BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

THERE is no heart in the work which Bessie touches with languid pencil. She cannot drive the dream of last night from her mind, for dream it must have been, or was it a spirit? Asking so often makes her cheek pale and her eyelids droop heavy and leaden over her dim eyes. She cannot work, and then this is her birthday. Ah! what do the bells sound now? Nothing; they have long since been hushed.

She will take a holiday to-day, and go for a walk—it is quite mild—and see some people; it will do her good. She puts up her papers and pencils and goes out.

A hazy day, the sky one faint, unvaried color, enveloped in a uniform livery of cloud, a faint, white mist spread upon the hills, invisible snow in the air, and the withered leaves heavily falling down upon the damp ground.

"This will not raise one's spirits," she thinks, with a faint smile; "better at home and at work on such a day as this."

Still she goes on, by an old path in the woods, with bowed head and in deep thought. But why, Bessie, with such a start and tremble, do you hear those steps upon the path? Why be struck with such wild curiosity about them, although you would not turn your head for a king's ransom? Anybody may be coming.

Hush! Whether it were hope or fear is no matter. The steps have ceased. Vain this breathless listening to hear them again. Go on through the wood, Bessie Dean, look up, see how solemnly the old trees lift their leafless arms to heaven, pointing you the way to look for your comfort. But here, at your very ear, these bewitching steps again!

Do not shrink; here has come the ordeal you have feared. Well said your prophetic heart that it drew near in the hush and silence of this fated time. He stands there, under those familiar trees, a young man, yet old, trained in a painful school, with his lesson of self-forgetting newly conned, with sad knowledge sadly learned, with heart and conscience quivering still with self-inflicted wounds. He stands there, with a courtly natural grace, bareheaded under the cloudy sky. It is not the salutation of common respect, which might permit her to pass on.

With blanched cheeks and failing eyes, Bessie Dean's face droops. She dares not look up, but waits, trembling so greatly that she can scarcely stand, for what has to be said. Then, passive, silent, pale and cold as marble, with a giddy pain in her forehead, her whole mind absorbed with the effort it takes to keep herself erect and guide her faltering footsteps, along the path she slowly moves. But Philip is by Bessie's side once more. The bells seem to sound indistinctly through the air.

Silently, without a word, these parted hearts walk side by side. If she had any power left but what is wanted for her own support, she would wonder why he does not speak. She does wonder, indeed, faintly, even through her pain. With downcast eyes like hers, he walks beside her.

"Bessie!" With a sudden start she acknowledges her name, but there is nothing more. "I said, when we parted, that you were untrue to me and to nature," said Philip, after another pause. "Bessie, I have learned many a thing since then. It was I that was untrue to nature, but never to you."

Still no answer. This giddiness grows upon her, though she does not miss a syllable of what he says.

"There is no question between us—none that does not fade like the vapor before this sunlight now breaking through the clouds. Bessie, can you trust me again?"

She cannot answer. The sunlight breaks, and dazzles her eyes even as the tears before had dimmed them. The sound of the bells comes clear and strong; they toll no more.

What is this she leans upon? The arm of Philip Grey.

Bessie and Philip once more one heart.
Ring out, ye merry bells, ring out!

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPOSED PLAN.

BY W. BROTHERHEAD.

ARCHITECTURE is the adaptation of natural forms in construction for the convenience and comfort of men. The five orders of architecture are coeval with the prehistoric age. Various modifications have been introduced, such as the Roman, with its elaborate pieces and entablatures and ornamentation, and to which have been added various combinations of forms through the progress of the last three centuries.

When an observer of nature and art takes a retrospective view of the grand temples, churches and public buildings in Europe and this country, he will find that forms which exist in nature have been very scantily used by the architect, and will wonder at the barrenness of application of these forms to the principles of construction. The most novel and original application of this kind of modern times is that of Sir Joseph Paxton, who erected the first Crystal Palace in London. He was the chief gardener to the duke of Devonshire, and in studying the *Victoria Regia*, with its grand natural structure, he saw the form of a new style of building, and applied to the duke for permission to erect a hot-house on the same principle.

The duke granted the request, and the hot-house was built. Its graceful outlines were the theme of admiration among men of culture. From this idea rose the great

Crystal Palace in London, and it was again applied in Paris, New York, and now in the Vienna Exposition.

Experience has proved the circular design for such buildings to be the best. Some few minor modifications have been made in the various structures, but the general principle is the same in all. The preparation of my new book, "The Centennial Album Book of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," in which I am elaborating the physical emblems of the thirteen original States for illustration, made me think that these various and beautiful forms could be combined architecturally. This idea worked in my mind for some months, when I finally resolved it could be done. In combination with this idea, I saw that this country had within itself new combinations of form which could be applied to the grand national idea of the centennial building in 1876.

It ought not to be necessary to state that our State jealousies are a great hindrance in erecting such a building as the present styles; and hence it suggested itself that this obstacle could be surmounted; and if so, a great difficulty ceases. By arranging the building as per illustration, it will be seen I have given the old thirteen States an equal position, which, without drawing too fine a line, they held prior to and during 1776. This has been done by making a "Round Robin," which readers of Boswell's Johnson will recollect is the idea applied to our political status. It is the application and not the idea that I claim as original. More thought on this subject still further developed my ideas, and hence, as it will be seen per illustration, the promenade representing the thirty-eight States which are now sovereign in their collected capacity. After this adjustment, it was not difficult to place the territories, twelve in number, near the top of the dome.

A natural simile, that of a tree, is thus illustrated: the thirteen original States, the trunk, the thirty-eight States, branches, and the territories, the apex, of the tree.

The centennial commissioners have decreed that the building shall cover fifty acres. This I have done, and in a more economical way than by any other arrangement.

The Paris Exhibition building was in the form of an ellipse, which critics have decided was an improvement on the London Exhibition. The above plan is a circle, and it is claimed the whole line of beauty is carried out in it, while in Paris it was only partially.

In the entrance to this building the *tout ensemble* is grasped by the eye at once, and its magnificence is apparent. There are no angles, no corridors; all is formed on true æsthetic principles—a curve is a line of beauty.

True art only acknowledges an angle as a necessity, rarely as a beauty. All great artists or sculptors are celebrated as such by the beautiful rounded outlines of their figures. It would delight me to be allowed to elaborate this by numerous examples, but this is not the place.

Other plans, greatly differing from mine, will be exhibited, all of them, I have no doubt, evidencing much thought, labor and expense, and I can only, in ignorance of their designs, combat them in imagination. The desire of the State and city is to have part of this building remain permanent for a museum, and for which purpose they have subscribed \$1,500,000, and the citizens nearly the same amount. This I have arranged in such a manner that the most critical and fastidious cannot but admit that no other form of building can do it so well, and still remain a grand miniature of the whole building. By examining the description of the plan, as per illustration, it will be seen I have built the promenade sixty feet higher than the front building. I purpose duplicating the entrances, and ornamenting them with statues of the signers, bas-reliefs medallion portrait of Washington, with the emblems of the States at the commencement of the promenade, thus having two buildings in one; and when the centennial is ended, then, if it is deemed necessary to pull down part of the building, the fronts can be removed, and the promenade is left in all its beauty, a copy of the whole building, to fulfil the requirements of the city and State, and for ever remain as a memento of the celebration of the greatest event recorded in the history of the world. Thus it will be seen that if any other plan than mine is adopted several buildings



PROPOSED PLAN OF THE CENTENNIAL BUILDING.



ve to be erected, each of which must have two sides or ends; thus, in point of *economy*, it cannot approach in point of cheapness, and this is a very serious objection in so large a building. It is scarcely necessary to add that beauty and magnificence of form cannot be attained in several buildings, as they can in one.

The height of each front will be sixty feet, and its width one hundred and sixty-one feet—nearly one of our squares. The bases on which the columns will rest will be four feet square, allowing ample room on the two outward or bas-reliefs of the battles fought during the Revolution in each State. On the front of the bases will be a statue of George Washington, "First in war and first in peace." As he fought for the whole of the colonies, his statue will be on every base of the columns, surrounded by emblems arising out of the physical products of each

State. The dome will be raised the promenade sixty feet higher than the front in order to allegorize the thirty-eight States. I also utilized this in such a manner as to embrace elements of every kind. In the illustration figures of the tripping on the fantastic toe will be seen. The space, of the skylight, will be three hundred and fifty feet in diameter to the commencement of the dome. This is allotted for open-air concerts night or day; if night, illuminated by a Drummond light. The windows in the promenade, it will be seen, are made in the shape of the American flag, the first time it is believed this has been done. The coat of arms of each State will be in the centre of the stars. The whole will be of stained

glass. The dome, if erected, will be the highest in America, and, if desired, be the highest in the world. It is designed to be three hundred and fifty feet high. The dome is allegorized by the twelve columns on the sides of the dome. This dome will answer for an observatory and I propose to build four elevators, each capable of carrying fifty persons at one time, and work those elevators by hydraulic power. The reservoir, a short distance from the building, is sixty feet above the level, and by means of a turbine-wheel at a small expense, the safest and most power can always be obtained. I propose to carry the promenade and the top of the dome "for a gratification." I know of few people who would object to pay twenty-five cents to ascend the dome, and view such a magnificent panorama as will be presented to the eye, as if city, town and river will be visible. My calculations are based on the results of the number of visitors to London and Paris exhibitions. Over 6,000,000 visited London, over 10,000,000 Paris, and 15,000,000 are calculated to visit Vienna this spring. It is scarcely worth remark that the American is more of a perambulator than any other citizen of the world. I have an estimate of visitors at 10,000,000, and feel I am safe in putting down the number of persons to ascend the dome at 6,000,000, producing one million and a quarter of dollars. To this I have not added a large sum of money which will be taken for persons ascending to the dome, at ten cents each.

In a short time I shall have ready the separate fronts, twenty by thirty, lithographed, in which all the statues, signers, bas-reliefs of the battles of the Revolution, the portrait of Washington and emblems, will be clearly seen, thus giving a variety and magnificence of that will at least deserve success.

THEY are my friends
Who are most mine,
And I most theirs
When common cares

Give room to thoughts poetic and divine,
And in a psalm of love all nature blends.

God wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as it inverts the ancient edifice into a ruin.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

EAST INDIAN METHOD OF CLEANING SILVER.—The East Indian jewellers never touch silverware with any abrasive substance. For all articles of the kind, even the most delicate, the method of cleaning they adopt is as follows: Cut some juicy lemons in slices; with these rub any large silver or plated article briskly, and leave it hidden by the slices in a pan for a few hours. For delicate jewelry, the Indians cut a large lime nearly in half, and insert the ornament; they then close up the halves tightly, and put it away for a few hours. The articles are then to be removed, rinsed in two or three waters, and consigned to a saucepan of nearly boiling soap-suds, well stirred about, taken out, again brushed, rinsed, and finally dried on a metal plate over hot water, finishing the process by a little rub of wash-leather (if smooth work). For very old, neglected or corroded silver, dip the article, with a slow, stirring motion, in a rather weak solution of cyanide of potassium; but this process requires care and practice, as it is by dissolving off the dirty silver you obtain the effect. Green tamarind pods (oxalate of potash) are greater detergents of gold and silver articles than lemons, and are much more employed by the artisan for removal of oxides and firemarks.

EARLIEST DISCOVERY OF GAS-LIGHTING.—A communication published in *The Moniteur Belge* indicates that the discovery of gas-lighting should be attributed to Pierre Henri Minkellers, born at Maestricht, December 2, 1748, Professor of Chemistry and Physical Sciences at Leuven (Louvain) University from 1772-1797, when the university was suppressed (it was re-established in 1831 as the Catholic University of Belgium), who made a series of experiments, which resulted in the discovery of gas-lighting, on October 2, 1784. This is recorded in a small volume, now very rare, a copy of which is preserved in the library at Maestricht, entitled "Mémoire sur l'Air Inflammable tiré de Différentes Substances," rédigé par M. Minkellers, Professeur de Philosophie au Collège du Faucon, Université de Louvain: Louvain, 1784. After the suppression of the university, Minkellers was, for a series of years, professor at the Athenæum of Maestricht, where he died July 4, 1824. One of the streets of the city alluded to—viz., that wherein Minkellers resided—has been named after the *savant*. Owing to the political disturbances of the time, gas-lighting was not then introduced on a large scale.

ACTION OF DELPHINIUM ON THE HEART.—In a long and important memoir, embodying the result of researches made in the physiological laboratory at Leipzig, Prof. Bowditch, of Boston, records the discovery of a remarkable action of the poisonous principle of *delphinium* upon the muscular tissue of the heart. The lower two-thirds of the ventricle of the frog's heart have not, as is well known, the power of spontaneous rhythmical contraction when cut out and placed in a condition of isolation. If a portion of the base of the ventricle be included, however, in the piece cut off from the frog's heart, rhythmical contraction will continue in the isolated portion, on account of the presence in that case of some of the nervous-ganglion cells which lie at the base of the ventricle. Dr. Bowditch has found that the introduction into its cavity of a solution of delphinium in serum acts upon an isolated lower two-thirds of a frog's heart ventricle, like providing it with a nervous system. The portion of the heart which, as is so well known to physiologists, is invariably inert, now, under the influence of delphinium, exhibits spontaneous and continued rhythmical contractions.

THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.—A curious cause is assigned by M. Collas for the blue color of the sky. In opposition to M. Lallemand, who attributes the color to a fluorescent phenomenon—a reduction of refrangibility in the actinic rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum—M. Collas maintains that the color is due to the presence of hydrated silica in a very finely divided state carried into the atmosphere with the aqueous vapor. The blue color of the Lake of Geneva is referred to a similar cause.

TO-DAY.

DIO LEWIS, Editor.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.
No. 8.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE conviction is growing among educators that class-books occupy a too prominent place in our schools. The idea that the class-book should be used as a book of reference, and not kept in the pupil's hands constantly, is becoming familiar to teachers. This was our thought at Lexington, and had much influence in determining the character of the instruction.

For many years I had been lecturing upon physiology and hygiene, and had been constantly assured by young people who had been studying the subject in school, with the aid of a class-book and a teacher to hear them recite their lessons, that a half hour's lecture from me gave them clearer notions of a subject than they had obtained in weeks of class-book study and recitation. I had myself passed through a similar experience in my medical studies. Certain professors gave me as much as I could fairly grasp and make my own in one hour as I could get from the books in a week. A part of this is without doubt the fault of the style of the class-books. They differ widely in the style of composition from conversation and extempore lectures. If they were made as clear, chatty and familiar, as full of illustration and anecdote, as our conversations, it would greatly enhance their practical value; but even then they would lack the power of adaptation. Almost every class, to say nothing of each individual, requires peculiar treatment. Only the living teacher is capable of this adaptation to the case in hand.

The drift toward specialisms in all professions and trades is one of the fruits of a ripening civilization, and in no profession is it so vital as in that of the teacher. That is a rare person who can teach well in more than one department. If he is a teacher of mathematics, he must be a very large man if he will bear cutting in two to give one half to the languages. Even in surgery we find one man devoting his whole life to the eye, another to the ear, another to the nose, and another to the throat. No great advancement was made in any of these until the specialists divided the work; and yet in great part these specialists

involve little more than mechanical manipulation. A really successful teacher in moral science must expend more intellectual force than all these medical specialists put together. A successful teacher of history must be a person of more brains than a surgeon who should successfully manage the eye, ear and nose. He may conduct his pupil through the stereotyped events of chronology, but there is about as much history in such a service as there is of a man in his bony skeleton.

I have rarely seen anything more pitiful than one of these little hundred-pound dyspeptic-sick graduates of a female seminary in the position of teacher. She has been engaged to teach algebra, history, natural philosophy and moral science, with primary instruction in French and music. Each of the seventy-five pupils who recite to her daily has a class-book with questions and answers. She—poor little machine! filling about one-third of a teacher's arm-chair—holds the class-book in her hand, and watches to see if in their answers they miss a word. Perhaps the two hundred and twenty dollars a year, with board and washing, is about right for such services, but both teaching and compensation challenge our pity.

DISEASES OF ARTISANS.

GILDERS are subject to mercurial affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and very frequently from partial paralysis, which often induces a peculiar kind of stammering. As might be supposed, they frequently suffer from unpleasant ulcers in the mouth, which is a true salivation.

MINERS in the quicksilver mines suffer from vertigo, palsy and convulsions, and survive generally but a few months.

POTTERY-GLAZIERS, who use lead largely, suffer a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of dropsy, loss of teeth and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common effect of poison from lead. Consumption is common among these workers.

GLASS-BLOWERS are the victims of those affections produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature—rheumatism and various inflammations. Their eyes are weak, while they are generally thin and delicate.

STONECUTTERS inhale the sharp particles, which are apt to produce disease of the lungs.

PLASTERERS suffer from the gases disengaged and from excessive moisture. They suffer very much from labored breathing, have wan, pallid visages, and they digest badly.

FILERS are short-lived. Whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine sharp particles make their way into the lungs, where they develop disease, sometimes asthma, sometimes consumption.

WORKERS IN WOOL AND COTTON breathe a close, unchanged atmosphere, while their lungs are filled with the irritating dust of the material upon which they work.

All in-door occupations, with the present imperfect notions about ventilation, are more or less mischievous. Out-door occupations—farming, gardening and other similar employments—afford, with an intelligent comprehension of the food question, the best opportunity for health and long life. Driving a stage or express-wagon, with frequent leaving for the delivery of packages, travelling through the country on foot as a book-agent—these and similar employments are perhaps not inferior to farming and gardening.

ATMOSPHERIC IMPURITIES.

THERE are some impurities in the atmosphere which have been thought favorable to the lungs. The coal smoke of cities has been so regarded. It has been likewise asserted that consumption, when actually developed, is less rapid in its progress in an atmosphere of coal smoke. The same opinion prevails with reference to many odors and effluvia, but it may well be doubted whether a pure, odorless atmosphere is susceptible of improvement. The "balsamic odors" of certain forests have long enjoyed a reputation for healing maladies of the lungs, but I think their virtues come from the out-door life which wandering among these groves involves. If the odor of pine forests and tar kilns were concentrated in the air of a furnace-heated house, I fancy that life in that atmosphere would not favor the lungs. But I have no doubt that living in the pine forests of Upper Georgia has often cured consumption.

But if you will select two consumptives in similar condition, and you will take one to saunter in the elevated pine regions of the South, I will let you select the most unhealthy locality in the Northern States, and I will take my case there. Now, if you will give me plenty of flannels and a saddle-horse, I will wager you a farm that my patient will recover sooner than yours. You may take your case to the hills of San Domingo, and have him live gently and quietly, and I will take mine to the worst region of New England, and with the flannels and saddle I will cure my patient in half the time which it will take to cure yours.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

TAKE a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body, with the exception of the clavicle with the breast-bone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and as Nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural purifier of blood, and preventing the congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who love to live cultivate a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all—should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption. Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.

A TEACHER writes, "Can't you give me some advice about my meals, supper particularly, taking into consideration the fact that I must be ready for school as soon as 8.30 A. M., out at 12, return at 1 P. M., home at 4.30 or 5 P. M.?"

She writes, "I have tried the omission of supper for some time, but this seems to necessitate too much dinner for immediate school-work."

I advise that you make your breakfast a very hearty meal, consisting of beefsteak or mutton chops, potatoes, and if it agrees with you, a cup of coffee without milk. Let this meal be not only hearty, but eaten with great deliberation, and treated as people treat a set dinner. When that meal is done, you have taken more than half of the food that you need in twenty-four hours. I advise that you make your dinner a lighter meal, especially if your digestion be weak or in any way at fault. The mutton or beef may be boiled instead of roasted.

This is a good expedient, as it is often extremely difficult to procure tender beef.

Eat nothing more, and go to bed early, not later than nine o'clock. If for a while you suffer a feeling of faintness in the evening, you may drink a pint of very weak tea with very little milk, or half the quantity of hot, thin oatmeal porridge.

AN Eastern dervish was once asked by a wealthy Mohammedan,

"Of what service to society is an order of men who employ themselves in speculative notions of divinity and medicine?"

"If you were more cautious and temperate in your meals," answered the dervish—"if you would learn to govern your passions and desires by a due attention to abstinence—you all might be sages, and have no occasion for dervishes among you. Your appetite and aliment impair your understandings."

Willich, who gives this anecdote, says, "It is in infancy and early age that the foundation is laid for indigestion and the many diseases arising from it which are found now in almost every family."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

JAMES.—Among Lycurgus' laws was one that a man should not marry before he was thirty-seven, nor a woman before she was seventeen. Modern physiologists discard this great disparity, though they do not deny that such a maturity on the part of the father would secure strong children; but they think the difference too great for modern peoples. The general opinion is that the man should be twenty-five to thirty, and the woman from twenty to twenty-five.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Your son should be taken out of school and put at work. His nervous system will not bear the strain of college. But at some work in the open air—that of a gardener or nurseryman, for example—he would do well. You must choose between a useful, vigorous manhood in some such healthful occupation, and having him buried at twenty with the proud consciousness that he is full of Latin and Greek.

E. C., KANSAS.—A scrofulous person should eat beef, mutton, wheat and oats, and avoid trash of any kind whatever. The food should be eaten slowly, and thoroughly masticated. The supper should be very small, and if comfortable, nothing for the third meal.



WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO PUT MY NAME TO THAT LAST BILL!

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

NATURE'S tailoring—A potato patch.

How to arrive at the height of a church steeple on a hot day—Per-spire.

AGED people are fond of telling stories; they have arrived at their anecdoteage.

If you are cursed with an insatiable appetite, buy a plaid vest, so that you can always keep a check on your stomach.

IN Titusville they have a chimney-sweep so small that they put him in the meter and let him go up the gas-pipes when they want cleaning.

IT has been decided by the Frackville Debating Society that the reason why hens always lay eggs in the day-time is because at night they are roosters.

THE following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster in New Jersey: "Sir, as you are a man of noledge I intend to inter my son in your skull."

A MAN in Camden attempted to leap to the ground from a garret window with a parachute. His widow has no earthly use for the parachute, and it will be traded for a good second-hand gravestone with the name of Smith on it.

A TOWN out West has a magnetic spring so charged with electricity that a man, after drinking a quantity of the water, went into a blacksmith-shop, and while talking with the blacksmith sat down on the anvil. When he got up, the anvil stuck fast to him, and he had to have it amputated. The people are going to build a hotel there and drive all the blacksmiths away.

A MAN out in Germantown purchased a sun-dial last week, and set it up in his yard according to the printed directions. He is so fascinated with it that he goes out every night before retiring, and examines the dial with a candle, so as to set his watch by the correct time. He wants to trade that watch now, because he says it loses as much as thirty-five or forty hours every night since he got the sun-dial!

IN Reading, a few days ago, a man's life was saved by the ball from a pistol, accidentally discharged, entering a Bible which he carried in his pocket. Now, everybody who reads this item will say: "See how virtue brings its reward, and how consistent piety keeps a man out of danger!" We have got to crush that moral by explaining the fact that the man was intoxicated, and had stolen the Bible from a book-stand, so as to pawn it for rum.

AN old lady in this city read an item in one of the papers, the other day, describing how a grindstone burst in a saw-factory and killed four men. She just happened

to remember that there was a small grindstone down in her cellar, leaning up against the wall. So she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning the hired girl and holding a pie-board in front of her, so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out in the back alley, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown on it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it's a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before this.

WE are fond of cats. Unlike most persons, it pleases us, while lying in bed at night, to hear three or four cats out in the back yard spitting and yowling and waiting around to their own mysterious music. So we always keep a cat on hand, in order to contribute our share to the entertainment. It is a singular fact, however, that one hundred and sixty-three successive cats which we have purchased have disappeared, one after the other. We would buy a cat, and have it around for a few days; and we would place it out in the yard, on a given night, before retiring. In the morning that animal would always have disappeared. And none of them ever came back! We regarded it as a somewhat singular coincidence that the man who lives just back of us always had fireworks on the very nights that our cats disappeared. Reflecting upon this circumstance, we purchased our one hundred and sixty-fourth cat—a tortoise-shell—and determined to watch her. We placed her out in the yard a few nights ago, and observed her from the kitchen door. The tortoise-shell frisked around for a while and ground out a few melodious screeches. Then she jumped upon the fence for the purpose of making acquaintances. While there, we perceived the man in the rear yard wipe that cat suddenly off of the fence into a bag. Then that scoundrel tied a string to the tail of the tortoise-shell, and affixed the other end of the cord to a sky-rocket. He then lit a match, and in about a minute that animal was swishing around among the stars without a hair on her body. We observed where the rocket fell. It was within a lot enclosed by a high fence. We went out and climbed that fence early next morning, and there lay one hundred and sixty-four rocket-sticks, each with a singed cat tied to it with a string! Now we know why we missed our pets; and if we do not souse down on that fireworks-man with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it will be because that organization is hopelessly demoralized.—*Max Adler.*

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM LINEN.—Fruit-stains may be removed by rubbing the stain on each side with yellow soap, then tying up a piece of pearl-ash in it and soaking it well in hot water; the stained part should afterward be exposed to the sun and air until removed. Ink-stains may be removed by wetting the part with warm water, and applying salts of lemon. Scouring drops, for removing spots, grease, etc., from linen, may be compounded from an ounce each of spirits of turpentine and essence of lemon, and applied with a camel's hair brush. The essence should be recently made, or it will leave a circle round the spot.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.—Wash thoroughly a piece of soft sponge, and remove all gritty particles from it, dip it slightly into water, squeeze it out again, and then dip it into some spirits of wine; rub it over the glass, dust it with some powdered blue or whiting sifted through muslin; remove it lightly and quickly with a clean cloth, and finish with a silk handkerchief. If the glass be a large one, clean one half at a time, otherwise the spirits of wine will dry before it can be removed. If the frames are gilt, the greatest care must be taken to prevent the spirits of wine from touching them. To clean such frames, rub them well with a little dry cotton wool; this will remove all dust and dirt, without injury to the gilding. If the frames are varnished, they may be rubbed with the spirits of wine, which will take out all the spots and give the varnish a superior polish.

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VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 24, 1873.

No. 30.



"LOVE ME—AH, PRAY LOVE ME A LITTLE."—P. 568.

CARMEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER,"
"ROSS BEVERLEY'S PLEDGE," "ONE TOO MANY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLOWER OF HOPE.

THE Davenports were as good as their word. Soon after dinner, anybody in the neighborhood of the grand staircase might have heard a great chattering of English voices—that is, of voices speaking English—as a gay party ascended *en masse*, and were shown by Louis into Mrs. Lauriston's salon. "It is a mark of respect," Mrs. Davenport had gravely remarked at dinner. "When

anybody has to endure such an affliction as Mrs. Lauriston, her friends ought to show their sympathy by every possible attention. I confess I never felt more sorry for any one. She talked to me this afternoon with tears in her eyes."

"To think of Bertie Lauriston being poor!" said Belle and Amy, who for the last few hours had seemed bristling with exclamation-points like a porcupine with quills. "Oh, to think!" they said on an average every half minute—"to think of Bertie Lauriston being nobody, after all!"

"He is a Lauriston," said Mrs. Davenport, who was able to afford high ground, since she knew that her daughters were quite as likely to think of marrying a felon as a poor man.

"But of no more importance than anybody else," said

Amy. "Oh, to think of it! What will the people say at home! And all the girls who have been trying so hard to marry him! Oh, Belle, think of Florence Gale! Won't she be glad now that she did not succeed?"

"It would have served her right if she had," said Belle, vindictively. "When a girl goes so far out of all bounds to court a man as she did Bertie Lauriston, she deserves anything."

"She trusted to her yellow hair and to her blue eyes," said Amy, "knowing Bertie's weakness for blondes. Oh, Alice, what a chance for you this has spoiled!"

"You were very careful not to say so while there was a chance," Alice thought; adding aloud, in a slightly cold and more than slightly proud voice, "That is, if I had cared to take advantage of it, Amy."

"I thought you seemed to care very well last night," said Belle. "You quite threw poor Mr. St. Julian overboard. Perhaps his star will rise again now."

In this way Bertie's shipwreck was discussed among his friends, as all our shipwrecks are discussed more or less by all our friends. Alice Rivington listened with a sense of scorn for the chatters, and a still greater sense of scorn for the man who had rejected her counsel for this. She did not refuse to accompany them on their visit of condolence and curiosity, but the haughtiness of her face scarcely softened, even when St. Julian unexpectedly joined them as they were ascending the stairs.

"Oh, Mr. St. Julian," cried Amy, attacking him at once, "do you suppose we shall see the heiress? Oh how I hope she will give us a glimpse of her at least! And oh, is it true that she is the daughter of that charming Madame Alvarez who would have been burned to death on the stage but for Mr. Lauriston? I never heard of such a romance in real life before, did you?"

"Everybody on the next floor will hear you, Amy, if you don't take care," said Belle, severely. "I wonder you don't remember that loud talking is the most vulgar thing in the world."

They brought a rush of sound if not of sense with them, as they entered Mrs. Lauriston's *salon*, seeming to fill it with the sweep of their draperies, the echo of their gay voices. The lights were low, and their number seemed multiplied infinitely to Carmen, sitting like a shadow in her deep black dress by the still open window, and thinking how the moon, just then silverying all the roofs and spires of the brilliant, glittering city, was shining into the high-walled convent garden and across that silent, new-made grave in *Père la Chaise*. Some reflection of her thoughts was on her face, as Bertie watched it turned upward; and seeing the sadness legible thereon, he had refrained from speaking for some time. Mrs. Lauriston, trying to distract her mind over the last number of *Le Follet* by the fire, had not noticed how silent the two at the window had grown. And so it was that the entrance of the Davenport party—not contemptible in point of numbers certainly, for even Mr. Davenport had been captured and pressed into service—made quite a change in the aspect of the apartment. Amy gave Belle's arm a little pinch, as they entered, through sheer gratification at the appearance of Carmen's black dress. "Oh, there she is, after all," the vivacious young lady whispered.

She was there, undoubtedly, but she did not leave her seat or make any effort to mingle in the tide of conversation which ensued. That shyness had nothing to do with this reserve was evident at a glance. The pale, quiet face had no shade of embarrassment on it; the thoughtful eyes were comprehensive, and not a little keen in their observation of the new-comers—so keen, indeed, that one or two of them felt slightly uncomfortable. It was not the first time that people had winced under Carmen's glance. Nature and experience had both conspired to render her singularly shrewd; and none of us like to be read too closely or too clearly by the acquaintances we chance to meet.

"She is not pretty at all, that girl," said Miss Rivington aside to St. Julian, "but there is something unusual in her face. Don't you think so?"

"There is an absence of self-consciousness, and consequently a presence of self-possession, very unusual in one so young," he answered, glancing at the face in question.

as he had glanced more than once before, with great interest. "The girl must be a born actress. It is only born actresses who have the gift of forgetting themselves so entirely without an effort."

"What a pity that she should not be in her natural place, then!" said Miss Rivington, a little bitterly.

She betrayed herself by that accent, as the words of her companion the next instant showed her.

"It is a pity for Bertie, certainly," answered St. Julian, coolly. "But wealth is a great snare—we learned that in our copy-books, didn't we?—and a great means of falling into snares, too; so perhaps it is as well that such a simple-hearted fellow as Lauriston should be deprived of it until he has tided over the dangerous whirlpools of youth into the still waters of middle life."

"A poet may be pardoned metaphors, I suppose," said the young lady, in a tone of cool disdain, "but don't you think yours is a rather lame one? It appears to me that instead of saving Mr. Lauriston from the 'whirlpools of youth,' the loss of his estate is much more likely to plunge him into them. And then how about those stiller waters of middle life? They are not likely to be very still, are they, unless he finds or makes a fortune before he reaches them?"

"Fortunes may be won as well as found or made," said St. Julian, oracularly.

But the woman at his side was quick enough to read even a deeper oracle than this.

"*Par droit d'amour!*" asked she, laughing; but despite its clearness and sweetness, it was not altogether pleasant that laugh. "A very good idea, Mr. St. Julian. Is it yours or Mr. Lauriston's?"

"Mine altogether," said St. Julian. "But could anything be more natural and suitable than Bertie should win back his inheritance by such a means?"

"Nothing, certainly," answered she, quietly. But he saw her beautiful eyes sweep with a certain majestic disdain over the pale face of the girl on the other side of the room. "Your friend will not be the first man to sell himself because he cannot work and to beg he is ashamed," she added, scornfully.

"Don't hold Bertie accountable for my fancies," said St. Julian, quickly. "He has no share in them. I am sure there is nothing he would relish less than such a suggestion at present; but time and necessity work wonders in changing our ideas and our hopes."

"Is it not fortunate that they do?" said Miss Rivington.

After a time Bertie found himself near his goddess, who received him with dangerous and intoxicating kindness. It was not often that an impulse of pure coquetry seized Alice Rivington, or that she felt any desire to win a slave or keep a slave solely for the sake of possession. But to-night, something which was, and yet was not, coquetry, stirred within her. She felt an irresistible inclination to bind Bertie Lauriston in chains which his utmost efforts would be unable to break, and this less because she cared for that consciousness of power which is so sweet to some women, as that a very lioness seemed roused within her at the thought which St. Julian had suggested. What! after having resigned the fortune and resigned her, should Bertie win the possession and enjoyment back again by the simple expedient of marrying the heiress? After having scorned her advice and her self, should the poverty which he madly courted be spared to him at last? Alice Rivington was not an excitable woman or a passionate woman usually, but just now a perfect tumult of passion seemed to rush over her. No one had the least suspicion—she scarcely even acknowledged to herself—how bitter the Lauriston disappointment had been to her; and now was Bertie to reap the romantic fruits of his generosity like this? She registered a deep vow in her heart that it should never be. Rich or poor, married or single, he had lost her; and he should be miserable, if the torment of hopeless love could make him so. Therefore, when he approached, she smiled—that bright, cruel smile which if men's eyes were not blinded by a glamour, they could see on many a fair face—and beckoned him to her side.

"I have been waiting for you," she said. "Are you angry with me? Is that why you have not come to me

sooner? Have you not guessed that I wanted to tell you how sorry I am for—for this morning? I thought of you too much in all that I said. Can you forgive me? I see that you were right to consider honor and not happiness in what you did."

"Forgive you for thinking of me!" said Bertie. "You must not ask me to do anything but thank you for that. I can never tell you what it has been to me to realize that you thought of me in what you said," he went on, quickly. "It has at once sweetened and embittered the blow which has come to me, till I can scarcely tell whether it is most sweetness or most bitterness. Not that I should hesitate, not that I should not know, if—with fortune I did not also feel that I must surrender hope."

"Hope of what?—of fortune?" asked Miss Rivington, laughing softly. "But, *mon ami*, why should you surrender hope of that? Are you not young, and is not the world all before you? Have you no sword with which to open its shell?"

"Not one, unless you give it to me," he answered low, emboldened, as even a more timid man might have been, by the light in her eyes. "But how can I dare to hope for that? Did you not tell me to-day that the poor man who asks a woman to marry him is—"

"I told you a good many things which I did not mean you to apply to yourself, nor yet to take *au pied de lettre*," interrupted she. "We were not talking of marriage, however, but of fortune, I thought—that is, unless one is as suggestive of the other to you as to your friend Mr. St. Julian. He has just been entertaining me with a very pretty and romantic plan by means of which you are to possess Lauriston, after all."

"Surely he might have found something better with which to entertain you," said Bertie, coldly. "St. Julian is so true a friend of mine that he lets his friendship run away with his discretion when he utters such an absurdity as that."

"But is it an absurdity?" she asked. "I could not but agree with him that it would be at least an admirable arrangement."

"And you could believe so poorly of me as to think that I would entertain such an idea?" he asked, flushing, impetuously. "You have not known me long, Miss Rivington, but you might have known me better than that."

"Don't be indignant," said she, smiling. "Suppose I say that I knew you better; would it be paying you a compliment? You must remember that I was reared in France, Mr. Lauriston. Perhaps that is why *mariage de convenance* does not seem very horrible to me."

"Does not seem horrible to you?" asked he. "I should think that it would seem thrice as horrible to a woman as to a man, and it seems horrible enough to me."

"It is horrible," she said, almost passionately, "but then to a woman there is often no alternative. It is that or dependence and poverty all her life."

"And yet you say that if a man has only love and effort to offer he must not do so."

"That would depend upon so many circumstances that it is scarcely worth while to discuss them," she answered. "Tell me if it is true that you are really going back to America?"

"Have I any choice? Lauriston must be surrendered to its rightful owner, and I must find some means of making my bread."

"Is it true, then, that this blow deprives you of everything?"

"Of everything—except courage, I should have said an hour ago. Now, may I add, hope?"

As he asked the question, he was bending forward—bending as if to examine a cluster of violets in her dress—so no one but herself heard the passionate quiver in his voice, or read the eager, wistful pleading in his eyes. She had gone a little farther than she intended—she had not meant to bring matters to such an issue as this—but, after all, what did it matter? She had read Bertie Lauriston thoroughly, she was sure, and a man more absolutely incapable of achieving any success in the world, or of gaining any position beyond that to which he was born, could not

be imagined. Therefore a hope held out to him, or a promise given—with success, of course, as a necessary condition—might be reckoned absolutely *nil*. Poor Bertie, hanging on the breath of those lovely, hesitating lips, would have been amazed indeed if he could have seen how coolly all this was being calculated within the graceful, Psyche-like head.

"Well," he said, after a minute, drawing his breath quickly, "you cannot tell how much of my future effort depends on the answer to that question. May I carry one single flower of hope with me as I set forth to climb the steep hill of fortune?"

"Flowers of hope should be blue, should they not?" she asked, with a smile. "I ought to have a *myosotis* for you, but perhaps a violet will serve as well. You can give it back to me when you reach the summit of the hill."

Now, while the violet in question was changing hands, and Bertie, with a flushed face and a rapturous heart, was storing it away in the most secret recess of a fragrant Russian-leather pocket-book—feeling that with such a talisman the hill of fortune would be easily climbed, even if it were steep as the famous mountain of glass in the charming old fairy tale—St. Julian, with the calm, philosophical curiosity of a student of nature, was devoting his attention to the young heiress. He had been struck by her face, as well as by her manner. "There is something more than ordinary in her," he thought; and he had done what very few girls of her age would have tempted him to do—he had crossed the room to "draw her out." As it proved, however, Carmen needed very little drawing out. Even this handsome stranger had no power to abash or overawe her frank simplicity and self-possession. She talked to him readily, gracefully, and with an almost startling freedom from anything which bore the most remote resemblance to embarrassment. "If she had been thirty-five and a *grande dame* in her own *salon*, she could not have been more wholly at her ease," St. Julian said, afterward, though he recognized in a moment that it was a different kind of ease to that which society teaches. The stamp of her Bohemian rearing was on the girl, though there was nothing in it which could possibly have shocked or repelled the most fastidious. The daughter of Madame Alvarez, and the pupil of the elegant ladies *du Sacré Cœur*, need not have shrunk from the most rigid scrutiny of "society," yet unconsciously to herself there was a certain individuality about her which rendered her markedly different from the ordinary rank and file of women. It was this individuality which gave her a flavor that pleased St. Julian. She did not belong to the insipid, little-great world of society, he thought, but to the world of professional effort and struggle, where she had been born, and which she was leaving behind. He absolutely compassionated the girl in her changed circumstances, as he looked at her square, firm jaw—adding so much to the character, detracting so much from the beauty, of her face—and at the broad, expansive brow, so clearly indicative of intellect. She was strikingly like the portrait of her father; but, naturally enough, the face, which had been very handsome and commanding in a man, was too decided for a woman, and a pair of lovely Spanish eyes was all she had inherited of personal beauty from her actress-mother. To St. Julian the fearless, strongly-marked young face was very attractive; but seen just then, lacking even the usual bloom of youth, there were few people who would have hesitated to call it unequivocally plain. "She is a perfect fright," Belle and Amy Davenport confided to each other. Meanwhile, Carmen was saying to St. Julian:

"They are all pretty, these American ladies, but the one yonder—the blonde to whom Mr. Lauriston is talking—is the most lovely. What is her name? She ought to be painted, she is so beautiful."

"Her name is Miss Rivington," St. Julian answered, "and she is certainly very beautiful. Such statuesque women are very fine studies as works of art, but for anything else—" He broke off, shrugging his shoulders a little.

"You do not mean to say that she—I did not catch her name—is only a work of art?" said Carmen, evidently sur-

prised. "I have been thinking what a noble face, as well as what a beautiful face, it is. Surely, monsieur, that woman is worth studying for more than her perfect features."

"She is clever," said St. Julian. "Not exactly intellectual, nor yet brilliant, but clever. Do you understand the force of that term?"

"Oh yes," said she, smiling. "I have met many English people, and I have heard it before. It means something which is nothing, does it not?"

"Exactly. It describes an order of mind which there is no other means of describing. Well, Miss Rivington is clever—very clever. She is a woman with capabilities. All she needs is a field."

"And can she not obtain it?"

"That remains to be seen. I think it very likely that she will obtain it. A woman so beautiful and so ambitious is not likely to fail in the object of her ambition."

"M. Lauriston is attached to her, is he not?" Carmen asked, after a moment.

"Why should you think so?" asked St. Julian, not a little impressed by the discernment of this convent-bred maiden. "He admires her. So do I, but I am not 'attached' to her."

"I did not think you were," she answered, looking at him calmly with her dark eyes. "Indeed, as soon as I saw you with her, I knew that you were not."

"By Jove!" thought St. Julian. "One has need to be on one's guard before a pair of eyes that see as clearly as these."

He did not have much more time in which to study their idiosyncrasies, however, for the Davenport party made their adieux before long; and since Bertie thought it his duty to escort them down to their apartments, and hear a few last songs from Miss Rivington, St. Julian did the same, whether actuated by friendship, jealousy, or love of music, it is impossible to say.

Whichever it may have been, the result was that Carmen and Mrs. Lauriston were left alone together for the first time since the girl had heard of her changed fortunes. This fact being vividly present in the minds of both, there was a pause of some length after the guests had departed—a pause which proved a little awkward, and which Mrs. Lauriston broke at last by moving toward the bell, and murmuring something about fatigue and retiring, when Carmen spoke quickly:

"One moment, madame. May I speak to you? I should like to do so."

"Speak to me?" repeated Mrs. Lauriston, a little startled. Then she turned somewhat stiffly, and came back. "Certainly," she said, coldly. "I thought you were probably tired, but, of course, I am at your service if you wish to talk."

"It is only a few words," said Carmen, a little wistfully. "Your son told me to-day something which surprised me very much. He said that I—that he—that is, that there is a fortune which has been his, and yet is mine. Madame, is this true?"

"Whatever my son told you is certainly true," said Mrs. Lauriston, with dignity. "Legally, the fortune of which he speaks is no doubt yours," she went on, with suppressed bitterness. "Only it seems hard—It came to my husband because your father resigned it; and now Bertie, who has nothing else—who has never even been reared to any profession—must surrender it to you because you are your father's heir."

"So he told me," said Carmen, humbly. "It seems to me, too, very hard; and what I want to ask you, madame, is, can it not in some way be prevented?"

"Prevented!" said Mrs. Lauriston. She was so amazed that she gave a little gasp, and stared at the girl.

"Yes, prevented," repeated Carmen, quietly. "Perhaps you are not aware of it, madame," she went on, with a dignity which surprised Mrs. Lauriston, "but my mother did not desire to claim the fortune for me; and even apart from her wishes, I should feel little disposition to impoverish the man to whom I owe so much—the man who strove to save her. When I told him this, however, he said that I had no right—that I would have no right

for years to come—over the property, that it was mine whether I desired it or not."

"That is true enough," said Mrs. Lauriston. "The mischief is done now. You have no power to resign the property; and if you had that power a hundred times over, Bertie would not accept it. It is useless to speak of it, therefore—you can do nothing."

"But can you do nothing?" asked Carmen, drawing a step nearer, and absolutely laying her hand on the frigid lady's arm. "I have been thinking of it, and I have seen, as you say, that I can do nothing. But you—he will heed you, will he not, if you tell him how much I desire that he should keep it?"

"Heed me!" repeated Mrs. Lauriston, bitterly. She laughed a little. If Bertie had heeded her, would this girl have stood there then, offering to give him what was his own? "No," she said. "He will not heed me. I have tested my influence. In any matter of this kind, I have none."

"Then what is to be done?" asked Carmen, her large eyes waxing grave and startled. "I cannot wait until I am twenty-one to make him accept what is his, because all that time he will be deprived of the estate. You must help me, madame," she cried, impatiently. "You must think of something. He is your son. Surely you do not wish to see him poor."

"Is it likely that I do?" said Mrs. Lauriston. "But I can perceive no means of escape. He will not listen to reason. If there was anything else—" Then she broke off suddenly and caught the girl's hand, holding it for a moment and gazing eagerly into her face. It was not a fair face, as we have said, but the hope which came to the gazer like a flash at that moment had a power to brighten it into subtle charm. "Child," she said, quickly and impulsively, "there is but one hope for Bertie, and that hope is in you."

"But I have said all that I could, madame," answered Carmen, simply, "and he would not hear me. What can I say farther to make him do so?"

"You can say nothing," answered the other, with almost feverish eagerness, "but you can do much, if you will. Ah, I should not speak of it, perhaps—I may work harm to him instead of good—but there is one way. Oh, Carmen, if I could hope for that, the rest would not be so bitter."

For a moment Carmen looked surprised. Then the sudden flush that came to her face showed that she understood. She was not shocked, however, or embarrassed. She had been reared in countries where marriage is almost universally a thing of arrangement, and the compromise, or rather fusion of her own and Bertie's conflicting rights, which Mrs. Lauriston plainly meant, seemed to her, after a minute's thought, the most obvious and proper thing in the world. Therefore she quite astonished the elder woman by the coolness with which she lifted her clear, frank eyes after a time and made answer:

"If there is no other way, madame, and if your son is willing, I am in your hands."

She was in her arms also, the next instant; for although a cold person usually, and one little given to effusion, Mrs. Lauriston was so much surprised and delighted by such docile acquiescence that mere words of acknowledgment seemed for once weak and tame. She gathered the astonished girl to her heart, and after one startled second, Carmen burst into tears.

"Madame," she cried, "I am so lonely, so desolate. Love me—ah, pray love me a little!"

"You shall be my daughter—my own daughter!" Mrs. Lauriston said.

And so the league between these two was struck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME never seems more pleasant than after a separation from it. Distance from it only enhances its value. There is no sweeter word in all our language than home; all of life, love and hope are bound up in it. However much we may enjoy ourselves elsewhere, the choicest joys cluster around that spot where our beloved dwell.

VENTRILOQUISM.

THE HISTORY AND PECULIARITIES OF THE ART.

THE term "Ventriloquism," as our readers are of course aware, is formed from the two Latin words *venter*, the belly, and *loquor*, to speak. The origin of ventriloquism is not known with precision, but it is supposed to be very ancient, as the practice was common in Egypt and India in the earliest periods of which we have information. The Hebrew and Greek names of the art have the same signification as the Latin term, and they originated from the practice of the witches and persons supposed to have familiar spirits among the Phœnicians and the Jews and the priest and the priestesses of the Greeks, causing the answers to the questions asked by those who consulted them, to proceed apparently from the abdomen, in which, as they alleged, resided their demon. There can be no doubt that ventriloquism was practiced in Egypt by the magicians in the time of Moses. The Scriptures contain many denunciations of it, in *Leviticus* xix. 31 and *Deuteronomy* xviii. 10-14. *Isaiah* also alludes to it in chapter xxix., 4th verse, as follows: "Thou shalt be brought down, shalt speak out of the ground, thy speech shall be low as dust, thy voice shall be as one that has a familiar spirit out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."

In all these cases the term translated in the English Bible "having a familiar spirit" literally means "speaking from the belly." Notwithstanding the fact that the penalty of death was pronounced against it, the practice of divination or ventriloquism continued among the Jews, as the references to it by the prophets plainly prove. Nor did it cease as a pretended means of revelation in the early centuries of the Christian era, as the case in *Acts* xvi. 16, the well-known practice of *gastromancy* among the Greeks, and repeated references of *St. Chrysostom* and other of the early Christian Fathers, show. Its use for such purposes was finally abandoned during the Middle Ages. It may be said, in connection with the allusion to the use of the art among the Hebrews, that many persons believe the witch of Endor to have been a ventriloquist, and hold that she thus conveyed to the affrighted Saul the assumed replies of the shade of Samuel. This view is confirmed, in the opinion of certain learned writers, by the historian *Josephus*.

It was supposed for many years—and eminent physiologists gave countenance to the theory—that some peculiarity in the conformation of the larynx was requisite for ventriloquism, or at least that it was accomplished by processes essentially different from those adopted in ordinary speaking or singing; but it has been demonstrated that the vocal organs of the ventriloquist are the same as those of other men, nor is his use of them materially different from that of others. For success in the exercise of his art, he requires only keen perceptions, an ear delicately attuned to the variations of sound produced by distance or direction, and a strongly developed mimetic faculty. The vocal organs possess the power of imitating, under skilful training, all the sounds of animate or inanimate life, and in such a way as to represent them as heard at greater or less distances and from different directions. The ventriloquist is well aware that no one of our senses is more easily deceived than that of hearing, because in listening to sounds we judge of their remoteness by comparing them with other sounds whose distance we are familiar with, and determine their distance by an arbitrary and often incorrect estimate of their relative volume at the place of their supposed emission—a standard which must often be faulty.

The uncertainty with regard to the direction of sound is the foundation of the art of ventriloquism. If we place ten men in a row at such a distance from us that they are included in the angle within which we cannot judge of the direction of sound, and if on a calm day each of them speaks in succession, we shall not be able with closed eyes to determine from which of the ten men any of the sounds proceed, and we shall be incapable of perceiving that there is any difference in the direction of the sounds emitted by the two outermost. If a man and a child are placed with-

in the same angle, and if the man speaks with the accent of a child, without any corresponding motion in his mouth and face, we shall necessarily believe that his voice comes from the child—nay, if the child is so distant from the man that the voice actually appears to us to come from the man, we will still continue to believe that the child is the speaker; and this conviction would acquire additional strength if the child favored the deception by accommodating its features and gestures to the words spoken by the man.

So powerful, indeed, is the influence of this deception that if a dog placed near the man were to open its mouth and shake its head responsive to the words uttered by his neighbor, we would rather believe that the dog spoke than that the sounds proceeded from a person whose mouth was shut, and the muscles of whose face were in perfect repose. If our imagination were even directed to a marble statue or a lump of inanimate matter, as the source from which we were to expect the sounds to issue, we would still be deceived, and would refer the sounds to these lifeless objects. The illusion would greatly be promoted if the voice were totally different in its tone and character from that of the man from whom it really comes. And if he occasionally speak in his own full, measured voice, the belief will be irresistible that the assumed voice proceeds from the quadruped or from the inanimate object.

The ventriloquist utters the sound with the effect it would have upon the hearer's ear if it had really traversed the distance he designs it to represent, reducing its loudness, softening somewhat its quality or tone, and if it is in words, obscuring a little the consonant sounds, while retaining unaltered the pitch and duration. In doing this he modifies the tones of his voice by varying the position of the tongue and the soft palate, dilating or contracting the mouth or pharynx, and either dividing the buccal and pharyngeal cavities into several compartments or throwing them into one. This is done without movement of the lower jaw and with but slight motions of the lips. Usually the ventriloquist stands so as to give only a profile view of his face, unless at a distance from his audience, and thus has greater opportunity of concealing any slight motions of the facial muscles. In most cases, too, the apparently remote voice is a falsetto, this being more within the command of the performer without perceptible facial movement than the natural tones. Some of the greatest ventriloquists, however, have never practiced any concealment, but stand face to face with their audiences. *M. Alexandre*, *M. St. Gille* and *Louis de Brabant*, we are informed, apparently did not move their lips or the muscles of their faces.

Ventriloquism loses its distinctive character if its imitations are not performed by a voice from the belly. The voice, indeed, does not come from that region; but when the ventriloquist utters sounds from the larynx without moving his face, he gives them strength by a powerful action of the abdominal muscles. Hence he speaks by means of his belly, although the throat is the real source from which the sounds proceed. The effort in every case is so great that the exercise of ventriloquism for any considerable length of time is very fatiguing, and occasions frequent coughing on the part of the performer.

The influence over the human mind which the ventriloquist derives from the skilful practice of his art is greater than that which is exercised by any other species of conjurer. The ordinary magician requires the theatre, his accomplices and the instruments of his art, and he enjoys but a local sovereignty within the precincts of his own magic circle. The ventriloquist, on the contrary, has the supernatural always at command. In the open fields, as well as in the crowded city, in the private apartment, as well as in the public hall, he can summon up innumerable spirits; and though the persons of his fictitious dialogue are not visible to the eye, yet they are unequivocally present to the imagination of his auditors, as if they had been shadowed forth in the silence of a spectral form.

Mr. Dugald Stewart, in some remarks upon the subject of ventriloquism, has stated several cases in which deceptions of this kind were very perfect. He mentions having

seen a person who, by counterfeiting the gesticulations of a performer on the violin, while he imitated the music with his voice, riveted the eyes of his audience upon the instrument, though every sound they heard proceeded from his own mouth. He tells also of another person who imitated the whistling of the wind through a narrow chink, and who often practiced the deception in the corner of a coffee-house. He declared that he seldom failed to see some of the company rise to examine the tightness of the windows, while others, more intent on their newspapers, contented themselves with putting on their hats and buttoning their coats. Mr. Stewart likewise mentions an exhibition formerly common in Europe, where a performer on the stage displayed the dumb show of singing with his lips and eyes and gestures, while another person, unseen, supplied the music with his voice. The deception in this case he found to be so complete as to impose upon the nicest ear and the quickest eye; but in the progress of the entertainment he became distinctly sensible of the imposition, and sometimes wondered that it should have misled him for a moment. In this case there can be no doubt that the deception was at first the work of the imagination, and was not sustained by the acoustic principle. The real and the mock singer were too distant; and when the influence of the imagination subsided, the true direction of the sound was discovered.

One of the most remarkable ventriloquists that ever lived was M. St. Gille, of St. Germain en Laye, France, whose performances have been recorded by the Abbé de la Chapelle. Once, when overtaken by a storm, St. Gille took shelter in a neighboring convent, where the monks were in deep mourning over the recent death of a much esteemed member of their community. While lamenting over the tomb of their deceased brother the alight honors which had been paid to his memory, a voice was suddenly heard to issue from the roof of the choir, bewailing the condition of the deceased in purgatory, and reproving the brotherhood for want of zeal. The tidings of the extraordinary event brought the entire fraternity to the church. The voice from above repeated its lamentations and reproaches, and the whole company fell upon their faces and vowed to make reparation for their error. They accordingly chanted in full choir a *de profundis*, during the intervals of which the spirit of the departed monk expressed his satisfaction at their pious exercises. The prior afterward inveighed against modern skepticism on the subject of apparitions, and St. Gille had great difficulty in convincing the fraternity that the whole thing was a deception.

On another occasion a commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, attended by several persons of the highest rank, met at St. Germain en Laye to witness the performance of M. St. Gille. The real object of their meeting was purposely withheld from a lady of the party, who was informed that an aerial spirit had lately established itself in the neighborhood, and that the object of the assembly was to investigate the matter. When the party sat down to dinner in the open air, the spirit addressed the lady in a voice which seemed to come from above their heads, from the surface of the ground at a great distance, or from a considerable depth under her feet. The victim of the delusion was addressed in this manner at intervals during two hours, and she was so thoroughly convinced of the existence of the spirit that she could hardly be induced at the last to believe the truth concerning the sound.

Another famous ventriloquist was Louis de Brabant, at one time *valet de chambre* to Francis I. Rejected by the parents of a very rich heiress as an unsuitable match for their daughter, Louis, on the death of the father, paid a visit to the widow; and as soon as he entered the room, the voice of her deceased husband was heard thus to address her: "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant; he is a man of fortune and character, and I endure the pains of purgatory for having refused her to him. Obey this admonition, and give repose to the soul of your departed husband." Of course the widow complied. But Brabant's difficulties were not yet overcome. He wanted money to defray the wedding expenses, and resolved to

work on the fears of an old banker—M. Cornu, of Lyons—who had amassed immense wealth by usury and extortion. Having obtained an evening interview, he contrived to turn the conversation to the subject of departed spirits and ghosts. During an interval of silence, the voice of the miser's deceased father was heard, complaining of his situation in purgatory, and calling loudly upon his son to rescue him from his sufferings, by enabling Brabant to redeem the Christians at that time enslaved by the Turks. Not succeeding on the first occasion, Brabant was compelled to make a second visit to the miser, when he took care to enlist not only the father, but all his deceased relations, in the appeal; and in this way he obtained a thousand crowns for the purpose of liberating the Christian captives. When Cornu was at last deceived, it is said that he died of sheer vexation and mortification. It is impossible to avoid the reflection that he must have been an exceptionally stupid dunce to permit Brabant to impose upon him with such facility.

It may be remarked, as rather an odd circumstance, that there have been very few female ventriloquists, and these have always manifested a deficiency of power. Only one ever attained any considerable celebrity, and even her name is unknown. She lived in Amsterdam in the sixteenth century, and is referred to incidentally by writers of that period as possessing a remarkable gift. The art seems to be understood even by the savage races. We have authentic accounts of its practice in the most expert manner by the Esquimaux, some of whom are reported to have produced extraordinary acoustic effects by this means; and it is quite certain that ventriloquism is known among the African negroes. It is upon record that a recently imported negro in the island of St. Thomas, in the last century, was burned alive as a sorcerer for having caused voices to emanate from inanimate objects, such as earthen vessels, walking-sticks, statues, etc.

In the present century ventriloquists have made great additions to their art. Sir David Brewster, in speaking of the subject, says: The performances of Fitzjames and Alexandre were far superior to those of their predecessors. Besides the art of speaking by the muscles of the throat and the abdomen, without moving those of the face, these artists had not only studied, with great diligence and success, the modifications which sounds of all kinds undergo from the distance, obstructions and other causes, but had acquired the art of imitating them in the highest perfection. The ventriloquist was therefore able to carry on a dialogue in which the dramatic voices, as they may be called, were numerous, and when on the outside of an apartment could personate a mob with its infinite variety of noise and vociferation. Their influence over the minds of an audience was still further extended by a singular power which they had obtained over the muscles of the body. Fitzjames actually succeeded in making the opposite or corresponding muscles act differently from each other; and while one side of his face was merry and laughing, the other side was full of sorrow and tears. At one time he was tall and thin and melancholy, and after passing behind a screen, he came out bloated with obesity and staggering with fulness. M. Alexandre possessed the same power over his face and figure, and so striking was the contrast between two of these forms, that an excellent sculptor perpetrated them in marble. The acquirements of this ventriloquist enabled him in his own single person, and with his own single voice, to represent a dramatic composition which formerly would have required the assistance of several actors. Although only one character in the piece could be seen at the same time, yet they all appeared during its performance; and the change of face and figure on the part of the ventriloquist was so perfect that his personal identity could not be recognized in the dramatic personæ. This deception was rendered still more complete by a particular construction of costumes, which enabled the performer to appear in a new character, after an interval so short that the audience necessarily believed that it was another person. These two men were the princes of the art. They have never been surpassed.



"SUDDENLY I SAW SOMETHING BRIGHT AND GLITTERING OVER MY RIGHT SHOULDER."—P. 573.

GERT; OR, THE WARNING IN THE TUNNEL.

BY ALFRED P. BROTHERHEAD, AUTHOR OF "HIMSELF HIS WORST ENEMY," "SHOT ON THE HOME STRETCH," "CELL 25, SEVENTH WARD," ETC.

THE names and localities herein mentioned are, of course, fictitious, strict truthfulness being avoided for reasons that will doubtless be evident at the conclusion of the story. The firm of which I was the Western agent was one of the largest and wealthiest in the Eastern metropolis, and had recently been awarded a government contract to construct a road and canal in one of the most desolate and least civilized of the Western territories. In order to pay the workmen, it was necessary to despatch an agent to Wildbush at the end of each month who could be relied upon for courage, watchfulness and sobriety, for in this out-of-the-way region not even a wild-cat bank had as yet been established; and the men preferred gold or silver to bank notes, the latter being looked upon with some degree of suspicion, particularly if new and crisp. I may mention here, as a fact not widely known, perhaps, that in the far West, any amount of the "queer" could be "shoved," provided only that it was sufficiently soiled, greased, tattered and shabby—a fact the basis of which will at once suggest itself.

The total amount of the laborers' wages, exactly three thousand seven hundred and fifty-one dollars in packages of quarter eagles and dollars, I carried in a small leather travelling-bag heavily bound with tempered steel bands and securely locked, and you may rest assured that this

same bag was to me an object of considerable trouble and apprehension. However, my arrangements for its safety were admirable, it being fastened to my forearm and wrist in such a manner that, even had it been desirable, I could not have deserted my trust for an instant without first unbuckling the four stout straps coiled round my arm and wrist. As a further quietus to base cupidity, I had, before leaving the office, painted on the brown cover, in large white letters, the following deceptive legend: "Samples Spring-Locks, A. I. X."—an artful idea for which I received a favorable smile from the resident Western partner. Pardon, observant reader, the egotism manifested in the above lines. It is really necessary, and decidedly agreeable to the writer.

"All aboard!" and the impatient engine snorted and puffed and wheezed, and once in a while suggested hurry by moving forward a few inches, causing a prolonged echo-rattle along the line of the attendant cars, and inspiring nervous passengers with the dreadful idea that they were fated to be left behind.

Securing my ticket, I walked hastily toward the cars, sniffing with a born traveller's delight the sulphurous, smoky atmosphere, and was about to enter, when the engine started, and I was almost thrown off my feet, while at the same moment a piercing cry behind me made me turn round on my heel with unusual precipitancy. A sickening sensation of fear and horror made my flesh creep and my sight momentarily indistinct, as I looked down and beheld a white and terror-stricken but pretty face turned up to mine, while the scared, distended eyes were eloquent with an imploring, pitiful expression that was inexpressibly

touching, that reminded me of a picture I had seen in London of Andromeda shrinking back from her foul enemy. The sudden start of the engine had whirled the girl off her feet, and she fell, and now lay half prostrate in the narrow passage between the platform and the cars, and being pushed slowly along as the rumbling wheels turned round. It was the slow pace of the cars that saved her; for had the ponderous wheels moved with but a very little more velocity, they would have ground out her young life with one turn of their remorseless edges. Throwing myself flat on the platform of the car, I reached down, and with one hand—the other was encumbered with my bag—dragged the girl from her peril-fraught position and placed her on the step beside me. For a moment she stood perfectly silent, her fingers pressed on her closed eyes, her body rocking mechanically to and fro, then uncovering her face, said, with startling calmness, considering what had so recently happened, "Thank you, sir. Death and I have often been pretty close neighbors, but he never frightened me before. Some day, perhaps, I shall requite your kind trouble."

"Well," I said to myself, "here is certainly an odd character. She thanks me as coolly as though I had merely saved her handkerchief from being cut into fragments, instead of her own pretty body, and half promises to repay me for my exertions."

Brushing past me, she entered the car amid the buzzing whispers and inquisitive glances of the gaping passengers. Following in her wake, I was about to take a seat in a shady corner near the water-tank, when an almost imperceptible gesture induced me to cross over and sit down beside the girl whom I had rescued from a terrible death. Deducing my companion's age from the girlishness of her form, I arrived at the conclusion that she was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, but a minute after her face—though comely, even lovely to a biased observer—produced within me the impression that she was at least twenty-three or twenty-four. It seemed too old for the childish shoulders on which it rested. In her flashing hazel eyes there gleamed a reckless, scornful wildness that was not altogether pleasing; so ceasing to regard the eyes, I began to critically examine the rest of her features. Tempting, full, red lips, rather coarse for a woman, too delicate for a man, straight, large nose, firm, round chin, and spotless complexion tanned to a rich, mellow brown. Tanned—it is said advisedly, sundry sought-for glimpses of a white, plump neck warranting the assertion.

"May I ask your name, sir?" she bluntly asked, in a low voice.

"Certainly—Frank Carter. May I hope that you will return the favor?"

She was silent for a moment, then replied, with a smile of doubtful meaning,

"Oh, you want to know my name! Gert."

"Gert?" I responded, amused at her strange manner.

"Miss Gert, I presume?"

"No, no miss about it. Gert—short for Gertrude;" and a hard, stony look settled in her eyes as she murmured in musing tones that to my ears were tinged with regretful bitterness, "They used to call me Pet at home;" then turning toward me with a searching look, "But that is my business. You mustn't be offended at my way of speaking, Mr. Carter. I belong to the Sierra Madre slope, and out there we don't risk our dust on Eastern fashions."

I was about to reply that "one so handsome as herself made her own fashions," when a chance look at the closed lips and the shrewd, keen eyes made me hesitate; for in spite of Gert's slightly slangy remark, her free manners and her blunt speech, there was an air of refinement about her that was both pleasing and mystifying, and which served to restrain me from an over-indulgence in soft speeches and point-blank compliments.

"You are not travelling alone?" I asked.

"Yes."

Again that peculiar smile lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"I trust that we shall be companions for some time," I ventured, surprised to find so young and winsome a

girl travelling alone in a dangerous, desperado-infested country.

"I am going to Burnstown."

"Glad to hear it," I rejoined, congratulating myself on having found an agreeable partner in whose society the wearisome hours would fly more quickly. "I stop at Millcreek, five miles this side of your destination, Gert."

"Yes," replied Gert, in a listless, vacant manner, rather humiliating after the semi-mournful accents of my last speech. Then, noticing that she untied her hat-strings and threw off her shawl as though too warm, I rose and leaned over her in order to raise the window. She followed my movements with a pleasant, thankful smile. As I repeated myself, she took hold of my hand, and said, not what I had expected from her actions, but the following:

"Permit me to look at this ring, Carter. I believe it is a genuine opal. Jack has one that is very like it."

"You are right, Gert," I replied, laughingly, and drew the ring off my finger. Holding it up to the light, she exclaimed,

"Beautiful! its colors are as soft and lovely as those in the rainbow over the Devil's Cañon!"

The look of admiration on her face, or its bewitching outline as it was turned half from me, or my susceptibility to female charms, or my stupidity, made me reply,

"If you will accept it, it is yours."

Gert blushed to her temples and laughed uneasily, while her eyes were fixed on me with a searching and—so I imagine—pitying and irresolute expression, as she returned the ring to me, and said,

"No, thank you. It wouldn't make much difference to me what you might think of me if I were to accept it, but—but I won't."

Not knowing what to reply to this last outburst, I gazed ostensibly very much interested in admiring the swift-passing scenery, and calculating how many minutes would elapse before we entered the great tunnel near Sandville. Then my curiosity began to overpower my politeness and reticence, and I was making ready to question Gert in regard to her certainly uncalled-for blushes and mysterious smiles, when my purpose was nipped in the bud by the startling change that had come over her features—her pale and cadaverous as an opium-eater's, eyes fixed, hard and stern, lips tightly compressed, nostrils quivering, and under the light shawl I saw that her hand was pressed against her bosom. Crash, whiz, boom! and we were swallowed up in utter, pitch darkness. Instinctively I passed my hand around my bag to be sure that the locks and bands were in good condition. Yes, it was right; and leaning back, I pondered and mused over the queer speeches and actions of my pretty travelling companion. Suddenly a hand was laid softly on my arm; I started, and possibly turned a little pale, while I grasped my revolver and held the bag more tightly. A moment's consideration determined me to keep silence and permit the intruding hand to wander where it would. Rapidly but lightly passing down the whole length of my arm, it finally rested for an instant on my wrist; then a small lump or pellet of paper was thrust into my palm, and my fingers pressed down over it, as though it was usual to be a secret communication of some sort. At this minute I clutched at the hand, but had time only to ascertain that it was small and soft like a woman's before it twisted from me, leaving behind the pellet of paper. At first I thought that the hand must have been Gert's; but then it had come from the opposite side and was bare, while her hands were covered with white Lisle-thread gloves. Involuntarily I put out my own hand and touched Gert's. They were lying on her lap, folded and gloved. "Well," thought I, "we must wait until we get out of this never-ending tunnel, and doubtless the mystery will then explain itself," and I began to grow feverishly impatient to escape from the choking, sulphurous darkness into the open sunlight.

The first thing I did as the train rattled out of the echoing tunnel was to closely inspect Gert's face. It was calm and perfectly emotionless; and as she seemed in meditation and totally regardless of my presence, I at once proceeded

to unroll the mysterious pellet. It was an oblong slip of greasy, brown wrapping-paper, covered with barely legible writing, which I deciphered only after much trouble. The following is what met my astonished gaze:

"Don't carry the money with you to Wildbush"—this was the place where the men were working, and I must confess that my breath became a trifle flurried—"for two or three days. Both it and your life are in danger. Your errand is known to Bill Martin and his squad. They will attack you on the road near—" and the last word was so scrawlingly written that I could not decipher it. Nearly a dozen times I read and re-read this strange missive without clearly comprehending its purport, then thrust it in my vest-pocket and keenly scrutinized every face in the car to discover a look or a gesture that might lead me to find the writer.

"What is the matter?" asked Gert, smiling pleasantly and looking straight into my eyes.

"Nothing, nothing," I vaguely responded, and renewed my scrutiny of the passengers, but without the slightest success.

After fourteen hours of tiresome travel, I shook hands with Gert, bade her good-bye with studied grace and real regret, and jumped off the car on to the rickety platform at Millcreek. Thence I took my way toward the tavern where I had been instructed to stop overnight. As I walked along, I thought uneasily of the warning letter, and tried in vain to rid myself of a feeling of fear and apprehension. "However," I muttered, "I am well armed with a pair of Ethan Allen's shooters, and they kill at a hundred or more yards."

Then recollections of Gert and her quaint bluntness and odd behavior made me laugh outright, and I amused myself with speculations regarding her past, present and future life and destiny. I shall pass over my stay at Seven-Up Tavern, my uneasy slumbers and the three hours of self-ridiculing that determined me to scoff the warning, and allow your imagination to evoke the details. After trotting steadily along for thirty miles or so, I drew rein at the entrance to an apparently interminable, darksome, winding cañon nearly choked up with tall, coarse prairie-grass and sombre, gigantic trees, through whose rustling branches flew or hopped myriads of dark-plumaged birds.

"Umph, Frank!" I soliloquized. "If Bill Martin and his scoundrelly gang attack you anywhere, it will be hereabout. Once through this villanous jungle, I shall feel safe;" and half cocking both revolvers, I rode resolutely forward, keeping a sharp lookout on every side. Permit me to mention, *en passant*, that an innocent decayed old stump standing in a gloomy corner of the road almost provoked my fire. I had ridden for nearly an hour before meeting with anything worthy of attention; this object was a miner or laborer trudging ahead of me afoot. Observing that he seemed unarmed, I felt no alarm, though not especially desirous of his company. Turning at the sound of my horse's feet, the man stepped to one side, and exclaimed, with true Western boisterousness, "Halloa, stranger, any tobacco? What's the news from the States?"

"I am sorry to say that I have no tobacco; as for the news, here is a three days old journal."

"Good enough," he laconically remarked. In attempting to catch the paper as I threw it toward him, he stumbled and fell. Ripping out a volley of oaths, he regained his feet, and stood close beside me—closer than I altogether relished. Patting Ace on the neck, he said, admiringly, "Fine beast. What sire?"

"Don't know," was my terse rejoinder, and I tickled Ace's side with my spur. Suddenly I saw something bright and glittering gleam over my right shoulder, and involuntarily I bent over in the saddle and dropped the reins. Ace screamed wildly, and pawed the air with his forefeet. A quick glance showed me the cause: a horn-handled bowie-knife was sunk to the hilt in the poor thing's quivering flank. In front of me stood the treacherous rascal to whom I had given the paper, a sneering smile on his coarse lips and a huge revolver in his right hand. Quick as thought, I sprang from the saddle. Jumping over the huge rocks on the roadside, I got behind the nearest

tree, whence I noted with desperate calmness from six to seven or eight men clustering in front of me. One of them, a small wiry fellow with red hair and gaudily-beaded leggings, I recognized as the notorious Bill Martin, a desperado of the first water, and one whose avowed delight was robbery and murder.

Crack, crack, crack, crack! and the bullets flew past my ears with a whirring sing-song whistle that filled my heart with savage fierceness. To this minute I marvel at my emotionless coolness, as I singled out Bill Martin and one of the nearest men, and fired. The two fellows dropped without a groan; the others wavered and hesitated, evidently at a loss what to do. I noted their indecision with still murderous glee, and fired again. Another fell with a bullet in his shoulder. I cursed my ill-luck in not killing him, and called in hoarse, low tones, "Come on, I've ten more shots left;" and I laughed such a laugh as a tiger-cub might growl out as it lapped its first fawn. The baffled bushwhackers replied with terrific curses, and emptied their rifles a second time without even grazing me. Then I ran back into the swampy forest, and crouched down in a clump of sage bush. There I remained for nearly two hours before venturing to emerge and resume my journey afoot.

I had not proceeded a hundred paces before I was accosted by a slightly-built fellow, attired in the same kind of apparel as were those from whom I had just escaped. My revolver was levelled in an instant, and my finger was pressing hard on the trigger, when a clear, musical voice cried, "Hold on, Carter, don't shoot yet a while."

"Gert?" I exclaimed, bewildered, and irresolute whether to shoot or not.

"Just so, old fellow; Gert I am," urging her horse toward me.

"Hold there!" I cried. "Another step, and I fire."

Gert laughingly drew a pair of silver-mounted Derringers from her beaded belt, and threw them on the grass at my feet:

"Never fear, Carter, these are my bowers; my ace"—pointing to a silver-hilted stiletto—"won't hold against your hand." Half ashamed of my fear, I stooped down, picked up the dangerous toys and returned them to her. Replacing them in the belt, she shook hands with me, and said:

"Follow me, Carter; I've a number one mustang tied up for you."

I obeyed in silent amazement.

"Mount, and we'll jog along together. I want to let a little daylight into your brains—not with my pops, but my tongue. Elk, Elk;" and digging her spurs into her own horse, she gave mine a quick cut with her whip, and we trotted briskly along toward the open valley.

"Well, I suppose you are anxious to learn how it is that I am travelling along in your company once more, eh?"

"I am indeed, for my bewilderment is decidedly unpleasant."

"Just so. Now, don't bother me with any questions till I am through with my tale. After that, you may do what you please, for I shall leave you. I am Bill Martin's scout and decoy. How he learned of your errand to Wildbush I don't know; at any rate, I was sent on to Macro Station with instructions to look out for Frank Carter and a bag containing nearly four thousand dollars in gold—that bag," pointing to it, as it lay on the pommel of my Spanish saddle. "If I found you—of course I had a description of your person—I was to keep you in sight until you reached Millcreek, so as to let Bill know of your arrival. You saved my life and treated me like a gentleman. You recollect offering me that opal ring? As we went through the tunnel, I repaid your attentions to me by warning you against Bill and his gang. You repay me in turn by scouting my warning, risking your own life and taking my lover's." Noticing my start, she laughed grimly and said, in a voice that rang with scornful, devil-may-care recklessness, "Don't be afraid; I don't want any revenge. Jack never treated me so well that I should feel forced to avenge his death. Mr. Carter, it is not worth while entering into further details; you can fill up the vacancies. I

leave you now;" and rising in her saddle, the girl bent over and kissed me on the cheek.

"But, Gert," I exclaimed, holding her arm, "you shall not go!"

"What do you want with me?"

There was a world of pathetic meaning in the downward pose of the head and the quivering of her long, brown lashes.

"Tell me who you are, why it is that you are Bill Martin's spy and decoy, where you were born—not in this part of the country, I am sure?"

"Oh, it is an old, old tale, with new trappings," she said, and a listless, weary look loomed up in the moist eyes and made me feel uneasy and remorseful. "I am an Eastern girl, and was once rather well educated, though this life has made me rough and savage. I was fifteen, foolish and romantic—he a Western gambler and a villain. I never get angry when I think of him now; that has all passed away." A single tear trembled on the wet lashes. "He was soon tired of me and my love, and left me to shift for myself. I grew mad and reckless. Jack saw me at Frisco, and easily persuaded me to accompany him. When I found that he was one of Martin's gang, I did feel a little shocked—frightened. But that feeling soon wore off, and I very soon grew to like the adventurous life and wild, free manners. In fact, the men all spoke kindly to me, and at that time the devil himself could have turned me around his finger with one kind word. I once showed my shrewdness by inveigling a wealthy old banker into Bill's house at Duluth. That fixed my fate. I was made decoy-duck and partner in common with the rest of the gang."

Gert's pale lips trembled, in spite of her air of defiant bravado; and taking her hand in mine, I said, "Gert, whatever you are besides, you are a true, good woman at heart. Come back to the States with me, and God is my witness that I will do my best to make you happy." I would have said more, but she placed her hand on my lips, and replied, in unsteady accents,

"No, Carter, it's too late—too late. There's too much bad in me now. I should die like a hurt fawn if I were to return home, where every eye would look at me in scornful pity, where I could not fight off the thoughts that get into my head and heart by a race over the quiet prairies or a brush with the Apaches. I am—"

A sudden burst of tears choked her utterance, and before I could prevent her, Gert had dug her spurs into her horse and galloped out of sight, leaving me to meditate alone on this strange specimen of womankind, not without moist eyes and an aching heart. I finally reached Wildbush in safety, and gladly paid away the three thousand seven hundred and fifty-one dollars that had led me into such dangerous and romantic adventures. I have since learned that the pony with which poor Gert furnished me was originally the property of a "wealthy old banker" who had been robbed and maltreated by Bill Martin and his associates. However, I shall keep the animal as a souvenir of its donor, and pay the banker what he shall consider its value.

A SERMON.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

I CAME near calling this article "A few words of advice to men;" but before I was quite guilty of this indiscretion, I chanced to remember an anecdote of a lecturer who advertised an address under a similar title; and when the evening came for his lecture, he found the house crowded from front to back with women, and not a man among them. So, taking warning in time, I have concluded to call it a sermon instead.

My text, beloved hearers, will be easily found in almost any of the periodicals and newspapers of the day. It reads something as follows:

"If a woman would retain her husband's affections, and make his home attractive, let her always meet him, as he returns from his daily labor, with her sweetest smile, and in her most attractive dress."

There is more of the same sort, but this will suffice for my present discourse.

I have tried it, and the result of my trial didn't fill the advertised programme. It was, so to speak, a failure. This is what I did: As I saw the captain in his carriage careering wildly around the corner at a rate of speed which those only who are acquainted with the qualities of his fiery steed can realize, I dropped my potato-masher, left the baby to scream at his own sweet will in the cradle, and with all possible haste substituted in the place of my dingy kitchen dress, which bore the marks of labor, a pretty light calico (men always admire calico, you know—at least, they pretend to, though I think it is only to hide their ignorance of the names of all other fabrics for women's wear, except silk, and silk they have prudential reasons for not wishing to encourage)—a pretty light calico I was saying—a white ground dotted all over with pink rosebuds—just the thing you read about in novels. Over this I pinned evenly a crisp and smooth white apron, fastened around my neck a neat linen collar, edged with narrow lace, with a knot of pink ribbon at my throat and a rose in my hair. I hadn't time to look at myself in the glass, but I couldn't help feeling that I was looking very well, in spite of the gray hairs which were beginning to show themselves about my forehead.

Rushing down stairs and catching up the breathless and nearly strangled baby, I hurriedly dressed him in his prettiest white frock. Thus armed and equipped, I put on my sweetest smile, and hastened to the front door just in time to meet the captain. I smiled. He glowered. Something was evidently out of gear, as things didn't work as prophesied.

"Who's here?"

"Nobody."

I still retained my Colfaxian cast of countenance.

"What are you dressed up for?"

"Because I—I wanted to."

I thought if the thing wasn't self-evident, I wouldn't compromise my dignity by explaining. But my smile disappeared.

"Well, you'd better be out in the kitchen attending to your supper. I smell something burning."

"Your supper," indeed! As though I should go to all that trouble of cooking half a dozen different dishes just to get *myself* a supper! I saw, however, he began to get a glimmering of the true state of the case, but put a wrong interpretation upon it. He thought I must have a favor to beg of him. How suspicious and indiscriminating men are! He ought to know by this time that I never make the slightest approach toward asking a favor until he has had a good meal.

He always smells "something burning" if he finds me out of the kitchen a moment during the progress of meal-getting. This time it was my pan of biscuits, which, momentarily neglected during my toilette and home-welcoming, had assumed too deep a shade of brown. Besides, I found the potatoes stone cold on the table where I had been mashing them when I hurriedly dropped them, and the cat was helping himself to the meat, which, still in the pan, I had placed on the hearth to keep warm.

In dishing up the meat and gravy, a little of the latter dripped over on my clean white apron; and as I lifted the tea-kettle to fill the tea-pot, as I am not strong enough to hold it out at arm's length, the kettle, in spite of me, brushed against the same article of dress, and left a broad black mark. Taking baby as a shield to hide these disfigurements, I sat down to table opposite the captain. I apologized for the biscuits and potatoes, but thought the less said about the cat, the better.

After the pangs of appetite were satisfied—men, the best of them, are bears when they are hungry—the captain was pleased to commend my appearance—with the exception of a dab of flour on my forehead and a coal-spot on the left side of my nose—and signify his desire that I would always dress as becomingly. Just then rip went the lace on my collar—thread-lace, I assure you, and not bought for nothing—in the fingers of the young captain by brevet, while with the remaining flat he crushed and crumpled the pink ribbon at my throat. There was a tinkle at our

between the young lord of creation and his mother, which ended in a victory of the so-called weaker sex; which victory was worse than a defeat, however, for in the struggle to maintain possession of what he considered his own by right of discovery, the very small man succeeded in raking his cheek with the pin of the brooch which fastened ribbon and collar. But my pity for baby was somewhat distracted by indignation against baby's father, who, in consternation at the cruel red mark which disfigured the countenance of his young hopeful, declared that I had "no business to put on such flub-dubs" when I had a baby in my arms.

Collar, ribbon and brooch were at once laid aside, and the loosely-tied handkerchief replaced them. That couldn't injure nor be injured by baby.

By the time all the traces of supper were fairly away, dress as well as apron and collar bore marks of hard usage, and were not fit to appear in genteel society without the renovating influence of the wash-tub; and when I took down—or was it took off?—my back hair that night, I found the once beautiful rose wilted out of all semblance to its former self.

But then these domestic reformers tell us "it costs one nothing to keep clean except a little soap, water and elbow-grease." The soap and water I don't mind; and if they would donate the elbow-grease, I wouldn't begrudge that, either. I would dress myself out spick and span clean every day of my life. But of my own elbow-grease I choose to be somewhat sparing.

I never read an article containing advice of this sort that I do not long to put the writer of it over a wash-tub filled with dresses, aprons and collars which have done service in fulfilling his ideas. Then when the washing is done out, I would let him have the pleasure and privilege of "doing up" collars, aprons and dresses, starching, fluting, ironing ruffles and gathers, and making those articles assume that freshness and crispness essential to a good appearance.

Don't complain, good sir; it is only a little expenditure of elbow-grease, and the heat of the fire and the irons will make it flow all the more readily, you know. Expense it cheerfully, or be prepared to recant.

Somehow, my experiment, as I intimated at the beginning, wasn't a decided success, there were so many side issues involved, which, no provision being made for them in the plan prescribed, rather marred the general effect, and, to tell the truth, totally discouraged me. Since then, as before, when I am in the kitchen, or liable to be called to kitchen work, I have chosen to keep myself in kitchen trim, and that *don't* consist of rose-bud sprigged dresses, white aprons, pink ribbons and faultless collars. If any persons coming to see me think fit to take exception to my dress, why, let them, that is all.

As soon require an apology from a blacksmith, or mechanic of any sort, that his face, hands and dress bear the marks of his daily labor, when you happen to stop at his shop a few moments on business, or insist that a farmer shall plough and harvest his crops dressed in broadcloth and spotless linen, with an equally-balanced necktie, and a bouquet in the button-hole of his coat, so as always to be a pleasant object to the passer-by, and so that he shall look neat and attractive to his wife when he comes in tired and perspiring to his meals.

And why *isn't* there another side to the question? Why should not our husbands be reminded to make themselves and their homes attractive to us, for fear we should let ourselves or our fancies wander from them?

In this matter of personal adornment there is less excuse for a man than for a woman. A man *does* have time after his day's work is over for a change of dress. He has, generally, a whole evening to look pretty and smile in. Unfortunately, some of them prefer to do their "smiling" away from home.

But a workingwoman's kitchen is her shop and her farm, and she has no stated hours of labor. They begin when she rises; they end only when she goes to bed. If she does not literally spend all the intervening hours of the day within the precincts of the kitchen, engaged in its

actual duties, those duties string along so through the day that there is scarcely an hour in which she can say to herself, "Now, for this one hour I can dress up, and feel secure from disagreeable and dirty work."

Then there is no hour in the day in which the mother is exempt from little clinging hands, which pull and haul, and crush and crumple, and little feet whose activity soon takes the dainty freshness out of the most becoming robe. And as the practical housewife finds it necessary to dress in a style becoming a maid-of-all-work, so the mother will soon learn she cannot dress otherwise than as a nurse.

A sermon is unfinished without an application. And now, gentlemen, lend me your ears. You may not have been very much interested thus far, but that is no reason why you should not be profited now.

Let men quit lecturing women on things about which they know little and understand less; for if they feel they have a special vocation for reforming the world, they can find ample field for labor among their own sex.

BEATEN PATHS.

WE suppose there are few people accustomed to think at all who have not been occasionally struck with the remarkable tendency to uniformity which seems to pervade in a manner the whole domain of human action, and not of action only, but of human thought. Things are being constantly done for no other earthly reason than because they have been done before; things are constantly said simply because other people have said them before. Not that the mind is inactive, or that its natural inventiveness is not on the alert—the contrary is emphatically the case just now; and in truth it is the very activity and resilience of new thoughts in our day which throws into special prominence the tendency to uniformity of which complaint is made. Men design and bring forward novelties continually—new theories of all kinds are floating in the atmosphere of our time, and crowds of men whose highest faculty is that of ready receptivity catch and consolidate them, and offer them for acceptance. But of such novelties, for the most part, we are doomed never to know whether they are good or bad, because they lack the strength to stand against our preconceptions, and get crushed under the tyrannous weight of custom. The new method or the new thought may be good—may be the very best; but the old method and the old thought are in possession, and refuse to budge or be elbowed out of the way. Is it not strange and somewhat anomalous that the individual and the general mind are so opposed in respect to innovation? that singly we are each and all so broad and large-minded, so open to the force of argument and ready to accept conviction, but that corporately we are so narrow, and resent the most logical reasoning, and stick like limpets on the rock to old conclusions? Is it that, although the new idea is true, we have an inner and unflattering consciousness that the truth of life, or what is so to us, is so closely entwined with the old idea that we have not the will or the heart to dis sever them? It may possibly be so.

IDLENESS.

AND slow and slower still, day after day,
Come the sad hours with beauteous upturned eyes,
Gleaming with hopes I may not realize,
And seeming in their earnestness to say
Entreatingly, "Oh, send us not away
All empty-handed as we came: arise,
Give us, at least, some promise we shall prize,
To be fulfilled, though after long delay."
And I, although I weep to see them pass
With lingering pace and disappointed look,
Am lifeless as a statue bound with brass,
And listless as an open, loose-leaved book,
Turned by the wind; yea, passive as the grass,
Weak as the wavelet of a summer brook.



TO LITTLE ALICE.

BY E. CLAXTON.

SURELY, sweet eyes and true,
 Turning to heaven thy view,
 Some of its softest blue
 Thou didst retain.
 Oh, may no cloud arise,
 But clear as evening skies,
 When daylight gently dies,
 Those eyes remain.

With many a childish wile,
 Clear voice and sunny smile,
 Thou didst our hearts beguile
 From care away.

Thy voice sweet as the swell
 Of brook in leafy dell
 That to the blue harebell
 Singeth all day.

Oh, locks of golden gleam,
 Surely some heavenly beam
 On thee didst downward stream,
 And rested there.
 Thy onward path to light,
 May it, an omen bright,
 Still deck, as nears the night,
 Thy silver hair.

CHINESE WRITING AND PRINTING.

It is a matter of common notoriety that in numerous instances the customs of the Chinese are diametrically opposed to our own, and this remark applies especially to their writing and reading. We write our letters in horizontal lines from left to right, and print our books in the same manner; the Chinese, on the contrary, write in perpendicular lines from right to left, so that what is the last page of a book or letter with us is the first with them. Amongst ourselves, most scholarly writers are somewhat particular in the punctuation of their sentences; but a Chinaman, as far as we are aware, never dreams of putting even a full stop in a letter or any other written document, and it is but seldom that one meets with a book that is regularly punctuated. We write our names more or less legibly at the end of our notes and letters; the Chinese sign with a cipher, which every man adopts for himself, being a few characters combined in a complicated manner into one. Another mode of attestation is by affixing the stamp of a seal, not in wax, but in red ink.

The Chinese attach much consideration to the graphic beauty of their written character, and make use of inscriptions for ornamental purposes, as may be often seen on the specimens of porcelain brought to this country. The advantage of simplicity—and a very great advantage it is—constitutes the merit of our alphabetic writing, but that of variety and picturesque effect may fairly be claimed by the Chinese. The importance of calligraphy as an accomplishment is naturally esteemed more highly among them than it is in Europe; and large ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged as remembrances among friends, or used, as pictures are among us, for purposes of taste and decoration. The Chinese spend much time and labor over the acquisition of a neat and elegant handwriting; and when they have attained this object of their ambition, they frequently turn it to what appears to the foreign mind a most curious use—namely, the writing of the huge scrolls referred to above and the inscription of moral sentences on fans, etc.

Answering in some measure to our Roman and Italic type, black letter, etc., the Chinese have six different styles of writing their characters—namely, 1, the Chuan or Seal character; 2, the style of official attendants; 3, the pattern style; 4, running hand; 5, abbreviated running hand; and 6, the style of the Sung dynasty.

1. Foreigners commonly call this the Seal character, from its being generally only used for seals or stamps, ornamental inscriptions, etc. Its Chinese name is said to be derived from the person who invented it. It is the oldest form of writing, next to the original pictorial hieroglyphics, and is distinguished into two kinds, the greater and inferior. The former is used for seals and stamps, and is also to be seen on some kinds of goods, especially on porcelain. The characters all look extremely alike, and seem to be an inextricable labyrinth of rectangular lines. The latter kind is also sometimes used for seals, in prefaces of books and ornamental inscriptions.

2. The style of official attendants was first employed about the commencement of the Christian era, and was invented for the use of the clerks and writers in public offices. Nowadays it is most often used in prefaces and for inscriptions. It requires no special study to read it, as it is very clear and distinct, and differs but slightly from the following.

3. The pattern style has been gradually formed by the improvements of good writing. No Chinese can have any claim to literary merit unless he can write neatly and correctly in this style. It is the usual form of Chinese writing, and books are sometimes printed in it.

4. The running hand is almost a literal translation of the Chinese expression for this kind of writing. The characters are written in an easy and free manner, without the writer's pen being necessarily raised from the paper. In this style, however, only those abbreviations which are to be found in the dictionaries are allowed. A neat business writer commonly uses this running hand, and it is also very often employed for prefaces of books and inscriptions in scrolls and tablets, for shop signs, etc. Schoolboys are

taught to write both this and the pattern style at the same time by means of copy-books with characters arranged in parallel columns.

5. The translation of "tsao-tsze," the Chinese term for what is above called the abbreviated running hand, is "plant or grass character," and foreigners generally call it by the latter name. It is an exceedingly free style of writing, and full of the most puzzling abbreviations, which often render it difficult even for natives to decipher, and Europeans rarely, if ever, attain to such a knowledge of this kind of handwriting as to be able to read anything written in it without the aid of an experienced Chinese. We have heard it facetiously likened to the effect which would be produced by dipping a spider's legs in ink and letting him crawl over a sheet of paper. When writing in this style, a Chinaman often lets his pen run from character to character without taking it off the paper, and makes his own abbreviations, to avoid the labor of the numerous strokes required in some characters if written in the "pattern style." To understand this kind of writing fully necessitates special study, and its chief use is in first drafts of letters, despatches, etc. It is also employed to a certain extent by men of business, and is sometimes found in inscriptions and in prefaces of books, especially those of aged writers.

The sixth form of writing came into use about the tenth century, during the Sung dynasty, as a more elegant form of printing than the other classes above enumerated. It is believed that since the time of its invention no material alteration has taken place in the manner of forming the characters, which differs from the style of official attendants and the pattern style mainly in the greater stiffness of the strokes forming the characters and in a certain squareness of appearance. This still continues to be the style most used for printing books—at any rate, those which have any pretensions to being well and carefully got up. Only persons, however, employed in writing for printing offices are required to learn it, as it is not used for any other purpose.

Of these six forms of writing the pattern style and the running hand are the only two which are studied by most Chinese, but well-educated men generally have a knowledge of some of the Seal characters.

As we have observed before, the Chinese take extraordinary pains to learn to write neatly and to form the characters in a duly-proportioned manner. Boys are taught by placing thin tracing-paper over their copies, and they practice an easy use of the pen, so necessary for elegant writing, by constantly writing characters on a painted board; by dint of great labor many eventually learn to write a beautiful hand, which even Europeans entirely unacquainted with the language will admire, if only for the perfect symmetry and minuteness of detail with which the complicated strokes composing the characters are put together. The Chinese student is very particular about his pen and ink, and he is even fanciful on the subject of the ink-slab on which the latter is carefully rubbed with a little water. Their pens (or, as they are sometimes called, "pencils") rather resemble our camel-hair brushes, and are made, the better kind from the hair of the sable and fox, and the commoner sorts from that of the deer, wolf, cat, etc.; the stick or handle is of bamboo, and each pen has a little case or sheath of bamboo or metal to protect the hair from injury, for the tip of the pen is so fine that care has to be taken to keep it in good order for writing with. The ink is made from lampblack, etc., mixed with glue and similar substances, and is always scented with musk. The cakes are often adorned with curious devices and short sentences, stamped in gilt and colored characters. The ink-slab is made of different kinds of stone, carefully ground smooth, and has a small cavity or depression at one end to hold water; but some students have a species of small cup placed beside them with a little water in it. This cup is sometimes handsomely carved out of a piece of jade-stone, and fitted on to a wooden stand; it is furnished with a small ladle not unlike a salt-spoon. Nearly all paper in China is made from the woody fibre of bamboo, and is mostly of a yellowish color; it has no strength and is very easily torn, and the effect of water

upon it is much the same as upon our blotting-paper. The articles described above are called by the Chinese "Wen-fang sze pao"—that is, the four precious implements of the library.

Some Chinese writers hold that movable characters made of burnt clay and placed in a frame were invented toward the close of the Sung dynasty, about A. D. 1280. This method of printing, however, does not seem to have been found successful, for native printers now do their work, as it has been done for centuries past, on the stereotype principle. Movable metal characters have been in use for some years in the few foreign printing offices at Hong-kong and Shanghai, but the innovation does not make way with the natives, and in point of fact it does not seem, in our opinion, very well suited to their language, which is so different in its nature from those of other nations. With an alphabetical language, movable type lightens the printer's labors immensely, but such is not the case with Chinese; for to print an ordinary book, probably at least upwards of two or three thousand distinct characters would be required, and in some instances this amount would have to be multiplied by ten, while to print a complete dictionary we believe we are correct in stating that between forty and fifty thousand distinct and separate characters would be wanted.

The process of printing a book in China is somewhat as follows: Two pages are written by a person trained to the business on a sheet of thin paper divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work and the number of the chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, etc., partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted face downward on a smooth block of wood made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away all the blank spaces with a sharp graver, and the block with the characters in high-relief passes to the printer, who performs his work by hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are to ink the characters equally with his brush and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. Proclamations, visiting-cards, etc., are all printed in the same manner. An economical way of printing small handbills and advertisements for walls is to cut the characters in wax instead of wood, but they soon get blurred, and the printing from them is often almost illegible. From a good wooden block some fifteen thousand sheets can be printed; and when the characters have been sharpened up a little, it is possible to obtain eight or ten thousand more impressions.

BATAVIA, THE CAPITAL OF JAVA.

AN Oriental traveller thus describes the capital of the Javanese kingdom: There are no actual streets in the city; there are only majestic alleys, shaded by beautiful tufted trees, framed in long, vast arbors, known to us only as operatic decorations. The rays of the pitiless sun can but penetrate their shade at intervals, while they gild with wonderful reflections the countless plumes of the cocoa trees; the upright branches of the flame trees, which are all scarlet flowers; the bananas, with green leaves the size of a man; the cotton trees, laden with snow-white puffs; the traveller's palm, colossal fans of unsurpassable elegance, which yield streams of milk to the summons of a cane pushed into the bark; finally, the immense banyans, whence fall thousands of vertical tendrils, which touch the earth, take rapid root and spring up to the summit of the tree, there to bind themselves into intricate garlands, and again to fling themselves down. One of these trees alone forms an entire wood, surrounded with a curtain, a network of intertwining leaves and flowers, through which children, in the costume of the angels, pushing back the tendrils with their dark, lithe hands, watch the boats and the swimmers as they glide over the waters of the canal.

For these alleys and arbors are the footpaths of the

canals of the tropical Babylon, of those great aquatic ways which the Dutch would have made by hundreds in memory of the mother country, if the Malay population had not already made them by thousands.

We go on (in little open carriages drawn by Lilliputian ponies) through a delicious succession of these embowered alleys, by the side of the canal, covered with innumerable barks, which float amid gigantic water-lilies, and catching glimpses of fairy-like gardens and white marble palaces, with glittering, many-colored verandahs closing up the vistas. Seeing nothing but these alleys, I believe myself to be in a Valley of Delights in the neighborhood of the city, when I am deposited at the "Hotel of the Netherlands," which is, it seems, in the centre of Batavia. This flowery forest is the city itself. The building is of white marble, supported on a colonnade of arches; opposite is a great oval kiosk, open to all the breezes, protected by a light roof; this is the dining-room, where a host of busy servants swarm about, laying the table. How fine is the effect of their robes of red silk or muslin, their blue turbans and their golden sashes, thrown out against the whiteness of the marble floor and balconies!

A STRANGE DISEASE.

INTENSE radiation of heat in the great desert of Sahara produces extraordinary effect on insects, as well as animals and men. When a caravan starts out to traverse that wide waste of desolation, flies follow on in prodigious multitudes, attracted, no doubt, by odor from the animals, but they soon drop dead by intensified heat. Fleas burrowing in hair, straw or sacks are killed off rapidly. But the most singular of all is the malady to which men are incident after being exposed a short time to burning sands and a vertical sun in this arid and life-forsaken region. It is called ragle, and is a kind of brain fever. The stricken traveller is delighted, amused and made extensively happy by exhibitions of fantastic forms. He sees mirages, palm trees, groups of tents, sheeny mountains, sparkling cascades and misty forms dancing delightful before his entranced vision. From all that can be gathered upon the subject, it appears that a certain condition of atmosphere, wholly free from moisture, with intense solar heat, produces an effect on the brain very similar to hashish. Both exalt the nervous system, and speedily destroy all desire to exist, deprived of the natural excitation of the brain.

THY WORK IS DONE.

BY GORDON CAMPELL.

THE sunlight sheds its glory
About the city's ways,
And joy and peace and gladness
Catch life beneath its rays.
But in a bleak, cold garret,
What sees the noontide sun?
One working, wan and weary—
Her work is not yet done.

And when the shadows gather
There, by the moon's soft light,
She plies her task—but hearken!
Strange voices of the night!
They seem to whisper round her,
"Rest thee, thy crown is won:
Soon shalt thou rest from labor,
Soon shall thy work be done."

And in the morn's glad sunlight
She lay there cold and dead;
To the great God who gave it
Her weary soul had fled.
She heard the angels singing
From ways beyond the sun,
"Come home, come home to heaven,
Rest thee, thy work is done!"

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

BY HENRY LE JEUNE.

No. 10.

THE PARLOR.

THEORETICALLY, the parlor is the principal room in the house. Practically, it is in many instances a sort of show room with nothing worth seeing in it, where visitors are kept at a safe distance from the real dwelling, and chilled into a belief that the exercise of a free and open-hearted hospitality is one of the lost arts. In many country houses especially the parlors are dark, dismal and soul-depressing, the sunlight being only admitted at rare intervals, on account of its disposition to extract the color from the carpets and curtains, and the fresh air being excluded because of the dust which it is apt to bring with it. Yet into this funereal apartment, made more funereal still by the glossy blackness of the hair-cloth coverings to the sofas and chairs, the "company" is marshalled and seated in state, while the mistress of the house hurries from her labors, swiftly dons her best attire, to appear as soon as practicable, red in the face and out of breath with her exertions to make herself presentable. Only intimate friends, who can be expected to "take things as they are," are admitted into those inner sanctuaries of home—the sitting-room and the kitchen—and even they are carefully excluded from these and carefully penned in the parlor on those awful and too often agonizing occasions when hospitality has determined to give itself formal expression.

This use, or rather misuse, of the parlor, arises from two causes: First, from a very natural and proper desire to have at least one place which will be free from the necessary litter and dirt of housekeeping, where company can be received without the mistress of the house having occasion to blush for herself; and secondly, from the not unnatural, but not particularly proper, desire to make a sort of semi-public display unwarranted by the condition of affairs in other parts of the house.

How much real, solid comfort has been sacrificed for the sake of having Brussels carpet on the parlor floor—the pattern is a matter of secondary importance, so long as the colors are brilliant and there is an assurance that the article comes direct from the manufactory of Mr. Brussels*—how much meagre and insufficient furnishing of apartments of constant daily use has been endured for the sake of an array of expensive sofas, chairs and tables in the parlor! Our idea is that every room in the house is made to live in, and that the parlor especially should bear the marks of use plainly stamped upon it. It is better to dispense with costly furniture, and have an apartment that will be considered as the regular family gathering-place when the evening lamp is lighted, or that will have an inviting and homelike look, from being lighted up by an abundance of cheerful sunshine during the busy hours of the day.

Make the parlor the best room in the house, by all means, but do not make it so fine that it is not fit for use, and do not sacrifice substantial comforts elsewhere for the sake of a little vain display before strangers, who understand the trick too well themselves to be deceived by it. In fine, the parlor and the other parts of a house ought to have a certain correspondence. Let the principal room be marked by a greater amount of elegance in its appointments; but for all that, let it appear to be naturally a part of the house, and not a mere attempted oasis of good taste in the midst of a barren desert of commonplaceness and ugliness. In other words, when furnishing a house, do not commence with the idea that such and such things for the parlor are indispensable and must be procured at all hazards, but rather divide the means in hand fairly between the different apartments, with a view of securing first all the solid comforts needed to make life worth

living for, and then procure as much splendor as the balance will buy. Have comfort on a chintz-covered lounge, rather than put hard-earned cash in a brocatelle-covered sofa that you will be afraid to use after you get it. This is the true philosophy, and anything else is mere vanity and vexation of spirit.

In furnishing and decorating a parlor a certain general effect should be aimed at, and so far as practicable every article should be purchased with a view of contributing to that effect. If a Brussels carpet of the right pattern cannot be found, be independent enough to buy an ingrain one, if that will harmonize better with the other features of the room, the fact that Mrs. Jones has Brussels on her floors being a matter of no moment whatever in comparison with the pleasing effect of your room as a whole when you have finished with it. Very many of the patterns on carpets and wall papers are really beautiful in themselves, but are, if not positively ugly, obtrusive and tasteless, when put in their places on the floors or walls in combination with other objects. There should, therefore, be attempted a harmony in color and pattern between the floor, the walls, the ceiling and the furniture of the room, and also a harmony between the different rooms of a house.

Harmony in this case does not mean necessarily similarity, but, on the contrary, is perfectly consistent with the greatest possible variety. Certain objects and certain colors, no matter how beautiful they may be considered apart, are incongruous and displeasing to the eye when brought into juxtaposition. It is, therefore, necessary, if the eye is to be truly gratified, that before deciding upon furnishing a parlor—or, in fact, any room—some general idea should be formed with regard to the effect that the finished apartment is to have, and so far as is practicable the different purchases should be made with a view of securing such effect. No matter how crude and imperfect may be the notions of the average householder with regard to what is desirable in the great majority of cases, the result will be vastly more satisfactory than it will be under the too common plan of buying things haphazard, without considering whether they will harmonize or not. A very little experience, too, in a matter of this kind, goes a great ways, and it will not require a great deal of artistic culture for any person possessed of the average amount of solid common sense to fit up a room with taste and elegance.

To commence with the floor, we presume that for the parlor a carpet may be considered an indispensable necessity, at least during the cold season. In the summer-time, however, even the parlor floor may very well be left uncovered, provided it is rendered slightly by being put down with some regard to artistic effect. The simple parquetry patterns, given in a former article, are as suitable for the parlor as for the hall, and their extra cost over plain flooring will in very many houses be more than covered in a very few seasons by what will be saved in the wear and tear of carpets.

A few rugs judiciously disposed will aid greatly in relieving the effect of bareness in an uncarpeted room. These can either be purchased ready made in the shops, or the economical housewife can make them herself by surrounding a yard and a half or two yards of carpeting of good pattern with a neat border. In purchasing a rug avoid representations of lions, tigers and poodle dogs, imitations of leopard skins and other such misplaced attempts at picture-making. They are in even worse taste than the huge bunches of flowers, the vines, the scrolls, the imitations of mouldings, the bits of landscape, that disfigure some carpets.

A floor is a flat surface to be walked upon, and its covering should suggest the use to which it is put. The pattern of a carpet is in bad taste if it suggest anything but flatness, no matter how handsome it may be in other respects. The place for a landscape or the representation of a bunch of natural flowers is on the wall, and not under the feet, for it may not be inappropriate under some circumstances for a wall to at least suggest an open space, as it does when pictorial embellishment is used upon it. The object of a pattern on a carpet is to break the monotony of a considerable expanse of perfectly flat surface, and to

* A lady once was purchasing carpets in one of our Philadelphia shops, and somewhat dubious of the quality of what were shown her, she inquired of the salesman:

"Are you certain that these are real Brussels?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the polite vendor of floor-coverings. "I assure you that we have them direct from the manufactory of Mr. Brussels."

This clinched the bargain.

aid in producing a certain effect of richness in an apartment. A Turkish or Persian carpet will often be found to have figures upon it which will indicate that flowers and other natural objects have furnished the designer with hints, but they never have actual representations of such objects, the pattern, no matter how elaborate it may be, being invariably purely conventional and perfectly flat.

The designs of the Oriental carpet-makers have never been surpassed in richness of color and in elegance of outline by those of European and American manufacture. Certainly no Persian would ever have thought of getting up such a design as this for his carpet. This, however, is



a very fair specimen of a style of carpet-pattern that has enjoyed an immense popularity, despite its absurdity and its inherent vulgarity. We would be happy to believe that it and its kind had had their day, were it not that the windows of all the carpet-stores are constantly filled with even more objectionable specimens of bad taste. There has, however, been a very great improvement in carpet-patterns of late. Some of the recent styles are very tasteful, and those who have the desire to procure something really handsome need have no difficulty in finding among both the costly and the inexpensive carpets excellent patterns that will look well anywhere.

AVALANCHES.

PREVIOUS to the tunnelling of the Alps and the construction of the railways in Switzerland, the formation of secure carriage roads across the mountains taxed to the utmost the skill of the engineer. The ancient ways, practicable only at best for laden mules, followed the unsheltered brink of fearful precipices, liable in the winter and spring to be swept by tremendous avalanches. One of the most needful and important of the engineer's precautions was to secure his newly-formed road from these desolating scourges; and this was done by the construction of strongly-built galleries, with roofs sloping in the direction taken by the falling mass. It must be remarked that the spots chiefly exposed were well known, the annual recurrence of the avalanche having worn for it a distinct channel; yet many places were unavoidably insecure, and the mail couriers, or any other persons whose occupation forced them to traverse the passes at the perilous season, often fell victims, in spite of the utmost precaution. The annals of

these secluded mountains are full of hair-breadth 'scapes: the wayside cross points out the fatal spot where the falling mass of rock or snow suddenly crushed the thoughtless peasant; and as we truck the narrow ravine, overhung with towering precipices, and look where the herdsman has built his humble chalet, our only surprise is that such occurrences are not more frequent.

Few impressions are more striking than the first sight of an avalanche. You are following, perhaps, the course of a playful brook through the verdant meadows and shadowy pine avenues of a Swiss valley, and are admiring the serene lustre of the snow-covered crests which tower far above you into the cloudless azure, like palaces of crystal; the air is full of the sweet sounds of pastoral life—the pipe of the shepherd, the lowing of cattle or the tinkling bell attached to their necks, as they roam over the lofty pastures of the mountain. You are startled by a sound as of distant thunder; and turning your eyes in the direction whence it proceeds, you perceive the huge mass of snow descending like a streaming cataract from precipice to precipice, with a din the more tremendous as in its descending impetus it encounters some fresh obstacle—some ridge of rock which shatters it into foam. It is gone in an instant; but as you trace the ravine, you soon come upon lasting traces of its destructive violence: the pines of the forest are uprooted and scattered, huge rocks, brought down by the rushing mass, are hurled together in wild confusion, or, rolling to the utmost depth of the valley, are scattered over the narrow fields, marring the prospects of the toiling husbandmen, who labor by the erection of strong barriers to confine the destructive agent to a narrower channel.

Avalanches fall during the whole year, but those in summer are for the most part comparatively inconsiderable, consisting merely of crusts of snow, which remain on the crest of a precipice till loosened and undermined by the summer heat and thaw. Yet these are quite sufficient to "tickle the catastrophe" of a passing tourist, as witness the following accident which happened to the writer personally in a midsummer ramble among the mountains of the valley of Meyringhen, his object being, after visiting the fall of the Aar at Handek, to pass the night at the hospice of the Grimsel.

The weather being perfectly serene, and the snow having entirely disappeared from the lower valleys, I deemed it quite unnecessary to take a guide—the more so as I wished to linger at pleasure among the beautiful scenes with which the Hasli everywhere abounds. The fall of the Aar is perhaps the most striking in Switzerland, and it was late in the afternoon before I left the neighboring village of Guttan to ascend to the wilder regions of the mountain. The green pastures of the valley began to disappear, the chalets to become more rare and rude in their construction; the path now grew more dreary, the pines dwarfed and scanty, till they ceased entirely, and gave place to stunted heath and spongy moss; the air felt keen and cold, and the remains of the winter's snows still clothed the rugged sides of the narrowing ravine. A curious and high-pitched bridge of one arch spanned the torrent of the Aar, swollen with the melted snows and foaming over huge blocks fallen from the mountains above. Upon this bridge I came to a pause. On either hand rose abruptly from the streams two enormous slopes covered with snow, which hung over its precipitous banks. The path was covered, but there were two lines of footsteps to be traced, one along the course of the stream, the other rapidly ascending the mountain—apparently a shorter cut to the hospice of the Grimsel, my evening bournee, which I knew to be not far distant. After a brief pause, I decided on following the latter. It proved more difficult than I expected; and when I had advanced by planting my feet in the foot-holes of former passengers to a height of about fifty feet above the stream, I halted a second time, hesitating whether, as the sun was fast sinking, it would not be rash to follow a track so steep and toilsome without any certainty as to where it led, and whether it might not be more prudent to retrace my steps and keep to the bank of the stream, when, if out of the right path, I was at least certain of reaching some chalet where I could obtain guidance, or, if need were, shelter for the night. Perhaps it

was well that I advanced no higher; for just as I resolved to descend and had turned round, carefully availing myself of the holes which offered a frail footing from my slippery perch on the smooth hard snow, to my horror that noise I was so familiar with, though as yet at a distance—the fearful sound of the avalanche—burst upon my ear with appalling distinctness and proximity; and looking up the steep slope of the mountain, I perceived that a mass of snow which had accumulated on some perpendicular precipices was suddenly loosened from its precarious position, and in huge solid blocks and broken heaps was descending in a direct line to the spot on which I stood. Escape was impossible; the lightning flash was scarce more sudden or rapid than the resistless sweep of the avalanche. I averted my head instinctively from the first fearful shock, and thus receiving on my shoulders a violent concussion, was hurled along in the midst of the falling snow, receiving blow after blow from the loose blocks, which burst as they descended, and in a moment was violently precipitated with the entire mass into the foaming torrent of the Aar. The instantaneous nature of the accident almost precluded any distinctness of sensation; one sole and terrible idea passed with electric speed—that of instant entombment in the falling mass, of the most fearful and perhaps lingering of deaths—and the sadness of thus perishing in a manner unknown to those dear to me till the discovery of my bones should solve at length the mystery of my long disappearance. While this idea was still passing through my mind, I found myself in the foaming waters struggling instinctively to disengage myself from the fallen snow. Happily, though from the violence of its descent it had seemed enormous in quantity, it was not so considerable as to offer any serious accumulation; some portions falling into the stream and others breaking up upon the rocks among which it was hurled, it soon left me at liberty. Hurried down by the fury of the torrent, my next care was to extricate myself from its foaming waves; grasping at rock after rock, I at length succeeded in arresting my downward career, and dragging myself upon a ledge, stood under the raised snow-covered bank, up which I succeeded in clambering.

Trembling in every nerve, half drowned and hatless, I regained, but a few minutes after I had quitted it, the same bridge where I had first been undecided in my course, but in a very different frame of mind. I was so stunned and confused that I could hardly realize what had passed during that eventful interval.

The sun glowed with its last rays upon the snow-covered mountains; the shadows crept solemnly up their sides and invested them in gloom, while their roseate summits arose into the pure deep blue of heaven; the crescent moon appeared; the roar of the Aar filled the wild and quiet solitude—all was just as before the accident, save that a few broken heaps of snow, scarce perceptible, traced the path of the fallen avalanche—an insignificant occurrence in itself; yet within a few moments I had been menaced with a fearful fate; a feeling of the bitterness of death had passed through my agonized brain. My escape was almost by miracle; for if I had advanced higher up the mountain, the additional height from which I should have been hurled would have rendered my destruction almost certain; and if carried down but a little farther by the torrent, I should have been precipitated over a cataract; had the first shock from the falling snow struck me on the head, or had I been violently dashed against the rocks of which the river was full, instead of receiving but a slight contusion, the result would have been fatal. I had received a solemn and effectual warning that "in the midst of life we are in death," liable to be crushed in an instant by the blind working of Nature as heedlessly as the gilded insect is trodden under foot by the unconscious traveller, unless providential power is mysteriously exerted for our preservation.

WHEN a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity? It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

ANTHRACENE BLUE.—A few years since, aniline was the great source of new and beautiful colors. Now that every possible shade of color, surpassing in number and beauty the hues of the rainbow, has been produced from aniline, the chemist has taken up the study of anthracene and alizarine, also coal-tar products. While preparing artificial alizarine from anthracene, Springmühl has obtained a by-product from which he has made a beautiful blue color, superior in some respects to any of the aniline blues. The process by which it was prepared he keeps a secret. Dried in vacuo, it is a blue powder with a few little crystals. In this it differs from the aniline dyes, which are one color when dry, another when in solution. When pure hot water is poured over anthracene blue, it mostly dissolves, but leaves a little insoluble residue. The addition of an alkali destroys its color, which is restored, however, by an acid. The strongest mineral acids are unable to destroy its color, but rather heighten its tone. Unlike aniline dyes, it is insoluble in alcohol and ether. Experiments show that it withstands the action of light better than aniline blue. Unfortunately, it is at present very expensive, for Springmühl obtained but 2.5 grains of anthracene blue from 25,000 grains of anthracene, which makes it cost about \$3000 per pound at present. A cheaper method of making it is certainly desirable.

ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.—The frescoes of Michael Angelo are the wonder and admiration of every appreciative person who has looked at them on the lofty ceilings of the Sistine Chapel at Rome; but compared with the mural paintings of Rome, traced centuries before, they look dim and almost lustreless. The mural paintings are as bright as the Nile itself, and still appear likely to claim the admiration of visitors for thousands of years to come. The colors of the ancients, when exposed for years to moisture, do not lose their brightness, while their woven fabrics, long buried in the ground, resist decay, and even timber, preserved by some unknown process, defies the action of the elements, and remains nearly as sound as in the time of the Pharaohs. It is said that numerous experiments have been tried, of subjecting the ancient paintings to the flame of a gas-jet, but the heat thus imparted failed to destroy them. Egyptian cement, as is well known, is almost imperishable, uniting wood, glass, stone, iron and other articles together so firmly as to resist all efforts to sever them at the point of union. Fire and water will not destroy this cement, and it is practically indestructible. This substance is supposed to have been used in embalming their dead, preserving their works of art and making their fountains durable.

LEAF PHOTOGRAPHS.—A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get a dime's worth of bichromate of potash. Put this in a two-ounce bottle of soft water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing-paper till it is thoroughly and evenly moistened. Let it become nearly dry, in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf; under it a piece of soft black cloth and several sheets of newspaper. Put these between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be of the same size), and with spring clothespins fasten them all together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes, till the yellow part becomes perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. By following these directions, it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs, if well taken, are very pretty as well as interesting.

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A CHAT ABOUT SLEEP.

BY THE EDITOR.

A VERY thin young lady, of about thirty years, with a promising beau, came to consult me about her "skin and bones." I had frequently met her when she seemed even more emaciated, but now she "would give the world to be plump." Sitting down in front of me, she began with—

"Don't you think, doctor, that I look very old for twenty?"

I admitted that she looked *rather* old for twenty.

"Can anything be done for me? What can I take for it? I should be willing to take a hundred bottles of the worst stuff in the world, if I could only get some fat on these bones. A friend of mine (her beau) was saying yesterday that he would give a fortune to see me round and plump."

"Would you be willing to go to the Cliff Springs in Arkansas?"

"I would start to-morrow."

"But the waters are very bad to drink," I said.

"I don't care how bad they are; I *know* I can drink them."

"I asked you whether you were willing to go to the Arkansas springs to test the strength of your purpose. It is not necessary to leave your home. Nine thin people in ten can become reasonably plump without such a sacrifice."

"Why, doctor, I am delighted to hear it, but I suppose it is a lot of some awful bitter stuff."

"Yes, it is a pretty bitter dose, and has to be taken every night."

"I don't care; I would take it if it was ten times as bad. What is it? What is the name of it?"

"The technical name of the stuff is 'Bedibus Nine-o'clockibus.'"

"Why, doctor, what an awful name! I am sure I shall never be able to speak it. Is there no common English word for it?"

"Oh yes. The English of it is, 'You must be in bed every night at nine o'clock.' We doctors generally use

Latin. 'Bedibus Nine-o'clockibus' is the Latin for 'You must be in bed every night by nine o'clock.'"

"Oh, that is dreadful. I thought it was something I could take."

"It is. You must *take* your bed every night before the clock strikes nine."

"No; but what I thought was that you would give me something in a bottle to take."

"Of course I know very well what you thought. That's the way with all of you."

One person eats enormously of rich food till his stomach and liver refuse to budge; then he cries out, "Oh, doctor, what can I take? I must take something."

Another fills his system with tobacco until his nerves are ruined, and then, trembling and full of horrors, he exclaims, "Oh, doctor, what shall I take?" I write a prescription for him—*Quitibus Chavibus et Smokibus*.

I will suppose my patient is not a classical scholar, as I am sure my reader is, and so I translate it for him into English. He cries out at once,

"Oh, doctor, I thought you would give me something to take."

Another sits up till thirteen or fourteen o'clock, leads a life of theatres and other dissipations, becomes pale, dyspeptic and wretched, and then flies to the doctor, and cries, "Oh, doctor, what shall I take? What shall I take?"

"Now, madam, you are distressed because your lover has been looking at your 'skin and bones.'"

"But, doctor, you are entirely—"

"Oh, well, we'll say nothing about him, then. But tell me, what time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I thought so. Now, if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock, without making any other change in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh, and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll do it. Though, of course, when I have company, and during the opera, I can't do it."

It is *regularity* that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights of the week, and then get to bed at nine o'clock four nights, one might think would do very well, and that at any rate it would be "so far, so good." I don't think this every other night early, and every other night late, is much better than every night late. It is *regularity* that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night a week deranges the nervous system for the whole week. I have sometimes thought that these people who sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock every night get on quite as well as those who turn in early six nights, and then sit up once a week till midnight. Regularity in sleep is every whit as important as regularity in food.

At length my patient exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock, if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the hearts of all my friends."

She did it. Twenty-one pounds was the gain in six months. Her spirits were happily enlivened, and she spent half her time in telling her friends of her delight with the new habits. She had no further cause to complain of skin and bones, and she had the special gratification of appearing more attractive in the eyes of her lover. He, like a sensible man, when he saw the good effect of the nine-o'clock-to-bed arrangement, heartily approved of it, and became a convert himself.

OUR INHERITANCE.

WHEN my neighbor Mr. Blank died, the morning papers announced his wealth as \$650,000, and added that there were two heirs who would thus inherit \$325,000 each. This inheritance was much discussed at our breakfast-table. Every one seemed to comprehend the magnitude of the fortune, and every one's eyes shone as the grand figures, \$325,000, were repeated.

During our breakfast conversation over the splendid cash inheritance of young Blank and his sister, I ventured the statement that the inheritance of morbid appetite which young Blank had received from his father was an infinitely more important fact than the \$325,000 in money. I submitted that if Mr. Blank had scrupulously denied himself the wines, tobacco and other indulgences which were so painfully conspicuous in his every-day life—that if during five years before the birth of young Blank the father had lived the highest and purest life—he would have transmitted to his son an inheritance of infinite value when compared with the dollars which his death the other day passed to the credit of his son.

A highly intelligent mother who had for years been deeply interested in ante-natal culture said, with deep emotion, "I have five children, four sons and a daughter, and I can distinctly trace in each a faithful reflection of the condition of the father and myself previous to the birth. I cannot look at poor Charley without the deepest sympathy and pity. For a year before his birth an evil fortune kept us both in a dark shadow. Almost daily my husband groaned and mourned, and I wept. My poor boy has walked in the dark shadow of our misfortune every day of our life, and I fear must ever be denied the genial sunshine. Exceeding good fortune, a joyous spirit and many warm-hearted friends came to us, and our bright, hopeful, happy Thomas was born. Yes," repeated the beautiful mother, "I can see in each of my children a photograph of the circumstances in which each was conceived and born."

ABOUT QUACKS.

JOHN SMITH is clear-headed about his business, he knows about politics and religion, he is a capital school-committee man, but he is a perfect idiot in everything that concerns his health. The mock-auction man can't humbug him, but he will swallow the biggest kind of tomfoolery in the shape of a quack medicine.

To illustrate this I will tell you a little story. Nineteen years ago, finding myself very tired, as the warm weather came on, I invited my wife to take a drive through Canada. With our beautiful mares Katy and Jenny we crossed on a ferry-boat at the mouth of the Niagara River, and at the end of three weeks found ourselves at Ottawa, not then the beautiful capital of the Dominion, but even then one of the most picturesque and interesting towns in the world. We stayed there a number of days, making delightful little trips in the neighborhood. One evening, at the hotel, we became acquainted with an intelligent Scotchman and his wife, and during our chat it happened to come out that I was a medical man, whereupon the lady told me the most stunning fact about a doctor that I have ever heard. She said: "There is a travelling physician here at the house just now who is getting quite a great reputation. He is the most extraordinary doctor you ever heard of. He hasn't washed his hands in twenty years, and such hands you never saw.

They are covered all over with an incrustation as thick as a heavy overcoat cloth. He stirs all of his medicines with those hands, and declares that the virtue of his medicines depends upon the stirring with his hands, and upon his not washing them. He says that if he should wash them they would lose their power. The thumb of his right hand he never bends, and I really believe the crust on that thumb is at least a quarter of an inch thick. It is with that thumb he stirs the medicines for the most difficult cases. Now, doctor," continued this highly intelligent lady, "do you really think there possibly can be anything in it?"

I sought an interview with this wonderful doctor. He showed me his hands, and explained things. He added one piece of information—viz., that the right thumb had not been washed in twenty-seven years, while the remainder of the hands had not been washed in twenty-two years. I carefully examined his hands, and believed his statements in regard to the years. I told him that I thought his hands would justify the addition of several years. He asked me if I supposed he would go about the country lying. I was interested in this doctor, and took some pains to inquire about his success. I learned from intelligent and reliable people that he was doing a very large and profitable business, and much of it was among intelligent people. I suppose I have told that particular story (and it is a true story in every particular) to more than one hundred people, and nearly half of them have very seriously asked me if I really supposed there was anything in it.

The ignorance, stupidity, the *idiocy*, of intelligent people in regard to medicines and matters of health is simply astounding. In nothing is the need for the spread of intelligence so pressing. The sacrifice of health and life from the cupidity and ignorance of quack doctors, joined to the helpless blindness of the people, is something dreadful.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Only questions of general interest, and of a nature fitted for public reply, will receive the attention of the Editor.]

"SAN FRANCISCO.

"EDITOR OF TO-DAY.

"Will you kindly inform me, in your 'Answers to Correspondents,' how I can remove discolored spots from my face? I suppose they are caused by some disorder of the liver, though I have no pain except through the shoulder-blades. If you will kindly give me your valuable advice, you will confer a lasting favor on

"A DRUG DETESTER."

"I have no doubt whatever that your opinion about the agency of the liver is entirely correct, and this opinion receives support from the pains about your shoulder-blades. The treatment, I presume, should be about the following:

1. Very little grease, no pies, cakes or sweetmeats, and a profusion of the fruits, grapes and otherwise with which California abounds.
2. A regular morning bath, with soap and water, accompanied with much friction of the skin, and a vigorous use of hair gloves over the entire person on going to bed at night.
3. Living as much as possible in the open air and sunshine, always maintaining a good circulation in the legs and feet by thick flannels and broad-soled shoes.
4. Retire before nine o'clock every night, and get up in the morning when you feel like it; and lie down an hour in the middle of the day before dinner, and, if possible, sleep.



OUR HUMOROUS CONTRIBUTOR IN THE ACT OF COMPOSING ONE OF HIS FUNNIEST ARTICLES.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

EVERY woman may be said to XL at forty.

NEVER examine a mule from the background.

SWEETENING one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

A WOMAN is generally more economical than a man, because her waist is smaller.

WHEN does the captain of a ship become a medical man? When he's docked her.

STREET contractors resemble beer-guzzlers when they lay down *nickels* in payment.

IT has been suggested that even the most generous naval officers are sworded men.

"JOE, I've a great mind to blow my brains out." "Why don't you?" said Joe; "nobody would ever know it."

IF you feel that it is your duty to sleep in church, all right, but be careful to snore with the soft pedal down.

THERE is a man in Germantown who has a horse which is so fast that if you stop him suddenly while he is at full speed, it turns his hair all the wrong way.

WHAT is the difference between six cents paid to an omnibus conductor and one of the names of Apollo? One is a 'bus fee, and the other is a Phœbus.

A MINISTER, who was accused of wasting time and muslin on his enormous white cravat, excused himself upon the ground that it was his duty to attend carefully to his fold.

THE last Chinese comedy produced in San Francisco contains only ninety acts. The performers are engaged by the half century, and the audiences are forbidden to *encore* the play more than twice.

A WORTHY farmer in Snyder county, who was carried home on a litter the other day, solemnly asserts that nothing but a twenty-ton anchor can hold a sorrel mule down to the earth after she has stepped into a yellow jacket's nest.

THEY have some very smart business-men in New Jersey. Last week a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton; and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning-rods to the crowd.

THEY had a "donation party" at the house of a minister in Connecticut a day or two ago. About one hundred

and fifty dollars' worth of presents were received; but as the company ruined a five-hundred-dollar piano and some impious kleptomaniac embezzled the spoons, the minister considers that it will take just about two more donation parties to burst him into diminutive smithereens. You can distinctly understand that the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive," was erased from the family Bible from that date.

A BUTCHER in this city has a dog. The other day this miserable animal bit an ash-cart man in the leg. The sufferer threatened to sue the meatist for keeping a vicious animal, whereupon the butcher offered to give him three dollars to keep quiet about it. Giving the ash-cart man a five-dollar bill, he held out his hand for change. "I haven't got a cent about me," said the ash man; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me the two dollars, and I'll let the dog bite me on the other leg." He got five dollars for the first bite.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Boston paper, now among the lakes of Maine, writes that he asked a boy which was the best of several small lakes for fishing. The boy answered, "Lake Pissaquattisagunquapassamoquiddyniscum—" At this point the correspondent walked away, reached a neighboring lake, fished three hours, went home to dinner, looked over the papers, took a nap, wrote two letters, and started out to fish again. On the way he met the boy where he had left him, still looking on the ground, and just finishing the name—"oloosikuhugennisnuggi." The writer dates his letter at "Lake Munkatunkoobogquiroitakooloonatic."

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Wash the hands thoroughly, and then put on the gloves, and wash them, as though you were washing your hands, in a basin containing spirits of turpentine, until quite clean; then hang the gloves up in a warm place, or where there is a free current of air, which will carry off all the smell of the turpentine. Or make a strong lather of soap and warm water, in which steep a small piece of new flannel. Place the glove on a flat, clean and unyielding surface, such as the bottom of a dish; and having thoroughly soaped the flannel (when squeezed from the lather), rub the kid till all dirt be removed, cleaning and re-soaping the flannel from time to time. Care must be taken to clean every part of the glove by turning it in every direction. The gloves must be dried in the sun or before a moderate fire, and when dry, they must be gradually pulled out; they will then look as well as new.

To clean colored kid gloves, have ready on a table a clean towel folded three or four times, a saucer of new milk and another saucer containing a piece of brown soap. Take one glove at a time, and spread it smoothly on the folded towel. Then dip in the milk a piece of flannel, rub it on the soap till it receives a tolerable quantity, and then with the soaped flannel commence rubbing the glove. Begin at the wrist, and rub lengthwise toward the ends of the fingers, holding the glove firmly in the right hand. Continue this process until the glove is cleaned all over with the soap and milk. When done, spread them out, and pin them on a line to dry gradually. When nearly dry, pull them out evenly, the crossway of the leather, after which stretch them on your hands.

MARKING INK may be made by dissolving separately an ounce of nitrate of silver, an ounce and a half of carbonate of soda in distilled or rain water. Mix the solutions, and collect and wash the precipitates in a filter whilst still moist; rub it up in a marble or wedgewood mortar with three drachms of tartaric acid; add two ounces of distilled water, mix six drachms of white sugar and ten drachms of powdered gum arabic, half an ounce of archil and water to make up six ounces in measure. Apply with a clean quill pen. Marking ink may be removed from linen by a saturated solution of cyanuret of potassium, applied with a camel's hair brush. After the marking ink has disappeared, the part should be well washed in cold water.



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